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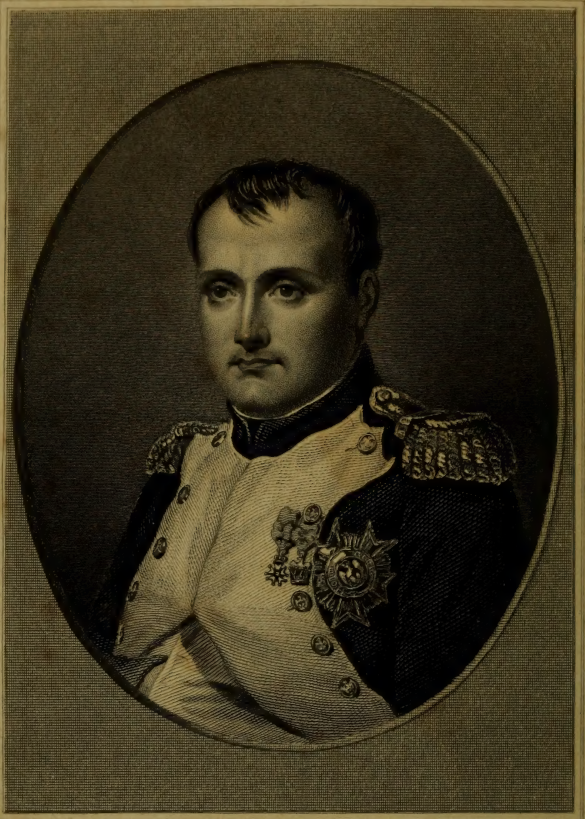


AUSTERLITZ

ST. HELENA

NAPOLEON.

Buonaparte

# MEMOIRS

OF

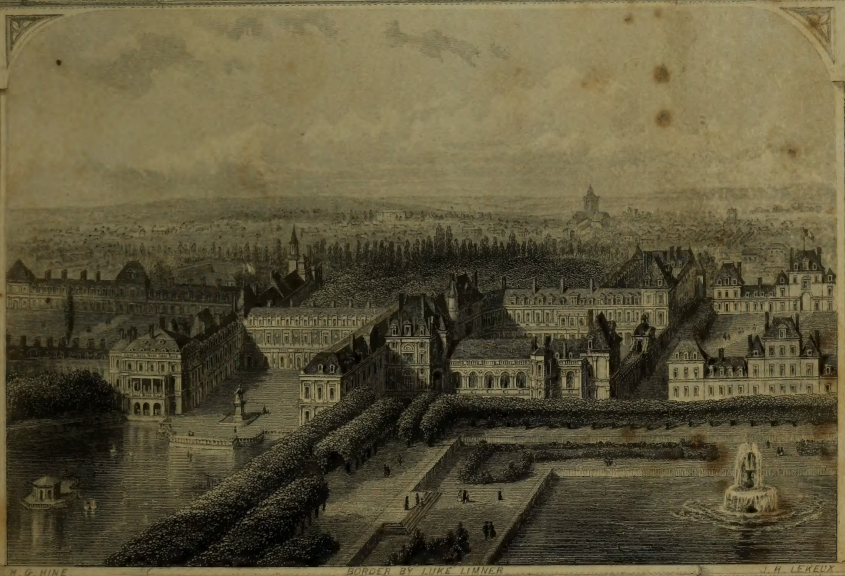
# NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,

BY

## M. DE BOURRIENNE

WITH NOTES & NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. I.




FONTAINEBLEAU.

BLACKIE & SON,
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# MEMOIRS

OF

# NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Louis Antoine Fauvelet

BY M. DE BOURRIENNE,

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY.

WITH A CONTINUATION,

EMBRACING AN ACCOUNT OF THE HUNDRED DAYS, AND OF HIS RESIDENCE AND DEATH AT ST. HELENA.

AND MANY

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND ANECDOTES,

FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

VOL. I.

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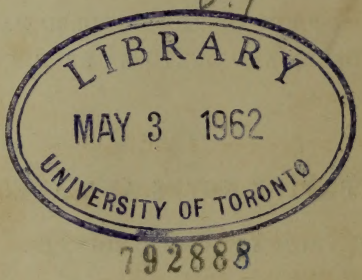


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# AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

My long intimate connexion with Bonaparte from boyhood, my particular relations with him when general, consul, and emperor, enabled me to see and appreciate all that was projected, and all that was done, during that considerable and momentous period of time. I not only had the opportunity of being present at the conception and the execution of the extraordinary deeds of one of the ablest men nature ever formed; but, notwithstanding an almost unceasing application to business, I found means to employ the few moments of leisure which Bonaparte left at my disposal, in making notes, collecting documents, and in recording, for history, facts, respecting which the truth could otherwise with difficulty be ascertained; and more particularly in collecting those ideas, often profound, brilliant, and striking, but always remarkable, to which Bonaparte gave expression in the overflowing frankness of confidential intimacy.

The knowledge that I possessed much important information has exposed me to many inquiries, and wherever I have resided since my retirement from public affairs, half of my time has been spent in replying to questions. The wish to be acquainted with the most minute details of the life of a man formed on an unexampled model, is very natural; and the observation on my replies, by those who heard them, always was, "You should publish your memoirs."

I had, certainly, always in view the publication of my memoirs; but, at the same time, I was firmly resolved not to publish them until a period should arrive in which I might tell the truth, and the whole truth. While Napoleon was in the possession of power, I felt it right to resist the urgent applications made to me on this subject, by some persons of the highest distinction. Truth would then have sometimes appeared flattery, and sometimes, also, it might not have been without danger. Afterwards, when the progress of events removed Bonaparte to a far distant island, in the midst of the ocean, silence was imposed on me by other considerations—by considerations of propriety and feeling.

After the death of Bonaparte, at St. Helena, reasons of a different nature retarded the execution of my plan. The tranquillity of a secluded retreat was indispensable, for preparing and putting in order the abundant materials in my possession. I found it also necessary to read a great number of works, in order to rectify important errors, to which the want of authentic documents had induced the authors to give credit. This much-desired retreat was found. I had the good fortune to be introduced, through a friend, to the Duchess de Brancas, and that lady invited me to pass some time on one of her estates in Hainault. Received with the most amiable hospitality, I have there enjoyed that tranquillity which could alone have rendered the publication of these volumes practicable.

# INTRODUCTION

THE desire of speculating on an illustrious name can alone have given birth to the multitude of publications under the titles of historical memoirs, secret memoirs, and other rhapsodies which have appeared respecting Napoleon. On looking into them it is difficult to determine whether the impudence of the writers, or the simplicity of certain readers, is most astonishing. Yet these rude and ill-digested compilations, filled with absurd anecdotes, fabricated speeches, fictitious crimes or virtues, and disfigured by numerous anachronisms, instead of being consigned to just contempt and speedy oblivion, have been pushed into notice by speculators, and have found zealous partisans and enthusiastic apologists.

The spirit of party has availed itself of every thing in the writings published on Napoleon, capable of supporting, according to the events, its different opinions and pretensions. These writings are either invectives or hymns of glory, in which censure or admiration are lavished without measure; they are full of errors, and are, in fact, a kind of mystification, under the disguise of history.

Posterity certainly will not judge Napoleon as his contemporaries have judged him, in two different ways. In future ages the present vivid and natural recollection of his wonderful triumphs will be much weakened; but, at the same time, the misfortunes which his sixty victories have inflicted on European families, will be forgotten. His wars and his conquests will be estimated solely by their results; his policy, by the utility and duration of his institutions, and by their harmony with the age in which he lived. It will be asked, whether he could not have impressed on the field of history, a less difficult, but deeper path than that of his exploits, and whether he did not prefer the renown which belongs to a great military glory, to the less brilliant, but more durable, reputation of having powerfully contributed to the happiness of mankind.

For a time, I entertained the idea of noticing, one by one, the numerous errors which have been written respecting Napoleon; but I have renounced a task, which would have been too labo-

rious to myself, and very tedious to the reader. I shall, therefore, only correct those which come within the plan of my work, and which are connected with facts, to a more accurate knowledge of which than any other person can possess, I may lay claim. There are men who imagine that nothing done by Napoleon will ever be forgotten; but must not the slow but inevitable influence of time be expected to operate with respect to him? The effect of that influence is, that the most important event of an epoch soon sinks, almost imperceptibly, and almost disregarded, into the immense mass of historical facts. Time, in its progress, diminishes the probability as well as the interest of such an event, as it gradually wears away the most durable monuments.

The greater Napoleon was in the age in which he lived, the more reasonable it is that he should not be estimated lightly. To write his life justly and usefully, information ought to be obtained from all persons who were well acquainted with him in the different stages of his career: we should pause, too, until the passions have passed in review before the judgment. All his deeds, be they, according to the opinion of mankind, good or bad, mean or great, were performed by him with a view to posterity: that was his favourite idol. His irresistible passion for transmitting his name to future ages powerfully animated him, and gave energy to his physical faculties. That transmission was with him the immortality of his soul.

Posterity, for which Napoleon did every thing, has commenced for himself. He, doubtless, will one day have an historian worthy of retracing his actions. Far from aspiring to the immense honour of being his Tacitus, I do not even pretend to write a journal of his life, or to elevate myself to the rank of a biographer.

I shall state, respecting this extraordinary man, whose name alone was a power with which any other can with difficulty be compared, all that I know, have seen and heard, and of which I have preserved numerous notes. With confidence I call him an extraordinary man; for he who was indebted for every thing to himself—who won so many victories—subjugated so many states—obtained absolute power over a great and enlightened nation—scattered crowns among his family—made and unmade kings—who lived to be almost the oldest sovereign in Europe—and who was, without dispute, the most distinguished of his age—certainly was not an ordinary man. But I do not concur in the opinion of that writer who states that all his reign was extraordinary, and, in support of his assertion, cites the battle of Trafalgar. Those who wish to eulogize should not be absurd.

We must not be guilty of self-delusion. Great men, however great they be, have their weaknesses, and are liable to errors and faults. Every one must pay the tribute due to humanity. What can exempt from it? The audience of the world requires,

that he who aspires to act the part of a great man, shall never for a moment forget his character. But so many little things enter into the composition of man, that it is impossible he can be great from morning to night.

I attach only a relative importance to what I am about to lay before the public. I shall give authentic documents. If all persons who have approached Napoleon, at any time and in any place, would candidly record what they saw and heard without passion, the future historian would be rich in materials. It is my wish that he who may undertake the difficult task of writing the history of Napoleon, shall find in my notes information useful to the perfection of his work. There he will at least find truth. I have not the ambition to wish that what I state should be taken as absolute authority; but I hope that it will always be consulted.

I have never before published any thing respecting Napoleon. That malevolence which fastens itself upon men who have the misfortune to be somewhat separated from the crowd has, because there is always more profit in saying ill than good, attributed to me several works on Bonaparte; among others, "Les Mémoires Secrets d'un Homme qui ne l'a pas quitté, par M. B——," and "Mémoires Secrets sur Napoleon Bonaparte," par M. de B——," and "Le Précis Historique sur Napoleon." The initial of my name has served to propagate this error. The incredible ignorance which runs through those memoirs, the absurdities and inconceivable silliness with which they abound, do not permit a man of honour and common sense to allow such wretched rhapsodies to be imputed to him. I declared in 1815, and at later periods, in the French and foreign journals, that I had no hand in those publications, and I here formally repeat this declaration.

But it may be said to me, why should we place more confidence in you, than in those who have written before you?

My reply shall be plain. I enter the lists one of the last. I have read all that my predecessors have published. I am confident that all I state is true. I have no interest in deceiving, no disgrace to fear, no reward to expect. I neither wish to obscure nor embellish his glory. However great Napoleon may have been, was he not also liable to pay his tribute to the weakness of human nature? I speak of Napoleon such as I have seen him, known him, frequently admired, and sometimes blamed him. I state what I saw, heard, wrote, and thought at the time, under each circumstance that occurred. I have not allowed myself to be carried away by the illusions of the imagination, nor to be influenced by friendship or hatred. I shall not insert a single reflection which did not occur to me at the very moment of the event which gave it birth. How many transactions and documents were there over which I could but lament! —how many measures, contrary to my views, to my principles,

and to my character!—while the best intentions were incapable of overcoming difficulties which a most powerful and decided will rendered almost insupportable.

I also wish the future historian to compare what I say with what others have related, or may relate. But it will be necessary for him to attend to dates, circumstances, difference of situation, change of temperament, and age—for age has much influence over man. We do not think and act at fifty, as at twenty-five. By exercising this caution, he will be able to discover the truth, and to establish an opinion for posterity.

The reader must not expect to find in these memoirs an uninterrupted series of all the events which marked the great career of Napoleon; nor details of all those battles, with the recital of which so many eminent men have usefully and ably occupied themselves. I shall say little about whatever I did not see or hear, and which is not supported by official documents. Let every one do as much.

Perhaps I shall succeed in confirming truths which have been doubted, and in correcting errors which have been adopted. If I sometimes differ from the observations and statements of Napoleon at St. Helena, I am far from supposing that those who undertook to be the medium of communication between him and the public have misrepresented what he said. I am well convinced, that none of the writers of St. Helena can be taxed with the slightest deception;—disinterested zeal and nobleness of character are undoubted pledges of their veracity. It appears to me perfectly certain that Napoleon stated, dictated, or corrected, all they have published. Their honour is unquestionable; no one can doubt it. That they wrote what he communicated, must therefore be believed; but it cannot with equal confidence be credited that what he communicated was nothing but the truth. He seems often to have related as a fact what was really only an idea—an idea, too, brought forth at St. Helena, the child of misfortune, and transported by his imagination to Europe in the time of his prosperity. His favourite phrase, which was every moment on his lips, must not be forgotten—"What will history say—what will posterity think?" This passion for leaving behind him a celebrated name is one which belongs to the constitution of the human mind; and with Napoleon its influence was excessive. In his first Italian campaign, he wrote thus to General Clarke:—"That ambition and the occupation of high offices, were not sufficient for his satisfaction and happiness, which he had early placed in the opinion of Europe, and the esteem of posterity." He often observed to me, that with him the opinion of posterity was the real immortality of the soul.

It may easily be conceived that Napoleon wished to give to the documents, which he knew historians would consult, a favourable colour; and to direct, according to his own views, the judgment of posterity on his actions. But it is only by the

impartial comparison of periods, positions, and age, that a well-founded decision will be given. About his fortieth year the physical constitution of Napoleon sustained considerable change; and it may be presumed, that his moral qualities were affected by that change. It is particularly important not to lose sight of the premature decay of his health, which, perhaps, did not permit him always to possess the vigour of memory, otherwise consistent enough with his age. The state of our organization often modifies our recollections, our feelings, our manner of viewing objects, and the impressions we receive. Time changes every thing. All this will be taken into consideration by judicious and thinking men; and for them only do I write.

What M. de Las Casas states Napoleon to have said in May, 1816, on the manner of writing his history, corroborates the opinion I have expressed. It proves that all the facts and observations he communicated or dictated were meant to serve as materials. We learn from the "Memorial," that M. de Las Casas wrote daily, and that the manuscript was read over by Napoleon, who often made corrections with his own hand. The idea of a journal pleased him greatly. He fancied it would be a work of which the world could afford no other example. But there are passages in which the order of events is deranged; in others, facts are misrepresented, and erroneous assertions are made, I apprehend, not altogether involuntarily.

I have paid particular attention to all that has been published by the noble participators of the imperial captivity. Nothing, however, could induce me to change a word in these memoirs, because nothing could take from me my conviction of the truth of what I personally heard and saw. It will be found that Napoleon, in his private conversations, often confirms what I state; but we sometimes differ, and the public must judge between us. However, I must here make one observation.

When Napoleon dictated or related to his friends in St. Helena the facts which they have reported, he was out of the world; he had played his part. Fortune, which, according to his notions, had conferred on him all his power and greatness, had recalled all her gifts before he sank into the tomb. His ruling passion would induce him to think that it was due to his glory to clear up certain facts, which might prove an unfavourable escort, if they accompanied him to posterity. This was always his leading idea. But is there not some ground for suspecting the fidelity of him who writes or dictates his own history? Why might he not impose on a few persons in St. Helena, when he was able to impose on France and Europe, respecting many acts which emanated from him during the long duration of his power? The life of Napoleon would be very unfaithfully written were the author to adopt as true all his bulletins and proclamations, and all the declarations he made at St. Helena. Such a history would frequently be in contradiction

with facts; and such only is that which might be entitled, "The History of Napoleon, written by himself."

I have said thus much, because it is my wish that the principles which have guided me in the composition of these Memoirs, may be understood. I am aware that they will not please every reader; that is a success to which I cannot pretend. Some merit, however, may be allowed me, on account of the labour I have undergone. It has neither been of a slight nor an agreeable kind. I made it a rule to read every thing that has been written respecting Napoleon, and I have had to decipher many of his autograph documents, though no longer so familiar with his scrawl as formerly. I say decipher, because a real cipher might often be much more readily understood than the handwriting of Napoleon. My own notes, too, which were often very hastily made, in the hand I wrote in my youth, have sometimes much embarrassed me.

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## CALENDAR OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

This Calendar was established by a decree of the National Convention, dated October 5, 1793, and began to be used on the 24th of November of the same year, or 4th Frimaire, year II. Each month, which consisted of thirty days, was divided into three parts, and every tenth day, called *decadi*, was a holiday. This made for twelve months only 360 days, to which five complementary days were added to complete the period of an ordinary year; of course every fourth, or leap year, required the introduction of a sixth complementary day. The year commenced with the day reckoning from the preceding midnight, on which the autumnal equinox fell at Paris. That day, which corresponded with the 22d of September, was called the 1st Vendémiaire. The era was made to commence from the 22d of September, 1792, which was the epoch of the foundation of the Republic. This Calendar continued in use until the 10th Nivose, year XIV., or December 31st, 1805, when Bonaparte abolished it, and restored the Gregorian calendar.

### NAMES OF THE MONTHS.

| | | Commencing |
|---|---|---|
| | AUTUMNAL QUARTER. | |
| Vendémiaire, or | Vintage month | 22d of September. |
| Brumaire | Fog month | 23d of October. |
| Frimaire | Sleet month | 22d of November. |
| | WINTER QUARTER. | |
| Nivose | Snow month | 23d of December. |
| Pluviose | Rain month | 21st of January. |
| Ventose | Wind month | 20th of February. |
| | SPRING QUARTER. | |
| Germinal | Blossom month | 23d of March. |
| Floréal | Flower month | 21st of April. |
| Prairial | Meadow month | 21st of May. |
| | SUMMER QUARTER. | |
| Messidor | Harvest month | 20th of June. |
| Thermidor | Hot month | 20th of July. |
| Fructidor | Fruit month | 19th of August. |

In reducing dates from this Calendar to the Gregorian, allowance must be made for the intercalary day of leap years.

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From a Statue Presented by himself to Mr. O'meara.

*Published by Blackie & Son Glasgow*

# MEMOIRS

OF

# NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

## CHAPTER I.

### 1769—1783.

Authentic date of Bonaparte's birth—His family ruined by the Jesuits—His taste for military amusements—Sham siege at the college of Brienne—The porter's wife and Napoleon—My intimacy with Bonaparte at college—His love for the mathematics, and his dislike of Latin—He defends Paoli and blames his father—He is ridiculed by his comrades—Ignorance of the Monks—Distribution of prizes at Brienne—Madame de Montesson and the Duke of Orleans—Report of M. Keralio on Bonaparte—He leaves Brienne.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769; the old orthography of his name was Buonaparte, but he suppressed the *u* during the first campaign in Italy. His motives for so doing were merely to render the spelling conformable with the pronunciation, and to abridge his signature. He signed Buonaparte even after the famous 13th Vendémiaire.

It has been affirmed that he was born in 1768, and that he represented himself to be a year younger than he really was. But this is untrue. When we were both at the Military College of Brienne, he always told me the 9th of August was his birthday, and as I was born on the 9th of July, 1769, our proximity of age served to strengthen our union and friendship.

The false and absurd charge of Bonaparte having misrepresented his age, is decidedly refuted by a note in the register of M. Berton, sub-principal of the college of Brienne, in which it is stated that M. Napoleon de Buonaparte, Ecuyer, born in the city of Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769, left the Royal Military College of Brienne on the 17th October, 1784.

The stories about his low extraction are alike devoid of foundation. His family was poor, and he was educated at the

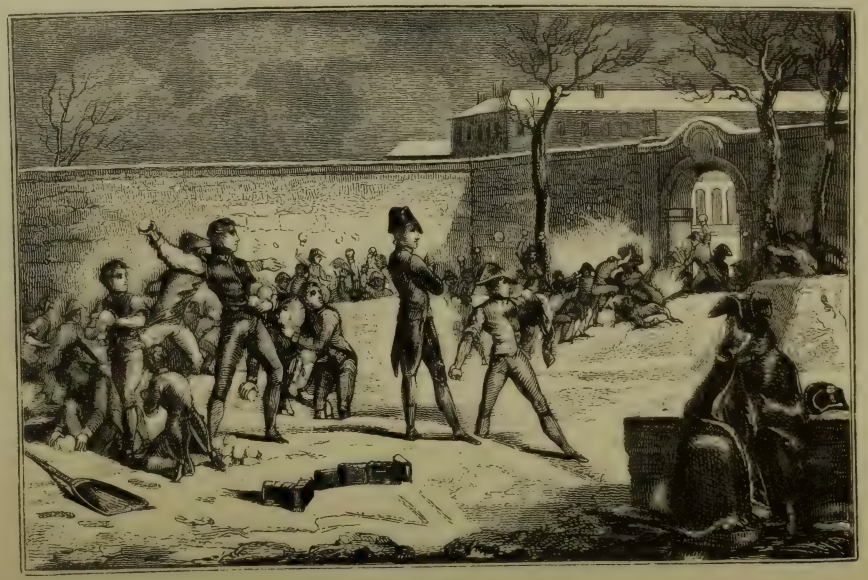
public expense, an advantage of which many honourable families availed themselves. A memorial addressed by his father, Charles Buonaparte, to the war minister, states that his fortune had been reduced by the failure of some enterprise in which he had engaged, and by the injustice of the Jesuits, by whom he had been deprived of an inheritance. The object of this memorial was to solicit a sub-lieutenant's commission for Napoleon, who was then fourteen years of age, and to get Lucien entered a pupil of the Military College. The minister wrote on the back of the memorial "Give the usual answer, if there be a vacancy;" and on the margin are these words—"This gentleman has been informed that his request is inadmissible as long as his second son remains at the school of Brienne. Two brothers cannot be placed at the same time in the Military Schools." When Napoleon was fifteen, he was sent to Paris until he should attain the requisite age for entering the army. Lucien was not received into the college of Brienne, at least not until his brother had quitted the military school of Paris.

Bonaparte was undoubtedly a man of good family. I have seen an authentic account of his genealogy, which he obtained from Tuscany. A great deal has been said about the civil dissensions which forced his family to quit Italy and take refuge in Corsica. On this subject I have nothing to state.

Many and various accounts have been given of Bonaparte's youth.* He has been described in terms of enthusiastic praise and exaggerated condemnation. It is ever thus with individuals who by talent or favourable circumstances are raised above their

* The following interesting trait of Napoleon's childhood is derived from the Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes:—"He was one day accused by one of his sisters of having eaten a basket full of grapes, figs, and citrons, which had come from the garden of *his uncle the canon*. None but those who were acquainted with the Bonaparte family can form any idea of the enormity of this offence. To eat fruit belonging to the *uncle—the canon*—was infinitely more criminal than to eat grapes and figs which might be claimed by any body else. An inquiry took place. Napoleon denied the fact, and was whipped. He was told that if he would beg pardon he should be forgiven. He protested that he was innocent, but he was not believed. If I recollect rightly, his mother was at the time on a visit to M. de Marbeuf, or some other friend. The result of Napoleon's obstinacy was, that he was kept three whole days upon bread and cheese, and that cheese was not *broccio*. However, he would not cry: he was dull, but not sulky. At length, on the fourth day of his punishment, a little friend of Marianne Bonaparte returned from the country, and, on hearing of Napoleon's disgrace, she confessed that she and Marianne had eaten the fruit. It was now Marianne's turn to be punished. When Napoleon was asked why he had not accused his sister, he replied, that though he suspected that she was guilty, yet out of consideration to her little friend, who had no share in the falsehood, he had said nothing. He was then only seven years of age.

"This fact, which would have been nothing extraordinary in any other child, appeared to me worthy of a place among recollections which are connected with the whole life of Napoleon. It is somewhat characteristic of *the man*. I ought to add that the affair was never forgotten by Napoleon. Of this I observed a proof in 1801, at a fête given by Madame Bacciochi (formerly Marianne Bonaparte) at Neuilly, where she resided with Lucien."—*Editor*.



The Snow Redoubt at the College of Brienne.

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fellow-creatures. Bonaparte himself laughed at all the stories which were got up for the purpose of embellishing or blackening his character in early life. An anonymous publication, entitled the "History of Napoleon Bonaparte, from his Birth to his last Abdication," contains perhaps the greatest collection of false and ridiculous details about his boyhood. Among other things, it is stated that he fortified a garden against the attacks of his comrades, who, a few lines lower down, are described as treating him with *esteem* and *respect*. I remember the circumstances which, probably, gave rise to the fabrication inserted in the work just mentioned; they were as follows:

During the winter of 1783-84, so memorable for heavy falls of snow, Napoleon was greatly at a loss for those retired walks and out-door recreations in which he used to take much delight. He had no alternative but to mingle with his comrades, and for exercise, to walk with them up and down a spacious hall. Napoleon, weary of this monotonous promenade, told his comrades that he thought they might amuse themselves much better with the snow, in the great courtyard, if they would get shovels and make hornworks, dig trenches, raise parapets, cavaliers, &c. "This being done," said he, "we may divide ourselves into platoons, form a siege, and I will undertake to direct the attacks." The proposal, which was received with enthusiasm, was immediately put into execution. This little sham war was carried on for the space of a fortnight, and did not cease until a quantity of gravel and small stones having got mixed with the snow of which we made our bullets, many of the combatants, besiegers as well as besieged, were seriously wounded. I well remember that I was a considerable sufferer from this sort of grapeshot fire.

It is almost unnecessary to contradict the story about the ascent in the balloon. It is now very well known that the hero of that headlong adventure was not young Bonaparte, as has been alleged, but one of his comrades, Dupont de Chambon, who was somewhat mad. Of this his subsequent conduct afforded sufficient proofs.

Bonaparte's mind was directed to objects of a totally different kind. He turned his attention to political science. During some of his vacations he enjoyed the society of the Abbé Raynal, who used to converse with him on government, legislation, commercial relations, &c.

On festival days, when the inhabitants of Brienne were admitted to our amusements, posts were established for the maintenance of order. Nobody was permitted to enter the interior of the building without a card signed by the Principal or Vice-Principal. The rank of officers or sub-officers was conferred according to merit; and Bonaparte one day had the command of a post, when the following little adventure occurred, which affords an instance of his decision of character.

The wife of the porter of the school, who was very well known, because she used to sell milk, fruit, &c., to the pupils, presented herself one Saint Louis day for admittance to the representation of the Death of Cæsar, *corrected*, in which I was to perform the part of Brutus. As the woman had no ticket, and insisted on being admitted without one, some disturbance arose. The serjeant of the post reported the matter to the officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, who in an imperious tone of voice exclaimed: "Send away that woman, who comes here with her camp impudence." This was in 1782.

Bonaparte and I were nine years of age when our friendship commenced. It speedily became very intimate, for there was a certain sympathy of heart between us. I enjoyed this friendship and intimacy until 1784, when he was transferred from the Military College of Brienne to that of Paris. I was one among those of his youthful comrades who could best accommodate themselves to his stern character. His natural reserve, his disposition to meditate on the conquest of Corsica, and the impressions he had received in childhood respecting the misfortunes of his country and his family, led him to seek retirement, and rendered his general demeanour, though in appearance only, somewhat unpleasing. Our equality of age brought us together in the classes of the mathematics and polite literature. His ardent wish to acquire knowledge was remarkable from the very commencement of his studies. When he first came to the college, he spoke only the Corsican dialect, and the Sieur Dupuis, who was Vice-Principal before Father Berton, gave him instructions in the French language. In this he made such rapid progress, that in a short time he commenced the first rudiments of Latin. But in this study he evinced such a repugnance, that at the age of fifteen he was not out of the fourth class. There I left him very speedily; but I could never get before him in the mathematical class, in which he was undoubtedly the cleverest lad at the college. I used sometimes to help him with his Latin themes and versions, in return for the aid he afforded me in the solution of problems, at which he evinced a degree of readiness and facility which perfectly astonished me.

When at Brienne, Bonaparte was remarkable for the dark colour of his complexion (which, subsequently, the climate of France somewhat changed), for his piercing and scrutinizing glance,* and for the style of his conversation both with his

* The Duchess D'Abrantes, speaking of the personal characteristics of Bonaparte in youth and manhood, says, "Saveria told me that Napoleon was never a pretty boy, as Joseph was for example: his head always appeared too large for his body—a defect common to the Bonaparte family. When Napoleon grew up, the peculiar charm of his countenance lay in his eye, especially in the mild expression it assumed in his moments of kindness. His anger, to be sure, was frightful, and though I am no coward, I never could look at him in his fits of rage without

masters and comrades. His conversation almost always bore the appearance of ill-humour, and he was certainly not very amiable. This I attribute to the misfortunes his family had sustained, and the impressions made on his mind by the conquest of his country.

The pupils were invited by turns to dine with Father Berton, the head of the school. One day, it being Bonaparte's turn to enjoy this indulgence, some of the professors, who were at table, designedly made some remarks disrespectful of Paoli, of whom they knew the young Corsican was an enthusiastic admirer. "Paoli," observed Bonaparte, "was a great man; he loved his country; and I will never forgive my father, who was his adjutant, for having concurred in the union of Corsica with France. He ought to have followed Paoli's fortune, and have fallen with him."*

Generally speaking, Bonaparte was not much liked by his comrades at Brienne. He was not social with them, and rarely took part in their amusements. I, however, was almost his constant companion. During play-hours, he used to withdraw to the library, where he read with deep interest works of history, particularly Polybius and Plutarch. He was also fond of Arrianus, but did not care much for Quintus Curtius. I often went off to play with my comrades, and left him by himself in the library.

The temper of the young Corsican was not improved by the irritation he frequently experienced from his comrades, who were fond of ridiculing him about his Christian name, Napoleon, and his country. He often said to me, "I will do these French all the mischief I can:" and when I tried to pacify him, he would say, "But you do not ridicule me, you like me."

Father Patrauld, our mathematical professor, was much attached to Bonaparte. He was justly proud of him as a pupil. The other professors, in whose classes he was not distinguished, took little notice of him. He had no taste for the study of languages, polite literature, or the arts. As there were no indications of his ever becoming a scholar, the pedants of the establishment were inclined to think him stupid. His superior intelligence was, however, sufficiently perceptible, even through

shuddering. Though his smile was captivating, yet the expression of his mouth, when disdainful or angry, could scarcely be seen without terror. But that forehead which seemed formed to bear the crowns of a whole world;—those hands, of which the most coquetish women might have been vain, and whose white skin covered muscles of iron;—in short, of all that personal beauty which distinguished Napoleon as a young man, no traces were discernible in the boy. Saveria spoke truly when she said, that of all the children of Signora Letitia, the Emperor was the one from whom future greatness was least to be prognosticated.—*Editor.*

* Joseph Bonaparte in his "Notes on Bourrienne," asserts that their father remained faithful to Paoli to the last.—*Editor.*

the reserve under which it was veiled. If the monks, to whom the superintendence of the establishment was confided, had understood the organization of his mind—if they had engaged more able mathematical professors—or if we had had any excitement to the study of chemistry, natural philosophy, astronomy, &c., I am convinced that Bonaparte would have pursued those sciences with all the genius and spirit of investigation which he displayed in a career, more brilliant it is true, but far less useful to mankind. Unfortunately, the monks did not perceive this, and were too poor to pay for good masters. However, after Bonaparte left the college, they found it necessary to engage two professors from Paris, otherwise the college would have fallen to nothing. These two new professors, MM. Durforts, and Despont, finished my education; and I regretted that they did not come sooner. The often repeated assertion, of Bonaparte having received a *careful education* at Brienne, is, therefore, untrue. The monks were incapable of giving it him; and, for my own part, I must confess that the extended information of the present day is, to me, a painful contrast with the limited course of education I received at the Military College. It is only surprising that the establishment should have produced a single able man.

Though Bonaparte had no reason to be satisfied with the treatment he received from his comrades, yet he was above complaining of it; and when he had the supervision of any duty which they infringed, he would rather go to prison than denounce the criminals.

I was one day his accomplice in omitting to enforce a duty which we were appointed to supervise. He prevailed on me to accompany him to prison, where we remained three days. We suffered this sort of punishment several times, but with less severity.

In 1783, the Duke of Orleans and Madame de Montesson visited Brienne; and, for upwards of a month, the magnificent chateau of the Count de Brienne was a Versailles in miniature. The series of brilliant entertainments which were given to the august travellers, made them almost forget the royal magnificence they had left behind them.

The Prince and Madame de Montesson expressed a wish to preside at the distribution of the prizes of our college. Bonaparte and I won the prizes in the class of mathematics, which, as I have already observed, was the branch of study to which he confined his attention, and in which he excelled. When I was called up for the seventh time, Madame de Montesson said to my mother, who had come from Sens, to be present at the distribution, "Pray, Madame, crown your son this time; my hands are weary."

There was an inspector of the military schools, whose business it was to make an annual report on each pupil, whether

educated at the public expense, or paid for by his family. I copied from the report of 1784, a note which was probably obtained surreptitiously from the War Office. I wanted to purchase the manuscript; but Louis Bonaparte bought it. I did not make a copy of the note which related to myself, because I should naturally have felt diffident in making any use of it. It would, however, have served to show how time and circumstances frequently reversed the distinctions which arise at school or college. Judging from the reports of the inspector of military schools, young Bonaparte was not, of all the pupils at Brienne in 1784, the one most calculated to excite prognostics of future greatness and glory.

The note to which I have just alluded, and which was written by M. Keralio, then inspector of the military schools, describes Bonaparte as being remarkable for his application to the mathematics, passable in history and geography, but rather backward in Latin. The inspector concludes by saying, "He will make an excellent seaman, and deserves to be passed to the Military College of Paris."*

Father Berton, however, opposed Bonaparte's removal to Paris, because he had not passed through the fourth Latin class, and the regulations required that he should be in the third. I was informed by the Vice-Principal, that a report relative to Napoleon was sent from the College of Brienne to that of Paris, in which he was described as being *domineering*, *imperious*, and *obstinate*.

I knew Bonaparte well; and I think M. Keralio's report

* Napoleon remained upwards of five years at Brienne, from March, 1779, till the latter end of 1784. In 1783 Field-Marshal the Chevalier Keralio, inspector of the military schools, selected him to pass the year following to the military school at Paris, to which three of the best scholars were annually sent from each of the twelve provincial schools of France. It is curious as well as satisfactory to know the opinion at this time entertained of him by those who were the best qualified to judge. The manuscript collection which belonged to Marshal Segur, then minister at war, contains the following remarks, under the article headed SCHOOL OF BRIENNE: "State of the king's scholars eligible from their age to enter into the service or to pass to the school at Paris; to wit, M. de Buonaparte (Napoleon), born the 15th of August, 1769, in height 4 feet, 10 inches, 10 lines (5 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches English); has finished his fourth season; of a good constitution, health excellent; character mild, honest, and grateful; conduct exemplary; has always distinguished himself by his application to the mathematics; understands history and geography tolerably well; is indifferently skilled in merely ornamental studies, or in Latin, in which he has only finished his fourth course; would make an excellent sailor, deserves to be passed on to the school at Paris." His old master, Leguille, professor of history at Paris, boasted, that in a list of the different scholars, he had predicted his pupil's subsequent career. In fact, to the name of Bonaparte the following note is added: "*A Corsican by birth and character—he will do something great, if circumstances favour him.*" Monge was his instructor in geometry, who also entertained a high opinion of him. M. Bauer, his German master, was the only one who saw nothing in him, and was surprised at being told he was undergoing his examination for the artillery.—*Hazlitt.*

of him was exceedingly just, except, perhaps, that he might have said, he was *very well,* as to his progress in history and geography, and *very backward* in Latin ; but certainly nothing indicated the probability of his being an *excellent seaman.* He himself had no thought of the navy.

In consequence of M. Keralio's report, Bonaparte was transferred to the Military College of Paris, along with MM. Montarby de Dampierre, de Castres, de Comminges, and de Laugier de Bellecourt, who were all, like him, educated at the public expense, and all, at least, as favourably reported.

What could have induced Sir Walter Scott to say that Bonaparte was the pride of the college, that our mathematical master was exceedingly fond of him, and that the other professors in the different sciences had equal reason to be satisfied with him? What I have above stated, together with the report of M. Keralio, bear evidence of his backwardness in almost every branch of education, except mathematics. Neither was it, as Sir Walter affirms, his precocious progress in mathematics that occasioned him to be removed to Paris. He had attained the proper age, and the report of him was favourable, therefore he was very naturally included among the number of the five who were chosen in 1784.

In a biographical account of Bonaparte, I have read the following anecdote: When he was fourteen years of age, he happened to be at a party where some one pronounced a high eulogium on Vicomte de Turenne, and a lady in company observed that he certainly was a great man; but that she should like him better if he had not burned the palatinate. "What signifies that," replied Bonaparte, "if it was necessary to the object he had in view?"

This is a mere fabrication. Bonaparte was fourteen in the year 1783. He was then at Brienne, where certainly he did not go into company, and least of all, the company of ladies.

## CHAPTER II.

### 1784—1794.*

Bonaparte enters the Military College of Paris—He urges me to embrace the military profession—His report on the state of the Military School of Paris—He obtains a commission—I set off for Vienna—Return to Paris, where I again meet Bonaparte—His singular plans for raising money—Louis XVI. with the red cap on his head—The 10th of August—My departure for Stuttgard—Bonaparte goes to Corsica—My name inscribed on the list of emigrants—Bonaparte at the siege of Toulon—Le Souper de Beaucaire—Napoleon's mission to Genoa—His arrest—His autographical justification—Duroc's first connection with Bonaparte.

BONAPARTE was fifteen years and two months old when he went to the Military College of Paris.† I accompanied him to Nogent sur Seine, whence the coach was to start. We parted with regret, and we did not meet again till the year 1792. Dur-

* *The reader will find at the end of the present volume, an account of the memorable campaigns in Italy, derived from Bonaparte's own statements, and from the narratives of those who were actors in the events.*

† Madame Junot relates some interesting particulars connected with Napoleon's first residence in Paris. "My mother's first care," says she, "on arriving in Paris, was to inquire after Napoleon Bonaparte. He was at that time in the military school at Paris, having quitted Brienne in the September of the preceding year. My uncle Demetrius had met him just after he alighted from the coach which brought him to town; 'And truly,' said my uncle, 'he had the appearance of a fresh importation. I met him in the Palais Royal, where he was gaping and staring with wonder at every thing he saw. He would have been an excellent subject for sharpers, if, indeed, he had had any thing worth taking!' My uncle invited him to dine at his house; for though my uncle was a bachelor, he did not choose to dine at a *traiteur;* the name *restaurateur* was not then introduced. He told my mother that Napoleon was very morose. 'I fear,' added he, 'that that young man has more self-conceit than is suitable to his condition. When he dined with me he began to declaim violently against the luxury of the young men of the military school. After a little he turned the conversation on Mania, and the present education of the young Maniotes, drawing a comparison between it and the ancient Spartan system of education. His observations on this head he told me he intended to imbody in a memorial, to be presented to the minister of war. All this, depend upon it, will bring him under the displeasure of his comrades, and it will be lucky if he escape being run through.'

"A few days afterwards my mother saw Napoleon, and then his irritability was at its height. He would scarcely bear any observations, even if made in his favour, and I am convinced that it is to this uncontrollable irritability that he owed the reputation of having been ill-tempered in his boyhood, and splenetic in his youth.

"My father, who was acquainted with almost all the heads of the military school, obtained leave for him sometimes to come out for recreation. On account

ing these eight years, we maintained an active correspondence: but so little did I anticipate the high destiny which, after his elevation, it was affirmed the wonderful qualities of his boyhood plainly denoted, that I did not preserve one of the letters he wrote to me at that period.

I remember, that in a letter which I received from him about a year after his arrival in Paris, he urged me to keep my promise of entering the army with him. Like him, I had passed through the studies necessary for the artillery service; and in 1787, I went for three months to Metz, in order to join practice with theory. A strange ordinance, which I believe was issued in 1778 by M. de Segur, required that a man should possess four quaterings of nobility, before he could be qualified to serve his king and country as a military officer. My mother went to Paris, taking with her the letters patent of her husband, who died six weeks after my birth. She proved that, in the year 1640, Louis XIII. had, by letters patent, restored the titles of Fauvelet de Villemont, who, in 1586, had kept several provinces of Burgundy subject to the king's authority, at the peril of his life, and the loss of his property; and that his family had occupied the first places in the magistracy since the fourteenth century. All was correct, but it was observed that the letters of nobility had not been registered by the parliament, and to repair this little omission, the sum of twelve thousand francs was demanded. This my mother refused to pay, and there the matter rested.

On his arrival at the military school of Paris, Bonaparte found the establishment on so brilliant and expensive a footing, that he immediately addressed a memorial on the subject to the Vice-Principal of Brienne. He showed that the plan of education was really pernicious, and far from being calculated to fulfil the object which every wise government must have in view. The result of the system, he said, was to inspire the pupils, who were all the sons of poor gentlemen, with a love of ostentation, or rather, with sentiments of vanity and self-

of an accident (a sprain, if I recollect rightly) Napoleon once spent a whole week at our house. To this day, whenever I pass the *quai Conti*, I cannot help looking up at a *mansarde* at the left angle of the house, on the third floor. That was Napoleon's chamber when he paid us a visit, and a neat little room it was. My brother used to occupy the one next to it.

"The two young men were nearly of the same age: my brother perhaps had the advantage of a year or fifteen months. My mother had recommended him to cultivate the friendship of young Bonaparte; but my brother complained how unpleasant it was to find only cold politeness where he expected affection. This repulsiveness on the part of Napoleon was almost offensive, and must have been sensibly felt by my brother, who was not only remarkable for the mildness of his temper and the amenity and grace of his manner, but whose society was courted in the most distinguished circles of Paris on account of his talents. He perceived in Bonaparte a kind of acerbity and bitter irony, of which he long endeavoured to discover the cause. 'I believe,' said Albert one day to my mother, 'that the poor young man feels keenly his dependent situation.'"—*Editor.*

sufficiency: so that, instead of returning happy to the bosom of their families, they were likely to be ashamed of their parents, and to despise their humble homes. Instead of the numerous attendants by whom they were surrounded, their dinners of two courses, and their horses and grooms, he suggested that they should perform little necessary services for themselves, such as brushing their clothes, and cleaning their boots and shoes; that they should eat the coarse bread made for soldiers, &c. Temperance and activity, he added, would render them robust, enable them to bear the severity of different seasons and climates, to brave the fatigues of war, and to inspire the respect and obedience of the soldiers under their command. Thus reasoned Napoleon at the age of sixteen, and time showed that he never deviated from these principles. Of this the establishment of the military school at Fontainbleau is a decided proof.

As Napoleon was an active observer of every thing passing around him, and pronounced his opinion openly and decidedly he did not remain long at the military school of Paris. His superiors, who were anxious to get rid of him, hurried the period of his examination, and he obtained the first vacant sub-lieutenancy in a regiment of artillery.

I left Brienne in 1787, and as I could not enter the artillery, I proceeded the following year to Vienna, with a letter of recommendation to M. de Montmorin, soliciting employment in the French embassy, then at the court of Austria.

I remained two months at Vienna, where I had the honour of twice seeing the Emperor Joseph. The impression made upon me by his kind reception, his dignified and elegant manners, and graceful conversation, will never be obliterated from my recollection. After M. de Noailles had initiated me in the first steps of diplomacy, he advised me to go to one of the German universities to study the law of nations and foreign languages. I accordingly repaired to Leipsic

I had scarcely got there when the French revolution broke out. Alas! The reasonable ameliorations which the age demanded, and which right-thinking men desired, were widely different from that total overthrow and destruction of the state, the condemnation of the best of kings, and the long series of crimes which sully the pages of French history.

I spent some time at Leipsic, where I applied myself to the study of the law of nations, and the German and English languages. I afterwards travelled through Prussia and Poland, and passed a part of the winter of 1791 and 1792 at Warsaw, where I was most graciously received by Princess Tysziewicz, niece of Stanislaus Augustus, the last King of Poland, and the sister of Prince Poniatowski. The Princess was very well informed, and was a great admirer of French literature. At her invitation, I passed several evenings in company with the

king, in a circle small enough to approach to something like intimacy. I remember that his Majesty frequently asked me to read the Moniteur; the speeches to which he listened with the greatest pleasure were those of the Girondists. Princess Tyszkiewicz wished to print at Warsaw, at her own expense, a translation I had executed of Kotzebue's "Menschenhass und Reue," to which I gave the title of "L'Inconnu."*

I arrived at Vienna on the 26th of March, 1792, when I was informed of the serious illness of the emperor, Leopold II., who died on the following day. In private companies, and at public places, I heard vague suspicions expressed of his having been poisoned; but the public, who were admitted to the palace to see the body lie in state, were soon convinced of the falsehood of these reports. I went twice to see the mournful spectacle, and I never heard a word which was calculated to confirm the odious suspicion, though the spacious hall in which the remains of the emperor were exposed was constantly thronged with people.

In the month of April, 1792, I returned to Paris, where I again met Bonaparte, and our college intimacy was renewed. I was not very well off, and adversity was hanging heavily on him; his resources frequently failed him. We passed our time like two young fellows of twenty-three, who have little money, and less occupation. Bonaparte was always poorer than I. Every day we conceived some new project or other. We were on the look out for some profitable speculation. At one time he wanted me to join him in renting several houses, then building in the Rue Montholon, to underlet them afterwards. We found the demands of the landlords extravagant—every thing failed. At the same time he was soliciting employment at the war-office, and I at the office of foreign affairs. I was for the moment the luckier of the two.

While we were spending our time in a somewhat vagabond way, the 20th of June arrived. We met by appointment at a restaurateur's in the Rue St. Honoré, near the Palais Royal, to take one of our daily rambles. On going out we saw approaching, in the direction of the market, a mob, which Bonaparte calculated at five or six thousand men. They were all in rags, armed with weapons of every description, and were proceeding hastily towards the Tuileries, vociferating all kinds of gross abuse. It was a collection of all that was most vile and abject in the purlieus of Paris. "Let us follow this mob," said Bonaparte. We got the start of them, and took up our station on the terrace of the banks of the river. It was there that he witnessed the scandalous scenes which took place; and it would be difficult to describe the surprise and

* This is the play known on the English stage under the title of "The Stranger."—*Editor.*

indignation which they excited in him. When the King showed himself at the windows overlooking the garden, with the red cap, which one of the mob had put on his head, he could no longer repress his indignation. "*Che coglione!*" he loudly exclaimed; "why have they let in all that rabble? Why don't they sweep off four or five hundred of them with the cannon; the rest would then set off fast enough."

When we sat down to dinner, which I paid for, as I generally did, for I was the richer of the two, he spoke of nothing but the scene we had witnessed. He discussed, with great good sense, the causes and consequences of this unrepressed insurrection. He foresaw and developed with sagacity all that would ensue. He was not mistaken. The 10th of August soon arrived. I was then at Stuttgard, where I was appointed Secretary of Legation. At St. Helena, Bonaparte said: "On the attack of the Tuileries, on the 10th of August, I hurried to Fauvelet, Bourrienne's brother, who kept a furniture warehouse at the Carrousel." This is partly correct. My brother was connected with what was termed an *entreprise d'encan national*, where persons intending to quit France received an advance of money, on depositing any effects which they wished to dispose of, and which were sold for them immediately. Bonaparte had some time previously pledged his watch in this way.

After the fatal 10th of August, Bonaparte went to Corsica, and did not return till 1793. Sir Walter Scott says that, after that time, he never saw Corsica again. This is a mistake, as will be shown when I speak of his return from Egypt.*

Having been appointed Secretary of Legation to Stuttgard, I set off for that place on the 2d of August, and I did not again see my ardent young friend until 1795.

He told me that my departure accelerated his for Corsica. We separated, as may be supposed, with but faint hopes of ever meeting again.

By a decree of the 28th of March, 1793, all French agents abroad were ordered to return to France, within three months, under pain of being regarded as emigrants. What I had witnessed before my departure for Stuttgard, the excitation in which I had left the public mind, and the well-known consequences of events of this kind, made me fear that I should be compelled

* Sir Walter appears to have collected his information for the "Life of Napoleon" only from those libels and vulgar stories which gratified his calumnious spirit and national hatred. His work is written with excessive negligence, which, added to its numerous errors, shows how much respect he must have entertained for his readers. It would appear, that his object was to make it the inverse of his novels, where every thing is borrowed from history. I have been assured that Marshal Macdonald having offered to introduce Sir Walter Scott to some generals, who could have furnished him with the most accurate information respecting military events, the glory of which they had shared, Sir Walter replied, "I thank you, but I shall collect my information from popular reports."

to be either an accomplice or a victim in the disastrous scenes which were passing at home. My disobedience of the law placed my name on the list of emigrants.

It has been said of me, in a biographical publication, that "it was as remarkable as it was fortunate for Bourrienne that, *on his return*, he got his name erased from the list of emigrants, on which it had been inscribed during his first journey to Germany. This circumstance has been interpreted in several different ways, which are not all equally favourable to M. de Bourrienne."

I do not understand what favourable interpretations can be put upon a statement entirely false. General Bonaparte repeatedly applied for the erasure of my name, from the month of April, 1797, when I rejoined him at Leoben, to the period of the signature of the treaty of Campo-Formio; but without success. He desired his brother Louis, Berthier, Bernadotte, and others, when he sent them to the directory, to urge my erasure; but in vain. He complained of this inattention to his wishes to Bottot, when he came to Passeriano, after the 18th Fructidor. Bottot, who was secretary to Barras, was astonished that I was not erased, and he made fine promises of what he would do. On his return to France, he wrote to Bonaparte: "Bourrienne is erased." But this was untrue. I was not erased until November, 1797, on the reiterated solicitations of General Bonaparte.

It was during my absence from France that Bonaparte, in the rank of *chef de bataillon*, performed his first campaign, and contributed so powerfully to the retaking of Toulon. Of this period of his life I have no personal knowledge, and, therefore, I shall not speak of it as an eyewitness.* I shall merely relate some facts which fill up the interval between 1793 and 1795, and which I have collected from papers which he himself delivered to me. Among these papers is a little production, entitled "Le Souper de Beaucaire," the copies of which he bought up, at a dear rate, and destroyed, on his attaining the consulate. This little pamphlet contains principles very opposite to those he wished to see established in 1800, a period when extravagant ideas of liberty were no longer the fashion, and when Bonaparte entered upon a system totally the reverse of those republican principles professed in the "Souper de Beaucaire."† It may be remarked, that in all that has come to us from St. Helena, not a word is said of this youthful production. Its character sufficiently explains this silence. In all Bonaparte's writings, posterity

* The reader will find this deficiency supplied by an account of the siege of Toulon, extracted from the "Memoirs of Napoleon," dictated by himself at St. Helena.—See the end of the present chapter.—*Editor.*

† This is not, as Sir Walter says, a dialogue between Marat and a Federalist, but a conversation between a military officer, a native of Nismes, a native of Marseilles, and a manufacturer from Montpellier. The latter, though he takes a share in the conversation, does not say much.

will probably trace the profound politician, rather than the enthusiastic revolutionist.

Some documents relative to Bonaparte's suspension and arrest, by order of the representatives Albitte and Salicetti, serve to place in their true light circumstances which have hitherto been misrepresented. I shall enter into some details of this event, because I have seen it stated that this circumstance of Bonaparte's life has been perverted and misrepresented by every person who has hitherto written about him; and the writer who makes this remark, himself describes the affair incorrectly and vaguely. Others have attributed Bonaparte's misfortune to a military discussion on war, and his connexion with Robespierre the younger.*

It has moreover been said, that Albitte and Salicetti explained to the Committee of Public Safety, the impossibility of their resuming the military operations, unaided by the talents of General Bonaparte. This is mere flattery. The facts are these:

On the 13th of July, 1794 (25th Messidor, year II.), the representatives of the people with the army of Italy, ordered that General Bonaparte should proceed to Genoa, there, conjointly with the French *chargé d'affaires*, to confer on certain subjects with the Genoese government. This mission, together with a list of secret instructions, directing him to examine the fortresses of Genoa and the neighbouring country, show the confidence which Bonaparte, who was then only twenty-five, inspired in men who were deeply interested in making a prudent choice of their agents.

Bonaparte set off for Genoa, and fulfilled his mission. The 9th Thermidor arrived, and the deputies, called Terrorists, were superseded by Albitte and Salicetti. In the disorder which then prevailed, they were either ignorant of the orders given to General Bonaparte, or persons envious of the rising glory of the young general of artillery inspired Albitte and Salicetti with suspicions prejudicial to him. Be this as it may, the two representatives drew up a resolution, ordering that General Bonaparte should be arrested, suspended from his rank, and arraigned before the Committee of Public Safety; and, extraordinary as it may appear, this resolution was founded on that very journey to Genoa which Bonaparte executed by the direction of the representatives of the people.†

* It will presently be seen that all this is erroneous, and that Sir Walter commits another mistake when he says that Bonaparte's connexion with Robespierre was attended with fatal consequences to him, and that his justification consisted in acknowledging that his friends were very different from what he had supposed them to be.

† Madame Junot throws some light on this persecution of Bonaparte by Salicetti. "One motive (I do not mean to say the only one)," remarks this lady, "of the animosity shown by Salicetti to Bonaparte, in the affair of Loano,

Bonaparte said at St. Helena, that he was a short time imprisoned by order of the representative Laporte; but the order for his arrest was signed by Albitte, Salicetti, and Laporte. Laporte was not probably the most influential of the three, for Bonaparte did not address his remonstrance to him. He was a fortnight under arrest.

Had the circumstance occurred three weeks earlier, and had Bonaparte been arraigned before the Committee of Public Safety, previous to the 9th Thermidor, there is every probability that his career would have been at an end; and we should have seen perish on the scaffold, at the age of twenty-five, the man who, during the twenty-five succeeding years, was destined to astonish the world by his vast conceptions, his gigantic projects, his great military genius, his extraordinary good fortune, his faults, reverses, and final misfortunes.

It is worth while to remark, that in the post-Thermidorian resolution just alluded to, no mention is made of Bonaparte's association with Robespierre, the younger. The severity with which he was treated is the more astonishing, since his mission

was, that they were at one time suitors to the same lady. I am not sure whether it was in Corsica or in Paris, but I know for a fact that Bonaparte, in spite of his youth, or perhaps I should rather say on account of his youth, was the favoured lover.

"It was the opinion of my brother, who was secretary to Salicetti, that Bonaparte owed his life to a circumstance which is not very well known. The fact is, that Salicetti received a letter from Bonaparte, the contents of which appeared to make a deep impression on him. Bonaparte's papers had been delivered into Salicetti's hands, who, after an attentive perusal of them, laid them aside, with evident dissatisfaction. He then took them up again, and read them a second time. Salicetti declined my brother's assistance in the examination of the papers, and after a second examination, which was probably as unsatisfactory as the first, he seated himself with a very abstracted air. It would appear that he had seen among the papers some document which concerned himself. Another curious fact is, that the man who had the care of the papers after they were sea'ed up, was an inferior clerk, entirely under the control of Salicetti; and my brother, whose business it was to have charge of the papers, was directed not to touch them. He has often spoken to me of this circumstance, and I mention it here as one of importance to the history of the time. Nothing that relates to a man like Napoleon can be considered useless or trivial.

"What after all was the result of this strange business which might have cost Bonaparte his head?—for had he been taken to Paris and tried by the Committee of Public Safety, there is little doubt that the friend of Robespierre, the younger, would have been condemned by Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois. The result was the acquittal of the accused. This result is the more extraordinary, since it would appear that at that time Salicetti stood in fear of the young general. A compliment is even paid to Bonaparte in the decree, by which he was provisionally restored to liberty. That liberation was said to be granted on the consideration that General Bonaparte might be useful to the republic. This was foresight; but subsequently, when measures were taken which rendered Bonaparte no longer an object of fear, his name was erased from the list of general officers, and it is a curious fact that Cambacérès, who was destined to be his colleague in the consulate, was one of the persons who signed the act of erasure.—*Editor.*

to Genoa was the alleged cause of it. Was there any other charge against him, or had calumny triumphed over the services he had rendered to his country? I have frequently conversed with him on the subject of this adventure, and he invariably assured me, that he had nothing to reproach himself with, and that his defence, which I shall subjoin, contained the pure expression of his sentiments, and the exact truth.

In the following note, which he addressed to Albitte and Salicetti, he makes no mention of Laporte. The copy which I possess is in the handwriting of Junot, with corrections in the general's hand. It exhibits all the characteristics of Napoleon's writing: his short sentences, his abrupt, rather than concise, style, sometimes his elevated ideas, and always his plain, good sense.

### TO THE REPRESENTATIVES, ALBITTE AND SALICETTI.

You have suspended me from my rank, put me under arrest, and declared me to be suspected.

Thus I am disgraced before being judged, or judged before being heard.

In a revolutionized state there are two classes, the suspected and the patriots.

When the first are accused, general measures are adopted towards them for the sake of security.

The oppression of the second class is a shock to public liberty. The magistrate cannot condemn, until after the fullest evidence, and a succession of facts, those who leave nothing to arbitrary decision.

To declare a patriot suspected is to deprive him of all that he most highly values, confidence and esteem.

In what class am I placed?

Since the commencement of the revolution, have I not always been attached to its principles?

Have I not always been contending either with domestic enemies or foreign foes?

I sacrificed my home, abandoned my property, and lost every thing for the republic.

I have since served with some distinction at Toulon, and earned a part of the laurels of the army of Italy at the taking of Saorgio, Oneglia, and Tanaro.

On the discovery of Robespierre's conspiracy, my conduct was that of a man accustomed to look only to principles.

My claim to the title of patriot, therefore, cannot be disputed.

Why, then, am I declared suspected without being heard, and arrested eight days after I heard the news of the tyrant's death?

I am declared suspected, and my papers are sealed.

The reverse of this course ought to have been adopted. My papers should first have been sealed; then I should have been called on for my explanation; and, lastly, declared suspected, if there was reason for coming to such a decision.

It is wished that I should go to Paris with a decree which declares

me suspected. It will naturally be presumed that the representatives did not draw up this decree without accurate information, and I shall be judged with the bias which a man of that class merits.

Though a patriot and an innocent and calumniated man, yet whatever measures may be adopted by the committee, I cannot complain.

If three men declare that I have committed a crime, I cannot complain of the jury who condemns me.

Salicetti, you know me; and I ask whether you have observed any thing in my conduct for the last five years which can afford ground of suspicion?

Albitte, you do not know me; but you have received proof of no fact against me; you have not heard me, and you know how artfully the tongue of calumny sometimes works.

Must I then be confounded with the enemies of my country; and ought the patriots inconsiderately to sacrifice a general who has not been useless to the republic? Ought the representatives to reduce the government to the necessity of being unjust and impolitic?

Hear me; destroy the oppression that overwhelms me, and restore me to the esteem of the patriots.

An hour after, if my enemies wish for my life, let them take it. I have often given proofs how little I value it. Nothing but the thought that I may yet be useful to my country, makes me bear the burden of existence with courage.

It appears that this defence, which is remarkable for its energetic simplicity, produced an effect on Albitte and Salicetti. Inquiries more accurate, and probably more favourable to the general, were instituted; and on the 3d Fructidor (August 20th, 1794), the representatives of the people drew up a decree, stating that, after a careful examination of General Bonaparte's papers, and of the orders he had received relative to his mission to Genoa, they saw nothing to justify any suspicion of his conduct; and that moreover, taking into consideration the advantage that might accrue to the republic from the military talents of the said General Bonaparte, it was resolved that he should be provisionally set at liberty.

Salicetti became the friend and confident of young Bonaparte; but their intimacy did not continue after his elevation.

What is to be thought of the motives for Bonaparte's arrest and provisional liberation, when his innocence and the error that had been committed were acknowledged? The importance of the general's military talents, though no mention is made about the impossibility of dispensing with them, is a pretence for restoring him to that liberty of which he had been unjustly deprived.

It was not at Toulon, as has been stated, that Bonaparte took Duroc into the artillery, and made him his aide-de-camp. The acquaintance was formed at a subsequent period, in Italy. Duroc's cold character, and unexcursive mind, suited Napoleon, whose confidence he enjoyed until his death, and who intrusted him with missions perhaps above his abilities. At

St. Helena, Bonaparte often declared that he was much attached to Duroc. I believe this to be true; but I know that the attachment was not returned. The ingratitude of princes is proverbial. May it not happen that courtiers are sometimes ungrateful?

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## SIEGE OF TOULON.*

Napoleon, on his arrival, found the head-quarters at Beausset. They were busy making preparations to burn the allied squadrons in the road of Toulon; and the next day the Commandant of the artillery went with the General-in-chief to visit the batteries. What was his surprise to find a battery of six twenty-four pounders planted a quarter of a league from the passes of Ollioules, at three gun-shots from the English vessels, and two from the shore; and all the volunteers of the Côte d'Or and the soldiers of the regiment of Burgundy occupied with heating the balls at all the *bastides!* (country-houses). He did not conceal his astonishment.

The first care of the Commandant of the artillery was to get together a great number of officers in that department, whom the circumstances of the Revolution had removed. At the end of six weeks, he was enabled to assemble, organize, and supply a park of two hundred pieces of artillery. Colonel Gassendi was placed at the head of the arsenal of constructions at Marseilles. The batteries were advanced, and placed on the most advantageous points of the shore; and their effect was such, that some large vessels were dismasted, several smaller ones sunk, and the enemy were forced to abandon that part of the road.

During the time that the preparations for the siege were completing, the army was considerably increased. The Committee of Public Safety sent plans and instructions relative to the conduct of the siege. They had been drawn up in the Committee of Fortifications, by General d'Arçon, of the engineers, an officer of great merit. The chief of battalion, Marescot, and many brigades of engineer officers, arrived. All appeared to be in readiness to commence. A council was called, of which Gasparin, a representative, was president: he was a sensible and well-informed man, who had himself been in the service. The instructions from Paris were read: they detailed at great length the operations necessary to recover Toulon by a regular siege.

The Commandant of artillery, who for the space of a month had been carefully reconnoitring the ground, and had made himself perfectly acquainted with all its localities, proposed the plan of attack which occasioned the reduction of Toulon. He regarded all the propositions of the Committee of Fortifications as totally useless, under the circumstances of the case; and it was his opinion, that a regular siege was not at all necessary. In fact, supposing a position could be gained, which, with from fifteen to twenty mortars, thirty or forty pieces of cannon, and furnaces for red-hot balls, would keep up a fire upon every point of the great and lesser roads, it was evident that the

* From the Memoirs of Napoleon, dictated at St. Helena.

combined squadron would be obliged to abandon them; and the garrison would then be placed in a state of blockade, not being able to communicate with the squadron, which would be forced to stand out to sea. On this hypothesis the Commandant of artillery had laid it down as a principle, that the combined forces would prefer drawing off the garrison, and burning the French vessels and magazines, rather than leave 15 or 20,000 men in the fortress, who sooner or later would be obliged to surrender, without having any thing in their power to destroy, so as to ensure terms of capitulation for themselves.

In a word, he declared that it was not necessary to march against the place at all, but only to occupy the position proposed, and which was to be found at the extreme point of the promontory of Balagnier and l'Eguillette; that he had discovered this position a month before, and had pointed it out to the General-in-chief, assuring him that if he would occupy it with three battalions, he would take Toulon in four days; that the English had become, since he first observed it, so sensible of its importance, that they had disembarked 4000 men there, had cut down all the wood that covered the promontory of Cair, which commanded the whole position, and had employed all the resources of Toulon, even the galley-slaves, in order to intrench themselves there; making it, as they expressed themselves, "a little Gibraltar." But that the point, which a month ago might have been seized and occupied without opposition, now required a serious attack; that it would not be advisable to risk an assault, but to form batteries, mounted with twenty-four pounders and mortars, in order to destroy the epaulments, which were constructed of wood, to break down the palisades, and throw a shower of shells into the interior of the fort; and that then, after a vigorous fire for eight-and-forty hours, the work should be stormed by picked troops. Two days after this fort should be taken, he gave it as his opinion, that Toulon would belong to the Republic. This plan of attack was much discussed; and the engineer officers who were present at the council were of opinion, that the project of the Commandant of artillery was a necessary preliminary to regular sieges, the first principle of all sieges being the establishment of a strict blockade.

From this time there was unanimity of opinion: the enemy constructed two redoubts under the two headlands, one of which immediately commands l'Eguillette and the other Balagnier. These redoubts flanked Little Gibraltar, and played on the two sides of the promontory.

In conformity to the plan adopted, the French raised five or six batteries against Little Gibraltar, and constructed platforms for fifteen mortars. A battery had also been raised of eight twenty-four pounders and four mortars against Fort Malbosquet, the construction of which was a profound secret to the enemy, as the men who were employed on the work were entirely concealed from observation by a plantation of olives. It was intended that this battery should not be unmasked till the moment of marching against Little Gibraltar; but on the 20th of November the Representatives of the People went to inspect it, when they were informed by the cannoneers that it had been completed eight days, and that no use had yet been made of it,

Eugene Beauharnais receiving his father's sword from Napoleon.

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General O'Hara taken prisoner at the siege of Toulon.

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though it was supposed the effect produced by it would be very important. Without further explanation, the Representatives ordered them to open a fire, and accordingly the cannoneers with great joy immediately opened an alternate fire from the battery.

General O'Hara, who commanded the allied army at Toulon, was greatly surprised at the erection of so considerable a battery close to a fort of such importance as Malbosquet, and gave orders that a sortie should be made at break of day. The battery was situated in the centre of the left of the army: the troops in that part consisted of about 6000 men; occupying the line from Fort Rouge to Malbosquet, and so disposed as to prevent all individual communication, though too much scattered to make an effectual resistance in any given point.

An hour before day, General O'Hara sallied out of the garrison with 6000 men; and, meeting with no obstacle, his skirmishers only being engaged, spiked the guns of the battery.

In the mean while, the drums beat the *generale* at head-quarters, and Dugommier with all haste rallied his troops: the Commandant of artillery posted himself on a little headland behind the battery, on which he had previously established a depôt of arms. A communication from this point to the battery had been effected, by means of a boyau which was substituted for the trench. Perceiving from this point that the enemy had formed to the right and left of the battery, he conceived the idea of leading a battalion which was stationed near him through the boyau. By this plan he succeeded in coming out unperceived among the brambles close to the battery, and immediately commenced a brisk fire upon the English, whose surprise was such, that they imagined it was their own troops on the right, who through some mistake were firing on those on the left. General O'Hara hastened towards the French to rectify the supposed mistake, when he was wounded in the hand by a musket-ball, and a sergeant seized and dragged him prisoner into the boyau; the disappearance of the English general was so sudden, that his own troops did not know what had become of him.

In the mean time, Dugommier, with the troops he had rallied, placed himself between the town and the battery: this movement disconcerted the enemy, who forthwith commenced their retreat. They were hotly pursued as far as the gates of the fortress, which they entered in the greatest disorder and without being able to ascertain the fate of their general. Dugommier was slightly wounded in this affair. A battalion of volunteers from the Isere distinguished itself during the day.

General Cartaux had conducted the siege at its commencement; but the Committee of Public Safety had found it necessary to deprive him of the command. This man, originally a painter, had become an adjutant in the Parisian corps; he was afterwards employed in the army; and, having been successful against the Marseillese, the deputies of the Mountains had in the same day obtained him the appointments of Brigadier-general and General of division. He was extremely ignorant, and had nothing military about him; otherwise he was not ill disposed, and committed no excesses at Marseilles on the taking of that city.

General Doppet succeeded Cartaux: he was a Savoyard, a physi-

cian, and an unprincipled man: he was entirely governed by interested motives. He was a decided enemy to all who possessed talent. He had no idea of war, and was any thing but brave. This Doppet, nevertheless, by a singular chance, in forty-eight hours after his arrival had very nearly taken Toulon. A battalion of the Côte d'Or and a battalion of the regiment of Burgundy, being on duty in the trenches before Little Gibraltar, had one of their men taken by a Spanish company on guard at the redoubt: they saw their companion ill-treated and beaten, and at the same time the Spaniards offered them every insult by shouts and indecent gestures. The French, enraged, ran to their arms, commenced a brisk fire, and marched against the redoubt.

The Commandant of the artillery immediately hastened to the General-in-chief, who was ignorant of what was going on. They galloped to the scene of action, and there perceiving how the matter stood, Napoleon persuaded the General to support the attack, with the assurance that it would not be productive of greater loss to advance than to retire. The General, therefore, ordered the different corps of reserve to be put in motion: all were quickly on the alert, and Napoleon marched at their head. Unfortunately, an aide-de-camp was killed by the side of the General-in-chief. Doppet was panic-struck; and ordering the drums in all directions to beat a retreat, recalled his soldiers at the very moment when the grenadiers, having repulsed the skirmishers of the enemy, had reached the gorge of the redoubt, and were about to take it. The troops were highly indignant, and complained that * * * * * and physicians were sent to command them. The Committee of Public Safety recalled Doppet, and at length perceived the necessity of employing a real military man: they accordingly sent Dugommier, an officer who had seen fifty years of service, who was covered with scars, and who was as dauntless as the weapon he wore.

The enemy were every day receiving reinforcements: the public watched with anxiety the direction of the operation of the siege. They could not conceive why every effort should be directed against Little Gibraltar, quite in an opposite direction to the town. "There has not been any thing done yet," it was said all over the country, "but laying siege to a fort which has nothing to do with the permanent fortifications of the place. They will afterwards have to take Malbosquet, and open trenches against the town." All the popular societies made denunciation after denunciation on this subject. Provence complained of the long duration of the siege. A scarcity began to prevail, and increased to such a degree that Freron and Barras, having lost all hopes of the prompt reduction of Toulon, wrote in great alarm from Marseilles to the Convention, to persuade them to take into consideration whether it would not be better that the army should raise the siege and repass the Durance—a manœuvre which had been planned by Francis the First at the time of the invasion of Charles the Fifth. He retired behind the Durance, while the enemy laid Provence waste; and when famine compelled them to retreat, he then attacked them with fresh vigour. The Representatives urged, that, if our troops should evacuate Provence, the English would be obliged to find provisions for its support, and that, after the harvest, offensive operations might be renewed with considerable advantage by

an army complete in itself and invigorated by rest. This measure was, they said, absolutely necessary; for as yet, after four months' operations, Toulon had not even been attacked; and as the enemy were perpetually receiving reinforcements, it was to be apprehended that we should in the end be obliged to do precipitately and in confusion, what at the present moment might be effected with regularity and order. However, in a few days after the letter had been received by the Convention, Toulon was taken. The letter was now disowned by the Representatives as a forgery. This was ill-judged; for it was genuine, and gave a just idea of the opinion that existed at the time of its being written, respecting the issue of the siege, and of the difficulties that prevailed in Provence.

Dugommier determined that a decisive attack should be made upon Little Gibraltar: the Commandant of the artillery accordingly threw seven or 8000 shells into the fort, while 30 twenty-four pounders battered the works.

On the 18th of December, at four in the afternoon, the troops left their camps, and marched towards the village of Seine: the plan was to attack at midnight, in order to avoid the fire of the fort and the intermediate redoubts. At the instant when every thing was ready, the Representatives of the People held a council to deliberate whether the attack should be put in execution or not: it is probable they either feared the issue of it, and were desirous to throw all the responsibility of the affair upon General Dugommier, or they were influenced by the opinion entertained by many officers, who conceived success impossible, chiefly on account of the dreadful weather; the rain was falling in torrents.

Dugommier and the Commandant of artillery ridiculed these fears: two columns were formed, and marched against the enemy.

The allied troops, to avoid the effect of the shells and balls, which showered upon the fort, were accustomed to occupy a station at a small distance in the rear of it. The French had great hopes of reaching the works before them; but the enemy had placed a line of skirmishers in front of the fort, and as the musketry commenced firing at the very foot of the hill, the allied troops hastened to the defence of the fort, whence a very brisk fire was immediately opened. Case-shot showered all around. At length, after a most furious attack, Dugommier, who according to his usual custom headed the leading column, was obliged to give way; and in the utmost despair he cried out, "I am a lost man." Success was indeed every way important in those days, for the want of it usually conducted the unfortunate general to the scaffold.

The fire of the cannonading and musketry continued. Captain Muiron of the artillery, a young man full of bravery and resources, and who was the adjoint of the Commandant of artillery, was detached with a battalion of light infantry, and supported by the second column, which followed them at the distance of a musket-shot. He was perfectly acquainted with the position; and he availed himself so well of the windings of the ascent, that he conducted his troops up the mountain without sustaining any loss. He debouched at the foot of the fort: he rushed through an embrasure: his soldiers followed him—and the fort was taken. The English and Spanish cannoneers

were all killed at their guns, and Muiron himself was dangerously wounded by a thrust from the pike of an English soldier.

As soon as they were masters of the fort, the French immediately turned the cannon against the enemy.

By the time that Dugommier had been three hours in the redoubt, the Representatives of the People came with their drawn swords in their hands to load the troops which occupied it with eulogiums. [This positively contradicts the accounts of that time, which incorrectly state that the Representatives marched at the head of the columns.]

At break of day the French marched on Balagnier and l'Eguillette: the enemy had already evacuated those positions. The twenty-four pounders and the mortars were brought to mount these batteries, whence they hoped to cannonade the combined fleets before noon; but the Commandant of the artillery deemed it impossible to fix them there. They were of stone, and the engineers who had constructed them had committed an error in placing a large tower of masonry just at their entrance, so near the platforms that whatever balls might have struck them would have rebounded on the gunners, besides the splinters and rubbish. They therefore planted pieces of cannon on the heights behind the batteries. They could not open their fire until the next day; but no sooner did Lord Hood, the English admiral, see that the French had possessed themselves of these positions, than he made signal to weigh anchor and get out of the roads.

He then went to Toulon, to make it known that there was not a moment to be lost in getting out to sea directly. The weather was dark and cloudy, and every thing announced the approach of the Libeccio (or south-west) wind, so terrible at this season. The council of the combined forces immediately met; and, after mature deliberation, they unanimously agreed that Toulon was no longer tenable. They accordingly proceeded to take measures as well for the embarkation of the troops, as for burning and sinking such French vessels as they could not carry away with them, and setting fire to the marine establishments: they likewise gave notice to all the inhabitants, that those who wished to leave the place might embark on board the English and Spanish fleets.

When these disastrous tidings were spread abroad, a scene of confusion took place which it would be difficult to describe; any more than the disorder and astonishment of the garrison, and of the unfortunate inhabitants, who, only a few hours before, calculating on the great distance of the besiegers from the place, the slow progress of the siege during four months, and the expected arrival of reinforcements, not only hoped to effect the raising of the siege, but even to become masters of Provence.

In the night, Fort Poné was blown up by the English, and an hour afterwards, a part of the French squadron was set on fire. Nine seventy-four gun ships and four frigates or corvettes became a prey to the flames.

The fire and smoke from the arsenal resembled the eruption of a volcano, and the thirteen vessels which were burning in the road were like so many magnificent displays of fireworks. The masts and forms of the vessels were distinctly marked by the blaze, which lasted many

hours, and formed an unparalleled spectacle. It was a heart-rending sight to the French to see such grand resources, and so much wealth, consumed within so short a period. They feared, at first, that the English would blow up Fort La Malgue, but it appeared that they had not time to do so.

The Commandant of artillery then went to Malbosquet. The fort was already evacuated. He ordered the fieldpieces to sweep the ramparts of the town, and heighten the confusion by throwing shells from the howitzers into the port, until the mortars, which were upon the road with their carriages, could be planted in the batteries, and shells thrown from them in the same direction.

General Lapoype took possession of Fort Pharaon, which was evacuated by the enemy. During all this time the batteries of l'Eguillette and Balagnier kept up an incessant fire on the vessels in the road. Many of the English ships were much damaged, and a great number of transports with troops on board were sunk. The batteries continued their fire all the night, and at break of day the English fleet was seen out at sea. By nine o'clock in the morning a high Libeccio wind got up, and the English ships were forced to put into the Hyeres.

Many thousands of the families of Toulon had followed the English; so that the revolutionary tribunals found but few of the guilty in the place: all the parties most deeply implicated had left it. Nevertheless, above a hundred unfortunate wretches were shot within the first fortnight.

Orders afterwards arrived from the Convention for demolishing the houses of Toulon: the absurdity of this measure did not impede the execution of it, and many houses were pulled down, which were obliged subsequently to be built up again.

During the siege of Toulon, the army of Italy had been attacked on the Var. The Piedmontese had attempted to invade Provence, and got nearly as far as Entrevaux; but being defeated at Gillette, they retreated, and retired within their lines.

The news of the taking of Toulon caused a sensation in Provence and throughout France, the more lively as such success was unexpected and almost unhoped-for. From this event Napoleon's reputation commenced: he was made Brigadier-general of artillery in consequence, and appointed to the command of that department in the Army of Italy. General Dugommier was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Eastern Pyrenees.

## CHAPTER III.

### 1794—1795.

Proposal to send Bonaparte to La Vendée—He is struck off the list of general officers—Salicetti—Joseph's marriage with Mademoiselle Clary—Bonaparte's wish to go to Turkey—Note explaining the plan of his proposed expedition—Madame Bourrienne's character of Bonaparte, and account of her husband's arrest—Constitution of the year III.—The 13th Vendémiaire—Bonaparte appointed second in command of the army of the interior—Eulogium of Bonaparte by Barras, and its consequences—St. Helena manuscript.

General Bonaparte returned to Paris, where I also arrived from Germany shortly after him. Our intimacy was resumed, and he gave me an account of all that had passed in the campaign of the south. He frequently alluded to the persecutions he had suffered, and he delivered to me the packet of papers, noticed in the last chapter, desiring me to communicate their contents to my friends. He was very anxious, he said, to do away with the supposition that he was capable of betraying his country, and, under the pretence of a mission to Genoa, becoming a spy on the interests of France. He loved to talk over his military achievements at Toulon and in Italy. He spoke of his first successes with that feeling of pleasure and gratification which they were naturally calculated to excite in him.

The government wished to send him to La Vendée with the rank of brigadier-general of infantry. Bonaparte rejected this proposition, on two grounds. He thought the scene of action unworthy of his talents, and he regarded his projected removal from the artillery to the infantry as a sort of insult. This last was his most powerful objection, and was the only one he urged officially. In consequence of his refusal to accept the appointment offered him, the Committee of Public Safety decreed that he should be struck off the list of general officers.

Deeply mortified at this unexpected stroke, Bonaparte retired into private life, and found himself doomed to an inactivity very uncongenial with his ardent character. He lodged in the Rue de Mail, near the Place de Victoires, and we recommenced the sort of life we had led in 1792, before his departure for Corsica. It was not without a struggle that he determined to await

patiently the removal of the prejudices which were cherished against him by men in power; and he hoped that, in the perpetual changes which were taking place, those men might be superseded by others more favourable to him. He frequently dined and spent the evening with me and my elder brother; and his pleasant conversation and manners made the hours pass away very agreeably. I called on him almost every morning, and I met at his lodgings several persons who were distinguished at the time; among others, Salicetti, with whom he used to maintain very animated conversations, and who would often solicit a private interview with him. On one occasion, Salicetti paid him three thousand francs, in assignats, as the price of his carriage, which his straightened circumstances obliged him to dispose of.* I could easily perceive that our young friend either was, or wished to be, initiated in some political intrigue; and I moreover suspected, that Salicetti had bound him by an oath not to disclose the plans that were hatching. He became pensive, melancholy, and anxious; and he always looked with impatience for Salicetti's daily visit.† Sometimes, withdrawing his mind from political affairs, he would envy the happiness of his brother Joseph, who had just then married Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a rich and respectable merchant of Marseilles. He would often say, "That Joseph is a lucky rogue."

Meanwhile time passed away, and none of his projects succeeded—none of his applications were listened to. He was vexed by the injustice with which he was treated, and tormented by the desire of entering upon some active pursuit. He could not endure the thought of remaining buried in the crowd. He determined to quit France; and the favourite idea, which he never afterwards relinquished, that the east is a fine field for glory, inspired him with the wish to proceed to

* Of Napoleon's poverty at this time, Madame Junot says, "On Bonaparte's return to Paris, after the misfortunes of which he accused Salicetti of being the cause, he was in very destitute circumstances. His family, who were banished from Corsica, found an asylum at Marseilles; and they could not now do for him what they would have done had they been in the country whence they derived their pecuniary resources. From time to time he received remittances of money, and I suspect they came from his excellent brother Joseph, who had then recently married Mademoiselle Clary; but with all his economy, these supplies were insufficient. Bonaparte was therefore in absolute distress. Junot often used to speak of the six months they passed together in Paris at this time. When they took an evening stroll on the Boulevard, which used to be the resort of young men, mounted on fine horses, and displaying all the luxury which they were permitted to show at that time. Bonaparte would declaim against fate, and express his contempt for the dandies with their whiskers and their *oreilles de chien*, who as they rode past were eulogizing in ecstasy, the manner in which Madame Scio sang *paole pafumée, paole panachée.* "And it is on such beings as these," he would say, "that Fortune confers her favours: Grand Dieu! how contemptible is human nature!"—*Editor.*

† Salicetti was implicated in the insurrection of the 20th May, 1795, 1st Prairial, year III., and was obliged to fly to Venice.

Constantinople, and to enter the service of the Grand Signior. What romantic plans, what stupendous projects he conceived! He asked me whether I would go with him? I replied in the negative. I looked upon him as a half-crazy young fellow, who was driven to extravagant enterprises and desperate resolutions by his restless activity of mind, joined to the irritating treatment he had experienced, and, perhaps, it may be added, his want of money. He did not blame me for my refusal to accompany him; and he told me that Junot, Marmont, and some other young officers whom he had known at Toulon, would be willing to follow his fortunes.

He drew up a note, which commenced with the words *Note for . . . .* It was addressed to no one, and was merely a plan. Some days after, he wrote out another, which, however, did not differ very materially from the first, and which he addressed to Aubert and Coni. I made him a fair copy of it, and it was regularly forwarded. It was as follows:

NOTE.

Aubert, Coni } 2500 artillerymen.

At a moment when the Empress of Russia has strengthened her union with the Emperor of Austria, it is the interest of France to do every thing in her power to increase the military power of Turkey.

That power possesses a numerous and brave militia, but is very backward in the scientific part of the art of war.

The organization and the service of the artillery, which, in our modern tactics, so powerfully facilitate the gaining of battles, and on which, almost exclusively, depend the attack and defence of fortresses, are especially the points in which France excels, and in which the Turks are most deficient.

They have several times applied to us for artillery officers, and we have sent them some; but the officers thus sent have not been sufficiently powerful, either in numbers or talent, to produce any important result.

General Bonaparte, who, from his youth, has served in the artillery, of which he was intrusted with the command at the siege of Toulon, and in the two campaigns of Italy, offers his services to proceed to Turkey, with a mission from the French government.

He proposes to take along with him six or seven officers, of different kinds, and who may be, altogether, perfect masters of the military art.

He will have the satisfaction of being useful to his country in this new career, if he succeed in rendering the Turkish power more formidable, by completing the defence of their principal fortresses, and constructing new ones.

This note shows the error of the often-repeated assertion, that he proposed entering the service of the Turks against Austria.

He makes no mention of such a thing; and the two countries were not at war.*

No answer was returned to this note. Turkey remained unaided, and Bonaparte unoccupied. I must confess, that for the failure of this project, at least, I was not sorry. I should have regretted to see a young man, of great promise, and one for whom I cherished a sincere friendship, devote himself to so uncertain a fate. If, however, a clerk of the War Office had but written on the note "*granted*," that little word would probably have changed the fate of Europe.

Bonaparte remained in Paris, forming schemes for the gratification of his ambition, and his desire of making a figure in the world; but obstacles opposed all he attempted.

Women are better judges of character than men. Madame de Bourrienne, knowing the intimacy which subsisted between my young friend and me, observed him very closely. She preserved some notes which she made upon Bonaparte, and the circumstances which struck her as most remarkable, during our early connexion with him. My wife did not entertain so favourable an opinion of him as I did; the warm friendship I cherished for him, probably, blinded me to his faults. I subjoin Madame de Bourrienne's notes, word for word.

On the day after our second return from Germany, which was in May 1795, we met Bonaparte in the Palais Royal, near a shop kept by a man named Girardin. Bonaparte embraced Bourrienne as a friend whom he loved, and was glad to see. We went that evening to the Théâtre Français. The performance consisted of a tragedy, and "Le Sourd, ou l'Auberge pleine." During the latter piece the audience were convulsed with laughter. The part of Dasnières was represented by Batiste the younger, and it was never played better. The bursts of laughter were so loud and frequent, that the actor was several times obliged to stop in the midst of his part. Bonaparte alone (and it struck me as being very extraordinary) was silent, and coldly insensible to the humour which was so irresistibly diverting to every one else. I remarked at this period that his character was reserved, and frequently gloomy. His smile was hypocritical, and often misplaced; and I recollect that a few days after our return, he gave us one of those specimens of savage hilarity which I greatly disliked, and which prepossessed me against him. He was telling us, that being before Toulon, where he commanded the artillery, one of his officers was visited by his wife, to whom he had been but a short time married, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after, orders were given for another attack upon the town, in which this officer was to be engaged. His wife came to General Bonaparte, and with tears entreated him to dispense with her husband's services that day. The

* The Scottish biographer makes Bonaparte say that it would be strange if a little Corsican should become King of Jerusalem. I never heard any thing drop from him which supports the probability of such a remark, and certainly there is nothing in his note to warrant the inference of his having made it.

general was inexorable, as he himself told us, with a sort of savage exultation. The moment of the attack arrived, and the officer, though a very brave man, as Bonaparte himself assured us, felt a presentiment of his approaching death. He turned pale and trembled. He was stationed beside the general, and during an interval when the firing from the town was very strong, Bonaparte called out to him, "Take care, there is a bomb-shell coming!" The officer, instead of moving to one side, stooped down, and was literally severed in two. Bonaparte laughed loudly while he described the event with horrible minuteness.

At this time we saw him almost every day. He frequently came to dine with us. As there was a scarcity of bread, and sometimes only two ounces per head daily were distributed in the section, it was customary to request one's guests to bring their own bread, as it could not be procured for money. Bonaparte, and his brother Louis (a mild, agreeable young man, who was the general's aide-de-camp) used to bring with them their ration bread, which was black, and mixed with bran. I was sorry to observe that all this bad bread fell to the share of the poor aide-de-camp, for we provided the general with a finer kind, which was made clandestinely by a pastrycook, from flour which we contrived to smuggle from Sens, where my husband had some farms. Had we been denounced, the affair might have cost us our heads.

We spent six weeks in Paris, and we went frequently with Bonaparte to the theatres, and to the fine concerts given by Garat, in the Rue St. Marc. These were the first brilliant entertainments that took place after the death of Robespierre. There was always something eccentric in Bonaparte's behaviour, for he often slipped away from us without saying a word; and when we were supposing he had left the theatre, we would suddenly discover him in the second or third tier, sitting alone in a box, and looking rather sulky.

Before our departure for Sens, where my husband's family reside, and which was fixed upon for the place of my first accouchement, we looked out for more agreeable apartments than we had in the Rue Grenier, Saint Lazare, which were on a ground floor. Bonaparte used to accompany us and assist us in our researches. At last we took the first floor of a handsome new house, No. 19, Rue de Marais. Bonaparte, who wished to stop in Paris, went to look at a house opposite to ours. He had thoughts of taking it, for himself, his uncle Fesch, now Cardinal Fesch, and a gentleman named Patrauld, formerly one of the masters of the Military School. One day he said, "With that house over there, my friends in it, and a cabriolet, I shall be the happiest fellow in the world."

We soon after left town for Sens. The house was not taken, for other and great affairs were preparing. During the interval between our departure and the fatal day of Vendémiaire, several letters passed between him and his school companion. These letters were of the most amiable and affectionate description. [They have been stolen.] On our return, in November of the same year, every thing was changed. The college friend was now a great personage. He had got the command of Paris in return for the business of Vendémiaire. Instead of a small house in the Rue de Marais, he occupied a splendid

hotel in the Rue des Capucines; the modest cabriolet was converted into a superb equipage, and the man himself was no longer the same. But the friends of his youth were still received when they made their morning calls. They were invited to grand déjeûners, which were sometimes attended by ladies; and, among others, by the beautiful Madame Tallien and her friend, the amiable Madame Beauharnais, to whom Bonaparte had begun to pay attention. He cared little for his friends, and ceased to address them in the style of familiar equality. I shall mention only one instance, that of M. Rey, whose father lost his life in the siege of Lyons, and who, being there himself, was saved as by a miracle. He was a gentle, amiable youth, and devoted to the royal cause. We used to see him daily. He waited on his college comrade; but being unable to bring himself to speak in the tone of distant respect, Bonaparte soon turned his back upon him, and on seeing him again did not speak a word to him. The only thing he did for him was to appoint him to the wretched place of an inspector of provisions, which Rey could not accept. Three years after, he died of a pulmonary affection, regretted by all his friends.

After the thirteenth of Vendémiaire, M. de Bourrienne saw Bonaparte only at distant periods. In the month of February, 1796, my husband was arrested, at seven in the morning, by a party of men, armed with muskets, on the charge of being a returned emigrant. He was torn from his wife and his child, only six months old, being barely allowed time to dress himself. I followed him. They conveyed him to the guard-house of the section, and thence I know not whither. In every place he was treated in a most infamous manner: and, finally, in the evening, they placed him in the lock-up-house of the prefecture of police, which, I believe, is now called the central bureau. There he passed two nights and a day, among men of the lowest description, some of whom were even malefactors. His wife and his friends ran about every where, trying to find somebody to protect him, and, among the rest, Bonaparte was applied to. It was with great difficulty he could be seen. Madame de Bourrienne, accompanied by one of her husband's friends, waited for the Commandant of Paris until midnight, but he *did not come home.* Next morning she returned at an early hour, and found him. She stated what had happened to her husband, whose head was then at stake. He appeared to feel very little for the situation of his friend. However, he determined to write to Merlin, the minister of justice. Madame de Bourrienne carried the letter according to its address. She met the minister as he was coming down stairs, on his way to the Directory. Being in grand costume, he wore a Henri IV. hat, surmounted with a multitude of plumes, a dress which formed a singular contrast with his person. He opened the letter; and whether it was that he cared as little for the general as the cause of M. de Bourrienne's arrest, he replied, that the business was no longer in his hands, and that it was now under the cognizance of the public administrators of the laws. The minister then stepped into his carriage, and the lady was conducted to several offices in his hotel. She passed through them with a broken heart, for she met with none but harsh men, who told her that the prisoner deserved death. From them she learned that on the following day he would be brought before the judge of the peace for

his section, who would decide whether there was ground for putting him on his trial. In fact, this proceeding took place next day. He was conveyed to the house of the judge of the peace for the section of Bondy, Rue Grange-aux-Belles, whose name was Lemaire. His countenance was mild; and though his manner was cold, he had none of the harshness and ferocity common to the government agents of that time. His examination of the charge was long, and he several times shook his head. The moment of decision had arrived, and every thing seemed to indicate that the termination would be to place the prisoner under accusation. At seven o'clock he desired his wife to be called; she hastened to him, and beheld a most heart-rending scene. He was suffering under a hæmorrhage, which had continued since two o'clock, and had interrupted the examination. The judge of the peace, who looked sad, sat with his head resting on his hand. She threw herself at his feet, and implored his clemency. The wife and the two daughters of the judge visited this scene of sorrow, and assisted Madame de Bourrienne in softening him. He was a worthy and feeling man, a good husband and parent. It was evident that he struggled between compassion and duty. He kept looking over the laws on the subject, and, after long researches, said to me, "To-morrow is Décadi, and no proceedings can take place on that day. Find, Madame, two responsible persons, who will answer for the appearance of your husband, and I will permit him to go home with you, accompanied by the two guardians." Next day two friends were found, one of whom was M. Desmaisons, counsellor of the court, who became bail for M. de Bourrienne. He continued under these guardians six months, until a law compelled the persons who were inscribed on the fatal list to remove to the distance of ten leagues from Paris. One of the guardians was a man of straw; the other was a knight of St. Louis. The former was left in the anti-chamber; the latter made, every evening, one of our party at cards. The family of M. de Bourrienne have always felt the warmest gratitude to the judge of the peace and his family. That worthy man saved the life of M. de Bourrienne, who, when he returned from Egypt, and had it in his power to do him some service, hastened to his house; but the good judge was no more!

The letters mentioned in the narrative were at this time stolen from me by the police officers.

Every one was now eager to pay court to a man who had risen from the crowd in consequence of the part he had acted at an extraordinary crisis, and who was spoken of as the future general of the army of Italy. It was expected that he would be gratified, as he really was, by the restoration of some letters which contained the expression of his former very modest wishes, called to recollection his unpleasant situation, his limited ambition, his pretended aversion for public employment, and finally exhibited his intimate relations with those who were, without hestitation, characterized as Emigrants, to be afterwards made the victims of confiscation and death.

The 13th of Vendémiaire (October 5, 1795) was approaching.

The National Convention had been painfully delivered of a new constitution, called, from the epoch of its birth, "the Constitution of Year III." It was adopted on the 22d of August, 1795. The provident legislators did not forget themselves. They stipulated that two-thirds of their body should form part of the new legislature. The party opposed to the Convention hoped, on the contrary, that, by a general election, a majority would be obtained for its opinion. That opinion was against the continuation of power in the hands of men who had already so greatly abused it. The same opinion was also entertained by a great part of the most influential sections of Paris, both as to the possession of property and talent. These sections declared that, in accepting the new constitution, they rejected the decree of the 30th of August, which required the re-election of two-thirds. The Convention, therefore, found itself menaced in what it held most dear—its power, and, accordingly, resorted to measures of defence. A declaration was put forth, stating that the Convention, if attacked, would remove to Chalons-sur-Marne; and the commanders of the armed force were called upon to defend that body.

The 5th of October, the day on which the sections of Paris attacked the Convention, is certainly one which ought to be marked in the wonderful destiny of Bonaparte. With the events of that day were linked, as cause and effect, many great political convulsions of Europe. The blood which flowed ripened the seeds of the youthful general's ambition. It must be admitted that the history of past ages presents few periods full of such extraordinary events as the years included between 1795 and 1815. The man whose name serves, in some measure, as a recapitulation of all these great events, was entitled to believe himself immortal.

Living retired at Sens since the month of July, I only learned what had occasioned the insurrection of the sections from public report and the journals. I cannot, therefore, say what part Bonaparte may have taken in the intrigues which preceded that day. He was officially characterized only as secondary actor in the scene. The account of the affair which was published announces that Barras was, on that very day, commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and Bonaparte second in command. Bonaparte drew up that account. The whole of the manuscript was in his handwriting, and it exhibits all the peculiarity of his style and orthography. He sent me a copy.

Those who read the bulletin of the 13th Vendémiaire, cannot fail to observe the care which Bonaparte took to cast the reproach of shedding the first blood on the men he calls rebels. He made a great point of representing his adversaries as the aggressors. It is certain he long regretted that day. He often told me that he would give years of his life to blot it out from

the page of his history. He was convinced that the people of Paris were dreadfully irritated against him, and he would have been glad if Barras had never made that speech in the Convention, with the part of which, complimentary to himself, he was at the time so well pleased. Barras said, "It is to his able and prompt dispositions that we are indebted for the defence of this assembly, around which he had posted the troops with the greatest skill." This is perfectly true, but it is not always agreeable that every truth should be told. Being out of Paris, and a total stranger to this affair, I know not how far he was indebted for his success to chance, or to his own exertions, in the part assigned to him by the miserable government which then oppressed France. He represented himself only as secondary actor in this sanguinary scene in which Barras made him his associate. He sent to me, as already mentioned, an account of the transaction, written entirely in his own hand, and distinguished by all the peculiarities of his style and orthography.*

"On the 13th," says Bonaparte, "at five o'clock in the morning, the representative of the people, Barras, was appointed commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and General Bonaparte was nominated second in command.

"The artillery for service was still at the camp of Sablons, guarded solely by one hundred and fifty men; the remainder was at Marly with two hundred men. The depot of Meudon was left unprotected. There were at Feuillans, only a few four-pounders without artillery-men, and but 80,000 cartridges. The victualling depots were dispersed throughout Paris. In many sections, the drums beat to arms; the section of the Théâtre Français had advanced posts even as far as the Pont Neuf, which it had barricaded.

"General Barras ordered the artillery to be transported immediately from the camp of Sablons to the Tuileries, and selected the artillery-men from the battalions of the 89th regiment, and from the *gendarmerie*, and placed them at the palace; sent to Meudon 200 men of the police legion whom he brought from Versailles, 50 cavalry, and two companies of veterans; he ordered the property which was at Marly to be conveyed to Meudon; caused cartridges to be brought there, and established a workshop at that place for the manufacture of more. He secured means for the subsistence of the army and of the Convention for many days, independently of the depots which were in the sections.

"General Verdier, who commanded at the Palais National, exhibited great coolness; he was required not to suffer a shot

* Joseph Bonaparte, in a note on this passage, insinuates that the account of the 13th Vendémiaire was never sent to Sens, but was abstracted by Bourrienne, with other documents, from Napoleon's cabinet.—*Editor.*

to be fired till the last extremity. In the mean time, reports reached him from all quarters acquainting him that the sections were assembled in arms, and had formed their columns. He, accordingly, arrayed his troops so as to defend the Convention, and his artillery was in readiness to repulse the rebels. His cannon was planted at Feuillans' to fire down the Rue St. Honoré. Eight-pounders were pointed at every opening, and in the event of any mishap, General Verdier had cannon in reserve to fire in flank upon the column which should have forced a passage. He left in the Carrousel three howitzers (eight-pounders) to batter down the houses, from which the Convention might be fired upon. At four o'clock, the rebel columns marched out from every street to unite their forces. It was necessary to take advantage of this critical moment to attack the insurgents, even had they been regular troops. But the blood about to flow was French; it was therefore for these misguided people, already guilty of rebellion, to imbrue their hands in the blood of their countrymen by striking the first blow.

"At a quarter before five o'clock, the insurgents had formed. The attack was commenced by them on all sides. They were every where routed. French blood was spilled: the crime, as well as the disgrace, fell this day upon the sections.

"Among the dead were every where to be recognised emigrants, landowners, and nobles; the prisoners consisted for the most part of the *chouans* of Charette.

"Nevertheless, the sections did not consider themselves beaten: they took refuge in the church of St. Roch, in the theatre of the republic, and in the Palais Egalité; and every where they were heard furiously exciting the inhabitants to arms. To spare the blood which would have been shed the next day, it was necessary that no time should be given them to rally, but to follow them with vigour, though without incurring fresh hazards. The general ordered Montchoisy, who commanded a reserve at the Place de la Révolution, to form a column with two twelve-pounders, to march by the Boulevard in order to turn the Place Vendôme, to form a junction with the picket stationed at head-quarters, and to return in the same order of column.

"General Brune, with two howitzers, deployed in the streets of St. Nicaise, and St. Honoré. General Cartaux sent two hundred men and a four-pounder of his division, by the Rue St. Thomas-du-Louvre, to deploy in the square of the Palais Egalité. General Bonaparte, who had his horse killed under him, repaired to Feuillans'.

"The columns began to move. St. Roch, and the theatre of the republic, were taken by assault, when the rebels abandoned them, and retreated to the upper part of the Rue de la Loi, and barricaded themselves on all sides. Patrols were sent thither, and several cannon-shots were fired during the night, in order

to destroy their defences, which object was effectually accomplished.

"At daybreak, the general having learned that some students from the St. Geneviève side of the river were marching with two pieces of cannon to succour the rebels, sent a detachment of dragoons in pursuit of them, who seized the cannon and conducted them to the Tuileries. The enfeebled sections, however, still showed a front. They had barricaded the section of Grenelle, and placed their cannon in the principal streets. At nine o'clock, General Beruyer hastened to form his division in battle array in the Place Vendôme, marched with two eight-pounders to the Rue des Vieux-Augustins, and pointed them in the direction of the Section Le Pelletier. General Vachet, with a corps of *tirailleurs*, marched on his right, ready to advance to the Place Victoire. General Brune marched to the Perron, and planted two howitzers at the upper end of the Rue Vivienne. General Duvigier, with his column of six hundred men, and two twelve-pounders, advanced to the streets of St. Roch and Montmartre; but the sections lost courage with the apprehension of seeing their retreat cut off. They evacuated the post, and, at the sight of our soldiers, forgot the honour of the French name which they had to support. The section of Brutus still caused some uneasiness. The wife of a representative had been arrested there. General Duvigier was ordered to proceed along the Boulevard as far as the Rue Poissonnière. Beruyer took up a position at the Place Victoire, and General Bonaparte occupied the Pont-au-Change.

"The Section of Brutus was surrounded, and the troops advanced upon the Place de Grève, where the crowd poured in from the Isle St. Louis, from the Théâtre Français, and from the Palace. Every where the patriots had regained their courage, while the poniards of the emigrants, armed against us, had disappeared. The people universally admitted their error.

"The next day the two sections of Le Pelletier and the Théâtre Français were disarmed."*

* The following history of the famous 13th Vendémiaire, will, no doubt, be interesting to the reader, and will supply M. de Bourrienne's deficiency in this respect.—"The expectations founded on the armies of Europe, on the progress of internal discord, and on the attempt of the Emigrants having failed, recourse was next had to the discontented Sections. It was hoped to bring about the counter-revolution by means of the new Directorial Constitution. This constitution was nevertheless the work of the moderate republican party; but inasmuch as it gave the ascendant to the middle classes, the royalist intriguers indulged confident expectations of entering by their means into the Legislature and the Government. The Convention having suppressed the Jacobins and the Faux-bourgs in order to put an end to anarchy and violence, the *Jeunesse Dorée* thought this a proper time to insult their fellow-citizens as Republicans, and the Sections rose against the Convention to annul its authority now that it was mildly and beneficially exercised, and to restore despotism and the ancient *regime:* upon what principle it is impossible to guess, except that mentioned by Luther, that 'human reason is like a drunken man on horseback—set it up on one side,

The result of this petty civil war brought Bonaparte forward; but the party he defeated at that period never pardoned him for the past, and that which he supported dreaded him in the future. Five years after, he will be found reviving the principles which he combated on the 5th of October, 1795. On being appointed, on the motion of Barras, Lieutenant-general of the Army of the Interior, he established his head-quarters in the Rue Neuve des Capucines. The statement in the "Manuscrit de Sainte Hélène," that after the 13th Brumaire he remained unemployed at Paris, is, therefore, obviously erroneous.

To avoid returning to this "Manuscrit de St. Hélène," which at the period of its appearance attracted more attention than it deserved, and which was very generally attributed to Bonaparte, I shall here say a few words respecting it. I shall briefly repeat what I said in a note when my opinion was asked, under high authority, by a minister of Louis XVIII.

and it is sure to fall over on the other.' Or rather, passion is only satisfied with mischievous extremes—moderation and wisdom appear to be its bane—and reason is the dupe of sophistry and passion.

"The Convention notwithstanding held an even course and was determined to keep it. To avoid the error of the first Constituent Assembly, which had involved France in endless troubles, by the prudery of excluding its members from the subsequent assembly, the Convention decreed the re-election of two-thirds of its members. This prompt and seasonable step, which had for its object to save the country from the return of anarchy or a counter-revolution, excited the greatest possible ferment; the Royalist Committee came to an understanding with the journalists and shopkeepers of Paris; the Fauxbourg St. Germain, hitherto deserted, was filled from day to day with emigrants in the Chouan uniform, who made no secret of their design of restoring absolute power, while the section Lepelletier (or Filles St. Thomas) under the guidance of La Harpe, Lacretelle, and other literary drivellers, at once the accomplices and dupes of the surviving party, declared loudly (in order to arrive by a diversion at the same end) that all power resided in the assembled people. The struggle became more and more furious; the majority of the sections of Paris sided with the section Lepelletier in rejecting the decree of the Convention, who however, on the 1st of Vendémiaire, pronounced both that and the Constitution to have been acceded to by the majority of the primary assemblies throughout France. The Sections had now nothing to do but submit; but as they had farther objects in view, or were led on by those who had, they were by no means disposed to do so. They proceeded to nominate the electors, who were to choose the new members after their own fashion, and to organize an armed force to defend their meetings.

"The Convention, apprized of the coming storm and not inclined tamely to yield to it, collected the troops from the camp of Sablons, delegated its powers to a Committee of five persons, Colombel, Barras, Daunou, Letourneur, and Merlin of Douai, who were charged with the care of the public safety; enrolled a *Battalion of the Patriots of Eighty-nine* (amounting to fifteen or eighteen hundred old revolutionists, who had been objects of persecution to the *réactionnaires* in the southern departments), and on the 11th, at night, sent to dissolve the assembly of electors by force, but they had already adjourned. During the night of the 11th, the decree which dissolved the college of electors and armed the Battalion of Patriots of Eighty-nine, produced the greatest consternation and was represented as a return to the system of terror. The Section Lepelletier did every thing in its power to incite the other Sections to revolt. The Convention, no less alarmed, resolved to give the first blow and bring the affair to a conclusion by disarming the refractory Sections.

No reader intimately acquainted with public affairs can be deceived by the pretended authenticity of this pamphlet. What does it contain? Facts perverted and heaped together without method, and related in an obscure, affected, and ridiculously sententious style. Besides what appears in it, but which is badly placed there, it is impossible not to remark the omission of what should necessarily be there, were Napoleon the author. Some truths are mixed up with an inconceivable mass of falsehoods. Some forms of expression used by Bonaparte are occasionally met with, but they are awkwardly introduced, and often with bad taste.

It has been reported that the pamphlet was written by M. Bertrand, formerly an officer of the army of the Vistula, and a relation of the Count de Simeon, peer of France.

"On the 12th of Vendémiaire at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, General Menou, accompanied by the Representatives of the People, who always attended on such occasions as Commissioners of the Army of the Interior, proceeded with a numerous escort to the place of rendezvous of the Section Lepelletier to put the decree of the Convention in execution. The infantry, cavalry, and artillery were all crowded together in the Rue Vivienne, at the extremity of which stood the Convent of the *Filles St. Thomas*. The Sectionaries occupied the windows of the houses in this street. Several of their battalions drew up in line in the court-yard of the convent, and the military force which General Menou led found itself placed in an embarrassing predicament. The Committee of the Section having designated themselves as a deputation of the Sovereign People in the exercise of their original functions, which the convention had usurped, they refused to obey its orders; and after an hour spent in useless conferences, General Menou and the Commissioners withdrew by a sort of capitulation, without having disolved or disarmed the meeting. The Section thus victorious declared themselves in permanence; sent deputations to the other Sections, boasting of its success and urgently recommending the measures best calculated to ensure the common triumph. In this manner it pepared for the contest of the 13th of Vendémiaire."—*Hazlitt.*

## CHAPTER IV.

### 1795—1797.

On my return to Paris I meet Bonaparte—His interview with Josephine—My return to Sens—Bonaparte's marriage, and departure from Paris ten days after—Portrait and character of Josephine—Bonaparte's dislike of national property—Letter of General Colli, and Bonaparte's reply—Bonaparte refuses to serve with Kellerman—Marmont's letters—Bonaparte's order to me to join the army—My departure from Sens for Italy—Insurrection of the Venetian States.

After the 13th Vendémiaire, I visited Paris. During the short time I stopped there, I saw Bonaparte less frequently than formerly. I had, however, no reason to attribute this to any thing but the pressure of public business with which he was now occupied. When I did meet him, it was most commonly at breakfast or dinner. One day he called my attention to a young lady who sat opposite to him, and asked what I thought of her. The way in which I answered his question appeared to give him much pleasure. I readily gathered from his conversation, that his union with this young widow would probably assist him in gaining the objects of his ambition. His constantly increasing influence with her had already brought him into contact with the most influential persons of that epoch. He remained in Paris only ten days after his marriage, which took place on the 9th of March 1796.*

* Bonaparte's first interview with Josephine, and the circumstance which gave rise to it, are thus described in the "Memoires de Constant."

"Eugene was not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age when he ventured to introduce himself to General Bonaparte, for the purpose of soliciting his father's sword, of which he understood the general had become possessed. The countenance, air, and frank manner of Eugene, pleased Bonaparte, and he immediately granted him the boon he sought. As soon as the sword was placed in the boy's hands, he burst into tears, and kissed it. This feeling of affection for his father's memory, and the natural manner in which it was evinced, increased the interest of Bonaparte for his young visiter. Madame de Beauharnais, on learning the kind reception which the general had given her son, thought it her duty to call and thank him. Bonaparte was much pleased with Josephine on this first interview, and he returned her visit. The acquaintance thus commenced, speedily led to their marriage."

This anecdote is related in nearly the same terms, in "A Voice from St. Helena."—*Editor.*

Madame Bonaparte possessed personal graces and many good qualities. I am convinced that all who were acquainted with her must have felt bound to speak well of her; to few, indeed, did she ever give cause for complaint. Benevolence was natural to her, but she was not always prudent in its exercise. Hence her protection was often extended to persons who did not deserve it. Her taste for splendour and expense was excessive. This proneness to luxury became a habit which seemed constantly indulged without any motive. What scenes have I not witnessed when the moment for paying the tradesmen's bills arrived! She always kept back one half of their claims, and the discovery of this exposed her to new reproaches, How many tears did she shed which might have been easily spared!

When fortune placed a crown on her head, she told me that the event, extraordinary as it was, had been predicted. It is certain that she put faith in fortune-tellers. I often expressed to her my astonishment, that she should cherish such a belief, and she readily laughed at her own credulity; but notwithstanding, never abandoned it. The event had given importance to the prophecy; but the foresight of the prophetess, said to be an old negress, was not the less a matter of doubt.

Not long before the 13th of Vendémiaire, that day which opened for Bonaparte his immense career, he addressed a letter to me at Sens, in which, after some of his usually friendly expressions, he said, "Look out a small piece of land in your beautiful valley of the Yonne. I will purchase something of the sort, as soon as I can scrape together the money. I wish to retire there; but recollect that I will have nothing to do with national property."

Bonaparte left Paris on the 21st of March, 1796, while I was still with my guardians. He no sooner joined the army than General Colli transmitted to him the following letter, which, with its answer, I think sufficiently interesting to deserve preservation.

GENERAL,

I suppose that you are ignorant of the arrest of one of my officers, named Moulin, the bearer of a flag of truce, who has been detained for some days past at Murseco, contrary to the laws of war, and notwithstanding an immediate demand for his liberation being made by General Count Vidal. His being a French emigrant cannot take from him the rights of a flag of truce, and I again claim him in that character. The courtesy and generosity which I have always experienced from the generals of your nation, induces me to hope that I shall not make this application in vain; and it is with regret that I mention that your chief of brigade, Barthelemy, who ordered the unjust arrest of my flag of truce, having yesterday by the chance of war fallen into my hands, that officer will be dealt with according to the treatment which M. Moulin may receive.

JOSEPHINE.

I most sincerely wish that nothing may occur to change the noble and humane conduct which the two nations have hitherto been accustomed to observe towards each other.

(Signed) COLLI.

Ceva, April 17th, 1796.

Bonaparte replied as follows:

GENERAL,

An emigrant is a parricide whom no character can render sacred. The feelings of honour, and the respect due to the French people, were forgotten when M. Moulin was sent as a flag of truce. You know the laws of war: and I therefore do not give credit to the reprisals with which you threaten the chief of brigade, Barthelemy. If, contrary to the laws of war, you authorize such an act of barbarism, all the prisoners taken from you shall be immediately made responsible for it with the most deplorable vengeance, for I entertain for the officers of your nation that esteem which is due to brave warriors.

The Executive Directory, to whom these letters were transmitted, approved the arrest of M. Moulin; but ordered that he should be securely guarded, and not brought to trial in consequence of the character with which he was invested.

About the middle of the year 1796, the Directory proposed to appoint General Kellerman, who commanded the army of the Alps, second in command of the army of Italy.

On the 24th of May, 1796, Bonaparte wrote to Carnot respecting this plan, which was far from being agreeable to him. He said, "Whether I shall be employed here or any where else is indifferent to me: to serve the country, and to merit from posterity a page in our history, is all my ambition. If you join Kellerman and me in command in Italy, you will undo every thing. General Kellerman has more experience than I, and knows how to make war better than I do; but both together, we shall make it badly. I will not willingly serve with a man who considers himself the first general in Europe."

Numbers of letters from Bonaparte to his wife have been published. I cannot deny their authenticity, nor is it my wish to do so. I will, however, subjoin one which appears to me to differ a little from the rest. It is less remarkable for exaggerated expressions of love, and a singularly ambitious and affected style, than most of the correspondence here alluded to. Bonaparte is announcing the victory of Arcola to Josephine.

Verona, the 29th, noon.*

At length, my adored Josephine, I live again. Death is no longer before me, and glory and honour are still in my breast. The enemy is beaten at Arcola. To-morrow we will repair the blunder of Vaubois, who abandoned Rivoli. In a week Mantua will be ours, and then thy husband will fold thee in his arms, and give thee a thousand proofs of his ardent affection. I shall proceed to Milan as soon as I can: I am

* There is no other date; but the name of Arcola is sufficient.

a little fatigued. I have received letters from Eugene and Hortense. I am delighted with the children. I will send you their letters as soon as I am joined by my household which is now somewhat dispersed.

We have made five thousand prisoners, and killed at least six thousand of the enemy. Adieu, my adorable Josephine. Think of me often. When you cease to love your Achilles, when your heart grows cool towards him, you will be very cruel, very unjust. But I am sure you will always continue my faithful mistress, as I shall ever remain your fond lover. Death alone can break the union which sympathy, love, and sentiment have formed. Let me have news of your health. A thousand and a thousand kisses.

It is impossible for me to avoid occasionally placing myself in the foreground in the course of these Memoirs. I owe it to myself to answer, though indirectly, to certain charges which, on various occasions, have been made against me. Some of the documents which I am about to insert belong, perhaps, less to the history of the general-in-chief of the army of Italy, than to that of his secretary; but I must confess, I wish to show that I was not an intruder, nor yet pursuing, as an obscure intriguer, the path of fortune. I was influenced much more by friendship than by ambition when I took a part on the theatre where the rising glory of the future emperor already shed a lustre on all who were attached to his destiny. It will be seen by the following letters with what confidence I was then honoured; but these letters, dictated by friendship, and not written for history, speak also of our military achievements; and whatever brings to recollection the events of that heroic period, must still be interesting to many.

Head-quarters, at Milan, 29 Prairial, year IV.
(June 8, 1796.)

The general-in-chief has ordered me, my dear Bourrienne, to make known to you the pleasure he experienced on hearing of you, and his ardent desire that you should join us. Take your departure, then, my dear Bourrienne, and arrive quickly. You may be certain of obtaining the testimonies of affection, which are your due, from all who know you; and we much regret that you are not with us, to have a share in our success. The campaign which we have just concluded will be celebrated in the records of history. With less than 30,000 men, in a state of almost complete destitution, it is a fine thing to have, in the course of less than two months, beaten, eight different times, an army of from 65 to 70,000 men, obliged the King of Sardinia to make a humiliating peace, and driven the Austrians from Italy. The last victory, of which you have doubtless had an account, the passage of the Mincio, has closed our labours. There now remain for us the siege of Mantua and the castle of Milan; but these obstacles will not detain us long. Adieu, my dear Bourrienne: I repeat General Bonaparte's request that you should repair hither, and the testimony of his desire to see you. Receive, &c.

MARMONT,
Chief of Brigade, and Aide-de-camp to the general-in-chief.

I was obliged to remain at Sens, soliciting my erasure from the emigrant list, which I did not obtain, however, till 1797, and to put an end to a charge made against me of having fabricated a certificate of residence. Meanwhile, I applied myself to study, and preferred repose to the agitation of camps. For these reasons I did not then accept this friendly invitation, notwithstanding that I was very desirous of seeing my young college friend in the midst of his astonishing triumphs. Ten months after, I received another letter from Marmont, in the following terms:

Head-quarters, Gorizia, 2 Germinal, year V.
(March 22, 1797.)

The general-in-chief, my dear Bourrienne, has ordered me to express to you his wish for your prompt arrival here. We have all along anxiously desired to see you, and look forward with great pleasure to the moment when we shall meet. I join with the general, my dear Bourrienne, in urging you to join the army without loss of time. You will increase a united family, happy to receive you in its bosom. I enclose an order written by the general, which will serve you as a passport. Post it, and arrive immediately. We are on the point of penetrating into Germany. The language is changing already, and in four days we shall hear no more Italian. Prince Charles has been well beaten, and we are pursuing him. If this campaign be fortunate, we may sign a peace, which is so necessary for Europe, in Vienna. Adieu, my dear Bourrienne: reckon for something the zeal of one who is much attached to you.

MARMONT.

Head-quarters, Gorizia, 2 Germinal, year V.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

The citizen Bourrienne is to come to me on receipt of the present order.

BONAPARTE.

The odious manner in which I was then harassed, I know not why, on the part of the government, respecting my certificate of residence, rendered my stay in France not very agreeable. I was even threatened with being put on my trial for having produced a certificate of residence which was alleged to be signed by nine false witnesses. This time, therefore, I resolved without hesitation to set out for the army. General Bonaparte's order, which I registered at the municipality of Sens, answered for a passport, which otherwise would probably have been refused me. I have always felt a strong sense of gratitude for his conduct towards me on this occasion.

Notwithstanding the haste I made to leave Sens, the necessary formalities and precautions detained me some days, and at the moment I was about to depart, I received the following letter:

Head-quarters, Judenburgh, 10 Germinal, year V.
(April 8, 1797.)

The general-in-chief again orders me, my dear Bourrienne, to urge you to come to him quickly. We are in the midst of success and triumphs. The German campaign begins even more brilliantly than did the Italian. You may judge, therefore, what a promise it holds out to us. Come, my dear Bourrienne, immediately—yield to our solicitations—share our pains and pleasures, and you will add to our enjoyments.

I have directed the courier to pass through Sens, that he may deliver this letter to you, and bring me back your answer.

MARMONT.

To the above letter this order was subjoined:

The citizen Fauvelet de Bourrienne is ordered to leave Sens, and repair immediately by post to the head-quarters of the army of Italy.

BONAPARTE.

I arrived at the Venetian territory at the moment when the insurrection against the French was on the point of breaking out. Thousands of peasants were instigated to rise under the pretext of appeasing the troubles of Bergamo and Brescia. I passed through Verona on the 16th of April, the eve of the signature of the preliminaries of Leoben, and of the revolt of Verona. Easter Sunday was the day which the ministers of Jesus Christ selected for preaching "that it was lawful, and even meritorious, to kill Jacobins." *Death to Frenchmen!—Death to Jacobins!* were their rallying cries. At the time, I had not the slightest idea of this state of things, for I had left Sens only on the 11th of April. After stopping two hours at Verona, I proceeded on my journey without being aware of the massacre which threatened that city. When about a league from the town, I was, however, stopped by a party of insurgents, on their way thither, consisting, as I estimated, of about two thousand men. They only desired me to cry *El viva Santo Marco,* an order with which I speedily complied, and passed on. What would have become of me had I been in Verona on the Monday? On that day the bells were rung, while the French were butchered in the hospitals. Every one met in the streets was put to death. The priests headed the assassins, and more than four hundred Frenchmen were thus sacrificed. The forts held out against the Venetians, though they attacked them with fury; but repossession of the town was not obtained until after ten days. On the very day of the insurrection of Verona, some Frenchmen were assassinated between that city and Vicenza, through which I passed on the day before without danger; and scarcely had I passed through Padua, when I

learned that others had been massacred there. Thus the assassinations travelled as rapidly as the post.

I shall say a few words respecting the revolt of the Venetian states, which, in consequence of the difference of political opinions, has been viewed in very contradictory lights.

The last days of Venice were approaching, and a storm had been brewing for more than a year. About the beginning of April the threatening symptoms of a general insurrection appeared. The quarrel commenced when the Austrians entered Peschiera, and some pretext was also afforded by the reception given to *Monsieur*, afterwards Louis XVIII. It was certain that Venice had made military preparations during the siege of Mantua, in 1796. The interests of the aristocracy outweighed the political considerations in our favour. On the 7th of June, 1796, General Bonaparte wrote thus to the Executive Directory:

> The Senate of Venice lately sent two judges of their Council here to ascertain definitively how things stand. I repeated my complaints. I spoke to them about the reception given to *Monsieur*. Should it be your plan to extract five or six millions from Venice, I have *expressly prepared* this sort of rupture for you. If your intentions be *more decided*, I think this ground of quarrel ought to be kept up. Let me know what you mean to do, and wait till the favourable moment, which I shall seize according to circumstances; for we must not have to do with all the world at once.

The Directory answered that the moment was not favourable; that it was first necessary to take Mantua, and give Wurmser a sound beating. However, towards the end of the year 1796 the Directory began to give more credit to the sincerity of the professions of neutrality made on the part of Venice. It was resolved therefore to be content with obtaining money and supplies for the army, and to refrain from violating the neutrality. The Directory had not then in reserve, like Bonaparte, the idea of making the dismemberment of Venice serve as a compensation for such of the Austrian possessions as the French republic might retain.

At the period to which these Memoirs are now brought (April, 1796), the expected favourable moment had arrived. The knell of Venice was rung; and Bonaparte thus wrote to the Directory on the 30th of April: "I am convinced that the only course to be now taken, is to destroy this ferocious and sanguinary government." On the 3d of May, writing from Palma Nuova, he says: "I see nothing that can be done, but to obliterate the Venetian name from the face of the globe."

Twenty days after this determination to humble the Venetian aristocracy, he wrote to the Directory: "The party at Genoa, which is called the patriotic, has managed very ill. Its follies

and inconsistencies have given the advantage to the aristocrats. Had the patriots remained quiet, but for a fortnight, the aristocracy would have been ruined, and would have died of itself."

Two causes powerfully contributed to hasten the downfal of Venice, after an existence of twelve hundred years. The conquests of the French had propagated the principles of the revolution in Italy. The Archduke of Milan had been deposed; why should not the Doge of Venice also cease to rule? The spirit of the revolution was gradually diffused, and discontent rapidly spread along with it. The difference between the new doctrines and the gloomy institutions of Venice, was sufficiently striking to account for the desire to escape from the latter.

On the other hand, great measures were no longer to be expected from the senate of Venice, for the government was worn out. What ought to be done was certainly discussed, but no decision was adopted. The senate was constantly fluctuating between Austria and France; between a conquered and a conquering power. Accustomed to tremble before Austria, Venice always paid more deference to that power than to France. This unfortunate government hoped to derive advantage from the entrance of the French army into Germany, and its position in the defiles of Carinthia;—that opportunity was to be taken to renew the Sicilian Vespers. The fanatical peasants, among whom money was distributed, every where took up arms. Bonaparte on his part had tolerated a revolutionary apostleship, a measure easily justified. He wished to reinforce his army by an Italian army, and thus to guard against the vengeance and perfidy which had destroyed so many ultramontane armies in preceding wars.

Of all the Italians, the people of Venice were the most hostile to us. Bonaparte wrote to M. Lallemant, the minister of the French republic at Venice, "that all the reports drawn up by the Proveditores of Brescia, Bergamo, and Cremona, which attributed the insurrection to the French, were a series of impostures, the object of which was to justify the perfidy of the senate of Venice in the eyes of Europe."

Towards the end of March, 1797, the government of Venice was in a desperate state. Ottolini, the Podesta of Bergamo, an instrument of tyranny in the hands of the state inquisitors, then harassed the people of Bergamo and Brescia, who, after the reduction of Mantua, wished to be separated from Venice. He drew up, to be sent to the senate, a long report respecting the plans of separation, founded on information given him by a Roman advocate, named Marcelin Serpini, who had come to Bergamo on business connected with the property of the Princess Albani, and who pretended to have gleaned the facts he communicated, in conversation with officers of the French army. The plan of the patriotic party was, to unite the Venetian territories on the main land, with Lombardy, and to form of the

whole one republic. The conduct of Ottolini exasperated the party inimical to Venice, and augmented the prevailing discontent. Having disguised his valet as a peasant, he sent him off to Venice with the report he had drawn up on Serpini's communications, and other information; but this report never reached the inquisitors. The valet was arrested, his despatches taken, and Ottolini fled from Bergamo. This gave a beginning to the general rising of the Venetian States. In fact, the force of circumstances alone brought on the insurrection of those territories against their old insular government. General La Hoz, who commanded the Lombard legion, was the active protector of the revolution, which certainly had its origin more in the progress of the prevailing principles of liberty than in the crooked policy of the senate of Venice. Bonaparte, indeed, in his despatches to the Directory, stated that the senate had instigated the insurrection; but that was not quite correct, and he could not wholly believe his own assertion.

Pending the vacillation of the Venetian senate, Vienna was exciting the population of its states on the continent to rise against the French. The Venetian government had always exhibited an extreme aversion to the French revolution, which had been violently condemned at Venice. Hatred of the French had been constantly excited and encouraged, and religious fanaticism had inflamed many persons of consequence in the country. From the end of 1796 the Venetian senate secretly continued its armaments, and the whole conduct of that government announced intentions, which have been called perfidious, but the only object of which was to defeat intentions still more perfidious. The senate was the irreconcileable enemy of the French republic. Excitement was carried to such a point, that in many places the people complained that they were not permitted to arm against the French. The Austrian generals industriously circulated the most sinister reports respecting the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine, and the position of the French troops of the Tyrol. These impostures, printed in bulletins, were well calculated to instigate the Italians, and especially the Venetians, to rise in mass to exterminate the French, when the victorious army should penetrate into the hereditary states.

The pursuit of the Archduke Charles into the heart of Austria encouraged the hopes which the Venetian senate had conceived, that it would be easy to annihilate the feeble remnant of the French army, as the troops were scattered through the states of Venice on the main land. Wherever the senate had the ascendancy, insurrection was secretly fomented: wherever the influence of the patriots prevailed, ardent efforts were made to unite the Venetian terra firma to the Lombard republic.

Bonaparte skilfully took advantage of the disturbances, and the massacres consequent on them, to adopt towards the senate

the tone of an offended conqueror. He published a declaration that the Venetian government was the most treacherous imaginable. The weakness and cruel hypocrisy of the senate, facilitated the plan he had conceived of making a peace for France at the expense of the Venetian republic. On returning from Leoben, a conqueror and pacificator, he, without ceremony, took possession of Venice, changed the established government, and, master of all the Venetian territory, found himself, in the negotiations of Campo Formio, able to dispose of it as he pleased, as a compensation for the cessions which had been exacted from Austria. After the 19th of May, he wrote to the Directory that one of the objects of his treaty with Venice was to avoid bringing upon us the odium of violating the preliminaries relative to the Venetian territory, and, at the same time, to afford pretexts and to facilitate their execution.

At Campo Formio the fate of this republic was decided. It disappeared from the number of states without effort or noise. The silence of its fall astonished imaginations warmed by historical recollections from the brilliant pages of its maritime glory. Its power, however, which had been silently undermined, existed no longer except in the illusion of those recollections. What resistance could it have opposed to the man destined to change the face of Europe?

## CHAPTER V.

### 1797.

Signature of the preliminaries—Fall of Venice—My arrival and reception at Leoben—Bonaparte wishes to pursue his success—The Directory opposes him—He wishes to advance on Vienna—Movement of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse—Bonaparte's dissatisfaction—Arrival at Milan—We take up our residence at Montebello—Napoleon's judgment respecting Dandolo and Melzi—Unopened correspondence answered.

I JOINED Bonaparte at Leoben on the 19th of April, the morning of the signature of the preliminaries of peace. These preliminaries resembled in no respect the definitive treaty of Campo Formio. The still incomplete fall of the state of Venice did not, at that time, present an available prey for partition. All was arranged afterwards. Woe to the small states that come in immediate contact with two colossal empires waging war!

Here terminated my connexion with Bonaparte as a comrade and equal, and those relations with him commenced, in which I saw him suddenly great, powerful, and surrounded with homage and glory. I no longer addressed him as I had been accustomed to do. I appreciated too well his personal importance. His position placed too great a social distance between him and me, not to make me feel the necessity of fashioning my demeanour accordingly. I made with pleasure, and without regret, the easy sacrifice of the style of familiar companionship, and other little privileges. He said, in a loud voice, when I entered the saloon where he was surrounded by the officers who formed his brilliant staff, "I am glad to see you, at last;" but as soon as we were alone, he made me understand that he was pleased with my reserve, and thanked me for it. I was immediately placed at the head of his cabinet. I spoke to him the same evening respecting the insurrection of the Venetian territories; of the dangers which menaced the French, and of those which I had escaped, &c. "Care thou* nothing about it," said he; "those rascals shall pay for it. Their republic has had its day, and is done." This republic was, however, still existing, wealthy and powerful. These words brought to my recollection what I had read in a work by one Gabriel Naudé, who wrote during the

* He used to *tutoyer* me in this familiar manner until his return to Milan.

reign of Louis XIII. for Cardinal de Bagin:—"Do you see Constantinople, which flatters itself with being the seat of a double empire; and Venice, which glories in her stability of a thousand years? *Their day will come.*"

In the first conversation which Bonaparte had with me, I thought I could perceive that he was not very well satisfied with the preliminaries. He would have liked to advance with his army to Vienna. He did not conceal this from me. Before he offered peace to Prince Charles, he wrote to the Directory that he intended to pursue his success; but that for this purpose he reckoned on the co-operation of the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine. The Directory replied, that he must not reckon on a diversion in Germany, and that the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine were not to pass that river. A resolution so unexpected—a declaration so contrary to what he had constantly solicited, compelled him to terminate his triumphs, and renounce his favourite project of planting the standard of the republic on the ramparts of Vienna, or at least of levying contributions on the suburbs of that capital.

A law of the 23d of August, 1794, forbad the use of any other names than those in the register of births. I wished to conform to this law, which very foolishly interfered with old habits. My eldest brother was living, and I therefore designated myself Fauvelet the younger. This annoyed General Bonaparte. "Such change of name is absolute nonsense," said he. "I have known you for twenty years by the name of Bourrienne. Sign as you still are named, and see what the advocates, with their laws, will do."

On the 20th of April, as Bonaparte was returning to Italy, he was obliged to stop in an island of the Tagliamento, while a torrent passed by, which had been occasioned by a violent storm. A courier appeared on the right bank of the river. He reached the island. Bonaparte read in the despatches of the Directory, that the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine were in motion; that they were preparing to cross the Rhine, and had commenced hostilities on the very day of the signing of the preliminaries. This information arrived seven days after the Directory had written that "he must not reckon on the co-operation of the armies of Germany." It is impossible to describe the general's emotion on reading these despatches. He had signed the preliminaries only because the government had represented the co-operation of the armies of the Rhine as impracticable at that moment, and shortly afterwards, he was informed that the co-operation was about to take place. The agitation of his mind was so great, that he, for a moment, conceived the idea of passing to the left bank of the Tagliamento, and breaking all engagements, under some pretext or other. He persisted for some time in this resolution, which, however, Berthier and some other generals

successfully opposed. He exclaimed, "What a difference would there have been in the preliminaries, if, indeed, there had been any!" His chagrin, I might almost say, his despair, increased, when, some days after his entry into the Venetian States, he received a letter from Moreau, dated the 23d of April, in which that general informed him, that having passed the Rhine on the 20th, with brilliant success, and taken four thousand prisoners, it would not be long before he joined him. Who, in fact, can say what would have happened, but for the vacillating and distrustful policy of the Directory, which always encouraged low intrigues, and participated in the jealousy excited by the renown of the young conqueror? Because the Directory dreaded his ambition, they sacrificed the glory of our arms and the honour of the nation; for it cannot be doubted, that had the passage of the Rhine, so urgently demanded by Bonaparte, taken place some days sooner, he would have been able, without incurring any risk, to dictate, imperiously, the conditions of peace on the spot; or, if Austria were obstinate, to have gone on to Vienna, and signed it there. Still occupied with this idea, he wrote to the Directory, on the 8th of May: "Since I have received intelligence of the passage of the Rhine, by Hoche and Moreau, I much regret that it did not take place fifteen days sooner; or, at least, that Moreau did not say that he was in a situation to effect it." (He had been informed to the contrary.) What, after this, becomes of the unjust reproach against Bonaparte, of having, through jealousy of Moreau, deprived France of the advantages which a prolonged campaign would have procured her? Bonaparte was too devoted to the glory of France to sacrifice it to jealousy of the glory of any individual.

In traversing the Venetian States, to return to Milan, he often spoke to me of Venice. He always assured me, that he was originally entirely unconnected with the insurrections which had agitated that country; that common sense would show, as his project was to advance upon the Danube, he had no interest in having his rear disturbed by revolts, and his communications interrupted or cut off. "Such an idea," said he, "would be absurd, and could never enter into the mind of a man, to whom even his enemies cannot deny a certain degree of tact." He acknowledged that he was not vexed that matters had turned out as they had done, because he had already taken advantage of these circumstances (in the preliminaries) and hoped to profit still more from them (in the definitive peace). "When I arrive at Milan," said he, "I will occupy myself with Venice." It is, therefore, quite evident to me, that, in reality, the general-in-chief had nothing to do with the Venetian insurrections; that subsequently he was not displeased with them; and that, later still, he derived great advantage from them.

We arrived at Milan on the 5th of May, by way of Leybach,

Trieste, Palma-Nuova, Padua, Verona, and Mantua. Bona parte soon took up his residence at Montebello, a very fine castle, three leagues from Milan, with a view over the rich and magnificent plains of Lombardy. At Montebello commenced the negotiations for the definitive peace which were terminated at Passeriano. The Marquis di Gallo, the Austrian plenipotentiary, resided half a league from Montebello.

During his residence at Montebello, the general-in-chief made an excursion to the Lake of Como, and to the Lago Maggiore. He visited the Borromean islands in succession, and occupied himself, on his return, with the organization of the towns of Venice, Genoa, and Milan. He sought for men and found none. "Good God," said he, "how rare men are! There are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two, Dandolo and Melzi."

He appreciated them properly. Dandolo was one of the men who, in those revolutionary times, reflected the greatest honour upon Italy. After being a member of the great council of the Cisalpine republic, he exercised the functions of proveditore general in Dalmatia. It is only necessary to mention the name of Dandolo to the Dalmatians to learn from the grateful inhabitants how just, noble, and vigorous his administration was.

The services of Melzi are known. He was chancellor and keeper of the seals of the Italian monarchy, and was created Duke of Lodi.

In those who have seen the world, the truth of Napoleon's reproach excites little astonishment. In a country which, according to biographies and newspapers, abounds with extraordinary men, a woman of much talent* said, "What has most surprised me, since the elevation of my husband has afforded me the opportunity of knowing many persons, and particularly those employed in important affairs, is the universal mediocrity which exists. It surpasses all that the imagination can conceive, and it is observable in all ranks, from the clerk to the minister. Without this experience, I never could have believed my species to be so contemptible."

Who does not remember Oxensteirn's remark to his son, who trembled at going so young to the congress of Munster! "Go, my son. You will see by what sort of men the world is governed."

During the time when the preliminaries of Leoben suspended military operations, Napoleon was not so anxious to reply immediately to all letters. He took a fancy to do, not exactly as Cardinal Dubois did, when he threw into the fire all the letters he had received, saying—"There! my correspondents are answered;" but something of the same kind. To satisfy himself that people wrote too much, and lost, in trifling and useless

* Madame Roland.

answers, valuable time, he told me to open only the letters which came by extraordinary couriers, and to leave all the rest for three weeks in the basket. I declare that at the end of that time it was unnecessary to reply to four-fifths of these communications. I will explain how this happened. Some were themselves answers; some were acknowledgments of letters received; others contained requests for favours already granted, but of which intelligence had not been received. Many were filled with complaints respecting provisions, pay, or clothing, and orders had been issued upon all these points before the letters were written. Some generals demanded reinforcements, money, promotion, &c. By not opening their letters, Bonaparte was spared the unpleasing office of refusing. When the general-in-chief compared the very small number of letters which it was necessary to answer with the large number which time alone had answered, he laughed heartily at his whimsical idea. Would not this mode of proceeding be preferable to that of causing letters to be opened by any one who may be employed, and replying to them by a circular to which it is only necessary to attach a date?

During the negotiations which followed the treaty of Leoben, the Directory ordered General Bonaparte to demand the liberty of MM. de la Fayette, Latour-Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, detained at Olmutz since 1792, as prisoners of state. The general-in-chief executed this commission with as much pleasure as zeal, but he often met with difficulties which appeared to be insurmountable. It has been very incorrectly stated that these prisoners obtained their liberty by one of the articles of the preliminaries of Leoben. I wrote a great deal on this subject to the dictation of General Bonaparte, and I joined him only on the day after the signature of those preliminaries. It was not till the end of May of the year 1797, that the liberation of these captives was demanded, and they did not obtain their freedom till the end of August. There was no article in the treaty, public or secret, which had reference to them. Neither was it at his own suggestion that Bonaparte demanded the enlargement of the prisoners, but by order of the Directory. To explain why they did not go to France immediately after their liberation from Olmutz, it is necessary to recollect that the events of the 18th Fructidor occurred between the period when the first steps were taken to procure their liberty, and the date of their deliverance. It required all Bonaparte's ascendancy and vigour of character to enable him to succeed in his object at the end of three months. The documents, which will be referred to in the proper place, will show how the prisoners were treated in the fortress of Olmutz; with what noble pride they received their liberty, and how they, to the last, preserved the feeling of independence and dignity which a long and rigid captivity had not been able to subdue.

## CHAPTER VI.

### 1797.

Negotiations with Austria—Bonaparte's dissatisfaction—Letter written to Bonaparte by Sabatier de Castres—Letter of complaint from Bonaparte to the Executive Directory—Note respecting the affairs of Venice and the club of Clichy, written by Bonaparte and circulated in the army—Intercepted letter of the Emperor Francis.

We had arrived at the month of July, and the negotiations were tediously protracted. It was impossible to attribute the embarrassment which was constantly occurring to any thing but the artful policy of Austria. Other affairs occupied Bonaparte. The news from Paris engrossed all his attention. He saw with extreme displeasure the manner in which the influential orators of the councils, and pamphlets written in the same spirit as they spoke, criticised him, his army, his victories, the affairs of Venice, and the national glory. He was quite indignant at the suspicions which it was sought to create respecting his conduct and ulterior views.

Before this period, he received a letter from M. Sabatier de Castres, in which some intrigues against him were revealed. After a long and unimportant preamble, M. Sabatier said:

For yourself alone, general, how is it that after having rescued France from opprobrium, and perhaps preserved her from dissolution, you have still enemies amongst Frenchmen? Glory, as you know, excites envy, as the magnet attracts iron; and envy, you likewise know, hatches intrigues, invents slanders, and excites persecutions. The nation erects statues for you, and the government lays snares.

I have discovered, through a person of my acquaintance who arrived here lately from Basle, that Citizen Delacroix, Minister for Foreign Affairs, has, during these three months past, had a man placed near you, who is instructed to observe you, and to insinuate himself into the confidence of the individuals who surround you, if he cannot succeed in obtaining yours; and that M. Barthelemi, by order of the same minister, sent Baron de Nertia to Milan some weeks back to play a similar part in Madame Bonaparte's circle. I could not obtain any further information respecting the first of these spies, except that he is a man of much talent, knows several languages, and is not a soldier. But my acquaintance, from

whom I obtain this intelligence, knows Nertia personally, and has visited him at Basle, and from himself he learned what I have communicated to you; and further, that he has a pension of twenty thousand livres tournois from the foreign department; that he is married, and that his wife lives with one of the secretaries of Citizen Delacroix. I had already heard it stated that this Baron de Nertia, who sometimes represents himself to be an Italian and sometimes a Frenchman, is a very worthless fellow, the author of some badly written, indecent romances. He, however, it is said, displays much talent in conversation. If be he really a clever man, he is only so much the more dangerous.

Being unable to overcome the interest which your talents and virtues inspire, or the admiration which is your due, I would wish for wings to fly to communicate these details to you. To write to you by post would render me suspected by the government which extends its hospitality to me. Who knows, besides, whether my letter would reach you? My situation no longer permitting me to travel, and yet being desirous to inform you of the espionnage of which you and Madame Bonaparte are the objects, I have had the good fortune to prevail upon a worthy man (M. de Raville) to make a journey to Italy for the purpose of conveying this letter to you. He is an honest gentleman, who has turned merchant to support his wife and two daughters, who have emigrated. Such is his esteem for me, and veneration for you, that although he should not be reimbursed for his expenses, he would, he told me, consider himself amply recompensed by the pleasure of seeing a great man, and by the recollection of a step, or rather of a long journey, which had for its object to serve you.

As for myself, I earnestly desire to prove to you my profound esteem and strong attachment by services more important than that of this communication; and I venture to say, if fate ever place me near you, that I believe I shall be found not altogether incapable of contributing to the maintenance, and even to the augmentation, of the glory with which you have covered yourself. Having arrived at an age when the passions pass in review before the judgment—an observer, as it were, by instinct—possessed of ideas not merely ministerial, but political—attentive to some social relations hitherto overlooked—it would not be difficult for me to offer to the activity of your soul and genius fresh means of astonishing the universe, and of tracing in the field of history a path less troublesome, and more lasting, even than that of your exploits. And, positively, I am able to convince you that it is not only possible, but very easy, to give, irresistibly, a new direction to the social mind, as advantageous to nations as to sovereigns, and to stamp, in a single day, on France, and, by reaction, afterwards on almost all the monarchies of Europe, a form of government more tenacious than any hitherto existing; in fact, invariable, and even indestructible, if any thing human can be so. What will appear to you more extraordinary, and even inconceivable, although nothing is more real and true, is, that I have only to make known my system to see it carried into effect; for (and this circumstance alone may lead you to divine what it is) all armies, from the private soldier to the general-in-chief, would assist in its execution—all would find themselves equally interested in it.

If these assertions appear ridiculous to you, you may at least suspend your judgment respecting their truth, if you condescend to reflect, that before the invention of balloons, a man would have been laughed at, even in the Academy of Sciences, who should have affirmed that any person could sketch, breakfast and dine in the air and cross the channel otherwise than in a vessel.

I do not know whether you receive the journal entitled "The Spectator of the North." It is the best written and most interesting periodical work I know of. In the last number there are two very long letters concerning you. It is certain that Dumouriez and Rivarol have written them between them. I thought you might feel some curiosity to see how such writers speak of you; I have therefore extracted the two letters, and M. de Raville will give them to you, in case you have not yet seen the number in which they appeared.

I have read in a journal that you had demanded your dismissal, and that you proposed to return to France as soon as the matters connected with the peace should be concluded. Many observations occur to me on this subject; but it would not become me to do any thing which might savour of offering advice: that would be to imitate, in some respects, the savage chief who wished to point out to the sun the course that great luminary ought to pursue. I will content myself with requesting you to consider this long letter only as a slight mark of the extreme interest I feel for you.

I remain, with the greatest respect,
Your very humble and obedient servant,
L. Sabatier de Castres.

Leipsig, May 19, 1797.
At M. Fleischer's, Bookseller, Leipsig.

Bonaparte could not endure to have his conduct predicated; and enraged at seeing his campaigns depreciated, his glory and that of his army disparaged, and intrigues formed against him in the Club of Clichy, he wrote to the Directory the following letter:

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY.

Citizens Directors,

I have just received a copy of the motion of Dumolard (June 23, 1797), which contains the following passage:

"That many of the Council of Ancients have since suggested doubts respecting the causes and the degree of these criminal violations (Venice) of the law of nations, impartial men cannot reproach the legislative body for having extended its belief to declarations so precise, so solemn, and guaranteed with so much earnestness by the executive power."

This motion was printed by order of the assembly. It is evident, then, that the passage is directed against me. I was entitled, after having five times concluded peace, and given a deathblow to the coalition, if not to civic triumphs, at least to live tranquilly under the protection of the first magistrates of the republic. At present I find myself ill-treated, persecuted, and disparaged, by every shameful

means which their policy brings to the aid of persecution. I would have been indifferent to all except that species of opprobrium with which the first magistrates of the republic endeavour to overwhelm me. After having deserved well of my country by my last act, I am not bound to hear myself accused in a manner as absurd as atrocious. I have not expected, that a manifesto, signed by emigrants, paid by England, should obtain more credit with the Council of Five Hundred, than the evidence of eighty thousand men—than mine! What! we were assassinated by traitors—upwards of four hundred men perished; and the first magistrates of the republic make it a crime to have believed the statement for a moment. Upwards of four hundred Frenchmen were dragged through the streets. They were assassinated before the eyes of the governor of the fort. They were pierced with a thousand blows of stilettos, such as I sent you—and the representatives of the French people cause it to be printed, that if they believed this fact for an instant, they were excusable. I know well there are societies where it is said, "Is this blood, then, so pure?"

If only base men, who are dead to the feeling of patriotism and national glory, had spoken of me thus, I would not have complained. I would have disregarded it; but I have a right to complain of the degradation to which the first magistrates of the republic reduce those who have aggrandized, and carried the French name to so high a pitch of glory. Citizens Directors, I reiterate the demand I made for my dismissal; I wish to live in tranquillity, if the poniards of Clichy will allow me to live. You have employed me in negotiations. I am not very fit to conduct them.

About the same time, he drew up the following note respecting the affairs of Venice, which was printed without the author's name, and circulated through the whole army:

NOTE.

Bonaparte, pausing before the gates of Turin, Parma, Rome, Naples, and Vienna, offering peace when he was sure of obtaining nothing but fresh triumphs—Bonaparte, whose every operation exhibits respect for religion, morality, and old age; who, instead of heaping, as he might have done, dishonour upon the Venetians, and humbling their republic to the earth, loaded her with acts of kindness, and took such great interest in her glory—is this the same Bonaparte who is accused of destroying the venerable government of Venice, and democratizing Genoa, and even of interfering in the affairs of the prudent and worthy people of the Swiss Cantons? Bonaparte had passed the Tagliamento, and entered Germany, when insurrections broke out in the Venetian States; those insurrections were, therefore, opposed to Bonaparte's project: surely, then, he could not favour them. When he was in the heart of Germany, the Venetians massacred more than four hundred French troops, drove their quarters out of Verona, assassinated the unfortunate Laugier, and presented the spectacle of a fanatical party in arms. He returned to Italy; and on his arrival, as the winds cease their agitation at the presence of Neptune, the whole of Italy, which was in commotion, which was in arms, was restored to order.

However, the deputies from Bonaparte drew up different articles, conformable to the situation of the country, and in order to prevent, not a revolution in the government, for the government was defunct, and had died a natural death, but a crisis, and to save the city from convulsion, anarchy, and pillage. Bonaparte spared a division of his army to save Venice from pillage and massacre. All the battalions were in the streets of Venice, the disturbers were put down, and the pillage discontinued. Property and trade were preserved, when General Baraguey d'Hilliers entered Venice with his division. Bonaparte, as usual, spared blood, and was the protector of Venice. Whilst the French troops remained they conducted themselves peaceably, and only interfered to support the provisional government.

Bonaparte could not say to the deputies of Venice, who came to ask his protection and assistance against the populace, who wished to plunder them, "I cannot meddle with your affairs." He could not say this, for Venice, and all its territories, had really formed the theatre of war; and, being in the rear of the army of Italy, the republic of Venice was really under the jurisdiction of that army. The rights of war confer upon a general the powers of supreme police over the countries which are the seat of war. As the great Frederick said, "There are no neutrals where there is war." Ignorant advocates and babblers have asked, in the Club of Clichy, why we occupy the territory of Venice. These declaimers should learn war, and they would know, that the Adige, the Brenta, and the Tagliamento, where we have been fighting for two years, are within the Venetian States. But, gentlemen of Clichy, we are at no loss to perceive your meaning. You reproach the army of Italy for having surmounted all difficulties—for subduing all Italy—for having twice passed the Alps—for having marched on Vienna, and obliged Austria to acknowledge the republic that you, men of Clichy, would destroy. You accuse Bonaparte, I see clearly, for having brought about peace. But I know you, and I speak in the name of eighty thousand soldiers. The time is gone when base advocates and wretched declaimers could induce soldiers to revolt. If, however, you compel them, the soldiers of the army of Italy will soon appear at the Barrier of Clichy, with their general. But woe to you, if they do!

Bonaparte having arrived at Palma-Nuova, issued a manifesto, on the 2d of May, 1797. Arrived at Mestre, where he posted his troops, the government sent three deputies to him, with a decree of the Great Council, without Bonaparte having solicited it, and without his having thought of making any change in the government of that country. The governor of Venice was an old man, ninety-nine years of age, confined by illness to his apartment. Every one felt the necessity of renovating this government of twelve hundred years existence, and to simplify its machinery, in order to preserve its independence, honour, and glory. It was necessary to deliberate, first, on the manner of renovating the government; secondly, on the means of atoning for the massacre of the French, the iniquity of which every one was sensible of.

Bonaparte, after having received the deputation at Mestre, told them, that in order to obtain satisfaction for the assassination of his brethren in arms, he wished the Great Council to arrest the inquisi-

tors. He afterwards granted them an armistice, and appointed Milan as the place of conference. The deputies arrived at Milan on the ..... A negotiation commenced to re-establish harmony between the governments. However, anarchy, with all its horrors, afflicted the city of Venice. Ten thousand slaves threatened to pillage the shops. Bonaparte acquiesced in the proposition submitted by the deputies, who promised to verify the loss which had been sustained by pillage.

Bonaparte also addressed a manifesto to the Doge, which appeared in all the public papers. It contained fifteen articles of complaint, and was followed by a decree ordering the French minister to leave Venice, the Venetian agents to leave Lombardy, and the Lion of St. Mark to be pulled down in all the continental territories of Venice.

The general-in-chief now openly manifested his resolution of acting the soldier, and marching on Paris; and this disposition, which was well known in the army, was soon communicated to Vienna. At this period, a letter from the Emperor Francis II. to his brother, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was intercepted by Bonaparte. I instantly translated this letter, which proved to him that Francis II. was acquainted with his project. He likewise saw with pleasure the assurances which the emperor gave his brother of his love of peace, as well as the wavering of the imperial resolves, and the incertitude respecting the fate of the Italian princes, which the emperor easily perceived to depend on Bonaparte. The emperor's letter was as follows:

My dear Brother,

I punctually received your kind letter, containing a description of your unhappy and delicate situation. You may be assured that I perceive it as clearly as you do yourself; and I pity you the more, because, in truth, I do know not what advice to give you. You are, like me, the victim of the former inactivity of the princes of Italy, who ought, at once, to have acted with all their united forces, while I still possessed Mantua. If Bonaparte's project be, as I learn, to establish republics in Italy, this is likely to end in spreading republicanism over the whole country. I have already commenced negotiations for peace, and the preliminaries are ratified. If the French observe them as strictly as I do, and will do, then your situation will be improved; but already the French are beginning to disregard them. The principal problem which remains to be solved, is, whether the French Directory approve of Bonaparte's proceedings, and whether the latter, as appears by some papers distributed through his army, is not disposed to revolt against his country, which also seems to be probable, from his severe conduct towards Switzerland, notwithstanding the assurances of the Directory, that he had been ordered to leave the country untouched. If this should be the case, new and innumerable difficulties may arise. Under these circumstances, I can, at present, advise nothing; for, as to myself, it is only time and the circumstances of the moment which can point out how I am to act.

As to what you mention respecting Spanocchi, all I can say is, that he is at your service. I can only recommend him to you as what he has always been reported to be, that is, an honest and able man, and such he has proved in all the transactions I have had with him. I cannot inform you how he has conducted himself since he has been amongst the French, because I have no longer any communication with the Milanese. The best way to know him certainly, would be to obtain information, if you can, of his conduct in these times.

There is nothing new here. We are all well: but the heat is extraordinary. Always retain your friendship and love for me. Make my compliments to your wife, and believe me ever.

Your best friend and brother,

FRANCIS.

Hetzendorf, July 20, 1797.

## CHAPTER VII.

### 1797.

M. Dunan—His true name—He writes against the army of Italy—Indignation of Bonaparte—Note dictated by the General—A second note of Bonaparte.

Bonaparte, who was much vexed at the manner in which the envious and the hostile spoke of his campaigns in Italy, was not displeased at the opportunity which a most severe attack on his conduct and plans by one Dunan afforded for a reply. The proper name of Dunan was Duverne de Presle; and he was afterwards suspected to be the man who, under the name of Thebau, was the accomplice of Brottier, La Ville Heurnois, and the Chevalier Despommelles, my maternal uncle. He was of the royalist party, and had assumed several names. Dunan, the one he at this time bore, belonged to a grocer of the Faubourg Saint Marceau, in whose house he resided. Duverne de Presle (for this, as has been said, was his right name) had been condemned to transportation on September 4, 1797; but he escaped the execution of the sentence.

In publishing this note, dictated by the general-in-chief, I feel confident that it is calculated to give gratification, not only to the soldiers who have survived those glorious campaigns, but to all persons who may wish to compare Bonaparte in 1797, and Napoleon in 1817:

M. Dunan has then discovered that the army of Italy has not done enough. It should have advanced out of the lists in which it fought in Italy. Indeed! It would seem that M. Dunan uses a map on a very small scale. He ought to leave (so M. Dunan speaks of Bonaparte) the castle of Milan besieged; Mantua under blockade—he ought to leave behind him the King of Naples—the Pope—that immense country which he has just conquered—and advance, like the leg of a pair of compasses, into Germany. Good M. Dunan, let us reason the point—let us try to understand one another.

It was wrong, you say, to concentrate the whole army for the purpose of besieging Mantua! The question rests on a matter of fact, of which you have been erroneously informed. Not a single man was employed in the siege of Mantua more than was necessary for its

blockade. It was besieged by the artillery taken in the fortresses belonging to Modena, in the neighbourhood of Mantua. The army of observation took the line best calculated to cover the blockade. Some strong columns were sent to Bologna, Ferrara, and Leghorn. Different powers were thus menaced, and obliged to make peace; and the English were driven from Leghorn, and, by a counterblow, from the Mediterranean.

Returning with that promptitude which characterizes the army of Italy, the French troops arrived upon the Adige in time to receive Wurmser and his grand army. What could you have wished them to have done better? Ought Germany to have been invaded? But then it would be necessary to abandon Italy, and expose that fine country to an insurrection, to a successful sortie from Mantua, to hostile corps from the Frioul. Ought the Tyrol to have been merely traversed in order to return again? Doubtless!

The Tyrol, which, on your map, covers only three or four inches, is an extremely mountainous country, inhabited by a warlike people, and having forty leagues of impracticable defiles, through the midst of which passes the great chain of the Alps, which forms the true boundary of Germany and Italy.

Moreau was still beyond the Rhine, and Jourdan upon the Sieg. But I try in vain to make you understand me. You do not even understand yourself. This article, like the rest of your work, is an assemblage of false and ill-conceived ideas. That is not surprising; for you talk of a business of which you know nothing. The professor of philosophy, who harangued Hannibal, I forget where, pretended also to be a great warrior.

You believe, then, that if Cæsar, Turenne, Montecuculi, and Frederick the Great, were to revisit the earth, they would become your scholars! The perfection or the system, of modern warfare, consists, as you pretend, in throwing one corps to the right, another to the left; leaving the enemy in the centre, and even in placing one's self behind a line of fortified places. Were these principles taught to our youth, the science of war would be thrown back four hundred years: and if any one should act upon them, and have to do with an active enemy, possessing the slightest knowledge of military stratagems, he would beat one of your corps and cut off the retreat of the other.

The retreat of Moreau is not so much admired by connoisseurs exactly on its own account, but because of the defective plan of the campaign.

Whether the people allow to Bonaparte the possession of some courage, and the spirit which belongs to the age of thirty, or whether they call him a braggart, a player at hazard, or a schoolboy, his glory will remain for the judgment of posterity: it consists in the esteem of his brothers in arms, and even of his enemies; in the grand results which he has obtained; and, finally, in the foresight which made him censure, from the first hour, the whole plan of the operations of the Rhine, as well as the expedition to Ireland.

The army of Italy, in this campaign, has overthrown the Sardinian army, inured to arms by forty years of warfare, and the army of Beaulieu, which was so strong that the Court of Vienna had no doubt of

its being able to recover the territory of Nice. The army of Wurmser arrived from the Rhine, with twenty thousand select troops; which circumstance allowed Moreau to repass the Rhine, and Hoche to advance upon the Maine. If Wurmser was reinforced, he was not the stronger for it, and, after a march as daring as it was judicious, which alone would serve to make this brave army immortal, he found himself closely blockaded with his head-quarters in Mantua.

Alvinzi, reinforced by all the divisions of Poland, of Silesia, of Hungary, and also by a detachment from the Rhine, presented himself; but, after several days of manœuvres, he was annihilated at Arcola. Our retreat from the Rhine allowed the enemy to send fresh reinforcements to the Tyrol. The spirit of fanaticism being excited in Hungary and Austria by the noblesse, the priests and their partisans, those countries voluntarily poured forth their recruits, to double the force of our enemies, and thereby increased the laurels of the brave soldiers of the army of Italy, by the battles of Rivoli and La Favorite, and, some days after, by the taking of Mantua, Bergamo, and Treviso.

A few days after, Bonaparte, still exasperated at the Parisian declamations on his conduct, dictated to me a second note in the following terms:

What is there so ridiculous or so improbable which the inhabitants of a great city may not be made to believe? or rather, what interest can men of talent have to endeavour to obscure the national glory?

It has been stated and restated, every where, that the army of Italy was ruined, and that Bonaparte himself would have increased the number of the prisoners of Olmutz, had he not luckily concluded peace. Bonaparte entered Germany on three points at once; by the Tyrol, Carinthia, and Carniola. In thus dividing his forces, he had no fear of being any where too weak, for the enemy's forces were disposed in a similar manner. He was, besides, obliged to make his attack in that way, in order to reserve to himself a retreat, and to make sure of being able to cover his magazines and depots.

But when the enemy, routed in all quarters, had abandoned his magazines, twenty-four thousand prisoners and sixty pieces of cannon;—when Bonaparte was in possession of Trieste, Gorizia, Clagenfurth, and Brixen, he perceived that he might be attacked in his turn; that the enemy, who had fled far behind the mountains, to rally, might conceal his movements, and, falling upon the different divisions of the army of Italy, beat them in detail. The general-in-chief, therefore, took good care not to march his divisions from the Tyrol to Inspruck, but ordered them to come to Carinthia. He also directed on Carinthia the division which had been in Carniola, in place of sending it to Istria, as a less skilful general might have done. Instead of doing that, he caused Clagenfurth to be fortified, and placed his depots there.

By these means, instead of three communications, he had but one; instead of having to keep down the Tyrolese, a people naturally stubborn and restless, he abandoned them, and had no longer any thing to fear from them. Thus, instead of the army of Italy occupying

a line of eighty leagues, he concentrated it upon a single point, which threatened at once Vienna, Hungary, and Bavaria. General Kerpen, who had collected together at Inspruck his division, so often beaten, believing that General Joubert intended to march against him, no sooner learned that this general was proceeding to Carinthia by the Drawe, than he returned into the Tyrol. General Quasdanowich, who had hastened to the defence of Hungary, being informed that the French army was concentrated in Carinthia, marched rapidly on Trieste. Thus, while Bonaparte had collected his whole army on a single point, in the heart of the Austrian hereditary states, having the power to direct his movements wherever he pleased, Prince Charles had the main body of his army divided between Salzburgh and Vienna, and weakened by detachments to the Tyrol and Carniola. It was in these circumstances that the enemy asked an armistice. Some days after, the preliminaries of peace were signed. Those preliminaries saved Vienna, and, perhaps, the existence of the house of Austria.

The revolt of the Venetians was powerless, and repressed before the army returned to Italy. Indeed, General Kilmaine possessed, for the preservation of Italy, numerous garrisons in all the fortified places and castles; two Polish legions, two Lombard legions, and the whole of General Victor's divtsion, which came from Rome. All the castles of Verona, Porto-Legnago, Peschiera, and Palma-Nuova, were in the power of the army of Italy, and in a state of defence. A part of the Venetian States was in revolt. The enemy, it is said, might attack Italy by the Tyrol—as if Peschiera, Mantua, and all Italy, in which there were very considerable forces, could be attacked by detachments. But the enemy might take Trieste. That would have required fresh detachments, and there was so little interest in preserving Trieste, that the general had never kept there more than one hundred cavalry, and had ordered General Friant, with whom he had left a regiment of hussars, and twelve hundred infantry, to retire, in case of attack, upon Gorizia and Palma-Nuova; and from reinforcing the garrison of the latter place, to join him in person at Clagenfurth.

It may be said, that Prince Charles always fell into the snares which were constantly laid for him by General Bonaparte; and that, from the battle of the Tagliamento to the time of General Landon's appearance in the Tyrol, the whole of his movements were a series of errors, being all ill combined, or conformable to the snares laid by his enemy. With an inferior army, the art of war consists in always having more forces than the enemy on the point where the enemy is attacked, or where he attacks. But this art is not to be learned from books, nor even by experience. It is a tact which properly constitutes the genius of war.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### 1797.

Unfounded reports—Carnot—Capitulation of Mantua—General Clarke. The Directory yields to Bonaparte—Berthier—Arrival of Eugene Beauharnais at Milan—Count de Launay d'Entraigues—His interview with Bonaparte—His examination—Seizure of his papers—Copy of one describing a conversation between him and Count de Montgaillard.

While Bonaparte was thus expressing his opinion on his campaigns, and the injustice with which they had been criticised, it was generally believed that Carnot dictated to him from a closet in the Luxembourg all the plans of his operations, and that Berthier was at his right hand, without whom, notwithstanding Carnot's plans, which were often mere romances, he would have been greatly embarrassed. This twofold misrepresentation was very current for some time; and, notwithstanding it was contrary to the evidence of facts, it met with much credence, particularly abroad. There was, however, no foundation for the opinion. Let us render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's due. Bonaparte was a creator in the art of war, and no imitator. That no man was superior to him in that art, is incontestable. At the commencement of the glorious campaign in Italy, the Directory certainly sent out instructions to him; but he always followed his own plans, and continually wrote back that all would be lost if movements conceived at a distance from the scene of action were to be blindly executed. He also offered to resign. At length the Directory perceived the impossibility of prescribing operations of war according to the view of persons in Paris; and when I became the secretary of the general-in-chief, I saw a despatch of the Directory, dated May, 1796, committing the whole plan of the campaign to his judgment; and assuredly there was not a single operation or movement which did not originate with him. Carnot was obliged to yield to his firmness. When the Directory, towards the end of 1796, felt disposed to treat for peace, General Clarke, appointed to conclude the armistice, was authorized, in case Mantua should not be taken before the negotiation was brought to a close, to propose leaving the blockade in *statu quo*. Had such a condition been adopted, it would doubtless have been stipu-

lated that the Emperor of Austria should be allowed to provision the garrison and inhabitants of the city day by day. Bonaparte, convinced that an armistice without Mantua would by no means conduce to peace, earnestly opposed such a condition. He carried his point; Mantua capitulated, and the result is well known. Yet he was not blind to the hazards of war; while preparing, during the blockade, an assault on Mantua, he wrote thus to the Directory: "A bold stroke of this nature depends absolutely for success on a dog or a goose. It is all a question of surprise."

Bonaparte was exceedingly sensitive to the rumours which reached him respecting Carnot and Berthier. He one day said to me, "What gross stupidity is this? It is very well to say to a general, 'Depart for Italy, gain battles, and sign a peace at Vienna;' but the execution—that is not so easy. I never followed the plans which the Directory sent me. Too many circumstances occur on the spot to modify them. The movement of a single corps of the enemy's army may confound a whole plan arranged by the fireside. Only fools can believe such stuff. As for Berthier, since you have been with me, you see what he is—he is a blockhead. Yet it is he who does all; it is he who gathers a great part of the glory of the army of Italy." I told him that this erroneous opinion could not last long; that each person would be allowed his merit, and that at least posterity would judge rightly. This observation seemed to please him.

Berthier was a man full of honour, courage, and probity, and exceedingly regular in the performance of his duties. Bonaparte's attachment to him arose more from habit than liking. Berthier did not concede with affability, and refused with harshness. His abrupt, egotistic, and unpleasing manners, did not, however, create him many enemies, but, at the same time, did not make him many friends. In consequence of our frequent intercourse, he had contracted the friendly practice of speaking to me in the second person singular; but he never wrote to me in that style. He was perfectly acquainted with the disposition of all the corps, and could name their commanders and their respective forces. In fact, he was an excellent head of the staff of an army; but that is all the praise that can be given, and indeed he wished for no greater. He had such entire confidence in Bonaparte, and looked up to him with so much admiration, that he never could have presumed to oppose his plans, or give any advice. Berthier's talent was very limited, and of a peculiar nature; his character was one of extreme weakness. Bonaparte's friendship for him, and the frequency of his name in the bulletins and official despatches, have unduly elevated his reputation. Bonaparte, giving his opinion to the Directory, respecting the generals employed in his army, said, "Berthier has talents, activity,

courage, character—all in his favour." This was in 1796. He then made an eagle of him; at St. Helena he called him a goose. He should neither have raised him so high, nor sunk him so low. Berthier neither merited the one nor the other.

Bonaparte was a man of habit; he was much attached to all the people about him, and did not like new faces. Berthier loved him. He despatched his orders well, and that enabled him to pass off with his small portion of talent.

It was about this time that young Beauharnais came to Milan. He was seventeen years old. He had lived in Paris with his mother since the departure of Bonaparte. On his arrival, he immediately entered the service, as aide-de-camp to the general-in-chief, who felt for him an affection, which was justified by his good qualities.

Count de Launay d'Entraigues, well known in the French revolution, held a diplomatic post at Venice, when that city was threatened by the French. Aware of his being considered the agent of all the machinations then existing against France, and especially against the army of Italy, he endeavoured to escape; but the town being surrounded, he was seized, together with all his papers. The apparently frank manners of the count pleased Bonaparte, who treated him with indulgence. His papers were restored, with the exception of three relating to political subjects. The count afterwards fled to Switzerland, and ungratefully represented himself as having been oppressed by Bonaparte. His false statements have induced many writers to make of him an heroic victim. He was assassinated in 1802, by his own servant.

I kept a copy of one of his most interesting papers. It has been much spoken of, and Fauche-Borel has, I believe, denied its authenticity and the truth of its contents. The manner in which it fell into the hands of the general-in-chief—the importance attached to it by Entraigues—the differences I have observed between the manuscript I copied, and versions which I have since read, and the knowledge of its authenticity, having myself transcribed it from the handwriting of the count, who, in my presence, vouched for the truth of the facts it details—all these circumstances induce me to insert it here, and compel me to doubt that it was, as Fauche-Borel asserted, a fabrication.

This manuscript is entitled, "My Conversation with Count de Montgaillard, on the 4th of December, 1799, from Six in the Afternoon till Midnight, in the presence of the Abbé Dumontel."

[On my copy are written the words, "Extracts from this conversation, made by me, from the original." I omitted what I thought unimportant, and transcribed only the most interesting passages.]

Montgaillard spoke of the revolutionary government; of what

created it, and caused its duration. After speaking of the Committee of Public Safety, he adds—

" I have only named these four persons of the committee, because they were the only ones concerned with assassination. The others directed their attention to different objects. Carnot, among the rest, was occupied with military affairs.

" He exerted his talent to make Europe tremble; and while Robespierre exercised a tyranny unexampled in the records of the world, Carnot announced to Europe, that the genius of evil reigned on the earth, and that Heaven awarded victory to crime.

" Barrère is a sort of undefinable creature; a sort of coffee-house wit. He used to go every day, after leaving the committee, to visit a woman, with whom Champanetz lived. He would stay with her till midnight, and would frequently say, ' To-morrow we shall get rid of fifteen, twenty, or thirty of them.' When the woman expressed her horror of these murders, he exclaimed, ' *We must oil the wheels of the revolution ;*' and, laughing, departed."

Montgaillard then spoke of his escape, of his flight to England, of his return to France, of his second departure, and finally of his arrival at Bale, in August, 1795. He then said—

" I had previously had a communication with the Danish minister. He asked me what I thought of the coalition ? and when I replied only by general observations, he added, ' *I will tell you frankly : I look upon these coalesced kings as thieves, who pick pockets on their way to the gallows.*

" The Prince de Condé called me to Mülheim, and knowing the connexions I had had in France, proposed that I should sound General Pichegru, whose head-quarters were at Altkirch, and where he then was, surrounded by four representatives of the Convention.

" I immediately went to Neufchatel, taking with me four or five hundred louis. I cast my eyes on Fauche-Borel, the king's printer at Neufchatel, and also yours and mine, as the instrument by which to make the first overture, and I selected, as his colleague, M. Courant, a native of Neufchatel.

" I persuaded them to undertake the business; I loaded them with instructions and passports. They were foreigners: so I furnished them with all the necessary documents to enable them to travel in France as foreign merchants, and purchasers of national property. I commended them to God, and went to Bale to wait for news from them.

" On the 13th of August, Fauche and Courant set out for the head-quarters at Altkirch.

" They remained there eight days without finding an opportunity to speak to Pichegru, who was surrounded by representatives and generals. Pichegru observed them, and seeing them continually wheresoever he went, he conjectured that they had something to say to him, and he called out in a loud voice, while passing them, ' *I am going to Huningen.*'

" Fauche contrived to throw himself in his way at the end of a corridor. Pichegru observed him, and fixed his eyes upon him, and although it rained in torrents, he said aloud, ' *I am going to dine at the château of Madame Salomon.*' This château was three leagues from Huningen, and Madame Salomon was Pichegru's mistress.

" Fauche set off directly to the château, and begged to speak with General Pichegru. He told the general that, being in the possession of some of J. J. Rousseau's manuscripts, he wished to publish them, and dedicate them to him.

" ' Very good,' said Pichegru; ' but I should like to read them first; for J. J. Rousseau professed principles of liberty, in which I do not concur, and with which I should not like to have my name connected.'—' But,' said Fauche, ' I have something else to speak to you about.'—' What is it, and on whose behalf?'—' On behalf of the Prince de Condé.'—' Be silent, then, and follow me.'

" He conducted Fauche alone into a retired cabinet, and said to him, ' Explain yourself; what does Monseigneur the Prince de Condé wish to communicate to me?' Fauche was embarrassed, and stammered out something unintelligible. ' Compose yourself,' said Pichegru; ' my sentiments are the same as the Prince de Condé's. What does he desire of me?'—Fauche, encouraged by these words, replied, ' The Prince wishes to join you. He is confident in you, and wishes to connect himself with you.'

" ' These are vague and unmeaning words,' observed Pichegru. ' All this amounts to nothing. Go back, and ask for written instructions, and return in three days to my head-quarters, at Altkirch. You will find me alone precisely at six o'clock in the evening.'

" Fauche immediately departed, arrived at Bale, hastened to me, and joyfully informed me of all that had passed. I spent the night in writing a letter to General Pichegru. The Prince de Condé, who was invested with all the powers of Louis XVIII., except that of granting the cordon-bleu, had, by a note in his own handwriting, deputed to me all his powers, to enable me to maintain a negotiation with General Pichegru.

" I therefore wrote to the general, stating, in the outset, every thing that was calculated to awaken in him that noble sentiment of pride, which is the instinct of great minds; and after pointing out to him the vast good it was in his power to effect, I spoke of the gratitude of the king, and the benefit he would confer on his country by restoring royalty. I told him that his majesty would make him a marshal of France, and governor of Alsace, as no one could better govern the province than he, who had so valiantly defended it. I added, that he would have the cordon-rouge—the Château de Chambord, with its park, and twelve pieces of cannon taken from the Austrians—a million of ready money—two hundred thousand livres per annum—and a hotel in Paris;—that the town of Arbois, Pichegru's native place, should bear his name, and be exempt from all taxation for twenty-five years;—that a pension of two hundred thousand livres would be granted to him, with half reversion to his wife, and fifty thousand livres to his heirs for ever, until the extinction of his family. Such were the offers, made in the name of the king, to General Pichegru. (Then followed the boons to be granted to the officers and soldiers, an amnesty to the people, &c.) I added, that the Prince de Condé desired that he would proclaim the king in the camps, surrender the city of Huningen to him, and join him for the purpose of marching on Paris."

Pichegru, having read the letter with great attention, said to Fauche, " This is all very well; but who is this M. de Mont-

gaillard who talks of being thus authorized? I neither know him nor his signature. Is he the author?"—"Yes," replied Fauche. "But," said Pichegru, "I must, before making any negotiation on my part, be assured that the Prince de Condé, with whose handwriting I am well acquainted, approves of all that has been written in his name by M. de Montgaillard. Return directly to M. de Montgaillard, and tell him to communicate my answer to the prince."

Fauche immediately departed, leaving M. Courant with Pichegru. He arrived at Bale at nine o'clock in the evening. I set off directly for Milheim, the Prince de Condé's head-quarters, and arrived there at half-past twelve. The prince was in bed, but I awoke him. He made me sit down by his bedside, and our conference then commenced.

After having informed the prince of the state of affairs, all that remained was to prevail on him to write to General Pichegru, to confirm the truth of what had been stated in his name. This matter, which appeared so simple, and so little liable to objection, occupied the whole night. The prince, as brave a man as can possibly be, has inherited nothing from the great Condé but his undaunted courage. In other respects, he is the most insignificant of men; without resources of mind, or decision of character; surrounded by men of mediocrity, and even baseness; and though he knows them well, he suffers himself to be governed by them.

It required nine hours of hard exertion to get him to write to General Pichegru a letter of nine lines. 1st. He did not wish it to be in his handwriting.—2d. He objected to dating it.—3d. He was unwilling to call him *General* Pichegru, lest he should recognise the republic by giving that title.—4th. He did not like to address it, or affix his seal to it.

At length he consented to all, and wrote to Pichegru that he might place full confidence in the letters of the Comte de Montgaillard.

When all this was settled, after great difficulty, the prince next hesitated about sending the letter; but at length he yielded. I set off for Bale, and despatched Fauche to Altkirch, to General Pichegru.

The general, after reading a letter of eight lines, and recognising the handwriting and signature, immediately returned it to Fauche, saying, "I have seen the signature: that is enough for me. The word of the prince is a pledge with which every Frenchman ought to be satisfied. Take back his letter." He then inquired what was the prince's wish. Fauche explained that he wished—1st. That Pichegru should proclaim the king to his troops, and hoist the white flag.—2d. That he should deliver up Huningen to the prince. Pichegru objected to this:—"I will never take part in such a plot," said he; "I have no wish to make the third volume of Lafayette and Dumourier. I know my resources; they are as certain as they are vast. Their roots are not only in my army, but in Paris, in the Convention, in the departments, and in the armies of those generals, my colleagues, who think as I do. I wish to do nothing by halves. There must be a complete end of the present state of things. France cannot continue a republic. She must have a king, and that king must be Louis XVIII.

But we must not commence the counter-revolution, until we are certain of effecting it. 'Surely and promptly' is my motto. The prince's plan leads to nothing. He would be driven from Huningen in four days, and in fifteen I should be lost. My army is composed both of good men and bad. We must distinguish between them, and, by a bold stroke, assure the former of the impossibility of drawing back, and that their only safety lies in success. For this purpose, I propose to pass the Rhine, at any place and any time that may be thought necessary. In the advance I will place those officers on whom I can depend, and who are of my way of thinking. I will separate the bad, and place them in situations where they can do no harm, and their position shall be such as to prevent them from uniting. That done, as soon as I shall be on the other side of the Rhine, I will proclaim the king, and hoist the white flag. Condé's corps and the emperor's army will then join us. I will immediately repass the Rhine, and re-enter France. The fortresses will be surrendered, and will be held in the king's name by the imperial troops. Having joined Condé's army, I immediately advance. All my means now develop themselves on every side. We march upon Paris, and in a fortnight will be there. But it is necessary that you should know that you must give the French soldier wine and a crown in his hand, if you would have him cry *vive le roi!* Nothing must be wanting at the first moment. My army must be well paid as far as the fourth or fifth march in the French territory. There, go and tell all this to the prince, show my handwriting, and bring me back his answer."

During these conferences, Pichegru was surrounded by four representatives of the people, at the head of whom was Merlin de Thionville, the most insolent and the most ferocious of inquisitors. These men, having the orders of the committee, pressed Pichegru to pass the Rhine, and go and besiege Manheim, where Merlin had an understanding with the inhabitants. Thus, if on one hand the committee by its orders made Pichegru wish to hasten the execution of his plan, on the other he had not a moment to lose, for, to delay obeying the orders of the four representatives was to render himself suspected. Every consideration, therefore, called upon the prince to decide, and decide promptly. Good sense required him also to do another thing; namely, to examine without passion what sort of man Pichegru was, to consider the nature of the sacrifice he made, and what were his propositions. Europe acknowledged his talents, and he had placed the prince in a condition to judge of his good faith. Besides, his conduct and his plan afforded fresh proofs of his sincerity. By passing the Rhine, and placing himself between the armies of Condé and Wurmser, he rendered desertion impossible; and if success did not attend his attempt, his own acts forced him to become an emigrant. He left in the power of his fierce enemies his wife, his father, his children. Every thing bore testimony to his honesty; the talents he had shown were a pledge for his genius, his genius for his resources; and the sacrifices he would have to make in case of failure, proved that he was confident of success.

What stupid conceit was it for any one to suppose himself better able to command Pichegru's army, than Pichegru himself!—to pretend to be better acquainted with the frontier provinces, than Pichegru, who commanded them, and had placed his friends in them, as

commanders of the towns! This self-conceit, however, ruined the monarchy at this time, as well as at so many others. The Prince de Condé, after reading the plan, rejected it *in toto*. To render it successful, it was necessary to make the Austrians parties to it. This Pichegru exacted, but the Prince of Condé would not hear a word of it, wishing to have confined to himself the glory of effecting the counter-revolution. He replied to Pichegru by a few observations, and concluded his answer by returning to his first plan—that Pichegru should proclaim the king without passing the Rhine, and should give up Huningen—that then the army of Condé, by itself, and without the aid of the Austrians, would join him. In that case, he could promise one hundred thousand crowns in louis, which he had at Bale, and fourteen millions of livres, which he had in good bills, payable at sight.

No argument or entreaty had any effect on the Prince de Condé. The idea of communicating his plan to Wurmser, and sharing his glory with him, rendered him blind and deaf to every consideration. However, it was necessary to report to Pichegru the observations of the Prince de Condé, and Courant was commissioned to do so.

This document appeared so interesting to me, that while Bonaparte was sleeping, I was employed in copying it. Notwithstanding posterior and reiterated denials of its truth, I believe it to be perfectly correct.

We were now in July, and the negotiations were carried on with a tardiness which showed that something was kept in reserve on both sides. Bonaparte at this time was any thing but disposed to sign a peace, which he always hoped to be able to make at Vienna, after a campaign in Germany, seconded by the armies of the Rhine, and the Sambre-et-Meuse. The minority of the Directory recommended peace on the basis of the preliminaries, but the majority wished for more honourable and advantageous terms; while Austria, relying on troubles breaking out in France, was in no haste to conclude a treaty. In these circumstances, Bonaparte drew up a letter to be sent to the Emperor of Austria, in which he set forth the moderation of France; but stated that, in consequence of the many delays, nearly all hope of peace had vanished. He advised the emperor not to rely on difficulties arising in France, and doubted, if war should continue, and the emperor be successful in the next campaign, that he would obtain a more advantageous peace than was now at his option. This letter was never sent to the emperor, but was communicated as the draft of a proposed despatch to the Directory. The Emperor Francis, however, wrote an autograph letter to the general-in-chief of the army of Italy, which will be noticed when I come to the period of its reception. It is certain that Bonaparte at this time wished for war. He was aware that the cabinet of Vienna was playing with him, and that the Austrian ministers expected some political convul-

sion in Paris, which they hoped would be favourable to the Bourbons. He therefore asked for reinforcements. His army consisted of thirty-five thousand nine hundred men, and he desired it to be raised to sixty thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry, ready for the field.

General Desaix, profiting by the preliminaries of Leoben, came in the end of July to visit the scene of the army of Italy's triumphs. His conversations with Bonaparte respecting the army of the Rhine were far from giving him confidence in his military situation in Italy, or assurance of support from that army, in the event of hostilities commencing beyond the mountains. At this time that friendship between Bonaparte and Desaix began, which continued until the untimely death of the latter.

All the world knows the part which the general-in-chief of the army of Italy took at the famous crisis of the 18th Fructidor; his proclamation, his addresses to the army, and his celebrated order of the day. Bonaparte went much into detail on this subject at St. Helena; and I shall now proceed to state what I knew at the time respecting that memorable event, which was in preparation in the month of June.

## CHAPTER IX.

### 1797.

The royalists of the interior—Bonaparte's intention of marching on Paris with twenty-five thousand men—His animosity against the emigrants and the Clichy Club—His choice between the two parties of the Directory—Augereau's order of the day against the word *Monsieur*—Bonaparte wishes to be made one of the five Directors—He supports the majority of the Directory—La Vallette, Augereau, and Bernadotte, sent to Paris—Interesting correspondence relative to the 18th Fructidor.

Bonaparte had long observed the struggle which was going on between the partisans of royalty and the republic. He was told that royalism was every where on the increase. All the generals who returned from Paris to the army complained of the spirit of reaction they had noticed. Bonaparte was constantly urged by his private correspondents to take one side or the other, or to act for himself. He was irritated by the audacity of the enemies of the republic, and he saw plainly that the majority of the councils had an evident ill-will towards him. The orators of the Club of Clichy missed no opportunity of wounding his self-love in speeches and pamphlets. They spared no insults, disparaged his success, and bitterly censured his conduct in Italy, particularly with respect to Venice. Thus his services were recompensed by hatred or ingratitude. About this time he received a pamphlet, which referred to the judgments pronounced upon him by the German journals, and more particularly by the "Spectator of the North," which he always made me translate.

He urged the Directory to arrest the emigrants, to destroy the influence of foreigners, to recall the armies, to suppress the journals sold to England, such as the "Quotidienne," the "Mémorial," and the "Thé," which he accused of being more sanguinary than Marat ever was. In case of there being no means of putting a stop to assassinations and the influence of Louis XVIII., he offered to resign.

His resolution of passing the Alps with 25,000 men, and marching by Lyons on Paris, was known in the capital, and discussions arose respecting the consequences of this passage of another Rubicon. On the 17th of August, 1797, Carnot wrote to him—"People attribute to you a thousand absurd projects.

They cannot believe that a man who has performed so many great exploits can be content to live as a private citizen." This observation applied to Bonaparte's reiterated request to be permitted to retire from the service on account of the state of his health, which, he said, disabled him from mounting his horse.

The general-in-chief was justly of opinion that the tardiness of the negotiations, and the difficulties which incessantly arose, were founded on the expectation of an event which would change the government of France, and render the chances of peace more favourable to Austria. He still urgently recommended the arrest of the emigrants, the stopping of the presses of the royalist journals, which he said were sold to England and Austria, and the suppression of the Clichy Club. This club was held at the residence of Gérard Desoddieres, in the Rue de Clichy. Aubry was one of its warmest partisans, and he was the avowed enemy of the revolutionary cause, which Bonaparte advocated at this period. Aubry's conduct at this time, together with the part he had taken in provoking Bonaparte's dismissal in 1795, inspired the general with an implacable hatred of him.

Bonaparte despised the Directory, which he accused of weakness, indecision, pusillanimity, wasteful expenditure, and perseverance in a system degrading to the national glory.* He

* The Directory merited these accusations. The following sketches of two of their official sittings presents a singular contrast:

"At the time that the Directory were first installed in the Luxembourg (October 27, 1795)," says M. Bailleul, "there was hardly a single article of furniture in it. In a small room, round a little broken table, one of the legs of which had given way from age, on which table they had deposited a quire of letter-paper, and a writing-desk *à calamet*, which luckily they had had the precaution to bring with them from the Committee of Public Safety, seated on four rush-bottomed chairs, in front of some logs of wood ill-lighted, the whole borrowed from the porter Dupont; who would believe that it was in this deplorable condition that the members of the new government, after having examined all the difficulties, nay, let me add, all the horrors of their situation, resolved to confront all obstacles, and that they would either deliver France from the abyss in which she was plunged, or perish in the attempt? They drew up on a sheet of letter-paper the act by which they declared themselves constituted, and immediately forwarded it to the Legislative Bodies."

And the Count La Vallette, writing to M. Cuvillier Fleury, says,

"I saw our five kings, dressed in the robes of Francis I., his hat, his pantaloons, and his lace: the face of La Reveillere looked like a cork upon two pins, with the black and greasy hair of Clodion. M. de Talleyrand, in pantaloons of the colour of wine dregs, sat in a folding chair at the feet of the Director Barras, in the Court of the Petit Luxembourg, and gravely presented to his *sovereigns* an ambassador from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, while the French were eating his master's dinner, from the soup to the cheese. At the right hand there were fifty musicians and singers of the Opera, Lainé, Lays, Regnault, and the actresses, now all dead of old age, roaring a patriotic cantata to the music of Méhul. Facing them, on another elevation, there were two hundred young and beautiful women, with their arms and bosoms bare, all in ecstasy at the majesty of our Pentarchy and the happiness of the Republic. They also wore tight flesh-colour pantaloons, with rings on their toes. That was a sight that never will be seen again. A fortnight after this magnificent *fête*, thousands of families

knew that the Clichy party demanded his dismissal and arrest. He was given to understand that Dumolard was one of the most decided against him, and that, finally, the royalist party was on the point of triumphing.

Before deciding for one party or the other, Bonaparte first thought of himself. He did not imagine that he had yet achieved enough to venture on possessing himself of that power which certainly he might easily have obtained. He therefore contented himself with joining the party which was, for the moment, supported by public opinion. I know he was determined to march upon Paris, with 25,000 men, had affairs taken a turn unfavourable to the republic, which he preferred to royalty. He cautiously formed his plan. To defend the Directory was, he conceived, to defend his own future fortune; that is to say, it was protecting a power which appeared to have no other object than to keep a place for him until his return.

The parties which rose up in Paris produced a reaction in the army. The employment of the word *Monsieur* had occasioned quarrels, and even bloodshed. General Augereau, in whose division these contests had taken place, published an order of the day, setting forth that every individual in his division who should use the word Monsieur, either verbally or in writing, under any pretence whatever, should be deprived of his rank, and declared incapable of serving in the republican armies. This order was read at the head of each company.

Bonaparte viewed the establishment of peace as the close of his military career. Repose and inactivity were to him unbearable. He sought to take part in the civil affairs of the republic, and was desirous of becoming one of the five directors, convinced that, if he obtained that object, he would speedily stand single and alone. The fulfilment of this wish would have prevented the Egyptian expedition, and placed the imperial crown much sooner upon his head. Intrigues were carried on in Paris in his name, with the view of securing to him a legal dispensation on the score of age. He hoped, though he was but eight-and-twenty, to supersede one of the two directors who were to go out of office. His brothers and their friends made great exertions for the success of the project, which, however, was not officially proposed, because it was too adverse to the prevailing notions of the day, and seemed too early a violation of the constitution of the year III., which, nevertheless, was violated in another way a few months after.

The members of the Directory were by no means anxious to have Bonaparte for their colleague. They dissembled, and so

wept over their banished fathers, forty-eight Departments were deprived of their representatives, and forty editors of newspapers were forced to go and drink the waters of the Elbe, the Synamary, or the Ohio! It would be a curious disquisition to seek to discover what really were at that time the Republic and Liberty."—*Editor.*

did he. Both parties were lavish of their mutual assurances of friendship, while they cordially hated each other. The Directory, however, appealed for the support of Bonaparte, which he granted; but his subsequent conduct clearly proves that the maintenance of the constitution of the year III. was a mere pretext. He indeed defended it meanwhile, because, by aiding the triumph of the opposite party, he could not hope to preserve the influence which he exercised over the Directory. I know well that, in case of the Clichy party gaining the ascendancy, he was determined to cross the Alps, and to assemble all the friends of the republic at Lyons, thence to march upon Paris.

In the Memorial of St. Helena, it is stated, in reference to the 18th Fructidor, "That the triumph of the majority of the councils was his desire and hope, we are inclined to believe from the following fact, viz.—that at the crisis of the contest between the two factions, a secret resolution was drawn up by three of the members of the Directory, asking him for three millions to support the attack on the councils, and that Napoleon, under various pretences, did not send the money, though he might easily have done so."

This is not very comprehensible. There was no *secret resolution* of the members who applied for the three millions. It was Bonaparte who offered the money, which, however, he did not send; it was he who despatched Augereau; and he who wished for the triumph of the directorial majority. His memory failed him sadly at St. Helena, as will be seen from some correspondence which I shall presently submit to the reader. It is very certain that he did offer the money to the Directory; that is to say, to three of its members. Bonaparte had so decidedly formed his resolution, that, on the 17th of July, wishing to make Augereau his confident, he sent to Vicenza for him, by an extraordinary courier.

Bonaparte adds, that when Bottot, the confidential agent of Barras, came to Passeriano, after the 18th Fructidor, he declared to him that as soon as La Vallette should make him acquainted with the real state of things, the money should be transmitted. The inaccuracy of these statements will be seen in the correspondence relative to the event. In thus distorting the truth, Napoleon's only object could have been to proclaim his inclination for the principles he adopted, and energetically supported from the year 1800; but which, previously to that period, he had, with no less energy, opposed.

He decidedly resolved to support the majority of the Directory, and to oppose the royalist faction: the latter, which was beginning to be important, would have been listened to, had it offered power to him. About the end of July, he sent his aide-de-camp, La Vallette, to Paris. La Vallette was a man of good sense and education, pleasing manners, pliant temper, and moderate opinions. He was decidedly devoted to Bonaparte.

With his instructions, he received a private cipher to enable him to correspond with the general-in-chief.*

* The following interesting statement relative to La Vallette's mission, and to the political intrigues of the period, is extracted from the Memoirs of that personage.

"While France and her armies were at last enjoying the repose brought by heroic exertions, Government betrayed, by its internal dissensions, the fatal secret of its weakness and incapacity. The enlightened part of the country had soon become sensible that the Directory would never obtain any but a temporary and stormy existence. Besides the impossibility of preserving perfect harmony between five persons, possessing power in common, while they were swayed by different passions, prejudices, and characters, it was easy to be convinced that even the concentration of power in so few hands, being an homage paid to monarchy, would recall too many recollections, and too much regret for the old form of government, not to tempt its adherents to make efforts in its favour. In the eyes of the Royalists, the Directory was then only a passage to monarchy. They hoped that it would be short; and their wishes, inflamed by the expectation of success, made them bold. For the first time they combined a reasonable plan by addressing themselves to the passions of their foes, and to ambition so ardent in its calculation. The Constitution of the year III. had created two councils — one called the 'Council of Five Hundred,' and the other the 'Council of Ancients.' Among the persons composing them were still many members of the Convention, who could not bear the idea of the return of the Bourbons; but among them also sat some old Constitutionalists, who had united their exertions and wishes for the establishment of a representative monarchy. The greatest part among them were men of merit. All had been persecuted by the Committee of Public Safety. The members of the Directory had been all chosen out of the Convention, and the majority of them had voted for the death of the king. These were no titles to recommend them to the confidence of the people, much less to that of the Constitutionalists. The difference between the conduct and the opinions of Government, and a part of the Chambers, soon created an animosity, which betrayed itself in all their mutual concerns. Perhaps, however, it would not have brought on a catastrophe, if one of our most celebrated generals had not entered the Council of Five Hundred, already resolved to carry into execution a conspiracy in favour of the Bourbons.

"Pichegru it was who conceived that fatal design a long time before. I was told by General Lahorie, who accompanied him to Paris when the Convention summoned the Conqueror of Holland to her aid to crush the Jacobins, that when he left the Metropolis after the affair of the 12th Germinal, Pichegru lost no opportunity of showing his contempt for that assembly—contempt so great, that he grew angry at the thought of the praises and honours that had been lavished on him. Such were his ideas when he took the command of the Rhine army, and soon after began his correspondence with the Prince of Condé. It could not remain long a secret: the Prince wavered, asked advice, and solicited orders of the Count de Lille. This hesitation, these numerous letters, let so many people into the secret, that authentic papers were alone wanted to establish complete evidence of the plot. Those papers were soon found. Count d'Entraigues, a fiery and active-minded emigrant, though not very prudent, was one of the agents of the correspondence. He was attached to the Russian Legation which had been sent to the former government of Venice, and he remained in that city, thinking himself safe in his foreign regimentals. The general-in-chief had him arrested. A great part of the correspondence was seized among his papers, and sent to the Directory.

"A government that felt itself strong enough to be just, would have had the traitor arrested, and the laws would have decided. But the Directory considered that Pichegru was protected by eminent services, by his great reputation, his title of Deputy, and the support of a whole party. The examination of the plot proved, besides, that if General Moreau had not taken a direct part in it, he

Augereau went after La Vallette on the 27th of July. Bonaparte wrote to the Directory, that Augereau "had solicited leave to go to Paris on his own private business."

had at least known of it. When he learned that Government was acquainted with it, he hastened to disclose it: but this tardy disclosure, instead of destroying suspicion, confirmed it. Besides that, other respectable names might be exposed. All these considerations made Government fear legal proceedings, the publicity and final result of which might too probably prove fatal to its members; so that it was deemed preferable to involve in one common destruction, by a 'coup d'état,' the private foes of Government and those who had betrayed the republic.

"General Bonaparte followed attentively the progress of these sad dissensions. In the heat of the debates of the Council of Five Hundred, some aspersions had been directed against his lieutenants, and even against himself. He at first proudly repelled them; but on maturer thought, he resolved to send to Paris some one who could obtain exact information on the situation of affairs, and I was chosen for that mission. 'Mix with every body,' he said; 'do not let yourself be led away by party spirit; tell me the truth, and tell it me free from all passion.'

"I arrived in Paris in the month of May. The five members of Government were, at that time, Barras, Rewbell, Carnot, La Reveillere Lépaux, and Barthelemy. The first four had been members of the Convention; and although none of them had been famous during the Reign of Terror for any atrocious act, still the three first had voted the death of the king—a vote which, notwithstanding the fatal though powerful consideration that may be presented in alleviation, placed them amongst the most furious Jacobins, and was prejudicial to the respect with which they ought to have been invested. The people bore impatiently the yoke of men who recalled to their minds such fatal events; and they were especially disliked by the Constitutionalists of 1791, who reproached them at once with the destruction of their edifice, and the persecutions which had so long weighed upon them.

"When I arrived, the contest was violent, and the antagonists of Government made no secret of their wish to overthrow the majority. My first visit was to Barras, who seemed to have preserved favourable sentiments for General Bonaparte, and who expressed to me a wish to maintain the friendship which had so long united them. After him I saw Carnot, who spoke to me with a reserve commanded by the intimate connexion of General Bonaparte with Barras. A difference of systems and views on some points of Government had created between these two Directors an animosity which betrayed itself in invectives and threats, that left no opening for reconciliation. Carnot, however, expressed himself with candour. 'It is impossible,' he said, 'to go on any longer on the revolutionary road. If a lasting system of moderation be not adopted, all is lost. France feels horror for whatever brings to mind the deplorable measures to which the necessity of saving her has carried the country. The public mind is irritated, and unless great care be taken, the effect will be to involve us again in a confusion, out of which we shall be extricated only to bend under the yoke of the Bourbons. The faction against which I am struggling does not blush to charge me with being a royalist; and nevertheless, nobody is more convinced than I am of Pichegru's treason, and the necessity of punishiug him; but they want to govern France as they would a club. Narrow views, passionate, factious spirit, the prejudices of ignorance and fear, ever suspicious and blind, preside over all our acts: they prefer the violence that irritates, while moderation and firmness would be sufficient to smooth every thing. My situation is painful; for I am forced to move with a party in which, exclusive of Pichegru, there are men to whom I am obnoxious, who perhaps conspire with him, and who will ruin the Republic, without obtaining the secret aim of their endeavours. I have tried,' he added, 'to reclaim Pichegru; I was not personally acquainted with him; but the conversation I had with him convinced me that he is cleverer than

But the truth is, Augereau was sent expressly to second the revolution which was preparing against the Clichy party, and the minority of the Directory.

Bonaparte made choice of Augereau because he knew his stanch republican principles, his boldness, and his deficiency of political talent. He thought him well calculated to aid a commotion, which his own presence with the army of Italy prevented him from directing in person; and besides, Augereau was not an ambitious rival, who might turn events to his own advantage. Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that he sent the

I thought, and that he has taken his final resolutions. I do not know what are his means of execution, now that he is no longer with the army; but whatever they may be, they will miscarry when opposed by the firm vigilance of Government, and by public opinion, which is strongly declared against the Bourbons.'

"This conversation, of which I have only recorded the most remarkable parts, was the only one I had with Carnot. The house of Barras was open to me, and I went there so often that Carnot could not but look upon me as a man entirely devoted to the party of that Director: it was, however, not so. All his speeches breathed hatred and vengeance. A month before the catastrophe took place, it was secretly resolved to make it terrible, and the victims were marked out. My position and my duty forbade me taking any part in the contest, but I wrote the truth to General Bonaparte. I observed that he would tarnish his glory if he gave any support to acts of violence, which the situation of Government did not justify; that nobody would pardon him if he joined the Directory in their plan to overthrow the constitution and liberty; that proscriptions were about to take place against the national representation, and against citizens whose virtues made them worthy of respect; that punishments would be inflicted without trial, and that the hatred resulting from such measures would extend not only to the Directory, but to the whole system of republican government. Besides, it was not certain that the party they were going to proscribe, really wished the return of the Bourbons; and in any case the legal punishment and banishment of Pichegru would be sufficient to destroy any plans of that sort. These considerations made so much impression on the mind of General Bonaparte, that he soon avoided, in his correspondence with the Directory, all allusion to the interior situation of France, and at last left off writing to them altogether. His long silence appeared strange to Barras, who however easily guessed the cause of it. He continued seeing me; but I perceived by his gravity, and the insidious questions of his favourites, that he suspected me of not being his friend. I never loved equivocal situations, and I hastened to get out of the one I was in by candidly declaring my sentiments to one of his confidents. 'I know enough,' I said, 'of the plans of government to hurt them if I were to acquaint their enemies with what I do know: it would however be an act of treason, of which you know I am incapable. But, as a citizen and an honest man, I cannot dissemble that I do not approve of the *coup d'état* that is meditated. You are going to trample on laws and liberty. Such a system of violence will sooner or later recoil on your own heads. After having toiled and suffered ten years to obtain a representative government, it is distressing to reap nothing but tyranny, or the convulsions of anarchy.' He answered me by some commonplace observations on the necessity of striking a great blow at a faction that wanted to overthrow the Republic. Barras, to whom this conversation was reported, according to my intention, thought it requisite to dissemble: he did not treat me ill, but he had me watched with a vigilance that extended even to my correspondence with General Bonaparte. My letters to him were written in ciphers; and that proof of mystery and mistrust, by augmenting their suspicions, contributed perhaps to hasten the catastrophe, through the fear that Bonaparte might take some resolution that would perplex the Directory." —*Editor.*

addresses of the army of Italy by Augereau, because he was a decided supporter of the opinions of the day. That was the true reason for choosing him.

Bernadotte was subsequently despatched on the same errand. Bonaparte's pretence for sending him was, that he wished to transmit to the Directory four flags, which, out of the twenty-one taken at the battle of Rivoli, had been left, *by mistake*, at Peschiera. Bernadotte, however, did not take any great part in the affair. He was always prudent.

The crisis of the 18th Fructidor, which retarded for three years the extinction of the pentarchy, presents one of the most remarkable events of its short existence. It will be seen how the directors extricated themselves from this difficulty. I subjoin the correspondence relating to this remarkable episode of our revolution, cancelling only such portions of it as are irrelevant to the subject. It exhibits several variations from the accounts given by Napoleon, at St. Helena, to his noble companions in misfortune.

On the 6th Messidor, year V. (24th of June, 1797), the Directory wrote the following confidential letter to Bonaparte:

We observe, citizen-general, with extreme satisfaction, your continued proofs of attachment to the cause of liberty, and the constitution of the year III. You may rely on the most perfect reciprocity on our part. We accept with pleasure the offers you have made to come to the aid of the republic. They are an additional pledge of your sincere love of your country. You cannot doubt that we will employ your services only for the tranquillity, happiness, and glory of France.

This letter was in the handwriting of La Reveillère Lepeaux, and was signed by Barras, Rewbell, and La Reveillère. Carnot and Barthelemy knew nothing of it.

On the 30th Messidor, Barras announced the change of ministry to Bonaparte.

On the 4th Thermidor, La Vallette wrote thus:

I saw Barras this morning.

He appears well satisfied with all that is going on. He did not conceal from me that the division is very decided between the members of the Directory. He will stand firm; and if a decree of accusation be drawn up against us, we will mount our horses and crush them.

Carnot told me that you took a false view of what was passing in France. "There is nothing to fear," said he. "They are merely flies, buzzing about. Assure Bonaparte that he need be under no apprehension. The republic will not perish."

Barras has repeatedly told me that, in the present crisis, money would powerfully assist. I mentioned your proposition, and he accepted it with transport. He intends writing to you on the subject.

The following is part of a letter written by Barras on the 5th Thermidor:

All the enemies of the republic protest against the dismissal of the ministers, which is a proof that the measure was salutary and urgent. I, Rewbell, and La Reveillère are sincerely attached to the republic and the constitution, and will defend them to the end of our lives. Carnot, who has doubtless been misled by perfidious men, has separated from us. We shall at length determine the course of assignats, which for a year have perplexed the republic. On this subject, I have no reason to reproach myself. I did all in my power to prevent it; but the Directory, which was then influenced by a ferocious man, the enemy of French liberty, nullified all my efforts, and all my representations. Hoche is here, and is about to prepare for his expedition to Ireland. We shall turn our attention to the interior. I expect that, without any violent commotion, we shall restore public spirit, and that the good citizens of the legislative body, those who love the republic, and have shown themselves determined to defend it, will rally.

Next day, the 6th Thermidor, Barras made an urgent demand for money.

No delay. Reflect that it is only with the help of money that I can fulfil your honourable and generous intentions.

On the same day, La Vallette wrote as follows:

The proposition has been referred to the consideration of Barras, Rewbell, and Reveillère. All three agreed that without money it would be impossible to extricate themselves from existing difficulties. They hope that you will send them large sums. They thank you in anticipation, and they say you are a man who can do much. The councils have been forced to content themselves with the explanation of the Directory, relative to the proclamations of the army.

Pichegru and Willot have decidedly raised the mask. It would appear there is a wish to oppose them to Bonaparte, in case he joins the Directory.

Carnot is still tranquil. Lacroix has been the victim of the sort of compromise which it was necessary to make to get rid of the ministers.

On the 10th Thermidor he says—

The minority of the Directory still trust to the possibility of an arrangement. The majority will perish, rather than descend one step lower. They see the abyss which is opening beneath them.

But such is the fatal destiny or the weakness of Carnot, that he is becoming one of the supporters of the monarchical party, as he was of the terrorists. He is inclined to temporize.

Again, on the 16th Thermidor, he observes—

All is going on as before. There is a grand plan of attack by the Council of Five Hundred, and vigorous preparations for defence on the part of the Directory.

Barras says to those who listen to him, "I am waiting for the decree of accusation to mount my horse and attack the conspirators of the councils, and their heads will soon roll in the kennel."

Most of the persons I meet when I call on Barras are members of the Council of Five Hundred. They condemn the choice you have made of Willot to command the south.

Augereau is expected this evening. Barras, when he told me this news, added, " His presence will make more than one change colour, especially when he receives a new title, which will give greater weight to what he says and does."

At Barras's, this evening, they were contriving a plan for driving away the emigrants, or throwing them into the river. This was discussed very seriously, in the presence of ten persons.

Many zealous patriots are of opinion that the directors have committed serious faults. It is wished that they had drawn up a proclamation with an explanation of its grounds, and that they had not concealed the reason why ten or twelve thousand men are moving round the constitutional circle, for nobody is deceived on that subject. Barras is reproached for his indolence, his love of pleasure, and his indiscreet impetuosity; Rewbell for his prejudices, his obstinacy, and his mediocrity; Reveillère for his timidity, his dilatoriness, and his want of energy; finally, Barras, Rewbell, and Reveillère are all blamed for their insufficiency, their narrow views, and the fatal mania of acting like leaders of factions, instead of like statesmen. It is to be feared that Augereau will irritate them by his violence.

I forgot to tell you a remark made by General Lapoype. We were speaking of peace, and he said, pressing my hand, " My dear fellow I hope it may not take place, and that Bonaparte will complete his grand work, the republicanizing of Italy."

Another letter of La Vallette, dated the 18th Thermidor, makes no mention of the crisis; but one from him, dated the 21st, commences thus:

Barras appeared to me somewhat uneasy at not having received money. It was observed that perhaps Bonaparte was not sufficiently authorized by the letter transmitted to him. " But," said he, " it could not have more than three signatures,* nor could it be more positive." I spoke to him of the reconciliation; upon which he replied, that no such thing has happened, and that it is impossible. The Directory will save the republic, at least Barras, Carnot, and Reveillère will.

Irritation is increasing. There will be an epoch, which I know is wished for by those who visit Barras.

" The petitions," said Carnot, " made by the army of Italy, are at variance with the constitution. They embarrass us greatly. It is difficult to justify such a violation. All opinions would have been conciliated, if the Directory would have had Merlin, Ramel, Charles Lacroix, and Truguet.† I had the promise of the members of the Five Hundred that they would put a stop to the clamours and enterprises of eight or ten troublesome fellows, who are the declared partisans of Louis XVIII. Nothing of the kind has been done. Public opinion has been braved, and the public mind has been irritated. For

* This was the directorial majority. Carnot and Barthelemy would not have signed.

† Merlin, as minister of justice; Ramel, minister of finance; Charles Lacroix, minister for foreign affairs; and Truguet, minister of the marine.

my part, though I think that moderation can alone save us, I have spoken some very harsh truths to the inspectors of the hall. If violent measures be resorted to, I will give in my resignation."

Augereau has plainly said, "I am sent to *kill the royalists*."

On the same day Barras wrote to Bonaparte—

That the republic would be saved by the majority of the public, of the armies, and all republicans.

On the 22d Thermidor, Augereau wrote as follows:

I have succeeded in obtaining the suppression of the army of the Alps. I unfolded to Barras the system of the revolutionists, and I was immediately appointed commandant of the seventeenth military division. The dismissal of all the civil and military authorities is finally determined on. Reflect that the safety of the republic is in our hands, and that our purity and courage, directed by purity of opinion and conduct, can alone rescue France from the awful abyss into which the agents of the throne and the altar would plunge her.

Three days afterwards, he wrote thus:

The councils have spoken of a change of residence. For my part, I observe and act, and am continually hurrying from the Directory to Sotin, and from Sotin to the Directory. I encourage them, and do every thing to bring them to a determination. I know not what obliges them to temporize. We must not wait for the ensuing elections."

A letter, written by La Vallette on the 26th Thermidor, contains the following:

Carnot's speech has had a good effect. The patriots do not, however, believe him to be sincere. They accuse him of secret designs, and allege that his speech was concerted with the leaders of the faction. No reconciliation, therefore, has taken place, and irritation still exists.

I have seen Sièyes, who still continues ill. He is of opinion, that if a strong barrier be not raised up against the torrent of the royalists, the constitution will be destroyed, and with it France.

On the 29th, La Vallette wrote to the following effect:

I will tell you what Barras said to me, after dinner, the day before yesterday.

"I tore aside the veil at the Directory this morning. The negotiations of Italy were spoken of. Carnot alleged that Bonaparte's situation, when he signed the preliminaries, was not such as to oblige him to subscribe to any conditions which he could not subsequently abide by. I defended Bonaparte, and said to Carnot, 'You are a scoundrel! You are a scoundrel! You have sold the Republic, and you would sacrifice all who defend it. Infamous villain!' I then rose, and Carnot replied, with an embarrassed air, 'I despise your provocations; but one day or other I will reply to them.'"

A young man in Carnot's service says it would be very easy to

make an end of him, should he attempt the least stir against the projected movement. I have just seen Barras, who desires me to inform you that every thing is arranged, and that the decisive step will be taken very shortly. If the Council of Five Hundred should change its residence, the Directory will remain.

I have just now heard from the secretary of Barras, that a person named Viscowitz has given the Directory the six hundred thousand francs, to obtain more advantageous conditions for the villains. About half the sum has been paid, and the remainder will be speedily advanced. I cannot touch money without it being known; I am watched by the inspectors of the Five Hundred.

On the 29th Thermidor, Augereau complains of the uncertainty that prevails, and states his urgent want of money. He then adds—

The Elector of Hesse writes confidentially to his nephew, General Hesse, that the emperor will not conclude peace, because it does not appear to be agreeable to the Clichy party, which he supposes exercises the ascendancy over Paris, and the two councils.

On the 30th Thermidor, Carnot addressing the general-in-chief upon the subject of the pretended dangers of the republic, the panic terrors, &c., says—

Each faction has the nightmare; all are armed to fight with windmills. But people are beginning to see clearly. Fear has done the mischief, and fear will work the remedy. In the name of Heaven, conclude peace, on the very basis of the preliminaries. That will still be excellent; and without peace, the republic is still a problem. You have earned glory enough; be now the hero of humanity. He concludes with these words:—Believe me, my dear general, the most faithful and inviolable of your friends.

La Vallette writes on the 7th Fructidor—

The movement which you so positively announced, on the part of Barras, is adjourned. The obstacles which retard it are—1st. Disagreement respecting the means of execution — 2d. The fear of engaging in a contest, of which the success is not doubtful, but of which the consequences are alarming—3d. The embarrassment which would be caused by the Council of Ancients, who are determined to oppose no resistance, and by the Council of Five Hundred, who must be driven away, because they will not go quietly—4th. The apprehension of the Babœuf reaction—5th. The impossibility of preventing the elders from leaving Paris, and the necessity which the Directory feels of following them.

Augereau is much offended that you do not write to him. "I do not understand Bonaparte," he says, "for the last four months He does himself great harm by his praises of Bernadotte and Serrurier. It was imprudent to send Bernadotte. He knows well that none but he and I can save the Republic, and that I alone can make him properly acquainted with what is going on. But he may do as he pleases: I will not write to him again."

Yesterday evening, at Barras's, they were talking of superseding Sherer, who was reproached with immorality, drunkenness, and incapacity in business. I mentioned Bernadotte. "He is not enough of a patriot," it was answered; "he has been tried in present circumstances."

I thought I ought to await your orders, relative to the money. Barras's secretary told me that they had enough for their operations.

On the very day on which Augereau said he would not again write to Bonaparte, he wrote as follows:

Twelve thousand men of the army of the Sambre and Meuse will be marched near the constitutional circle, and quartered, to be in readiness for duty, in case of necessity, and cutting off any communications which may take place with Calvados, where the emigrants, who have fled from Paris since my arrival, have taken refuge.

You will shortly learn the change of the war minister. The Directory thinks that change important.

Augereau writes again, on the 11th Fructidor—

The spirit of the Directory continues unchanged, that is to say, the project is still in train; and that its execution will save the republic, in spite of the obstacles which arise to delay both plans and planners.

Send me some money.

Bonaparte thus replied to La Vallette's letter of the 7th Fructidor, in which mention is made of Augereau:

Augereau is rather warm: but he is attached to the cause of the people, to the army, and, I believe, to me.

Tell Carnot that I place no faith in the reports which are circulated about him. Give him the assurance of my perfect concurrence in all the sentiments he has expressed. Tell him, *as an opinion of your own*, that on the first opportunity I shall withdraw from public life, and if that opportunity does not speedily occur, I shall offer my resignation. *Observe well what effect this may produce on him.*

La Vallette writes, of the 14th Fructidor—

The movement so often talked of is now about to take place. To-morrow night, or the night after, the Directory will order the arrest of fifteen or twenty deputies. It is presumed that there will be no resistance.

He next speaks of the nomination of La Reveillère to the presidency of the Directory—the speech of Marbot—the paper written by Bailleul—the rejection of the resolution respecting the fugitives of the Lower Rhine, and the appointment of Cherin to the command of the guards of the Directory, and the rank of general of a division.

Carnot says (continues he) that the safety of the republic depends on peace, whatever may be its conditions.

On the 18th Fructidor, Barras and La Vallette wrote to an-

nounce that the crisis was past. Barras adds, by way of post-script—

Peace, peace! but an honourable and lasting peace! not the infamous proposition of Carnot, transmitted by the aide-de-camp La Vallette.

Augereau thus expressed himself on the 18th Fructidor:

At length, general, my mission is accomplished, and the promises of the army of Italy are fulfilled. The fear of being anticipated has caused measures to be hurried.

At midnight I despatched orders to all the troops to march towards the points specified. Before day, all the bridges and principal places were planted with cannon. At daybreak, the halls of the councils were surrounded, the guards of the councils were amicably mingled with our troops, and the members, of whom I send you a list, were arrested, and conveyed to the Temple. The greater number have escaped, and are being pursued. Carnot has disappeared.*

Paris is tranquil, and every one is astounded at an event which promised to be awful, but which has passed over like a fête.

The stout patriots of the faubourgs proclaim the safety of the republic, and the black collars are put down. It now remains for the wise energy of the Directory and the patriots of the two councils to do the rest. The place of sitting is changed, and the first operations promise well. This event is a great step towards peace; which it is your task finally to secure to us.

Do not forget the bill of exchange for twenty-five thousand francs. It is urgent.

On the 18th and 22d Fructidor, La Vallette wrote to announce the change, and the dismissal of General Clarke. He informed Bonaparte that Barras was very distrustful on the subject of the money.

A letter from Talleyrand to Bonaparte, dated the 22d Fructidor, after detailing the events of the 18th, thus concludes:

You will read in the proclamations, that a conspiracy, entirely in the interests of royalty, had been long preparing against the constitution. Latterly, it was not disguised, but was visible to the most indifferent observer. The name of patriot had become an insult;—all republican institutions were degraded;—the most inveterate enemies of France were received in her bosom, and treated with respect. Hypocritical fanaticism had suddenly transported us to the sixteenth century. Division was in the Directory. Men were sitting in the Legislative Body who had been elected according to the instructions of the pretender, and whose motions were all dictated by royalism. The Directory, being fully assured of these circumstances, ordered the conspirators to be seized. To confound at once the hopes and the calumnies of those who have so long desired and still meditate the

* It is worthy of remark, that in 1814, Louis XVIII. sent letters of nobility to those members of the two councils, who were, as it was termed, *fructidorized*

ruin of the constitution, death would be the punishment of any one who would restore royalty or the constitution of 93.

Next day La Vallette wrote thus:

It is very important that you should have some one constantly here who is devoted to you. Here is a cabal against you: it is composed of violent men, who reproach you with having suffered the patriots of Piedmont to be sacrificed, and with not having received those of the south with suitable attention. Augereau takes an active part in all this. I ought not to conceal from you that Visconti uses the most unrestrained language respecting you.

I have seen Barras: he made no mention of you.

On the preceding day, Barras had written to Bonaparte as follows:

The infamous journalists will now have their turn. The resolution of the Five Hundred will be adopted. To-morrow we shall have two colleagues: they are François de Neufchateau and Merlin. Conclude peace, but let it be honourable. Let the Rhine be the boundary: let Mantua belong to the Cisalpine republic, and take Venice from the house of Austria. Such are the wishes of the present Directory, and these wishes are in accordance with the interests of the republic, as well as with the glory of the general and the immortal army he commands.

In another letter, dated two days after, he says—

Your silence is very strange, my dear general. The outlaws set off yesterday. No one can behave better than Augereau. He enjoys the confidence of both parties, and he deserves it. The Bourbons depart to-morrow for Spain.

On the same day Augereau writes—

My aide-de-camp, Verine, will acquaint you with the events of the 18th. He is also to deliver to you some despatches from the Directory, where much uneasiness is felt at not hearing from you. No less uneasiness is experienced on seeing in Paris one of your aides-de-camp,* whose conduct excites the dissatisfaction and distrust of the patriots, towards whom he has behaved very ill.

The news of General Clarke's recal will have reached you by this time, and I suspect has surprised you. Amongst the thousand and one motives which have determined the government to take this step, may be reckoned his correspondence with Carnot, which has been communicated to me, and in which he treated the generals of the army of Italy as brigands.

Moreau has sent the Directory a letter which throws a new light on Pichegru's treason. Such baseness is hardly to he conceived.

The government perseveres in maintaining the salutary measures which it has adopted. I hope it will be in vain for the remnant

* La Vallette.

of the factions to renew their plots. The patriots will continue united.

Fresh troops having been summoned to Paris, and my presence at their head being considered indispensable by the government, I shall not have the satisfaction of seeing you so soon as I hoped. This has determined me to send for my horses and carriages, which I left at Milan.

Bernadotte wrote to Bonaparte on the 24th Fructidor, as follows:

The arrested deputies are removed to Rochefort, where they will be embarked for the island of Madagascar. Paris is tranquil. The people at first heard of the arrest of the deputies with indifference. A feeling of curiosity soon drew them into the streets; enthusiasm followed, and cries of *Vive la République*, which had not been heard for a long time, now resounded in every street. The neighbouring departments have expressed their discontent. That of Allier has, it is said, protested; but it will cut a fine figure. Eight thousand men are marching to the environs of Paris. Part is already within the precincts, under the orders of General Lemoine. The government has it at present in its power to elevate public spirit; but every body feels that it is necessary the Directory should be surrounded by tried and energetic republicans.—Unfortunately, a host of men, without talent and resources, already suppose that what has taken place has been done only in order to advance their interests. Time is necessary to set all to rights. The armies have regained consistency. The soldiers of the interior are esteemed, or, at least, feared. The emigrants fly, and the non-juring priests conceal themselves.

Nothing could have happened more fortunately to consolidate the republic. But if the crisis be not taken advantage of, we shall be compelled to make a fresh movement after the approaching elections. The Legislative Body has granted a great degree of power to the Directory. Some persons think that it would be better to adjourn for a definite period, leaving to the Directory the duty of maintaining the constitution in the interim: there is a difference of opinion on this point. Nevertheless, the Directory and the Legislative Body act in harmony. There however remains, without doubt, a party in the two councils which dislikes the republic, and will do every thing possible to destroy it, as soon as the first feeling of terror is past. The government knows that party, and will probably take measures to avoid the danger, and thereby secure the patriots against a new prosecution.

On the 25th Fructidor, La Vallette wrote as follows:

I have had a long conversation with the representative Lacuée. He stated this: "The Council of Five Hundred will adjourn. It does not desire to be the senate of Tiberius. As to Bonaparte, let him not hope ever to enjoy here the reward of his labours. He is feared by the authorities, envied by military men, and misunderstood by a people too worthless to appreciate him. Calumny has prepared its poison, and he will be its victim. I wish him well; I wish him

not to depart from the high destiny to which his great genius and fortune decidedly invite him."*

Bonaparte wrote as follows, to the Directory, on the 26th Fructidor:

Herewith you will receive a proclamation to the army, relative to the events of the 18th. I have despatched the 48th demi-brigade, commanded by General Bon, to Lyons, together with fifty cavalry; also General Lannes, with the 20th light infantry and the 8th regiment of the line, to Marseilles. I have issued the enclosed proclamation in the southern departments. I am about to prepare a proclamation for the inhabitants of Lyons, as soon as I obtain some information of what may have passed there.

If I find there is the least disturbance, I will march there with the utmost rapidity. Believe that there are here a hundred thousand men, who are alone sufficient to make the measures you have taken to place liberty on a solid basis, be respected. What avails it that we gain victories, if we are not respected in our country. In speaking of Paris, one may parody what Cassius said of Rome: "Of what use to call her Queen on the banks of the Seine, when she is the slave of Pitt's gold?"

On the 30th Fructidor, Augereau wrote to Bonaparte in the following terms:

Public opinion, which acquires fresh power daily, promises, through the prudence of Frenchmen, a happy future, and banishes the fear of retrograding, although royalism has not lost all hope. I have not heard from you for a long time. You made me hope that I should have heard in a few days, and that the first courier would bring me an order for money. I look anxiously for both these things, for I am obliged to have recourse to many persons, and to make great efforts to pay my way. Be satisfied, citizen-general, that, at all hazards, I will surmount every obstacle opposed to the object in view, namely, to consolidate the republic, and cause it to be respected in the interior by constitutional means. Let me hear from you; keep your promises, and I undertake to do all that is necessary.

After the 18th Fructidor, Augereau wished to have his reward for his share in the victory, and for the service which he had rendered. He wished to be a Director. He got, however, only the length of being a candidate; honour enough for one who had merely been an instrument on that day.

On the 30th Fructidor, Talleyrand wrote a second letter to Bonaparte, as follows:

* Many persons have attributed the superior view which Bonaparte took of the events of the 18th Fructidor to his correspondence with La Vallette. I do not wish to detract from the merit of M. La Vallette. No person can, in this respect, entertain a higher opinion of him than myself. But this *ante Fructidorian* correspondence just set forth, proves that Bonaparte, although out of France, had a correct view of an event which he encouraged by his proclamations, and caused to be supported by his favourite generals. Faithful accounts, conversations reported with spirit and accuracy, careful scrutinies of facts—are not advice. Bonaparte did not like advice.

We intend to publish some papers, from which it will appear evident that the courts of Vienna and London had a perfect understanding with the faction which has just been overthrown here. It will be seen how much the stratagems of these courts and the movements in the interior correspond. The members of Clichy and the emperor's cabinet seek the common and manifest object of re-establishing a king in France, and making a disgraceful peace, by which Italy would be restored to her ancient masters.

This correspondence, the autographs of which I have preserved, appears to me of great interest, as it contains most important and novel facts relative to the 18th Fructidor: I have therefore considered it my duty to publish the whole of it.

## CHAPTER X.

### 1797.

Bonaparte's joy at the result of the 18th Fructidor—His letters to Augereau and François de Neufchateau—His correspondence with the Directory and proposed resignation—Explanation of the Directory—Bottot—Indication of the Egyptian expedition—Release of MM. de la Fayette, de Latour-Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, from Olmutz—General Clarke—Letter from Madame Bacciocchi to Bonaparte—Autograph letter of the Emperor Francis to Bonaparte—Arrival of Count Cobentzel—Autograph note of Bonaparte on the conditions of peace.

BONAPARTE was intoxicated with joy when he heard of the happy issue of the 18th Fructidor. Its result was the dissolution of the Legislative Body and the fall of the *Clichian* party, which for some months had disturbed his tranquillity. The Clichians had objected to Joseph Bonaparte's right to sit, as deputy for Liamone, in the Council of Five Hundred.* His brother's victory removed the difficulty; but the general-in-chief soon perceived that the ascendant party abused its power, and again compromised the safety of the republic, by recommencing the revolutionary government. The directors were alarmed at his discontent and offended by his censure. They conceived the singular idea of opposing to Bonaparte, Augereau, of whose blind zeal they had received many proofs. The Directory appointed Augereau commander of the army of Germany. Augereau, whose extreme vanity was notorious, believed himself in a situation to compete with Bonaparte. What he built his arrogance on was, that, with a numerous troop, he had

* He was ambassador to Rome, and not a deputy at this time. When he became a member of the council, after his return from Rome, he experienced no opposition.—*Joseph Bonaparte's Notes on Bourrienne.*

arrested some unarmed representatives, and torn the epaulettes from the shoulders of the commandant of the guard of the councils. The Directory and he filled the head-quarters at Passeriano with spies and intriguers.

Bonaparte, who was informed of every thing that was going on, laughed at the Directory, and tendered his resignation, in order that he might be supplicated to continue in command.

The following post-Thermidorian letters will prove that the general's judgment on this point was correct.

On the 2d Vendémiaire, year VI. (23d of September, 1797), he wrote to Augereau, after having announced the arrival of his aide-de-camp, as follows:

The whole army applauds the wisdom and vigour which you have displayed upon this important occasion, and participates in the success of the country with the enthusiasm and energy which characterize our soldiers. It is only to be hoped, however, that the government will not be playing at seesaw, and thus throw itself into the opposite party. Wisdom and moderate views alone can establish the happiness of the country on a sure foundation. As for myself, this is the most ardent wish of my heart.

Bonaparte wrote, on the same day, to François de Neufchateau, as follows:

The fate of Europe henceforth depends on the union, the wisdom, and the power of the government. There is a part of the nation which it is necessary to conquer by good government. We have conquered Europe—we have carried the glory of the French name higher than it ever was before. It is for you, first magistrates of the republic, to extinguish all factions, and to be as much respected at home as you are abroad. A decree of the Executive Directory overthrows thrones: take care, then, at least, that timid writers or ambitious fanatics, concealed under masks of every description, do not plunge us into the revolutionary torrent.

The sentiments regarding peace which animated the majority of the Directory before the 18th Fructidor, acquired additional strength from the success of that day. The Directory wrote to Bonaparte the 2d Vendémiaire, year VI. (23d of September, 1797), as follows:

It is no longer necessary to keep terms with Austria. Her perfidy, her connexion with the internal conspirators, are manifest. The truce was merely a pretext for her to gain the time necessary to repair her losses, and await the internal movements which the 18th Fructidor has prevented. In the whole Austrian army, from the general down to the private, the report was circulated, that when that period arrived, the three directors who were designated as triumvirs would be assassinated, and royalty proclaimed. Every soldier flattered himself with the idea of soon visiting Paris with the emigrants. Condé, the chief of the latter, was already in France in secret, and, by the assistance of his friends, had nearly arrived at Lyons.

On the 4th Vendémiaire, Bonaparte wrote a second letter to the Directory, which passed on the road that written by the Directory to him on the 2d. Bonaparte's letter was in the following terms:

The day before yesterday, an officer arrived at the army from Paris. He asserted that he left Paris on the 25th, when anxiety prevailed there as to the feelings with which I viewed the events of the 18th. He was the bearer of a sort of circular from General Augereau to all the generals of division; and he brought a letter of credit from the minister of war to the commissary-general, authorizing him to draw as much money as he might require for his journey.

It is evident from these circumstances, that the government is acting towards me in somewhat the same way in which Pichegru was dealt with after Vendémiaire (year IV.)

I beg of you to receive my resignation, and appoint another to my place. No power on earth shall make me continue in the service after this shocking mark of ingratitude on the part of the government, which I was very far from expecting. My health, which is considerably impaired, imperiously demands repose and tranquillity.

The state of my mind, likewise, requires me to mingle again in the mass of citizens. Great power has for a long time been confided to my hands. I have employed it on all occasions for the advantage of my country; *so much the worse for those who put no faith in virtue, and may have suspected mine.* My recompence is in my own conscience, and in the opinion of posterity.

Now that the country is tranquil and free from the dangers which have menaced it, I can, without inconvenience, quit the post in which I have been placed.

Be sure that if there were a moment of danger, I would be found in the foremost rank of the defenders of liberty and the constitution of the year III.

The Directory replied without delay on the 12th Vendemiaire, and endeavoured to repel Bonaparte's reproaches of mistrust and ingratitude. In that letter the Directory said—

As to the grounds of your uneasiness at the story of a young man —a story perhaps made for him—can any thing he may have said have greater weight with you than the constant and direct communications from the government?

As to General Augereau's letter, as the royalist representatives had written to the generals of the army of Italy, and as this was known at Paris, the general, perhaps, thought it his duty to apply the antidote to the poison. This is not capable of any sinister interpretation against you. It is the same with the letter of the minister of war. Doubtless, it referred only to funds for the expenses of his journey. Beware, lest the royalist conspirators, at the moment when, perhaps, they poisoned Hoche, may not have endeavoured to fill your mind with disgust and suspicion, which might deprive your country of the exertion of your genius.

The Directory, judging from the account which Bottot gave of his mission, that he had not succeeded in entirely removing

the suspicions of Bonaparte, wrote the following letter on the 30th Vendémiaire:

The Directory has been troubled about the impression made on you by the letter, of which an aide-de-camp of the paymaster-general was the bearer. The composition of this letter has very much astonished the government, which never appointed nor recognised such an agent: it is at least an error of office. But it should not alter the opinion you ought otherwise to entertain of the manner in which the Directory thinks of and esteems you. It appears that the 18th Fructidor was misrepresented in the letters which were sent to the army of Italy. You did well to intercept them, and it may be right to transmit the most remarkable to the minister of police.*

In your observations on the too strong tendency of opinion towards military government, the Directory recognises an equally enlightened and ardent friend of the republic.

Nothing is wiser than the maxim—*cedant arma togæ*, for the maintenance of republics. To show so much anxiety on so important a point is not one of the least glorious features in the life of a general placed at the head of a triumphant army.

Bottot, on his part, wrote on the 5th Brumaire to Bonaparte, to satisfy him, and to describe the interest with which he had been received on his return from Italy. He said he had found the Directory full of admiration of the general, and affectionately attached to him. The following is an extract from his letter:

Perhaps the government commits many faults; perhaps it does not always take so correct a view of affairs as you do; but with what *republican docility* did it not receive your observation!

Soon after the events of the 18th Fructidor, Bonaparte addressed to the sailors of Admiral Brueys squadron a procla mation, the language of which proved that he entertained the idea of his favourite project, the expedition to Egypt.

TO THE SEAMEN OF THE SQUADRON OF ADMIRAL BRUEYS.

Comrades,

I hasten to make known to you the proclamation issued by the Executive Directory. You will perceive by it the danger from which we have just escaped

A few traitors and emigrants had taken possession of the national tribunal.

The chief magistrates of the republic, the representatives, faithful to their country, republicans, soldiers, rallied round the tree of liberty. All have united their efforts—all have invoked the destiny of the republic. The partisans of tyranny are dismayed and secured.

Comrades, we have subdued and given peace to the continent. We must now unite our efforts with yours, in order to conquer the freedom of the seas, and revenge ourselves upon those proud islanders for the wrongs we have suffered at their hands. What sailor of the Mediterranean can have forgotten them?

* What an ignoble task to propose to the conqueror of Italy!

Do you not remember that terrible night, which will for ever be disastrous in the remembrance of the French people? Toulon abandoned to the English, its arsenal, with several of our frigates, in flames. So many injuries, and so many crimes, were the work of but a few hours! Yet there are bigots and traitors no less audacious than base, who seek to restore those who sold us to England, and closed every sea against us. *No*—this shall never be, never, while a single soldier of our three armies shall exist, and while you too, brave seamen, shall retain a due sense of the honour of your country, and of the high destinies which ere long shall render it illustrious.

Without you, we should not be able to extend the glory of the French name beyond a corner of Europe; with your aid, we shall range the seas, and carry the standard of the republic to the most distant countries.

His sentiments towards England, and the efforts he made against the power of that country, would leave posterity in doubt (were not the fact incontestably proved) of his having voluntarily and spontaneously sought an asylum among a people whom he disdainfully styled a nation of shopkeepers, who hate us, whom he thoroughly hated, and against whose commerce, manufactures, institutions, and even existence, he had constantly waged war.

In consequence of the complaints transmitted to the Court of Vienna, relative to the bad treatment of General de la Fayette and his two fellow-captives detained as prisoners in Olmütz, the Marquis de Chasteler was directed by the Emperor of Austria to make a report on the state of their prison and the manner in which they were treated. He was, besides, charged with a particular proposition, on which each of the prisoners was to make a declaration before obtaining his liberty.

The marquis drew up a report, under the title of "Minutes of an Examination respecting the Treatment of MM. de la Fayette, Latour-Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, prisoners in the fortress of Olmütz; likewise of Madame de la Fayette and her daughters, whom his majesty the Emperor had permitted to visit their husband and father, and of their servants."

The Marquis de Chasteler, after conferring with each of the prisoners in private, brought them together on the 26th of July, 1797, and, in the presence of Captain Mac-Eligot, drew up his account of the investigation.

With respect to lodging, the report stated that the prisoners, with Madame de la Fayette and her daughters, were confined in apartments behind the barracks. The apartments were on the ground floor. The principal inconvenience attending these apartments was, that a common-sewer passed under them, which, added to the vicinity of the water-closets, occasioned an unpleasant smell in changes of weather.

M. de la Fayette occupied a vaulted chamber, twenty-four feet long, fifty broad, and twelve high, containing a stove, a bed,

a table, chairs, and a chest of drawers. MM. de Latour-Maubourg and Bureau de Puzy had each a chamber similarly furnished. Madame de la Fayette and her daughters were lodged in a single room. The two young ladies had only one bed between them; but they had made repeated applications, especially when one of them was indisposed, for separate beds. As to food, the marquis stated that in the morning the prisoners were served with coffee or chocolate; at dinner, soup, a bouilli, a ragout of greens, some roasted meat, salad, dessert, and a bottle of red Hungary wine; for supper, a salad, some roasted meat, and a pint of wine. The food was sufficient as to quantity, but often of inferior quality.

The servant of M. de Maubourg was allowed to attend his master three hours a day. M. Bureau de Puzy's had been prevented from attending him for six weeks. Ever since M. de la Fayette's attempt to escape, he and his family had been waited on by soldiers. and were allowed no communication with their servants. In case of sickness, the surgeon belonging to the fortress attended the prisoners.

The Marquis de la Fayette's declaration was in the following terms:

The commission with which M. de Chasteler is charged, appears to me to resolve itself into three considerations:

1. His majesty wishes to ascertain our situation at Olmütz: I do not mean to prefer any complaint to him. Many details may be found in the letters of my wife, transmitted to and returned by the Austrian government; and if his imperial majesty deems it not sufficient to look over again the instructions conveyed in his name, I will voluntarily give to M. de Chasteler whatever information he may require.

2. His majesty the emperor and king wishes to be assured that, immediately on my liberation, I will depart for America. This is an intention I have often manifested: but as, under the present circumstances, my reply would seem to recognise the right of imposing this condition upon me, I do not conceive I ought to satisfy such a demand.

3. His majesty the emperor and king has done me the honour to signify, that the principles I profess being incompatible with the security of the Austrian government, he does not wish I should continue in his dominions, without his special permission. There are some duties from which I cannot withdraw myself. Some of these I owe to the United States, and, above all, to France; and I cannot, in any degree, surrender the right which my country possesses over my person.

With these sole reservations, I can assure M. de Chasteler that my fixed determination is, not to set my foot in any territory subject to his majesty the King of Bohemia and Hungary.

(Signed) LAFAYETTE.

M. de Latour-Maubourg, in his reply, stated that, without recognising in the Austrian government any right over his person—without submitting to what was arrogated over Frenchmen, disarmed, and strangers to the provinces which recognised

the dominion of Austria, he considered it his duty to declare that he had received no bad treatment, in word or deed, from the person now charged with his custody. He must, however, say that, with the exception of the present captain (Mac-Eligot) charged with the state prisoners, the greater part of the officers who preceded him behaved with a degree of grossness and indifference, of which the natural effect was, that the prisoners were left destitute of every thing.

Being unacquainted with the code of the Austrian state prisons, M. Latour-Maubourg could not say whether the treatment he had received was in conformity to such a code or not. But all that had transpired respecting the horrible system of the Bastile, all he had read during his captivity in Prussia of the atrocities said to be committed in the French prisons, during the barbarous reign of Marat and Robespierre, and his treatment in Prussia itself, though very severe, still had not prepared him for suffering, under the dominion of a prince whose humanity and virtues he had heard celebrated, a usage so harsh that he could not have believed its existence possible, had he not derived the conviction from a long and woful experience. He now renewed the resolution he had often formed for himself, never to set a foot in the dominions of his imperial majesty. Nevertheless, as circumstances might prevent him from furthering his intention of going to the United States, and to remove every pretext for again incarcerating him on account of his performing the duty of a good citizen, he made this engagement under the exception of the case, not very probable, that his country, which he was about to quit, and which would always be dear to him, or the country which he was to adopt, should impose upon him the duty of infringing it.

M. Bureau de Puzy replied in much the same way, in substance and spirit, as the other two prisoners. He closed his declaration, by saying that he would, with joy, engage never to enter, or to ask permission to enter, the Austrian dominions; but that he must except, from any such engagement, the case of military service on the supposition of a war between Austria and any country which might give him an asylum.

The Directory had sent General Clarke to treat for peace, as second plenipotentiary. Bonaparte has often told me, he had no doubt that General Clarke was charged with a secret mission to act as a spy upon him, and even to arrest him if an opportunity offered for so doing without danger. That he had a suspicion of this kind is certain; but I must own that I was never by any means able to discover its grounds; for in all my intercourse since with Clarke, he never put a single question to me, nor did I ever hear a word drop from his mouth, which savoured of such a character. If the fact be that he was a spy, he certainly played his part well. In all the parts of his correspondence

which were intercepted, there never was found the least confirmation of this suspicion. Be this as it may, Bonaparte could not endure him; he did not make him acquainted with what was going on, and his influence rendered this mission a mere nullity. The general-in-chief concentrated all the business of the negotiation in his own closet; and, as to what was going on, Clarke continued a mere cipher until the 18th Fructidor, when he was recalled. Bonaparte made but little count of Clarke's talents. It is but justice, however, to say that he bore him no grudge for the conduct of which he suspected he was guilty in Italy. *Because I have the power to punish him,* said he, *I pardon him.*

He even had the generosity to make interest for a second-rate official situation for him. These amiable traits were not uncommon with Bonaparte.

Bonaparte had to encounter so many disagreeable contrarieties, both in the negotiators for peace, and the events at Paris, that he often displayed a good deal of irritation and disgust. This state of mind was increased by the recollection of the vexation his sister's marriage had caused him, and which was unfortunately revived by a letter he received from her at this juncture. His excitement was such, that he threw it down with an expression of anger. It has been erroneously reported, in several publications, that Bacciocchi espoused Marie-Anne-Eliza Bonaparte on the 5th of May, 1797. The brother of the bride was at the time negotiating the preliminaries of peace with Austria.

In fact, the preliminaries were signed in the month of April, and it was for the definitive peace we were negotiating in May. But the reader will find, by the subjoined letter, that Christine applied to her brother to stand godfather to her third child. Three children in three months would be rather quick work in the family way.

Ajaccio, 14th Thermidor, year V. (August 1, 1797).

GENERAL,

Suffer me to write to you, and call you by the name of brother. My first child was born at a time when you were much incensed against us. I trust she may soon caress you, and so make you forget the pain my marriage has occasioned you. My second child was still-born. Obliged to quit Paris by your order, I miscarried in Germany. In a month's time I hope to present you with a nephew. A favourable time, and other circumstances, incline me to hope my next will be a boy; and I promise you I will make a soldier of him: but I wish him to bear your name, and that you should be his godfather. I trust you will not refuse your sister's request.

Will you send, for this purpose, your power of attorney to Bacciocchi, or to whomsoever you think fit? Myself will be godmother. I shall expect with impatience your assent. Because we are poor, let not that cause you to despise us; for, after all, you are our brother—mine are the only children that call you uncle, and we all love you

more than we do the favours of fortune. Perhaps I may one day succeed in convincing you of the love I bear you.

Your affectionate sister,

CHRISTINE BONAPARTE.*

P. S. Do not fail to remember me to your wife, whom I strongly desire to be acquainted with. They told me, at Paris, I was very like her. If you recollect my features you can judge. C. B.

This letter is in the handwriting of Lucien Bonaparte.†

General Bonaparte had been near a month at Passeriano, when he received the following autograph letter from the Emperor of Austria:

TO GENERAL BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

General Bonaparte—When I thought I had given my plenipotentiaries full powers to terminate the important negotiation with which they were charged, I learn, with as much pain as surprise, that, in consequence of swerving continually from the stipulations of the preliminaries, the restoration of tranquillity, with the tidings of which I desire to gladden the hearts of my subjects, and which the half of Europe devoutly prays for, becomes, day after day, more uncertain.

Faithful to the performance of my engagements, I am ready to execute what was agreed to at Leoben, and require from you but the reciprocal performance of so sacred a duty. This is what has already been declared in my name, and what I do not now hesitate myself to declare. If the execution of some of the preliminary articles be now impossible, in consequence of the events which have since occurred, and in which I had no part, it may be necessary to substitute others in their stead, equally adapted to the interests, and equally conformable to the dignity of the two nations. To such alone will I put my hand. A frank and sincere explanation, dictated by the same feelings which govern me, is the only way to lead to so salutary a result. In order to accelerate this result as far as in me lies, and to put an end at once to the state of uncertainty we remain in, and which is already too great, I have determined to despatch to the place of the present negotiations, Count de Cobentzel, a man who possesses my most unlimited confidence, and who is instructed as to my intentions, and furnished with my most ample powers. I have authorized him to receive and accept every proposition tending to the reconciliation of the two parties which may be in conformity with the principles of equity and reciprocal fitness, and to conclude accordingly.

After this fresh assurance of the spirit of conciliation which animates me, I doubt not you will perceive that peace lies in your own hands,

* Madame Bacciocchi went by the name of Marianne at St. Cyr, of Christine while on her travels, and of Eliza under the consulate.

† Joseph Bonaparte in his Notes says, "It is false that Madame Bonaparte ever called herself Christine; it is false that she ever wrote the letter of which M. de Bourrienne here gives a copy." It will be observed, that Bourrienne says it was written by her brother Lucien.—*Editor.*

and that on your determination will depend the happiness or misery of millions of men. If I mistake as to the means I think best adapted to terminate the calamities which for a long time have desolated Europe, I shall, at least, have the consolation of reflecting that I have done all that depended on me. With the consequences which may result, I can never be reproached.

I have been particularly determined to the course I now take by the opinion I entertain of your upright character, and by the personal esteem I have conceived towards you, of which I am very happy, General Bonaparte, to give you here an assurance.

(Signed) FRANCIS.

Vienna, 20th September, 1797.

In fact, it was only on the arrival of the Count de Cobentzel that the negotiations were seriously set on foot. Bonaparte had all along clearly perceived that Gallo and Meerweldt were not furnished with adequate powers. He saw, also, clearly enough, that if the month of September were to be trifled away in unsatisfactory negotiations, as the month which preceded it had been, it would be difficult, in October, to strike a blow at the house of Austria on the side of Carinthia. The Austrian cabinet perceived with satisfaction the approach of the bad weather, and insisted more strongly on its ultimatum, which was the Adige, with Venice.

Before the 18th Fructidor, the Emperor of Austria hoped that the movement which was preparing in Paris would operate badly for France, and favourably to the European cause. The Austrian plenipotentiaries, in consequence, elevated the tone of their pretensions, and sent notes, and an ultimatum, which gave the proceedings more an air of mockery than of serious negotiation, and which excited, alternately, anger and contempt. Bonaparte's ideas, which I have, under his hand, were as follow:

1. The emperor to have Italy as far as the Adige.
2. The King of Sardinia, as far as the Adda.
3. The Genoese republic to have the boundary of Tortona, as far as the Po (Tortona to be demolished), as also the imperial fiefs. (Coni to be ceded to France, or to be demolished.)
4. The Grand Duke of Tuscany to be restored.
5. The Duke of Parma to be restored.*

* The reader can easily compare these ideas of Bonaparte's with the treaty he afterwards concluded.

## CHAPTER XI.

### 1797.

Influence of the 18th Fructidor on the negotiations—Bonaparte's suspicion of Bottot—His complaints respecting the non-erasure of Bourrienne—Bourrienne's conversation with the Marquis of Gallo—Bottot writes from Paris to Bonaparte on the part of the Directory—Agents of the Directory employed to watch Bonaparte—Influence of the weather on the conclusion of peace—Remarkable observation of Bonaparte—Conclusion of the treaty—The Directory dissatisfied with the terms of the peace—Bonaparte's predilection for representative government—Opinion on Bonaparte.

After the 18th Fructidor, Bonaparte was more powerful, Austria less haughty and confident. Venice was the only point of real difficulty. Austria wanted the line of the Adige, with Venice, in exchange for Mentz, and the boundary of the Rhine, until that river enters Holland. The Directory wished to have the latter boundary, and to add Mantua to the Italian republic, without giving up all the line of the Adige and Venice. The difficulties were felt to be so irreconcilable, that within about a month of the conclusion of peace, the Directory wrote to General Bonaparte, that a resumption of hostilities was preferable to the state of uncertainty which was agitating and ruining France. The Directory, therefore, declared that both the armies of the Rhine should take the field. It appears from the Fructidorian correspondence, which has been already given, that the majority of the Directory then looked upon a peace, such as Bonaparte afterwards made, as *infamous*. But Bonaparte, from the moment the Venetian insurrection broke out, perceived that Venice might be usefully disposed of in the pacification. Bonaparte, who was convinced that, in order to bring matters to an issue, Venice and the territory beyond the Adige must fall beneath the Austrian yoke, wrote to the Directory, that he could not commence operations, advantageously, before the end of March, 1798; but that if the objections to giving Venice to the Emperor of Austria were persisted in, hostilities would certainly be resumed in the month of October, for the emperor would not renounce Venice. In that case it would be necessary to be ready on the Rhine, for an advance in Germany, as the army of Italy, if it could make head against the Archduke Charles, was not sufficiently strong for any operations on

a grand scale. At this period the conclusion of peace was certainly very doubtful; it was even seriously considered in what form the rupture should be notified.

Towards the end of September, Bottot, Barras's secretary, arrived at Passeriano. He was despatched by the Directory. Bonaparte immediately suspected he was a new spy, come on a secret mission, to watch him. He was therefore received and treated with coolness; but Bonaparte never had, as Sir Walter Scott asserts, the idea of ordering him to be shot. That writer is also in error, when he says, that Bottot was sent to Passeriano to reproach Bonaparte for failing to fulfil his promise of sending money to the Directory.

Bonaparte soon gave Bottot an opportunity of judging of the kind of spirit which prevailed at head-quarters. He began again to propose his resignation, which he had already several times called upon the Directory to accept. He accused the government, at table, in Bottot's presence, of horrible ingratitude. He recounted all his subjects of complaint, in loud and impassioned language, without any restraint, and before twenty or thirty persons.

Indignant at finding that his reiterated demands for the erasure of my name from the list of emigrants had been slighted, and that, in spite of his representations, conveyed to Paris by General Bernadotte, Louis Bonaparte, and others, I was still included in that fatal list, he apostrophized M. Bottot, at dinner one day, before forty individuals, among whom were the diplomatists, Gallo, Cobentzel, and Meerweldi. The conversation turned upon the Directory: "Yes, truly," cried Bonaparte, in a loud voice, "I have good reason to complain; and, to pass from great to little things, look, I pray you, at Bourrienne's case. He possesses my most unbounded confidence. He alone is intrusted, under my orders, with all the details of the negotiation. This you well know; and yet your Directory will not strike him off the list. In a word, it is not only an inconceivable, but an extremely stupid piece of business; for he has all my secrets; he knows my ultimatum, and could by a single word realize a handsome fortune, and laugh at your infatuation. Ask M. de Gallo if this be not true."

Bottot wished to offer some excuse; but the general murmur reduced him to silence.

The Marquis de Gallo had conversed with me but three days before, in the park of Passeriano, on the subject of my position with regard to France—of the determination expressed by the Directory not to erase my name—and of the risk I thereby ran. "We have no desire," continued he, "to renew the war: we wish sincerely for peace; but it must be an honourable one. The republic of Venice presents a large territory for partition, which would be sufficient for both parties. The cessions at present proposed, are not, however, satisfactory. We want to know

Bonaparte's ultimatum; and I am authorized to offer an estate in Bohemia, tilled and mansioned, with a revenue of ninety thousand florins."

I quickly interrupted M. de Gallo, and assured him that both my conscience and my duty obliged me to reject his proposal; and so put at once an end to the conversation.

I took care to let the general-in-chief know this story, and he was not surprised at my reply. His conviction, however, was strong, from all that M. de Gallo had said, and more particularly from the offer he had made, that Austria was resolved to avoid war, and was anxious for peace.

After I had retired to rest, M. Bottot came to my bedroom and asked me with a feigned surprise, whether it were true that my name was still on the list of emigrants? On my replying in the affirmative, he requested me to draw up a note on the subject. This I declined doing; but I told him that twenty notes of the kind he required already existed: that I would take no further steps; and that I would henceforth await the decision in a state of perfect inaction.

General Bonaparte thought it quite inexplicable that the directors should express dissatisfaction at the view he took of the events of the 18th Fructidor, as, without his aid, they would doubtless have been overcome. He wrote a despatch, in which he repeated that his health and his spirits were affected—that he had need of some years' repose—that he could no longer endure the fatigue of riding; but that the prosperity and liberty of his country would always command his warmest interests. In all this there was not a single word of truth. The Directory thought as much, and declined to accept his resignation in the most flattering terms.

Bottot proposed to him, on the part of the Directory, to revolutionize Italy. The general inquired whether the *whole* of Italy would be included in the plan. The revolutionary commission had, however, been intrusted to Bottot in so indefinite a way, that he could only hesitate, and give a vague reply. Bonaparte wished for more precise orders. In the interval, peace was concluded, and the idea of that perilous and extravagant undertaking was no longer agitated.

Bottot, soon after his return to Paris, wrote a letter to General Bonaparte, in which he complained that the last moments he had passed at Passeriano had deeply afflicted his heart. He said that cruel suspicions had followed him even to the gates of the Directory. These cruel suspicions had, however, been dissipated by the sentiments of admiration and affection which he had found the Directory entertained for the person of Bonaparte.

These assurances, which were precisely what Bonaparte had expected, did not avail to lessen the contempt he entertained for the heads of the government, nor to change his conviction of their envy and mistrust of himself. To their alleged affection

he made no return. Bottot assured the hero of Italy of the docility of the Directory, and touched upon the reproaches Bonaparte had thrown out against them, and upon his demands which had not been granted. He said—

"The three armies, of the North, of the Rhine, and of the Sambre and Meuse, are to form only one, the army of Germany.—Augereau? But you yourself sent him. The fault committed by the Directory is owing to yourself! Bernadotte?—he is gone to join you. Cacault?—he is recalled. Twelve thousand men for your army?—they are on their march. The treaty with Sardinia?—it is ratified. Bourrienne?—he is erased. The revolution of Italy?—it is adjourned. Advise the Directory, then: I repeat it, they have need of information, and it is to you they look for it."

The assertion regarding me was false. For six months, Bonaparte demanded my erasure, without being able to obtain it. I was not struck off the list until the 11th of November, 1797.

Just before the close of the negotiation, Bonaparte, disgusted at the opposition and difficulties with which he was surrounded, reiterated again and again the offer of his resignation, and his wish to have a successor appointed. What augmented his uneasiness was, an idea he entertained that the Directory had penetrated his secret, and attributed his powerful concurrence on the 18th Fructidor to the true cause—his personal views of ambition. In spite of the hypocritical assurances of gratitude made to him in writing, and though the directors knew that his services were indispensable, spies were employed to watch his movements, and to endeavour by means of the persons about him to discover his views. Some of the general's friends wrote to him from Paris, and for my part I never ceased repeating to him, that the peace, the power of making which he had in his own hands, would render him far more popular than the renewal of hostilities, undertaken with all the chances of success and reverse. The signing of the peace, according to his own ideas, and in opposition to those of the Directory, the way in which he just halted at Rastadt, and avoided returning to the congress, and, finally, his resolution to expatriate himself with an army in order to attempt new enterprises, sprung more than is generally believed from the ruling idea that he was distrusted, and that his ruin was meditated. He often recalled to mind what La Vallette had written to him, about his conversation with Lacuée; and all he saw and heard confirmed the impression he had received on this subject.

The early appearance of bad weather precipitated his determination. On the 13th of October, at daybreak, on opening my window, I perceived the mountains covered with snow. The previous night had been superb, and the autumn till then promised to be fine and late. I proceeded, as I always did, at seven o'clock in the morning, to the general's chamber. I woke

him, and told him what I had seen. He feigned at first to disbelieve me, then leaped from his bed, ran to the window, and, convinced of the sudden change, he calmly said, "What! before the middle of October! What a country is this! Well, we must make peace!" While he hastily put on his clothes, I read the journals to him, as was my daily custom. He paid but little attention to them. Shutting himself up with me in his closet, he reviewed with the greatest care all the returns from the different corps of his army. "Here are," said he, "nearly eighty thousand effective men. I feed, I pay them: but I can bring but sixty thousand into the field on the day of battle. I shall gain it, but afterwards my force will be reduced twenty thousand men—by killed, wounded, and prisoners. Then how oppose the Austrian forces that will march to the protection of Vienna? It would be a month before the armies of the Rhine could support me, if they should be able; and in a fortnight all the roads and passages will be covered deep with snow. It is settled—I will make peace. Venice shall pay for the expense of the war, and the boundary of the Rhine: let the Directory and the lawyers say what they like."

He wrote to the Directory in the following words: "The summits of the hills are covered with snow; I cannot, on account of the stipulations agreed to for the recommencement of hostilities, begin before five-and-twenty days, and by that time we shall be overwhelmed with snow."

Fourteen years after, another early winter, in a severe climate, was destined to have a fatal influence on his fortunes. Had he but then exercised equal foresight!

It is well known that, by the treaty of Campo-Formio, the two belligerent powers made peace at the expense of the republic of Venice, which had nothing to do with the quarrel in the first instance, and which only interfered at a late period, probably against her own inclination, and impelled by the force of inevitable circumstances. But what has been the result of this great political spoliation? A portion of the Venetian territory was adjudged to the Cisalpine republic: it is now in the possession of Austria. Another considerable portion, and the capital itself, fell to the lot of Austria in compensation for the Belgic provinces and Lombardy. Austria has now retaken Lombardy, and the additions then made to it, and Belgium is in the possession of the house of Orange. France obtained Corfu and some of the Ionian isles: these now belong to England. Romulus never thought he was founding Rome for Goths and priests. Alexander did not foresee that his Egyptian city would belong to the Turks; nor did Constantine strip Rome for the benefit of Mahomet II. Why then fight for a few paltry villages?

Thus have we been gloriously conquering for Austria and England. An ancient state is overturned without noise, and its

provinces, after being divided among different bordering states, are now all under the dominion of Austria. We do not possess a foot of ground in all the fine countries we conquered, and which served as compensations for the immense acquisitions of the house of Hapsburgh, in Italy. Thus that house was aggrandized by a war which was to itself most disastrous. But Austria has often found other means of extending her dominion than military triumphs, as is recorded in the celebrated distich of Mathias Corvinus:

> Bella gerunt alii, tu felix Austria nube:
> Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.*

The Directory was far from being satisfied with the treaty of Campo-Formio, and with difficulty resisted the temptation of not ratifying it. A fortnight before the signature, the Directors wrote to General Bonaparte that they would not consent to give to the emperor Venice, Frioul, Padua, and the *terra firma* with the boundary of the Adige. "That," said they, "would not be to make peace, but to adjourn the war. We shall be regarded as the beaten party, independently of the disgrace of abandoning Venice, which Bonaparte himself thought so worthy of freedom. France ought not, and never will wish, to see Italy delivered up to Austria. The Directory would prefer the chances of a war to changing a single word of its ultimatum, which is already too favourable to Austria." But all this was said in vain. Bonaparte made no scruple of disregarding his instructions. It has been said that the Emperor of Austria made an offer of a very considerable sum of money, and even of a principality, to obtain favourable terms. I was never able to find the slightest ground for this report, which refers to a time when the smallest circumstance could not escape my notice. The character of Bonaparte stood too high for him to sacrifice his glory as a conqueror and peacemaker for even the greatest private advantage. This was so thoroughly known, and he was so profoundly esteemed by the Austrian plenipotentiaries, that I will venture to say none of them would have been capable of making the slightest overture to him of so debasing a proposition. Besides, it would have induced him to put an end to all intercourse with the plenipotentiaries. Perhaps what I have just stated of M. de Gallo will throw some light upon this odious accusation. But let us dismiss this story with the rest, and among them that of the porcelain tray, which was said to have been smashed and thrown at the head of M. de Cobentzel. I certainly know nothing of any such scene: our manners at Passeriano were not quite so bad!

> * Glad Austria wins by Hymen's silken chain,
> What other states by doubtful battle gain,
> And while fierce Mars enriches meaner lands,
> Receives possession from fair Venus' hands.

The presents customary on such occasions were given, but the Emperor of Austria took that opportunity to present to General Bonaparte six magnificent white horses.

Bonaparte returned to Milan by Gratz, Laybach, Trieste, Mestre, Verona, and Mantua.

At this period Bonaparte was still swayed by the impulse of the age. He thought of nothing but representative governments. Often has he said to me, "I should like the era of representative governments to be dated from my time." His conduct in Italy, and his proclamations, ought to give, and, in fact, do give, weight to this account of his opinion. But there is no doubt that this idea was more connected with lofty views of ambition, than a sincere desire for the benefit of the human race; for, at a later period, he adopted this phrase:—*I should like to be the head of the most ancient of the dynasties of Europe.* What a difference between Bonaparte, the author of the *Souper de Beaucaire*, the subduer of royalism at Toulon, the author of the remonstrance to Albitte and Salicetti, the fortunate conqueror of the 13th Vendémiaire, the instigator and supporter of the revolution of Fructidor, and the founder of the republics of Italy, the fruits of his immortal victories, and Bonaparte, first consul in 1800; consul for life in 1802; and, above all, Napoleon, Emperor of the French, in 1804, and King of Italy, in 1805! *

After having, in the countries he conquered, tried to force a premature ripeness of the age, when to do so was imprudent and untimely, he, some years after, wished to make opinion retro-

* And what a difference, also, between France of 1793 and France of 1800! Bonaparte followed the movement given by the nation. He would have been a Washington in the United States of America. The object of his life was to deserve well of posterity. He did not seek to gratify any personal passion, or to promote the interest of any political faction. He wished to act in accordance with the opinion of the great body of the people; to foresee events, and to turn them to advantage as they occurred, without creating any, as Bourrienne pretends. Napoleon was blessed with great good sense, and with simple and precise ideas which seldom misled him. After the days of terror and reaction every thing tended in France to the concentration of the executive power. He sincerely desired peace; but such was not the wish of the English and the oligarchic classes which now govern the cabinets of Europe; for they saw the greatness of France, and the decline of their own political importance, in the prosperity with which peace could not fail to environ the French people and the first consul. The war continued. The result was, a succession of fresh victories obtained by the first consul, which placed crowns at his disposal and augmented his glory and personal importance. He was thus elevated so highly above all other persons, that France thought it right to consolidate her existing prosperity by rendering the first magistracy hereditary. But the enemies of this new state of France, aided by the premature frosts of Russia, by internal treasons, and unfavoured by fortune, hoped to reduce France and Europe to the state in which they were before the Revolution. My opinion is, that had Napoleon lived he would have been as liberal as the opinion of the instructed classes of European society now is. It was only by conforming to that opinion that he could expect the approbation of posterity, for which he was always ready to make any sacrifice.—*Note on the above passage in the text by J. Bonaparte.* (*Editor.*)

grade when that was impossible. Abjuring liberty for glory, he thought it necessary to prefer his own celebrity to the good of mankind. Perhaps his simulated love for representative government was put forward as a means of more easily subduing nations, by holding out to expectation what was flattering to popular feeling, without any intention of realizing the promise. Already anticipating his wars in Germany, anticipations which constantly engaged his thoughts, we find him writing from Cairo to the Directory, "that he should think it the happiest day of his life, when he should hear of the formation of the first republic in Germany."

But by precipitating nations towards an epoch, at which they could only arrive in succession, he gave to the partisans of things as they existed in past times, motives and means for compelling the people of every country to retrograde. The man who, at the period of which I am speaking, would have no more kings, and proscribed them in all his proclamations, wished afterwards to be the senior of all sovereigns, the eldest head of the European dynasties; and this dream, like that of extemporaneous representative governments, caused torrents of blood to flow. What folly to wish to jump, all at once, and without transition, to a future which does not belong to us, or to wish to return to a period which no longer exists! What evils have resulted from the adoption of these two principles!

## CHAPTER XII.

### 1797

Effect of the 18th Fructidor on the peace—The standard of the army of Italy—Honours rendered to the memory of General Hoche and of Virgil, at Mantua—Remarkable letter—In passing through Switzerland Bonaparte visits the field of Morat—Arrival at Rastadt—Letter from the Directory calling Bonaparte to Paris—Intrigues against Josephine—Grand ceremony on the reception of Bonaparte by the Directory—Speeches—The theatres—Modesty of Bonaparte—An assassination—Bonaparte's opinion of the Parisians—His election to the National Institute—Letter to Camus—Projects—Reflections.

The day of the 18th Fructidor, had, without any doubt, powerfully contributed to the conclusion of peace at Campo-Formio. On the one hand, the Directory, hitherto not very pacifically inclined, after having struck what is called a *coup d'état*, at length saw the necessity of obtaining absolution from the discontented, by giving peace to France. On the other

hand, the cabinet of Vienna, observing the complete failure of all the royalist plots in the interior, thought it high time to conclude with the French republic a treaty which, notwithstanding all the defeats Austria had sustained, still left her a preponderating influence over Italy.

Besides, the campaign of Italy, so fertile in glorious achievements of arms, had not been productive of glory alone. Something of greater importance followed these conquests. Public affairs had assumed a somewhat unusual aspect, and a grand moral influence, the effect of victories and of peace, had begun to extend all over France. Republicanism was no longer so sanguinary and fierce as it had been some years before. Bonaparte, negotiating with princes and their ministers on a footing of equality, but still with all that superiority to which victory and his genius entitled him, gradually taught foreign courts to be familiar with republican France, and the republic to cease regarding all states governed by kings as of necessity enemies.

In these circumstances, the general-in-chief's departure, and his expected visit to Paris, excited general attention. The feeble Directory was prepared to submit to the presence of the conqueror of Italy in the capital.

It was for the purpose of acting as head of the French legation, at the congress of Rastadt, that Bonaparte quitted Milan on the 17th of November. But before his departure he sent to the Directory one of those monuments, the inscriptions of which may generally be considered as fabulous, but which, in this case, were nothing but the truth. This monument was the "flag of the Army of Italy," and to General Joubert was assigned the honourable duty of presenting it to the members of the executive government.

On one side of the flag were the words, "To the Army of Italy, the grateful country." The other contained an enumeration of the battles fought, and places taken, and presented, in the following inscriptions, a simple, but striking abridgment of the history of the Italian campaign.

150,000 PRISONERS; 170 STANDARDS; 550 PIECES OF BATTERING CANNON; 600 PIECES OF FIELD ARTILLERY; FIVE BRIDGE EQUIPAGES; NINE 64-GUN SHIPS; TWELVE 32-GUN FRIGATES; 12 CORVETTES; 18 GALLEYS; ARMISTICE WITH THE KING OF SARDINIA; CONVENTION WITH GENOA; ARMISTICE WITH THE DUKE OF PARMA; ARMISTICE WITH THE KING OF NAPLES; ARMISTICE WITH THE POPE; PRELIMINARIES OF LEOBEN; CONVENTION OF MONTEBELLO WITH THE REPUBLIC OF GENOA; TREATY OF PEACE WITH THE EMPEROR AT CAMPO-FORMIO.

LIBERTY GIVEN TO THE PEOPLE OF BOLOGNA, FERRARA, MODENA, MASSA-CARRARA, LA ROMAGNO, LOMBARDY, BRESCIA, BERGAMI, MANTUA, CREMA, PART OF THE VERONESE, CHIAVENA, BORMIO, THE VALTELINA, THE GENOESE, THE IMPERIAL FIEFS, THE PEOPLE

OF THE DEPARTMENTS OF CORÇYRA, OF THE ÆGEAN SEA, AND OF ITHACA.

SENT TO PARIS ALL THE MASTER-PIECES OF MICHAEL ANGELO, OF GUERCINO, OF TITIAN, OF PAUL VERONESE, OF CORREGIO, OF ALBANO, OF CARRACCI, OF RAPHAEL, AND OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Thus were recapitulated on a flag, destined to decorate the Hall of the Public Sittings of the Directory, the military deeds of the campaign in Italy, its political results, and the conquest of the monuments of art.

Most of the Italian cities looked upon their conqueror as a liberator—such was the magic of the word *liberty*, which resounded from the Alps to the Apennines. In his way to Mantua the general took up his residence in the palace of the ancient dukes. Bonaparte promised the authorities of Mantua that their department should be one of the most extensive; impressed on them the necessity of promptly organizing a local militia, and of putting in execution the plans of Bari, the mathematician, for the navigation of the Mincio from Mantua to Peschiera.

He stopped two days at Mantua, and the morrow of his arrival was devoted to the celebration of a military funeral solemnity, in honour of General Hoche, who had just died. His next object was to hasten the execution of the monument which was erecting to the memory of Virgil. Thus, in one day, he paid honour to France and Italy, to modern and to ancient glory, to the laurels of war and to the laurels of poetry.

A person who saw Bonaparte, on this occasion, for the first time, thus described him in a letter he wrote to Paris:—"With lively interest and extreme attention I have observed this extraordinary man, who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something which seems to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him very like his portraits—little, thin, pale, with an air of fatigue, but not of ill-health, as has been reported of him. He appears to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, and that he was more occupied with what he was thinking of than with what was said to him. There is great intelligence in his countenance, along with which may be marked an air of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that bold mind, it is impossible not to believe that some daring designs are engendering *which will have their influence on the destinies of Europe.*"

From the last phrase, in particular, of this letter, one might suspect that it was written after Bonaparte had made his name feared throughout Europe; but it really appeared in a journal in the month of December, 1797, a little before his arrival in Paris.

There exists a sort of analogy between celebrated men and celebrated places: it was not, therefore, an uninteresting spec-

tacle to see Bonaparte surveying the field of Morat, where, in 1476, Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy, daring like himself, fell, with his powerful army, under the effects of Helvetian valour. Bonaparte slept during the night at Moudon, where, as in every place through which he passed, the greatest honours were paid him. In the morning, his carriage being broken, we continued our journey on foot, accompanied only by some officers, and an escort of dragoons of the country. Bonaparte stopped near Bones-Chapel, and desired to be shown the spot where the battle of Morat was fought. A plain in front of the chapel was pointed out to him. An officer who had served in France was present, and explained to him how the Swiss, descending from the neighbouring mountains, were enabled, under cover of a wood, to turn the Burgundian army, and put it to the rout. "What was the force of that army?" asked Bonaparte.—"Sixty thousand men."—"Sixty thousand men!" he exclaimed: "they might have completely covered these mountains!"—"The French fight better now," said Lannes, who was one of the officers of his suite.—"At that time," observed Bonaparte, interrupting him, "the Burgundians were not Frenchmen."

Bonaparte's journey through Switzerland was not without utility; and his presence served to calm more than one inquietude. He proceeded on his journey to Rastadt by Aix in Savoy, Berne, and Bâle. On arriving at Berne, during night, we passed through a double file of well lighted equipages, filled with beautiful women, all of whom raised the cry of "Long live Bonaparte!—long live the Pacificator!" To have a proper idea of this genuine enthusiasm, it is necessary to have seen it.

The elevated situation in society to which his great victories and the peace had contributed to raise him, rendered insupportable the style of the second person singular, and the familiar manner in which his old schoolfellows of Brienne would sometimes address him. I thought this very natural.

M. de Cominges, one of those who went with him to the military school at Paris, and who had emigrated, was at Bâle. Having learned our arrival, he presented himself without ceremony, with great indecorum, and with a complete disregard of the respect due to a man who had rendered himself so illustrious. General Bonaparte, offended at this behaviour, refused to see him again, and expressed himself to me with much warmth, on the occasion of this visit. All my efforts to remove his displeasure were unavailing: this impression always continued, and he never did for M. de Cominges what his means, and the old ties of boyhood, might well have warranted.

On arriving at Rastadt, Bonaparte found a letter from the Directory, calling him to Paris. He eagerly obeyed this invitation, which drew him from a place where he could act only an insignificant part, and which he had determined to leave

soon, never again to return. Some time after his arrival in Paris, he required, on the ground that his presence was necessary for the execution of different orders, and the general despatch of business, that authority should be given to a part of his household, which he had left at Rastadt, to return.

How could it ever be said that the Directory "kept General Bonaparte away from the great interests which were under discussion at Rastadt?" Quite the contrary! The Directors would have been delighted to see him return there, as they would then have been relieved from his presence in Paris; but nothing was so disagreeable to Bonaparte, as long, and seemingly interminable, negotiations. Such tedious work did not suit his character, and he had been sufficiently disgusted with similar proceedings at Campo-Formio.

On our arrival at Rastadt, I soon found that General Bonaparte was determined to stay there only a short time. I therefore expressed to him my decided desire to continue in Germany. I was then ignorant that my erasure from the emigrant list had been ordered on the 11th of November, as the decree did not reach the commissary of the Executive Directory, at Auxerre, until the 17th of November, the day of our departure from Milan.

The silly pretext of difficulties by which my erasure, notwithstanding the reiterated solicitations of the victorious general, was so long delayed, made me apprehensive of a renewal, under a weak and jealous pentarchy, of the horrible scenes of 1796. Bonaparte said to me, in a tone of indignation, "Come, pass the Rhine: they will not dare to seize you while near me. I answer for your safety." On reaching Paris, I found that my erasure had taken place. It was at this period only that General Bonaparte's applications in my favour were tardily crowned with success. Sotin, the minister of general police, notified the fact to Bonaparte; but his letter gave a reason for my erasure, very different from that stated in the decree. The minister said that the government did not wish to leave among the names of traitors to their country, the name of a citizen who approached the person of the conqueror of Italy; while the decree stated, as the motive for removing my name from the list, that I never had emigrated.

At St. Helena, it seems, Bonaparte said, that he did not return from Italy with more than three hundred thousand francs; but I assert that he had at that time in his possession something more than three millions. How could he, with three hundred thousand francs, have been able to provide for the extensive repairs, the embellishment, and the furnishing of his house, in Rue Chantereine? How could he have supported the establishment he did, with only fifteen thousand francs of income, and the emoluments of his rank? The excursion which he made along the coast, of which I have yet to speak, of

itself cost near twelve thousand francs in gold, which he transferred to me to defray the expense of the journey, and I am not sure that this sum was ever repaid him. Besides, what did it signify, for any object he might have in disguising his fortune, whether he brought three millions or three hundred thousand francs with him from Italy? No one will accuse him of squandering. He was a rigid economist. He was always irritated at the discovery of fraud, and pursued those guilty of it with all the vigour of his character. He wished to be independent, which he well knew that no one could be without fortune. He has often said to me, "I am no Capuchin, not I." But after having been allowed only three hundred thousand francs on his arrival from the rich Italy, where fortune never abandoned him, it has been printed that he had twenty millions (some have even doubled the amount) on his return from Egypt, which is a very poor country, where money is scarce, and where reverses followed close upon his victories. All these reports are false. What he brought from Italy has just been stated, and it will be seen when we come to Egypt, what treasure he carried away from the country of the Pharaohs.

Bonaparte's brothers, desirous of obtaining complete dominion over his mind, strenuously endeavoured to lessen the influence which Josephine possessed from the love of her husband. They tried to excite his jealousy, and took advantage of her stay at Milan after our departure, which had been authorized by Bonaparte himself. My intimacy with both the husband and the wife, fortunately afforded me an opportunity of averting or lessening a good deal of mischief. If Josephine still lived, she would allow me this merit. I never took part against her but once, and that unwillingly. It was on the subject of the marriage of her daughter Hortense. Josephine had never as yet spoken to me on the subject. Bonaparte wished to give his daughter-in-law to Duroc, and his brothers were eager to promote the marriage, because they wished to separate Josephine from Hortense, for whom Bonaparte felt the tenderest affection. Josephine, on the other hand, wished Hortense to marry Louis Bonaparte. Her motives, as may easily be divined, were to gain support in a family where she experienced nothing but enmity, and she carried her point.*

* "Previously to her marriage with Louis, Hortense cherished an attachment for Duroc, who was at that time a handsome man about thirty, and a great favourite of Bonaparte. However, the indifference with which Duroc regarded the marriage of Louis Bonaparte sufficiently proves that the regard with which he had inspired Hortense was not very ardently returned. It is certain that Duroc might have become the husband of Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, had he been willing to accede to the conditions on which the first consul offered him his stepdaughter's hand. But Duroc looked forward to something better, and his ordinary prudence forsook him at a moment when he might easily have beheld a perspective calculated to gratify even a more towering ambition than his. He declined the proposed marriage; and the union of Hortense and

On his arrival from Rastadt, the most magnificent preparations were made at the Luxembourg for the reception of Bonaparte. The grand court of the palace was elegantly ornamented; and at its further end, close to the palace, a large amphitheatre was erected, for the accommodation of official persons. Curiosity, as on all like occasions, attracted multitudes, and the court was filled. Opposite to the principal vestibule stood the altar of the country, surrounded by the statues of Liberty, Equality, and Peace. When Bonaparte entered, every head was uncovered. The windows were full of young and beautiful females. But, notwithstanding this great preparation, an icy coldness characterized the ceremony. Every one seemed to be present only for the purpose of beholding a sight, and curiosity was the prevailing expression, rather than joy or gratitude. It is but right to say, however, that an unfortunate event contributed to the general indifference. The right wing of the palace was not occupied, but great preparations had been making there; and an officer had been directed to prevent any one from ascending. One of the clerks of the Directory, however, contrived to get upon the scaffolding, but had scarcely placed his foot on the first plank, when it tilted up, and the imprudent man fell the whole height into the court. This accident created a general stupor. Ladies fainted, and the windows were nearly deserted.

However, the Directors displayed all the republican splendour of which they were so prodigal on similar occasions. Speeches were far from being scarce. Talleyrand, who was then minister for foreign affairs, on introducing Bonaparte to the Directory, made a long oration, in the course of which he hinted that the personal greatness of the general ought not to excite uneasiness, even in a rising republic, and introduced the following passage:

When I reflect on all that he has done, to render that greatness pardonable in him, on the antique taste for simplicity which distinguishes him, on his love for the abstract sciences, on his favourite authors, on that sublime Ossian, which seems to detach him from the earth; when I think on what is generally known, his profound contempt for splendour, luxury, and state, the despicable objects of ambition to common souls; when I consider all this, far from apprehending any thing from his ambition, I believe that we shall one day be obliged to solicit him to tear himself from the pleasures of studious

Louis, which Madame Bonaparte, to conciliate the favour of her brothers-in-law, had endeavoured to bring about, was immediately determined on."—*Mémoires de Constant.*

In allusion to the alleged unfriendly feeling of Napoleon's brothers towards Josephine, the following observation occurs in Joseph Bonaparte's notes on Bourrienne:

"None of Napoleon's brothers," he says, "were near him at the time of his departure for Italy, except Louis, who cannot be suspected of having intrigued against Josephine, whose daughter he married. These calumnies are without foundation"—*Editor.*

retirement. All France will be free; but perhaps he never will; such is his destiny.

Talleyrand was listened to with impatience; so anxious was every one to hear Bonaparte. The conqueror of Italy then rose, and pronounced, with a modest air, but in a firm voice, the following discourse:

Citizen Directors—The French people, to gain their freedom, had to contend with kings. To obtain a constitution founded on reason, the prejudices of eighteen centuries were to be overcome. The constitution of the year III. and you have triumphed over all those obstacles. Religion, feudalism, and royalism, have successively governed Europe for twenty ages; but from the peace which you have just concluded, dates the era of representative governments. You had effected the organization of the Great Nation, the territory of which is only circumscribed because nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two most lovely portions of Europe, heretofore so celebrated for the sciences, the arts, and the great men cradled in them, behold with glad expectation the genius of liberty rising from the tombs of their ancestors. Such are the pedestals on which destiny is about to place two powerful nations.

I have the honour to lay before you the treaty signed at Campo-Formio, and ratified by his majesty the emperor. When the happiness of the French people shall be established on the best organic laws, the whole of Europe will become free.

Barras, at that time President of the Directory, replied to the the general with so much prolixity as to weary every one. The only remarkable observations in his long discourse were contained in the first sentences.

Citizen-general (said he), nature, sparing of her prodigies, gives great men to the world only at long intervals; but she must have been anxious to mark the Aurora of liberty by one of those phenomena; and the sublime revolution of the French people, new in the history of nations, was, therefore, destined to present a new genius in the history of celebrated men. You, citizen-general, as first of all, stand forth without a parallel—and with the same arm with which you prostrated the enemies of the republic, you have removed the rivals which antiquity might have opposed to you.

As soon as Barras finished speaking, he threw himself into the arms of the general, who was not much pleased with such affected displays, and gave him what was then called the fraternal embrace. The other members of the Directory, following the example of the president, surrounded Bonaparte and pressed him in their arms; each acted, to the best of his ability, his part in the sentimental comedy.

Chénier composed for this occasion a hymn, which Mehul set to music. A few days after, an opera was produced, bearing the title of the "Fall of Carthage," which was meant as an

allusion to the anticipated exploits of the conqueror of Italy, recently appointed to the command of the army of England. The poets were all employed in praising him; and Lebrun, with but little of the Pindaric fire in his soul, composed the following distich, which certainly is not worth much:

> Héros, cher à la paix, aux arts, à la victoire—
> Il conquit en deux ans mille siècles de gloire.

The two councils were not disposed to be behind the Directory in the manifestation of joy. A few days after, they gave a banquet to the general in the gallery of the Louvre, which had recently been enriched by the masterpieces of painting conquered in Italy.

At this time Bonaparte displayed great modesty in all his transactions in Paris. The administrators of the department of the Seine having sent a deputation to him to inquire what hour and day he would allow them to wait on him, he carried himself his answer to the department, accompanied by General Berthier. It was also remarked, that the judge of the peace, of the arrondissement where the general lived, having called on him on the 6th of December, the evening of his arrival, he returned the visit next morning. These attentions, puerile as they may appear, were not without their effect on the minds of the Parisians.

In consequence of General Bonaparte's victories, the peace he had effected, and the brilliant reception of which he had been the object, the business of Vendémiaire was in some measure forgotten. Every one was eager to get a sight of the young hero, whose career had commenced with so much éclat. He lived very retiredly, yet went often to the theatre. He desired me, one day, to go and request the representation of two of the best pieces of the time, in which Elléviou, Mesdames St. Aubin, Phillis, and other distinguished performers played. His message was, that he only wished these two pieces on the same night, if that were possible. The manager told me that nothing that the conqueror of Italy wished for was *impossible*, for he had long ago erased that word from the dictionary. Bonaparte laughed heartily at the manager's answer. When we went to the theatre, he seated himself, as usual, in the back of the box, behind Madame Bonaparte, making me sit by her side. The pit and boxes, however, soon found out that he was in the house, and loudly called for him. Several times an earnest desire to see him was manifested, but all in vain, for he never showed himself.

Some days after, being at the Théâtre des Arts, at the second representation of "Horatius Cocles," although he was sitting at the back of a box in the second tier, the audience discovered that he was in the house. Immediately acclamations arose from all quarters; but he kept himself concealed as much as pos-

sible, and said to a person in the next box, "Had I known that the boxes were so exposed, I should not have come."

During Bonaparte's stay at Paris, a woman sent a messenger to warn him that his life would be attempted, and that poison was to be employed for that purpose. Bonaparte had the bearer of this information arrested, who went, accompanied by the judge of the peace, to the woman's house, where she was found extended on the floor, and bathed in her blood. The men, whose plot she had overheard, having discovered that she had revealed their secret, murdered her. The poor woman was dreadfully mangled: her throat was cut; and, not satisfied with that, the assassins had also hacked her body with sharp instruments.

On the night of the 10th of Nivose, the Rue Chantéreine, in which Bonaparte had a small house (No. 6), received, in pursuance of a decree of the department, the name of Rue de la Victoir. The cries of "Vive Bonaparte!" and the incense prodigally offered up to him, did not, however, seduce him from his retired habits. Lately the conqueror and ruler of Italy, and now under men for whom he had no respect, and who dreaded him as a formidable rival, he said to me, one day, "The people of Paris do not remember any thing. Were I to remain here long, doing nothing, I should be lost. In this great Babylon one reputation displaces another. Let me be seen but three times at the theatre, and I shall no longer excite attention; so I shall go there but seldom." When he went, he occupied a box shaded with curtains. The manager of the opera wished to get up a representation in honour of him; but he declined the offer. When I observed that it must be agreeable to him to see his fellow-citizens so eagerly running after him, he replied, "Bah! the people would crowd as fast to see me if I were going to the scaffold."

On the 28th December, Bonaparte was named a member of the Institute, in the class of the Sciences and Arts. He showed a deep sense of this honour, and wrote the following letter to Camus, the president of the class:

CITIZEN PRESIDENT,

The suffrage of the distinguished men who compose the Institute confers a high honour on me. I feel well assured that, before I can be their equal, I must long be their scholar. If there were any way more expressive than another of making known my esteem for you, I should be glad to employ it. True conquests—the only ones which leave no regret behind them—are those which are made over ignorance. The most honourable, as well as the most useful, occupation for nations is the contributing to the extension of human knowledge. The true power of the French republic might henceforth be made to consist in not allowing a single new idea to exist without making it part of its property.

BONAPARTE.

The general now renewed, though unsuccessfully, the attempt he had made before the 18th Fructidor, to obtain a dispensation of the age necessary for becoming a Director. Perceiving that the time was not yet favourable for such a purpose, he said to me, on the 29th of January, 1798, " Bourrienne, I do not wish to remain here; there is nothing to do. They are unwilling to listen to any thing. I see that if I linger here, I shall soon lose myself. Every thing wears out here; my glory has already disappeared. This little Europe does not supply enough of it for me. I must seek it in the east; all great celebrity comes from that quarter. However, I wish first to make a tour along the coast, to ascertain by my own observation what may be attempted. I will take you, Lannes, and Sulkowsky, with me. If the success of a descent on England appear doubtful, as I suspect it will, the army of England shall become the army of the east, and I go to Egypt."

This and other conversations give a just idea of his character. He always considered war and conquest as the most noble and inexhaustible source of that glory, which was the constant object of his desire. He revolted at the idea of languishing in idleness at Paris, while fresh laurels were growing for him in distant climes. His imagination inscribed, in anticipation, his name on those gigantic monuments, which alone, perhaps, of all the creations of man, have the character of eternity. Already proclaimed the most illustrious of living generals, he sought to efface the rival names of antiquity by his own. If Cæsar fought fifty battles, he longed to fight a hundred: if Alexander left Macedon to penetrate to the Temple of Ammon, he wished to leave Paris to travel to the Cataracts of the Nile. While he was thus to run a race with fame, events would, in his opinion, so proceed in France, as to render his return necessary and opportune. His place would be ready for him, and he should not come to claim it as a forgotten or unknown man.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### 1798.

Bonaparte's departure from Paris—His return—The Egyptian expedition projected—M. de Talleyrand—General Desaix—Expedition against Malta—Money taken at Berne—Bonaparte's ideas respecting the East—Monge—Non-influence of the Directory—Marriages of Marmont and La Vallette—Bonaparte's plan of colonizing Egypt—His camp library—Orthographical blunders—Stock of wines—Bonaparte's arrival at Toulon—Madame Bonaparte's fall from a balcony—Execution of an old man—Simon.

Bonaparte left Paris for the north, on the 10th of February, 1798—but he received no order, though I have seen it every where so stated, to go there—"for the purpose of preparing the operations connected with the intended invasion of England." He occupied himself with no such business, for which a few days certainly would not have been sufficient. His journey to the coast was nothing but a rapid excursion, and its sole object was to enable him to form an opinion on the main point of the question. Neither did he remain absent several weeks, for the journey occupied only one. There were four of us in his carriage—himself, Lannes, Sulkowsky, and I. Moustache was our courier. Bonaparte was not a little surprised on reading, in the Moniteur of the 10th February, an article giving greater importance to his little excursion than it deserved. The following is the statement of the Moniteur:

> General Bonaparte has departed for Dunkirk, with some naval and engineer officers. They have gone to visit the coasts, and prepare the preliminary operations for the descent. It may be stated, that he will not return to Rastadt, and that the close of the session of the congress is approaching.

Now for the facts.—Bonaparte visited Estaples, Ambleteuse, Boulogne, Galais, Dunkirk, Furnes, Newport, Ostend, and the Isle of Walcheren. He collected, in the different ports, all the necessary information, with that intelligence and tact for which he was so eminently distinguished. He questioned the sailors, smugglers, and fishermen, and listened attentively to the answers he received.*

* Where did the Scottish historian learn that active preparations were made for the invasion? The business never went beyond official correspondence, in-

We returned to Paris by Antwerp, Brussels, Lille, and Saint Quentin. The object of our journey was accomplished when we reached the first of those towns. "Well, general," said I, "what think you of our journey? Are you satisfied? For my part, I confess I entertain no great hopes from any thing I have seen and heard." Bonaparte immediately answered, "It is too great a chance. I will not hazard it. I would not thus sport with the fate of dear France." On hearing this, I already fancied myself in Cairo.

On his return to Paris, Bonaparte lost no time in setting on foot the military and scientific preparations for the projected expedition to the banks of the Nile, respecting which such incorrect statements have appeared. It had long occupied his thoughts, as the following facts will prove:

In the month of August, 1797, he wrote—"that the time was not far distant when we should see that, to destroy the power of England effectually, it would be necessary to attack Egypt." In the same month he wrote to Talleyrand, who had just succeeded Charles de Lacroix, as minister for foreign affairs, "that it would be necessary to attack Egypt, which did not belong to the Grand Seigneur." Talleyrand replied, "that his ideas respecting Egypt were certainly grand, and that their utility could not fail to be fully appreciated." He concluded by saying, he would write to him *at length* on the subject.

History will speak as favourably of M. de Talleyrand, as his contemporaries have spoken ill of him. When a statesman, throughout a great, long, and difficult career, makes and preserves a number of faithful friends, and provokes but few enemies, it may justly be inferred that his character is honourable, and his talent profound, and that his political conduct has been wise and moderate. It is impossible to know M. de Talleyrand without admiring him. All who have that advantage, no doubt, judge him as I do.

In the month of November, of the same year, Bonaparte sent Poussielgue, under the pretence of inspecting the ports of the Levant, to give the finishing stroke to the meditated expedition against Malta.

General Desaix, whom Bonaparte had made the confident of all his plans, at their interview in Italy, after the preliminaries of Leoben, wrote to him from Affenbourg, on his return to Germany, that he regarded the fleet of Corfu with great interest. "If ever," said he, "it should be engaged in the grand

quiries, and conversations. There never were, although the contrary has often been stated, any serious arrangements made, either by Bonaparte or the Directory, for the invasion of England. Sir Walter Scott has perhaps exaggerated the danger, to justify the alarm which at that time really prevailed in England.

enterprises of which I have heard you speak, do not, I beseech you, forget me." Bonaparte was far from forgetting him.

The Directory, at first, disapproved of the expedition against Malta, which Bonaparte had proposed long before the treaty of Campo-Formio was signed. The expedition was decided to be impossible; for Malta had observed strict neutrality, and had, on several occasions, even saved our ships and seamen. Thus we had no pretext for going to war with her. It was said, too, that the legislative body would certainly not look with a favourable eye on such a measure. This opinion, which, however, did not last long, vexed Bonaparte. It was one of the disappointments which made him give a rough welcome to Bottot, Barras's agent, at the commencement of October, 1797.

In the course of an animated conversation, he said to Bottot, shrugging his shoulders, "Mon Dieu! Malta is to be sold!' Some time after, he himself was told, that "great importance was attached to the acquisition of Malta, and that he must not suffer it to escape." At the latter end of September, 1797, Talleyrand, then minister for foreign affairs, wrote to him that the Directory authorized him to give the necessary orders to Admiral Brueys for taking Malta. He sent Bonaparte some letters for the island, because Bonaparte had said it was necessary to prepare the public mind for the event.

Bonaparte exerted himself night and day in the execution of his projects. I never saw him so active. He made himself acquainted with the abilities of the respective generals, and the force of all the army corps. Orders and instructions succeeded each other with extraordinary rapidity. If he wanted an order of the Directory, he ran to the Luxembourg to get it signed by one of the directors. Merlin de Douai was generally the person who did him this service, for he was the most constant at his post. Lagarde, the secretary-general, did not countersign any document relative to this expedition, Bonaparte not wishing him to be informed of the business. He transmitted to Toulon the money taken at Berne, which the Directory had placed at his disposal. It amounted to something above three millions of francs. In those times of disorder and negligence, the finances were very badly managed. The revenues were anticipated and squandered away, so that the treasury never possessed so large a sum as that just mentioned.

It was determined that Bonaparte should undertake an expedition of an unusual character to the east. I must confess, that two things cheered me in this very painful interval; my friendship and admiration for the talents of the conqueror of Italy, and the pleasing hope of traversing those ancient regions, the historical and religious accounts of which had engaged the attention of my youth.

It was at Passeriano that, seeing the approaching termination of his labours in Europe, he first began to turn serious attention to the east. He delighted to converse about the celebrated

events of that part of the world, and the many famous empires it once possessed. He used to say, "Europe is a mole-hill. There have never been great empires and revolutions except in the east." He considered that part of the world as the cradle of all religions, of all metaphysical extravagances. This subject was no less interesting than inexhaustible—and he daily introduced it when conversing with the generals with whom he was intimate—with Monge, and with me.

Monge entirely concurred in the general-in-chief's opinions on this point; and his scientific ardour was increased by Bonaparte's enthusiasm. In short, all were unanimously of one opinion. The Directory had no share in renewing the project of this memorable expedition, the result of which did not correspond with the grand views in which it had been conceived. Neither had the Directory any positive control over Bonaparte's departure or return. It was merely the passive instrument of the general's wishes, which it converted into decrees, as the law required. He was no more ordered to undertake the conquest of Egypt than he was instructed as to the plan of its execution. Bonaparte organized the army of the east, raised money, and collected ships; and it was he who conceived the happy idea of joining to the expedition men distinguished in science and art, and whose labours have made known, in its present and past state, a country, the very name of which is never pronounced without exciting grand recollections.

Bonaparte's orders flew like lightning from Toulon to Civitta Vecchia. With admirable precision, he appointed some forces to assemble before Malta, and others before Alexandria. He dictated all these orders to me in his cabinet.

In the position in which France stood with respect to Europe, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, the Directory, far from pressing or even facilitating this expedition, ought to have opposed it. A victory on the Adige would have been far better for France than one on the Nile. From all I saw, I am of opinion, that the wish to get rid of an ambitious young man, whose popularity excited envy, triumphed over the evident danger of removing, for an indefinite period, an excellent army, and the more probable loss of the French fleet. As to Bonaparte, he was well assured that nothing remained for him but to choose between that hazardous enterprise and his certain ruin. Egypt was, he thought, the right place to maintain his reputation, and to add fresh glory to his name.

On the 12th of April, 1798, he was appointed general-in-chief of the army of the east.

It was about this time that Marmont was married to Mademoiselle Perregaux; and Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, La Vallette, to Mademoiselle Beauharnais.*

* Sir Walter Scott informs us, that Josephine, when she became empress, brought about the marriage between her neice and La Vallette. This is another fictitious incident of his historical romance.

Shortly before our departure, I asked Bonaparte how long he intended to remain in Egypt? He replied, "A few months, or six years: all depends on circumstances. I will colonise the country. I will bring them artists and artisans of every description; women, actors, &c. We are but nine-and-twenty now, and we shall then be five-and-thirty. That is not an old age. Those six years will enable me, if all goes well, to get to India. Give out that you are going to Brest. Say so even to your family." I obeyed, to prove my discretion and real attachment to him.

Bonaparte wished to form a camp library of duodecimo volumes, and he gave me a list of the books which I was to purchase. This list is in his own writing, and is as follows:

## CAMP LIBRARY.

1st. Arts and Science. 2d. Geography and Travels. 3d. History. 4th. Poetry. 5th. Romance. 6th. Politics and Morals.

Arts and Science.—Fontenelle's Worlds, 1 vol. Letters to a German Princess, 2 vols. Courses of the Normal School, 6 vols. The Artillery Assistant, 1 vol. Treatise on Fortifications, 3 vols. Treatise on Fire Works, 1 vol.

Geography and Travels.—Barclay's Geography, 12 vols. Cook's Voyages, 3 vols. La Harpe's Travels, 24 vols.

History.—Plutarch, 12 vols. Turenne, 2 vols. Condé, 4 vols. Villars, 4 vols. Luxembourg, 2 vols. Duguesclin, 2 vols. Saxe, 3 vols. Memoirs of the Marshals of France, 20 vols. President Hainault, 4 vols. Chronology, 2 vols. Marlborough, 4 vols. Prince Eugene, 6 vols. Philosophical History of India, 12 vols. Germany, 2 vols. Charles XII., 1 vol. Essay on the Manners of Nations, 6 vols. Peter the Great, 1 vol. Polybius, 6 vols. Justin, 2 vols. Arrian, 3 vols. Tacitus, 2 vols. Titus Livy. Thucydides, 2 vols. Vertot, 4 vols. Donina, 8 vols. Frederick II., 8 vols.

Poetry.—Ossian, 1 vol. Tasso, 6 vols. Ariosto, 6 vols. Homer, 6 vols. Virgil, 4 vols. The Henriade, 1 vol. Telemachus, 2 vols. Les Jardins, 1 vol. The Chefs-d'Œuvre of the French Theatre, 20 vols. Select Poetry, 20 vols. La Fontaine's Poems.

Romance.—Voltaire, 4 vols. Héloise, 4 vols. Werter, 1 vol Marmontel, 4 vols. English Novels, 40 vols. Le sage, 10 vols. Prévost, 10 vols.

Politics.—The Bible. The New Testament. The Koran.—The Vedan. Mythology. Montesquieu: the Esprit des Lois.

It will be observed, that he classed the books of the religious creeds of nations under the head of politics.

The autograph copy of the above list contains some of those orthographical blunders which Bonaparte so frequently committed. Whether these blunders are attributable to the limited course of instruction he received at Brienne, to his hasty writing, the rapid flow of his ideas, or the little importance he attached to that indispensable condition of polite education, I know not. Knowing so well, as he did, the authors and

generals whose names appear in the above list, it is curious that he should have written *Duecling* for Dugueselin, and *Ocean* for Ossian. The latter mistake would have puzzled me not a little, had I not known his predilection for the Caledonian bard.

Before his departure, Bonaparte laid in a considerable stock of Burgundy. It was supplied by a man named James, of Dijon. I may observe, that on this occasion we had an opportunity of ascertaining that good Burgundy, well racked off, and in casks hermetically sealed, does not lose its quality on a sea voyage. Several cases of this Burgundy twice crossed the desert of the isthmus of Suez, on camels' backs. We brought some of it back with us to Frejus, and it was as good as when we departed. James went with us to Egypt.

During the remainder of our stay in Paris, nothing occurred worthy of mention, with the exception of a conversation between Bonaparte and me some days before our departure for Toulon. He went with me to the Luxembourg, to get signatures to the official papers connected with his expedition. He was very silent. As we passed through the Rue de Sainte Anne, I asked him, with no other object than merely to break a long pause, whether he was still determined to quit France? He replied, "Yes: I have tried every thing. They do not want me (probably alluding to the office of Director). I ought to overthrow them, and make myself king; but it will not do yet. The nobles will never consent to it. I have tried my ground. The time is not yet come. I should be alone. But I will dazzle them again." I replied, "Well, we will go to Egypt;" and changed the conversation.

The squabble with Bernadotte at Vienna delayed our departure for a fortnight, and might have had the most disastrous influence on the fate of the squadron, as Nelson would most assuredly have waited between Malta and Sicily, if he had arrived there before us.*

It is untrue that he ever entertained the idea of abandoning the expedition, in consequence of Bernadotte's affair. The following letter to Brueys, dated the 28th of April, 1798, proves the contrary:

Some disturbances which have arisen at Vienna, render my presence in Paris necessary for a few days. This will not change any of the arrangements for the expedition. I have sent orders by this courier for the troops at Marseilles to embark and proceed to Toulon. On the evening of the 30th, I will send you a courier with orders for you to embark, and proceed with the squadron and convoy to Genoa, where I will join you.

* Sir Walter Scott, without any authority, states, that, at the moment of his departure, Bonaparte seemed disposed to abandon the command of an expedition so doubtful and hazardous, and that for this purpose he endeavoured to take advantage of what had occurred at Vienna. This must be ranked in the class of inventions, together with Barras's mysterious visit to communicate the change of destination, and also the ostracism and honourable exile which the Directory wished to impose on Bonaparte.

The delay which this fresh event has occasioned will, I imagine, have enabled you to complete every preparation.

We left Paris on the 3d of May, 1798. Ten days before General Bonaparte's departure for Egypt, a prisoner* escaped from the Temple, who was destined to contribute most materially to his reverses. An escape, so unimportant in itself, afterwards caused the failure of the most gigantic projects, and daring conceptions. This escape was pregnant with future events; a false order of the minister of police prevented the revolution of the east.

We were at Toulon on the 8th. Bonaparte knew by the movements of the English that not a moment was to be lost; but adverse winds detained us ten days, which he occupied in attending to the most minute details connected with the fleet.

Bonaparte, whose attention was constantly occupied with his army, made a speech to the soldiers, which I wrote to his dictation, and which appeared in the public papers at the time. This address was followed by cries of "The immortal republic for ever!" and the singing of national hymns.

Those who knew Madame Bonaparte are aware that few women were more amiable and fascinating. Bonaparte was passionately fond of her, and to enjoy the pleasure of her society as long as possible, he brought her with him to Toulon. Nothing could be more affecting than their parting. On leaving Toulon, Josephine went to the waters of Plombières. I recollect that during her stay at Plombières she incurred great danger from a serious accident. Whilst she was one day sitting at the balcony of the hotel, with her suite, the balcony suddenly gave way, and all the persons in it fell into the street. Madame Bonaparte was much hurt, but no serious consequences ensued.†

Bonaparte had scarcely arrived at Toulon, when he heard that the law for the death of emigrants was enforced with frightful rigour; and that but recently an old man, upwards of eighty,

* Sir Sydney Smith.—*Editor.*

† "Madame Bonaparte had been but a short time at Plombières, when one morning, as she was sitting in her drawing-room engaged at needlework and conversing with some ladies, Madame de Cambis, who was in the balcony, called her to look at a beautiful little dog that was passing through the street. All the ladies who were in the room immediately rose, and, following Madame Bonaparte, rushed to the balcony, which instantly gave way, and fell with a tremendous crash. It fortunately happened that nobody was killed; but Madame de Cambis had her leg broken, and Madame Bonaparte was dreadfully hurt, though she escaped without broken bones. M. Charvet, who was in an adjoining room, being alarmed by the noise, ran out, and, on learning what had happened, he ordered a sheep to be immediately killed; and the skin of the animal being taken off, Madame Bonaparte was wrapped in it. She suffered from the effects of this accident for a considerable time. Her hands and arms were so severely bruised, that she was long unable to use them."—*Mémoires de Constant.* (*Editor.*)

had been shot. Indignant at this barbarity, he dictated to me, in a tone of anger, the following letter:

Head-quarters, Toulon, 27th Floréal, year IV.
(May 16, 1798.)

BONAPARTE, MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE, TO THE MILITARY COMMISSIONERS OF THE NINTH DIVISION, ESTABLISHED BY THE LAW OF THE 19TH FRUCTIDOR.

I have learned, citizens, with deep regret, that an old man, between seventy and eighty years of age, and some unfortunate women, in a state of pregnancy, or surrounded with children of tender age, have been shot on the charge of emigration.

Have the soldiers of liberty become executioners? Can the mercy which they have exercised even in the fury of battle, be extinct in their hearts?

The law of the 19th Fructidor was a measure of public safety. Its object was to reach conspirators, not women and aged men.

I, therefore, exhort you, citizens, whenever the law brings to your tribunals women or old men, to declare that in the field of battle you have respected the women and old men of your enemies.

The officer who signs a sentence against a person incapable of bearing arms is a coward.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

This letter saved the life of an unfortunate man, who came under the description of persons to whom Bonaparte referred. The tone of this note shows what an idea he already entertained of his power. He took upon him, doubtless from the noblest motives, to interpret and interdict the execution of a law, atrocious, it is true, but which even in those times of weakness, disorder, and anarchy, was still a law. In this instance, at least, the power of his name was nobly employed. This letter gave great satisfaction to the army destined for the expedition.

A man named Simon, who had followed his master in emigration, and dreaded the application of the law, heard that I wanted a servant. He came to me and acknowledged his situation. He suited me, and I hired him. He then told me he feared he should be arrested whilst going to the port to embark. Bonaparte, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, and who had just given a striking proof of his aversion to these acts of barbarity, said to me in a tone of kindness, "Give him my portfolio to carry, and let him remain with you." The words "Bonaparte, General-in-chief of the Army of the East," were inscribed in large gold letters on the green morocco. Whether it was the portfolio or his connexion with us that prevented Simon from being arrested, I know not; but he passed on without interruption. I reprimanded him for having smiled derisively at the ill humour of the persons appointed to arrest him. He served me faithfully, and was even sometimes useful to Bonaparte.

Napoleon on board L'Orient at Malta.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### 1798.

Departure of the squadron—Arrival at Malta—Dolomieu—General Baraguay d'Hilliers—Attack on the western part of the island—Caffarelli's remark—Deliverance of the Turkish prisoners—Nelson's pursuit of the French fleet—A maxim of Bonaparte—Conversations on board—How Bonaparte passed his time—Propositions discussed—Morning music—Proclamation—Admiral Brueys—The English fleet avoided—Dangerous landing—Bonaparte and his fortune—Alexandria taken—Kleber wounded—Bonaparte's entrance into Alexandria.

The squadron sailed on the 19th of May. The Orient, which, owing to her heavy lading, drew too much water, touched the ground; but she was got off without much difficulty.

We arrived off Malta on the 10th of June. We had lost two days in waiting for some convoys which joined us at Malta.

The intrigues throughout Europe had not succeeded in causing the ports of that island to be opened to us immediately on our arrival. Bonaparte expressed much displeasure against the persons sent from Europe to arrange measures for that purpose. One of them, however, M. Dolomieu, had cause to repent his mission, which occasioned him to be badly treated by the Sicilians. M. Poussielgue had done all he could in the way of seduction, but he had not completely succeeded. There was some misunderstanding, and, in consequence, some shots were interchanged. Bonaparte was very much pleased with General Baraguay d'Hilliers's services in Italy. He could not but praise his military and political conduct at Venice, when, scarcely a year before, he had taken possession of that city by his orders. General Baraguay d'Hilliers joined us with his division, which had embarked in the convoy that sailed from Genoa. The general-in-chief ordered him to land and attack the western part of the island. He executed this order with equal prudence and ability, and highly to the satisfaction of the general-in-chief. As every person in the secret knew that all this was a mere form, these hostile demonstrations produced no unpleasant consequences. We wished to save the honour of the knights—that was all; for no one who has seen Malta can imagine that an island surrounded with such formidable and perfect fortifications, would have surrendered in two days to a fleet which was pursued by an enemy. The impregnable fortress of Malta is so secure against

a *coup de main*, that General Caffarelli, after examining its fortifications, said to the general-in-chief, in my presence, "Upon my word, general, it is lucky there is some one in the town to open the gates for us."

By comparing the observation of General Caffarelli with what has been previously stated respecting the project of the expedition to Egypt and Malta, an idea may be formed of the value of Bonaparte's assertion at St. Helena:—"The capture of Malta was not owing to private intrigues, but to the sagacity of the commander-in-chief. I took Malta when I was in Mantua!" It is not the less true, however, that I wrote, by his dictation, a mass of instructions for private intrigues. Napoleon also said to another noble companion of his exile at St. Helena, "Malta certainly possessed vast physical means of resistance; but no moral means. The knights did nothing dishonourable: nobody is obliged to do impossibilities." No; but they were sold; the capture of Malta was assured before we left Toulon.

The general-in-chief proceeded to that part of the port where the Turks made prisoners by the knights were kept. The disgusting galleys were emptied of their occupants. The same principles which, a few days after, formed the basis of Bonaparte's proclamation to the Egyptians, guided him in this act of reason and humanity.

He walked several times in the gardens of the grand-master. They were in beautiful order, and filled with magnificent orange-trees. We regaled ourselves with their fruit, which the great heat rendered most delicious.

On the 19th of June, after having settled the government and defence of the island, the general left Malta, which he little dreamed he had taken for the English, who have very badly requited the obligation. Many of the knights followed Bonaparte, and took civil and military appointments.

During the night of the 22d of June, the English squadron was almost close upon us. It passed at about six leagues from the French fleet. Nelson, who learned the capture of Malta at Messina, on the day we left the island, sailed direct for Alexandria, without proceeding into the north. He considered that city to be the place of our destination. By taking the shortest course, with every sail set, and unembarrassed by any convoy, he arrived before Alexandria on the 28th of June, three days before the French fleet, which, nevertheless, had sailed before him from the shores of Malta. The French squadron took the direction of Candia, which we perceived on the 25th of June, and afterwards stood to the south, favoured by the etesian winds, which regularly prevail at that season. The French fleet did not reach Alexandria till the 30th of June.*

* Bonaparte himself gives a very clear account of the manner in which the English squadron was evaded. It is as follows:

"Nelson was cruising between Corsica, Provence, and Spain, with the three sail detached by Lord Saint Vincent, when, in the night of the 19th of May, he

Bonaparte having one day visited a school, said, on departing, to the scholars, to some of whom he had been putting questions, " My lads, every hour of lost time is a chance of

suffered from a gale, which damaged his ships, and dismasted that in which he sailed. He was obliged to be towed. It was his design to anchor in the Gulf of Oristagni, in Sardinia; he could not succeed in this, but made the roads of Saint Peter's Iles, where he repaired his damage.

" On the same night the French squadron sailed from Toulon ; it arrived before Malta on the 10th of June, after doubling Cape Corso and Cape Bonara. Nelson having been joined by Lord Saint-Vincent's ten ships, and appointed to the command of this squadron, was cruising off Toulon on the 1st of June. He did not then know that the French squadron had left that port. On the 15th he reconnoitred the roads of Tagliamone, on the coast of Tuscany, which he supposed to be the rendezvous of the French expedition. On the 20th he appeared before Naples, where he was informed by the government, that the French squadron had landed its troops at Malta, and that Garat, the ambassador of the republic, had stated, that the expedition was intended for Eyypt. On the 22d Nelson arrived off Messina. The intelligence of the capture of Malta by the French expedition was confirmed to him ; and he also learned that it was making for Candia. Upon this he passed the Faro of Messina, and proceeded to Alexandria, where he arrived on the 29th of June.

" The French squadron received the first intelligence of the presence of an English fleet in the Mediterranean, off Cape Bonara, from a ship that fell in with it; and on the 25th, whilst the squadron was reconnoitring the coast of Candia, it was joined by the frigate La Justice, which had been cruising off Naples, and which brought positive news of the presence of an English squadron in these latitudes. Napoleon then gave orders that, instead of steering directly for Alexandria, the squadron should manœuvre so as to make Cape Aza, in Africa, twenty-five leagues from Alexandria; and should not appear before Alexandria until further intelligence should be obtained.

" On the 29th, the coast of Africa and Cape Aza were described. Nelson was then just arrived before Alexandria ; having gained no intelligence of the French squadron, he steered for Alexandretta, and thence made for Rhodes. He then scoured the Isles of the Archipelago, reconnoitred the entrance of the Adriatic, and on the 18th of July was obliged to anchor at Syracuse to take in water. Up to this time he had obtained no information respecting the course of the French squadron. He sailed from Syracuse, and on the 28th of July anchored off Cape Coron, at the extremity of the Morea. It was there that he was first informed that the French army had landed in Egypt a month before. He supposed that the French squadron must have already effected its return to Toulon; but he proceeded to Alexandria in order to be able to furnish his government with positive intelligence, and to leave the necessary forces before that place for the purpose of blockading it.

" When the French squadron left Toulon it was composed of thirteen sail of the line, six frigates, and a dozen brigs, sloops, and cutters. The English squadron consisted of thirteen sail, one of which carried 50 guns, and all the others 74. They had been fitted out very hastily, and were in bad condition. Nelson had no frigates. In the French squadron there were one ship of 120 guns, and three of 80. There was a fleet of several hundred sail under the convoy of this squadron, and particularly under the protection of two 64-gun ships, four Venetian-built frigates of 18 guns, and about twenty brigs and sloops. The French squadron, availing itself of its great number of light vessels, obtained intelligence from a great distance; so that the convoy had nothing to fear, and in case of falling in with the enemy, could easily take up the most advantageous position for remaining at a distance from the engagement. Every French ship had 500 old soldiers on board, with a company of land artillery amongst them. Twice a day, during the month they had been on board, the troops had been exercised in the manœuvres of the guns. In every ship of war

future misfortune." In these remarkable words he gave expression to the maxim which formed in a great measure the rule of his conduct; for, perhaps, no man ever understood better the value of time. It might, indeed, be said that his leisure was labour. Of this I often had proof, and particularly during our voyage. If the activity of his mind did not find sufficient employment in actual things, he supplied the want either by giving free scope to his imagination, or in listening to the conversation of the learned men attached to the expedition; for Bonaparte knew how to listen, and he was, perhaps, the only man, who never for a single moment yielded to lassitude.

On board the Orient he took pleasure in conversing frequently with Monge and Berthollet. The subjects on which they usually talked were chemistry, mathematics, and religion. General Caffarelli, whose conversation, supplied by knowledge, was at once energetic, witty, and lively, was one of those with whom he most willingly discoursed. Whatever friendship he might entertain for Berthollet, it was easy to perceive that he preferred Monge, and that he was led to that preference because Monge, endowed with an ardent imagination, without exactly possessing religious principles, had a kind of predisposition for religious ideas which harmonized with the notions of Bonaparte. On this subject, Berthollet sometimes rallied his inseparable friend Monge. Besides, Berthollet was, with his cold imagination, constantly devoted to analysis and abstractions, inclined towards materialism, an opinion with which the general was always much dissatisfied.

Bonaparte sometimes conversed with Admiral Brueys. His object was always to gain information respecting the different manœuvres, and nothing astonished the admiral more than the sagacity of his questions. I recollect that one day, Bonaparte having asked Brueys in what manner the hammocks were disposed of when clearing for action, he declared, after he had received an answer, that if the case should occur, he would order every one to throw his baggage overboard.

He passed a great part of his time in his cabin, lying on a bed, which, swinging on a kind of castors, alleviated the severity of the sea-sickness, from which he frequently suffered much when the ship rolled.

I was almost always with him in his cabin, where I read to him some of the favourite works, which he had selected for his camp library. He also frequently conversed, for hours together,

there were generals of experience, accustomed to stand fire, and to the chances of war.

"The supposition of an engagement with the English was the general subject of conversation. The captains of ships had orders, in that case, to consider it as a permanent and constant signal, to take part in the action, and to assist the ships near them. Nelson's squadron was one of the worst that England had ever fitted out of late years."—*Napoleon's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

with the captains of the vessels which he hailed. He never failed to ask whence they came? what was their destination? what ships they had met? what course they had sailed? His curiosity being thus satisfied, he allowed them to continue their voyage, after making them promise to say nothing of having seen the French squadron.

Whilst we were at sea, he seldom rose before ten o'clock in the morning. The Orient had the appearance of a populous town, from which women had been excluded; and this floating city was inhabited by two thousand individuals, amongst whom were a great number of distinguished men. Bonaparte every day invited several persons to dine with him, besides Brueys, Berthier, the colonels, and his ordinary household, who were always present at the table of the general-in-chief. When the weather was fine, he went up to the quarter-deck, which, from its extent, formed a grand promenade. I recollect, that when walking the quarter-deck with him, whilst we were in the sea of Sicily, I thought I could see the summits of the Alps, beautifully lighted by the rays of the setting sun. Bonaparte laughed much, and joked me about it. He called Admiral Brueys, who took his telescope, and soon confirmed my conjecture. The Alps! At the mention of that word, by the admiral, I think I can see Bonaparte still. He stood for a long time motionless; then, suddenly bursting from his trance, exclaimed, "No! I cannot behold the land of Italy without emotion! There is the east; and there I go; a perilous enterprise invites me. Those mountains command the plains where I so often had the good fortune to lead the French to victory. With them we will conquer again."

One of Bonaparte's greatest pleasures during the voyage was, after dinner, to fix upon three or four persons to support a proposition, and as many to oppose it. He had an object in view by this. These discussions afforded him an opportunity of studying the minds of those whom he had an interest in knowing well, in order that he might afterwards confide to each the functions for which he possessed the greatest aptitude. It will not appear singular to those who have been intimate with Bonaparte, that in these intellectual contests, he gave the preference to those who had supported an absurd proposition with ability over those who had maintained the cause of reason; and it was not superiority of mind which determined his judgment, for he really preferred the man who argued well in favour of an absurdity, to the man who argued equally well in support of a reasonable proposition. He always gave out the subjects which were to be discussed; and they most frequently turned upon questions of religion, the different kinds of government, and the art of war. One day he asked, whether the planets were inhabited; on another, what was the age of the world; then he proposed to consider the probability of the destruction of our

globe, either by water or fire; at another time, the truth or fallacy of presentiments, and the interpretation of dreams. I remember the circumstance which gave rise to the last proposition was an allusion to Joseph, of whom he happened to speak, as he did of almost every thing connected with the country to which we were bound, and which that able minister had governed.

No country came under Bonaparte's observation without recalling historical recollections to his mind. On passing the island of Candia, his imagination was excited, and he spoke with enthusiasm of ancient Crete and the Colossus, whose fabulous renown has surpassed all human glories. He spoke much of the fall of the empire of the east, which bore so little resemblance to what history has preserved of those fine countries, so often moistened with the blood of man. The ingenious fables of mythology likewise occurred to his mind, and imparted to his language something of a poetical, and, I may say, of an inspired character. The sight of the kingdom of Minos led him to reason on the laws best calculated for the government of nations; and the birthplace of Jupiter suggested to him the necessity of a religion for the mass of mankind. This animated conversation lasted until the favourable north winds, which drove the clouds into the valley of the Nile, caused us to lose sight of the island of Candia.

The musicians on board the Orient sometimes played *matinades;* but only between decks, for Bonaparte was not yet sufficiently fond of music to wish to have it in his cabin. It may be said, that his taste for this art increased in the due ratio of his power; and so it was with his taste for hunting, of which he gave no indication until after his elevation to the empire; as though he had wished to prove that he possessed within himself not only the genius of sovereignty for commanding men, but also the instinct for those aristocratical pleasures, the enjoyment of which is considered by mankind to be amongst the attributes of kings.

It is scarcely possible that some accidents should not occur during a long voyage, in a crowded vessel—that some persons should not fall overboard. Accidents of this kind frequently happened on board the Orient. On those occasions nothing was more remarkable than the great humanity of the man who has since been so prodigal of the blood of his fellow-creatures on the field of battle, and who was about to shed rivers of it even in Egypt, whither we were bound. When a man fell into the sea, the general-in-chief was in a state of agitation till he was saved. He instantly made the ship be laid-to, and exhibited the greatest uneasiness until the unfortunate individual was recovered. He ordered me to reward those who ventured their lives in this service. Amongst these, was a sailor who had incurred punishment for some fault. He not only exempted him

from the punishment, but also gave him some money. I recollect that one dark night we heard a noise like that occasioned by a man falling into the sea. Bonaparte instantly caused the ship to be laid-to, until the supposed victim was rescued from certain death. The men hastened from all sides, and at length they picked up—what?—the quarter of a bullock, which had fallen from the hook to which it was hung. What was Bonaparte's conduct? He ordered me to reward the sailors who had exerted themselves on this occasion even more generously than usual, saying, "It might have been a sailor, and these brave fellows have shown as much activity and courage as if it had."

After the lapse of thirty years, all these things are as fresh in my recollection as if they were passing at the present moment. In this manner Bonaparte employed his time on board the Orient, during the voyage, and it was also at this time, that he dictated to me the following proclamation:

Head-quarters, on board the Orient,
the 4th Messidor, year VI.

BONAPARTE, MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE,
GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Soldiers,

You are about to undertake a conquest, the effects of which on civilization and commerce are incalculable. The blow you are about to give to England, will be the best aimed, and the most sensibly felt, she can receive, until the time arrive when you can give her her death-blow.

We must make some fatiguing marches; we must fight some battles; we shall succeed in all we undertake. The destinies are with us. The Mameluke Beys who favour exclusively English commerce, whose extortions oppress our merchants, and who tyrannize over the unfortunate inhabitants of the Nile, a few days after our arrival will no longer exist.

The people amongst whom we are going to live are Mahometans. The first article of their faith is this: "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet." Do not contradict this. Behave to them as you have behaved to the Jews—to the Italians. Pay respect to their muftis, and their imans, as you did to the rabbis and the bishops. Extend to the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran, and to the mosques, the same toleration which you showed to the synagogues, to the religion of Moses, and of Jesus Christ.

The Roman Legions protected all religions. You will find here customs different from those of Europe. You must accommodate yourselves to them.

The people amongst whom we are to mix, differ from us in the treatment of women; but in all countries he who violates is a monster.

Pillage enriches only a small number of men; it dishonours us; it destroys our resources; it converts into enemies the people whom it is our interest to have for friends.

The first town we shall come to was built by Alexander. At every step we shall meet with grand recollections, worthy of exciting the emulation of Frenchmen.

BONAPARTE.

Here a reflection occurs to me relative to this proclamation, and some other documents, which I may hereafter introduce into my narrative. Some persons have taken objection to passages which seem contrary to the doctrines of Christianity. These people must be under the influence of the evil genius of interpretation. What was the object? To enter Egypt. But what would have been more absurd than to present ourselves with the cross in one hand, and the sword of persecution in the other, and uttering menaces against Islamism? Policy, common sense, required that we should treat with great respect the religion of the inhabitants. Not to have respected it, would have been an unpardonable fault. Conquerors have sometimes committed this error; but the time of religious revolutions is passed. Bonaparte's proclamations produced an excellent effect.

During the voyage, and particularly between Malta and Alexandria, I often conversed with the brave and unfortunate Admiral Brueys. The intelligence we heard from time to time, augmented his uneasiness. I had the good fortune to obtain the confidence of this worthy man. He complained bitterly of the imperfect manner in which the fleet had been prepared for sea; of the encumbered state of the ships of the line, and frigates, and especially of the Orient; of the great number of transports; of the bad outfit of all the ships, and the weakness of their crews. He assured me that it required no little courage to undertake the command of a fleet so badly equipped; and he often declared, that in the event of our falling in with the enemy, he could not answer for the consequences. The encumbered state of the vessels, the immense quantity of civil and military baggage, which each person had brought, and would wish to save, would render proper manœuvres impracticable. In case of an attack, added Brueys, even by an inferior squadron, the confusion and disorder amongst so great a number of persons, would produce an inevitable catastrophe. Finally, if the English had appeared with ten vessels only, the admiral could not have guaranteed a fortunate result. He considered victory to be a thing that was impossible, and even with a victory, what would have become of the expedition? "God send," he said, with a sigh, "that we may pass the English without meeting them!" He appeared to foresee what did afterwards happen to him, not in the open sea, but in a situation which he considered much more favourable to his defence.

On the morning of the 1st of July, the expedition arrived off the coast of Africa, and the column of Septimus Severus

pointed out to us the city of Alexandria. Our situation and frame of mind hardly permitted us to reflect that in the distant point we beheld the city of the Ptolemies and Cæsars, with its double port, its pharos, and the gigantic monuments of its ancient grandeur. Our imaginations did not rise to this pitch.

Admiral Brueys had sent on before the frigate Juno, to fetch M. Magallon, the French consul. It was near four o'clock when he arrived, and the sea was very rough. He informed the general-in-chief that Nelson had been off Alexandria on the 28th—that he immediately despatched a brig to obtain intelligence from the English agent. On the return of the brig, Nelson instantly stood away with his squadron towards the north-east. But for a delay which our convoy from Civitta Vecchia occasioned, we should have been on this coast at the same time as Nelson.

It appeared that Nelson supposed us to be already at Alexandria, when he arrived there. He had reason to suppose so, seeing that we left Malta on the 19th of June, whilst he did not sail from Messina till the 21st. Not finding us where he expected, and being persuaded we ought to have arrived there had Alexandria been the place of our destination, he sailed for Alexandretta, in Syria, whither he imagined we had gone to effect a landing. This error saved the expedition a second time.*

Bonaparte, on hearing the details which the French consul communicated, resolved to disembark immediately. Admiral Brueys represented the difficulties and dangers of a disembarkation—the violence of the surge—the distance from the coast†—a coast too, lined with reefs of rocks—the approaching night, and our perfect ignorance of the points suitable for landing. The Admiral, therefore, urged the necessity of wait-

* The following illustrative passage is from Southey's admirable Life of Nelson : " The first news of the enemy's armament was, that it had surprised Malta. Nelson formed a plan for attacking it while at anchor at Gozo; but on the 22d of June, intelligence reached him that the French had left that island on the 16th, the day after their arrival. It was clear that their destination was eastward—he thought for Egypt—and for Egypt, therefore, he made all sail. Had the frigates been with him, he could scarcely have failed to gain information of the enemy: for want of them, he only spoke three vessels on the way ; two came from Alexandria, one from the Archipelago ; and neither of them had seen any thing of the French. He arrived off Alexandria on the 28th, and the enemy were not there, neither was there any account of them ; but the governor was endeavouring to put the city in a state of defence, having received advice from Leghorn, that the French expedition was intended against Egypt, after it had taken Malta. Nelson then shaped his course to the northward, for Caramania, and steered from thence along the southern side of Candia, carrying a press of sail, both night and day, with a contrary wind. It would have been his delight, he said, to have tried Bonaparte on a wind."

† It was near three leagues, and we did not anchor in the roads of Aboukir, as Sir Walter Scott supposes.

ing till next morning: that is to say, to delay the landing twelve hours. He observed that Nelson could not return from Syria for several days. Bonaparte listened to these representations with impatience and ill-humour. He replied peremptorily, "Admiral, we have no time to lose. Fortune gives me but three days; if I do not profit by them, we are lost." He relied much on fortune: this chimerical idea constantly influenced his resolutions.

Bonaparte having the command of the naval as well as the military force, the admiral was obliged to yield to his wishes.

I attest these facts, which passed in my presence, and no part of which could escape my observation. It is quite false that it was owing to the appearance of a sail which, it is pretended, was descried, but of which, for my part, I saw nothing, that Bonaparte exclaimed, "Fortune, have you abandoned me!—I ask only five days!" No such thing occurred.

Admiral Brueys took me aside, to communicate his apprehensions, which were principally on account of the general-in-chief, on whom he conceived the responsibility rested. On my refusal to revive his objections, on the ground that I was too well acquainted with Bonaparte's firmness, and that, besides, I concurred in his opinion, Brueys, with sorrow, gave the signal for a general landing. The getting of the troops into the boats was effected with much difficulty and danger.

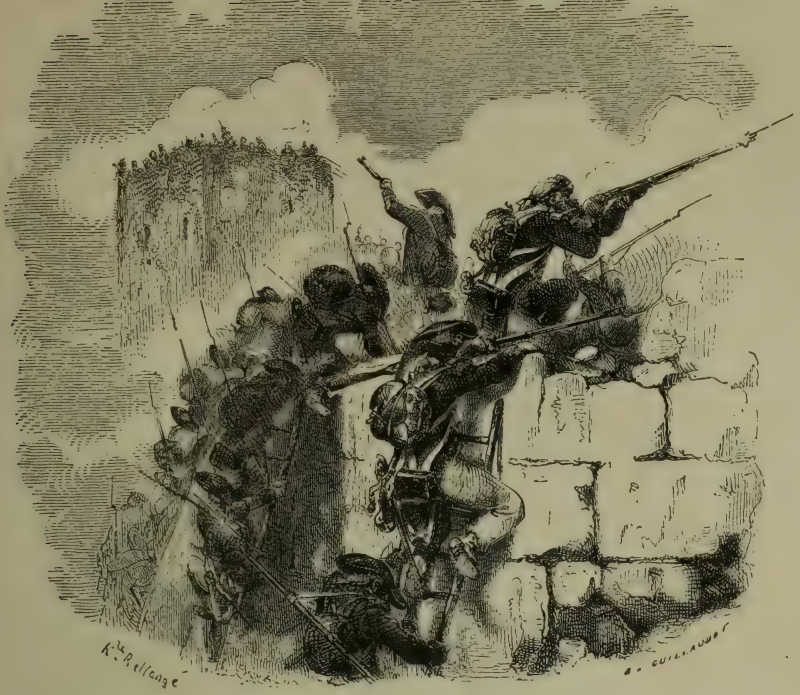
It was one o'clock in the morning of the 2d of July when we landed on the soil of Egypt, at Marabou, three leagues to the west of Alexandria. We had to regret the loss of some lives; but we had every reason to expect that our losses would have been greater.

At three o'clock the same morning, the general-in-chief marched on Alexandria with the divisions of Kleber, Bon, and Morand. The Bedouin Arabs, who kept hovering about our right flank and our rear, picked up the stragglers.

Having arrived within gun-shot of Alexandria, we scaled the ramparts, and French valour soon triumphed over all obstacles.

The first blood I saw shed in war was General Kleber's. He was struck in the head by a ball, not in storming the walls, but whilst commanding the attack. He came to Pompey's Pillar, where many members of the staff were assembled, and where the general-in-chief was watching the attack. I then spoke to Kleber for the first time, and from that day our friendship commenced. I had the good fortune to contribute somewhat towards the assistance of which he stood in need, and which, as we were situated, could not be procured very easily.

It has been endeavoured to represent the capture of Alexandria, which surrendered after a few hours, as a brilliant exploit. The general-in-chief himself wrote that the city had been taken after a few discharges of cannon; the walls, badly fortified, were soon scaled. Alexandria was not delivered up to



Scaling the Ramparts of Alexandria.

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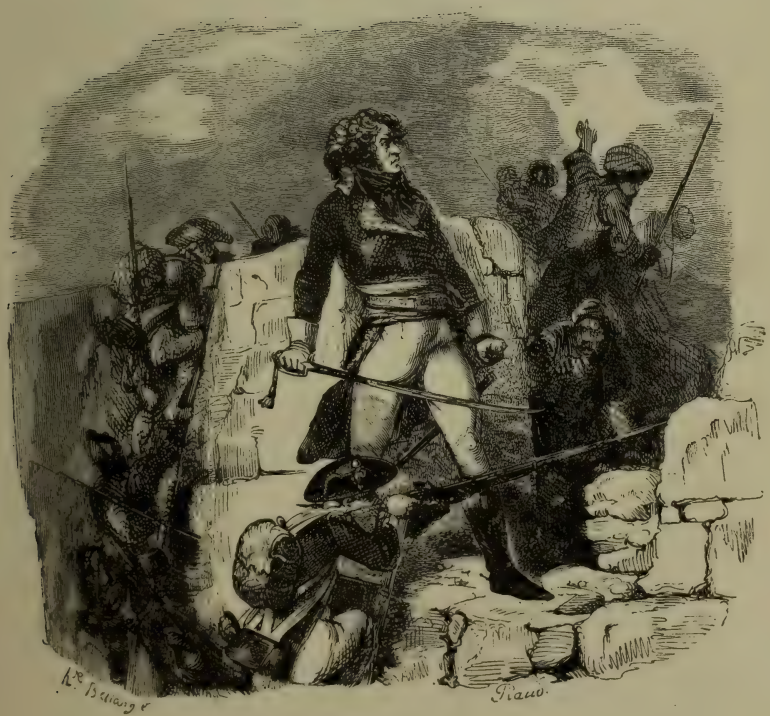

General Kleber leading the attack on Alexandria.

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pillage, as has been asserted, and often repeated. This would have been a most impolitic mode of commencing the conquest of Egypt, which had no strong places requiring to be intimidated by a great example.

Bonaparte, with some others, entered the city by a narrow street, which scarcely allowed two persons to walk abreast; I was with him. We were stopped by some musket-shots fired from a low window by a man and a woman. They repeated their fire several times. The guides who preceded their general kept up a heavy fire on the window. The man and woman fell dead, and we passed on in safety, for the place had surrendered.

Bonaparte employed the six days during which he remained in Alexandria in establishing order in the city and province, with that activity and superior talent which I could never sufficiently admire, and in directing the march of the army across the province of Bohahireh. He sent Desaix with four thousand five hundred infantry and sixty cavalry to Beda, on the road to Damanhour. This general was the first to experience the privations and sufferings which the whole army had soon to endure. His great mind, his attachment to Bonaparte, seemed for a moment about to yield to the obstacles which presented themselves. On the 15th of July, he wrote from Bohahireh as follows: "I beseech you do not let us stop longer in this position. My men are discouraged and murmur. Make us advance or fall back, without delay. The villages consist merely of huts, absolutely without resources."

In these immense plains, scorched by the vertical rays of a burning sun, water, every where else so common, becomes an object of contest. The wells and springs, those secret treasures of the desert, are carefully concealed from the traveller; and frequently after our most oppressive marches, nothing could be found to allay the urgent cravings of thirst but a little brackish water of the most disgusting description.*

* Some idea of the misery endured by the French troops on this occasion may be gathered from the following description in Napoleon's Memoirs, dictated at St. Helena:

"As the Hebrews wandering in the wilderness complained, and angrily asked Moses for the onions and flesh-pots of Egypt, the French soldiers constantly regretted the luxuries of Italy. In vain were they assured that the country was the most fertile in the world, that it was even superior to Lombardy; how were they to be persuaded of this when they could get neither bread nor wine? We encamped on immense quantities of wheat, but there was neither mill nor oven in the country. The biscuit brought from Alexandria had long been exhausted; the soldiers were even reduced to bruise the wheat between two stones, and to make cakes, which they baked under the ashes. Many parched the wheat in a pan, after which they boiled it. This was the best way to use the grain; but, after all, it was not bread. The apprehensions of the soldiers increased daily; and rose to such a pitch, that a great number of them said there was no great city of Cairo; and that the place bearing that name was, like Damanhour, a vast assemblage of mere huts, destitute of every thing that

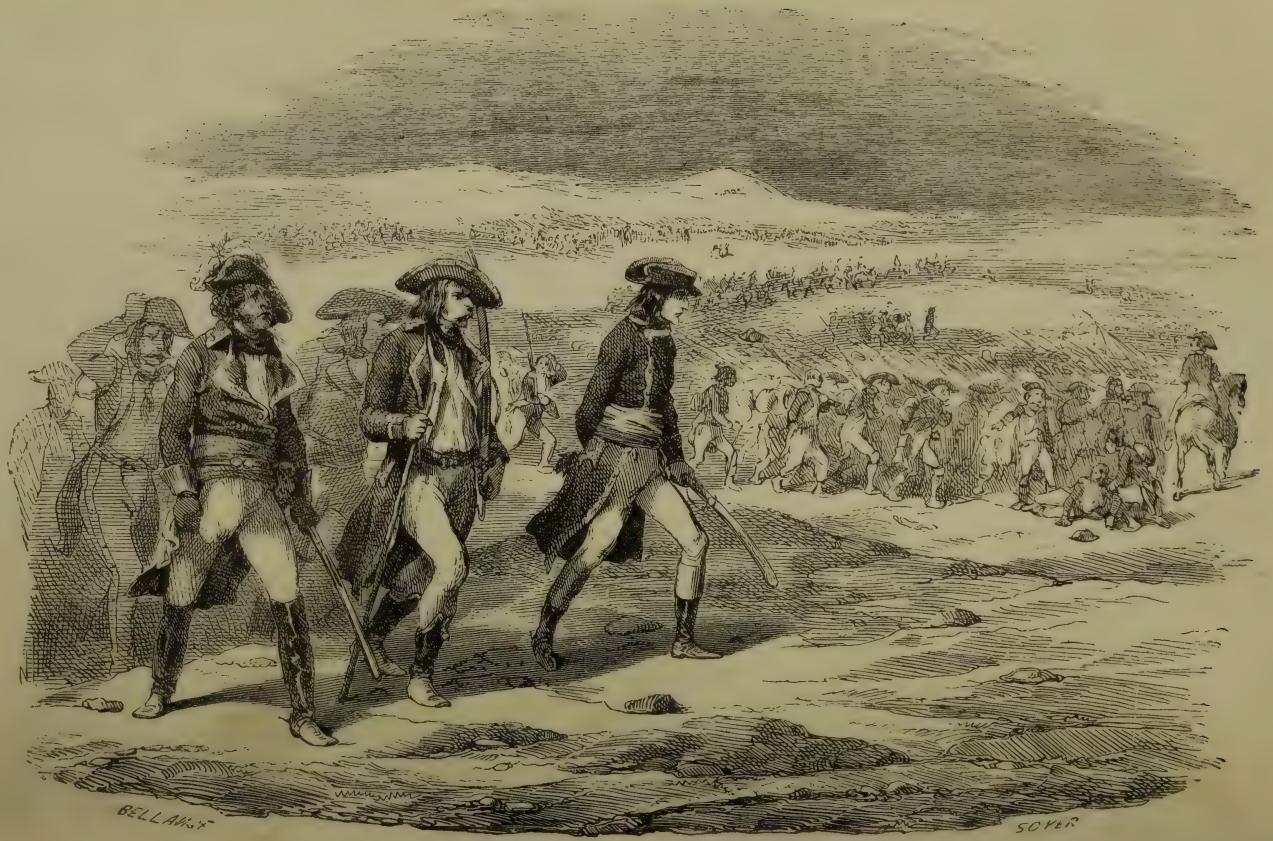
could render life comfortable or agreeable. To such a melancholy state of mind had they brought themselves, that two dragoons threw themselves, completely clothed, into the Nile, where they were drowned. It is nevertheless true, that though there was neither bread nor wine, the resources which were procured with wheat, lentils, meat, and sometimes pigeons, furnished the army with food of some kind. But the evil was in the ferment of the mind. The officers complained more loudly than the soldiers, because the comparison was proportionately more disadvantageous to them. In Egypt they found neither the quarters, the good table, nor the luxury of Italy. The general-in-chief, wishing to set an example, used to bivouac in the midst of the army, and in the least commodious spots. No one had either tent or provisions; the dinner of Napoleon and his staff consisted of a dish of lentils. The soldiers passed the evenings in political conversations, arguments, and complaints. *For what purpose are we come here?* said some of them; *the Directory has transported us. Caffarelli*, said others, *is the agent that has been made use of to deceive the general-in-chief.* Many of them, having observed that wherever there were vestiges of antiquity, they were carefully searched, vented their spite in invective against the *savans*, or scientific men, who, they said, *had started the idea of the expedition in order to make these searches.* Jests were showered upon them, even in their presence. The men called an ass a *savant;* and said of Caffarelli Dufalga, alluding to his wooden leg, *He laughs at all these troubles; he has one foot in France.*"—*Editor.*

## CHAPTER XV.

### 1798.

Ancient and modern Egypt—Bonaparte's proclamation—The Mirage—Skirmishes with the Arabs—Mistake of General Desaix's division—Wretchedness of a rich sheik—Combat beneath the general's window—The flotilla on the Nile—Its distress and danger—The battle of Chebreisse—Defeat of the Mamelukes—Bonaparte's reception of me—Letter to Louis Bonaparte—Success of the French army—Proclamations of the general-in-chief—Letter to the pasha—Triumphal entrance into Cairo—Despatch of Kleber—Tragical death of the aide-de-camp Julien—Bonaparte's revenge—Civil and military organization of Cairo—Bonaparte's letter to his brother Joseph—Plan of colonization.

What a difference between the city of Alexandria described in history, and the wretched modern Alexandria! Where nine hundred thousand inhabitants were heretofore concentrated now scarcely six thousand can be numbered. We found this city, formerly so magnificent, without fortifications, and almost without monuments. We met with only some columns, gathered from among the ruins of the ancient city, and employed with bad taste in modern buildings. The quay of the old port is composed solely of fragments of granite and marble columns. We found only two ancient monuments standing and entire, namely, Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle; but there is scarcely a trace of the times of the Cæsars, and none of Alexander's tomb. Before landing on the Egyptian territory, Bona-




The French army crossing the Desert from Alexandria to Damanhour.

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parte wrote a letter, on the 12th Messidor, to the Pasha of Egypt, in which he stated that he had been sent by the Directory of the republic to chastise the beys for the aggressions they had committed upon French commerce. He concluded by telling the pasha that he had not come to do any act contrary to the Koran, and by inviting him to join in invoking maledictions on the impious race of the beys.

On arriving at Alexandria, the general-in-chief issued a proclamation to the people of Egypt, which, besides adverting to the insults and extortions experienced by French merchants from the beys, contained the following passages:

People of Egypt—You will be told that I come to destroy your religion—do not believe it. Be assured that I come to restore your rights, to punish the usurpers, and that I respect, more than the Mamelukes, God, his prophet, and the Alcoran. Tell them that all men are equal in the eye of God: wisdom, talents, and virtue make the only difference.

Cadis, sheiks, imans, scorbajis, tell the people that we are friends of the true Mussulmans. Have not we destroyed the pope, who says that war ought to be made upon Mussulmans? Have we not destroyed the knights of Malta, because those bigots believed that God required them to raise their swords against the Mussulmans?

On the 7th of July, the general left Alexandria for Damanhour. In the vast plains of Bohahireh, the mirage every moment presented to the eye wide sheets of water, while, as we advanced, we found nothing but barren ground, full of deep cracks. Villages, which, at a distance, appear to be surrounded with water, are, on a nearer approach, discovered to be situated on heights, mostly artificial, by which they are raised above the inundations of the Nile. This illusion continually recurs; and it is the more treacherous, inasmuch as it presents to the eye the perfect representation of water, at the time when the want of that article is most felt. This mirage is so considerable in the plain of Pelusium, that shortly after sunrise no object is recognizable. The same phenomenon has been observed in other countries. Quintus Curtius says, that in the deserts of Sogdiana, a fog, rising from the earth, obscures the light, and the surrounding country seems like a vast sea. The cause of this singular illusion is now fully explained; and, from the observations of the learned Monge, it appears that the mirage will be found in almost every country situated between the tropics, where the local circumstances are similar.

The Arabs harassed the army without intermission. The few wells met with in the desert were either filled up, or the water was rendered unfit for use. The intolerable thirst with which the troops were tormented, even on this first march, was but ill allayed by dirty and unwholesome water. The army crossed the desert with the rapidity of lightning, scarcely tasting a drop of water. The sufferings of the troops were frequently expressed by discouraging murmurs.

On the first night a mistake occurred, which might have proved fatal. We were advancing in the dark, under feeble escort, almost sleeping on our horses, when suddenly we were assailed by two successive discharges of musketry. We rallied and reconnoitred, and, to our great satisfaction, discovered that the only mischief was a slight wound, received by one of our guides. Our assailants were the division of General Desaix, who, forming the advanced guard of the army, mistook us for a party of the enemy, and fired upon us. It was speedily ascertained that the little advanced guard of the head-quarters had not heard the *qui vive* of Desaix's advanced posts.

On reaching Damanhour, our head-quarters were established at the residence of a sheik. The house had been new whitened, and looked well enough outside; but the interior was inconceivably wretched. Every domestic utensil was broken, and the only seats were a few dirty, tattered mats. Bonaparte knew that the sheik was rich; and having somewhat won his confidence, he asked him, through the medium of the interpreter, why, being in easy circumstances, he thus deprived himself of all comfort. "Some years ago," replied the sheik, "I repaired and furnished my house. When this became known at Cairo, a demand was made upon me for money, because, it was said, my expenses proved me to be rich. I refused to pay the money, and, in consequence, I was ill-treated, and at length forced to pay it. From that time I have allowed myself only the bare necessaries of life, and I shall buy no furniture for my house." The old man was lame, in consequence of the treatment he had suffered. Woe to him, who in this country is suspected of having a competency—a hundred spies are always ready to denounce him. The appearance of poverty is the only security against the rapine of power and the cupidity of barbarism

A little troop of Arabs, on horseback, assailed our head-quarters. Bonaparte, who was at the window of the sheik's house, indignant at this insolence, turned to one of his aides-de-camp, who happened to be on duty, and said, "Croissier, take a few guides, and drive those fellows away!" In an instant, Croissier was in the plain, with fifteen guides. A little skirmish ensued, and we looked on from the window. In the movement and in the attack of Croissier and his party, there was a sort of hesitation which the general-in-chief could not comprehend. "Forward, I say! Charge!" he exclaimed from the window, as if he could have been heard. Our horsemen seemed to fall back as the Arabs returned to the attack; and after a little contest, maintained with tolerable spirit, the Arabs retired without loss, and without being molested in their retreat. Bonaparte could no longer repress his rage; and when Croissier returned, he experienced such a harsh reception, that the poor fellow withdrew, deeply mortified and distressed. Bonaparte desired me to follow him, and say something to console him: but all was in vain. "I cannot survive this," he said, "I will sacrifice my life on the

first occasion that offers itself. I will not live dishonoured." The word *coward* had escaped the general's lips. Poor Croissier died at Saint Jean d'Acre, as will hereafter be seen.

On the 10th of July, our head-quarters were established at Rahmahanieh, where they remained during the 11th and 12th. At this place commences the canal, which was cut by Alexander, to convey water to his new city, and to facilitate commercial intercourse between Europe and the east.

The flotilla, commanded by the brave chief of division, Perrée, had just arrived from Rosetta. Perrée was on board the shebeck called the *Cerf*. Bonaparte had great confidence in him. He had commanded, under the general's orders, the naval forces in the Adriatic in 1797.

Bonaparte placed on board the *Cerf* and the other vessels of the flotilla, those individuals who, not being military, could not be serviceable in engagements, and whose horses served to mount a few of the troops.

On the night of the 13th of July, the general-in-chief directed his march towards the south, along the left bank of the Nile. The flotilla sailed up the river, parallel with the left wing of the army. But the force of the wind, which at this season blows regularly from the Mediterranean into the valley of the Nile, carried the flotilla far in advance of the army, and frustrated the plan of their mutually defending and supporting each other. The flotilla, thus unprotected, fell in with seven Turkish gun-boats coming from Cairo, and was exposed simultaneously to their fire, and to that of the Mamelukes, Fellahs, and Arabs, who lined both banks of the river. They had small guns mounted on camels.

Perrée cast anchor, and an engagement commenced at nine o'clock on the 14th of July, and continued till half-past twelve.

At the same time, the general-in-chief met and attacked a corps of about four thousand Mamelukes. His object, as he afterwards said, was to turn the corps by the left of the village of Chebreisse, and to drive it upon the Nile.

About eleven in the morning, Perrée told me that the Turks were doing us more harm than we were doing them; that our ammunition would soon be exhausted; that the army was far inland, and that if it did not make a move to the left, there would be no hope for us.

Several vessels had already been boarded and taken by the Turks, who massacred the crews before our eyes, and with barbarous ferocity showed us the heads of the slaughtered men. Perrée, at considerable risk, despatched several persons to inform the general-in-chief of the desperate situation of the flotilla. The cannonade which Bonaparte had heard since the morning, and the explosion of a Turkish gun-boat, which was blown up by the artillery of the shebeck, led him to fear that our situation was really perilous. He therefore made a movement to the left. in the direction of the Nile and Chebreisse,

beat the Mamelukes, and forced them to retire on Cairo. At sight of the French troops, the commander of the Turkish flotilla weighed anchor, and sailed up the Nile. The two banks of the river were evacuated, and the flotilla escaped the destruction which a short time before had appeared inevitable. Some writers have alleged that the Turkish flotilla was destroyed in this engagement. The truth is, the Turks did us considerable injury, while on their part they suffered but little. We had twenty men killed and several wounded. Upwards of fifteen hundred guns were fired during the action.

General Berthier, in his narrative of the Egyptian expedition, enumerates the individuals who, though not in the military service, assisted Perrée in this unequal and dangerous engagement. He mentions Monge, Berthollet, Andréossy, Junot, the paymaster, and Bourrienne, secretary to the general-in-chief. It has also been stated that Sucy, the commissary-general, was seriously wounded while bravely defending a gun-boat laden with provisions; but this is incorrect.

We had no communication with the army until the 23d of July. On the 22d we came in sight of the pyramids, and were informed that we were only about ten leagues from Gizeh, where they are situated. The cannonade which we heard, and which augmented in proportion as the north wind diminished, announced a serious engagement; and that same day we saw the banks of the Nile strewed with heaps of bodies, which the waves were every moment washing into the sea. This horrible spectacle, the silence of the surrounding villages, which had hitherto been armed against us, and the cessation of the firing from the banks of the river, led us to infer, with tolerable certainty, that a battle fatal to the Mamelukes had been fought. The misery we suffered on our passage from Rahmahanieh to Gizeh is indescribable. We lived for eleven days on melons and water, besides being momentarily exposed to the musketry of the Arabs and the Fellahs. We luckily escaped with but a few killed and wounded. The swell of the Nile was only beginning. The shallowness of the river, near Cairo, obliged us to leave the shebeck and get on board a dejerm. We reached Gizeh at three in the afternoon of the 23d of July.

When I saluted the general-in-chief, whom I had not seen for twelve days, he thus addressed me: "So, you are here, are you? Do you know that you have all of you been the cause of my not following up the battle of Chebreisse? It was to save you, Monge, Berthollet, and the others on board the flotilla, that I hurried the movement of my left upon the Nile, before my right had turned Chebreisse. But for that, not a single Mameluke would have escaped."

"I thank you for my own part," replied I; "but in conscience could you have abandoned us, after taking away our horses, and making us go on board the shebeck, whether we

Napoleon addressing the Soldiers before the Battle of the Pyramids.

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would or not?" He laughed, and then told me how sorry he was for the wound of Sucy, and the death of many useful men, whose places could not possibly be filled up.

He made me write a letter to his brother Louis, informing him that he had gained a complete victory over the Mamelukes at Embabeh, opposite Boulac, and that the enemy's loss was, two thousand men killed and wounded, forty pieces of cannon, and a great number of horses.

The occupation of Cairo was the immediate consequence of the victory of Embabeh. Bonaparte established his head-quarters in the house of Elfey Bey, in the great square of Ezbekyeh.

The march of the French army to Cairo was attended by an uninterrupted succession of combats and victories. We had won the battles of Rahmahanieh, Chebreisse, and the Pyramids.* The Mamelukes were defeated, and their chief, Murad Bey, was obliged to fly into Upper Egypt. Bonaparte found no obstacle to oppose his entrance into the capital of Egypt, after a campaign of only twenty days. No conqueror, perhaps, ever enjoyed a victory so much as Bonaparte, and yet no one was ever less inclined to abuse his triumphs.

After the battle of the Pyramids, he despatched the following letter and proclamation from his head-quarters at Gizeh:

Head-quarters, at Gizeh, 4th Thermidor, year VI. of the French Republic.

THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, BONAPARTE, TO THE SHEIKS AND NOTABLES OF CAIRO.

You will see by the annexed proclamation, the sentiments which animate me. Yesterday, the Mamelukes were for the most part killed or wounded, and I am in pursuit of the few who escaped. Send here the boats which are on your bank of the river, and send also a deputation to acquaint me with your submission. Provide bread, meat, straw, and barley for my troops. Be under no alarm, and rest assured that no one is more anxious to contribute to your happiness than I. (Signed) BONAPARTE.

Head-quarters, Gizeh, 4th Thermidor, year VI. of the French Republic.

THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, BONAPARTE, TO THE PEOPLE OF CAIRO.

People of Cairo—I am satisfied with your conduct. You did well not to take part against me. I am come to destroy the race of the Mamelukes, to protect commerce and the natives of the country. Let all who are alarmed, banish their fears; let those who have fled, return to their homes; and let prayers take place as usual. Fear nothing for your families, your houses, or your property;

* Towards the end of July, the French army found itself in the presence of Murad Bey, and at the foot of the Pyramids. It was on this occasion that Napoleon pointed to these ancient and gigantic structures, and, at the moment of giving battle to the Mamelukes, cried aloud:—"Soldiers, you are now to combat the masters of Egypt: from the summits of these monuments, forty centuries behold you!"

and least of all, for the religion of the prophet, which I respect. As it is urgent that persons should be appointed to perform the duties of the police, so as to maintain the tranquillity of the city, a divan consisting of seven persons will meet at the Mosque of the Worm. There will always be two with the commandant of the fortress, and four to maintain the public peace, and to superintend the police.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

Next day, before he marched off to make his triumphal entry into Cairo, at the head of his army, the general-in-chief wrote to the pasha as follows:

Head-quarters, Gizeh, 5th Thermidor, year VI of the French Republic.

THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, BONAPARTE, TO THE PASHA OF CAIRO.

The intention of the French Republic in occupying Egypt, was to extirpate the Mamelukes, who were at once rebels to the Porte, and the declared enemies of the French government.

Now that France is mistress of Egypt by the signal victory her army has gained, her intention is, to secure to the pasha of the grand seignior his revenues and his existence.

I beg you to assure the Porte, that she shall sustain no sort of loss, and that I will secure to her the continuance of the tribute which has hitherto been paid to her.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

We entered Cairo on the 24th of July,* and four days after Bonaparte sent off his aide-de-camp, Julien, with despatches to General Kleber, who was detained at Alexandria by his wound. In these despatches, which were dated from head-quarters at Cairo, 9th Thermidor, year VI. Bonaparte said—

We have found in Cairo, citizen-general, a very good mint. We must have all the ingots which we left at Alexandria, as we want to give them in exchange for some specie with which the merchants here have supplied us. I therefore beg you will assemble all the

* The wives of the Mamelukes staid in their houses at Cairo, whilst their husbands were carrying on the war against the French; and Napoleon sent Eugène, his son-in-law, to compliment the wife of Murad Bey, who had under her command about fifty slaves, belonging to that Mameluke chief and his kiashefs. It was a sort of convent of religious females, of which she was the abbess. She received Eugène on her grand divan, in the harem, to which he was admitted by special exception, and as the envoy of Sultan Kabir (a name given by the Arabs to Napoleon. The word *Kabir* signifies *great*). All the women wished to see the young and handsome Frenchman, and the slaves found it very difficult to restrain their impatience. The wife of Murad Bey was a woman of fifty, with the beauty and grace suitable to that age. She had coffee and sherbet served up, according to custom, in very rich plate, and in a sumptuous style. She took from her finger a ring, worth a thousand louis, which she presented to the young officer. She then addressed several requests to the general-in-chief, who preserved her villages for her, and always protected her.—*Memoirs of Napoleon.* (*Editor.*)

Battle of the Pyramids.

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merchants with whom the said ingots were left, and get them back again. I will give in return corn and rice, of which we have an immense quantity.

We are as ill off for money, as we are well off for provisions. This obliges us to part with as little gold and silver as we can, but to make our payments in provisions.

The unfortunate Julien, a promising young officer, ran ashore with his dejerm on the Lybian bank of the Nile, and was murdered, together with fifteen soldiers who formed his escort. When, about a month after, it was discovered where he had perished, the general-in-chief published the following decree:

It having been ascertained that the inhabitants of the village of Alkam have assassinated the aide-de-camp Julien, and fifteen French soldiers who accompanied him, it is ordered that the village shall be burnt; and that General Lannes shall set off, with five hundred men and an aviso, to execute this order. If he succeed in arresting the sheiks, he is to bring them as hostages to Cairo. He is to consign Alkam to pillage, and not to leave a house standing; and he is to make known by a proclamation, circulated in the neighbouring villages, that Alkam is burnt as a punishment for the murder of Frenchmen who were navigating the Nile.

Alkam was accordingly destroyed. The only remaining trace of the unfortunate Julien and his companions, was a waistcoat-button, found in a deserted hut, in the neighbourhood of Alkam. All the inhabitants of the village had fled in anticipation of the vengeance with which they were visited. The button had belonged to one of the men who formed Julien's escort. It was marked with the number of the corps.

The general-in-chief immediately directed his attention to the civil and military organization of the country. Only those who saw him in the vigour of his youth can form an idea of his extraordinary intelligence and activity. Nothing escaped his observation. Egypt had long been the object of his study; and in a few weeks he was as well acquainted with the country, as if he had lived in it ten years. He issued orders for observing the strictest discipline, and these orders were punctually obeyed.

The mosques, the civil and religious institutions, the harems, the women, the customs of the country—all were scrupulously respected. A few days after they entered Cairo, the French were freely admitted into the shops, and were seen sociably smoking their pipes with the inhabitants, assisting them in their occupations, and playing with their children.

The day after his arrival in Cairo, Bonaparte addressed to his brother Joseph the following letter, which was intercepted and printed. Its authenticity has been doubted; but I saw Napoleon write it, and he read it to me before he sent it off.

Cairo, 7th Thermidor.

You will see in the public papers the bulletins of the battles and victories of Egypt, which were sufficiently contested to add another wreath to the laurels of the army. Egypt is richer than any country in the world in corn, rice, vegetables, and cattle. But the people are in a state of utter barbarism. We cannot procure money, even to pay the troops. I shall probably be in France in two months.

Engage a country-house, to be ready for me on my arrival, either near Paris, or in Burgundy, where I should like to pass the winter.

BONAPARTE.

This announcement of his departure to his brother is corroborated by a note which he despatched some days after, enumerating the supplies and individuals which he wished to have sent to Egypt. His note proves, more convincingly than any arguments, that Bonaparte earnestly wished to preserve his conquest, and to make it a French colony. It must be borne in mind, that the note here alluded to, as well as the letter above quoted, were written long before the destruction of the fleet.

Bonaparte's autograph note, after enumerating the troops and warlike stores he wished to be sent, concluded with the following list:

1st. A company of actors; 2d. A company of dancers: 3d. Some dealers in toys, at least three or four; 4th. A hundred women; 5th. The wives of all the men employed in the corps; 6th. Twenty surgeons, thirty apothecaries, and ten physicians; 7th. Some founders; 8th. Some distillers, and dealers in liquor; 9th. Fifty gardeners, with their families, and the seeds of every kind of vegetable; 10th. Each party to bring with them two hundred thousand quarts of brandy; 11th. Thirty thousand ells of blue and scarlet cloth; 12th. A supply of soap and oil.

## CHAPTER XVI

### 1798.

Establishment of a divan in each Egyptian province—Desaix in Upper Egypt—Ibrahim Bey beaten by Bonaparte at Salehyeh—Sulkowsky wounded—Disaster at Aboukir—Dissatisfaction and murmurs of the army—Dejection of the General-in-chief—His plan respecting Egypt—Meditated descent upon England—Bonaparte's censure of the Directory—Intercepted correspondence—Justification of Admiral Brueys—Bonaparte's letter to the Directory.

FROM the details I have already given respecting Bonaparte's plans for colonizing Egypt, it will be seen that his energy of mind urged him to adopt anticipatory measures for the ac-

complishment of objects which were never realized. During the short interval in which he sheathed his sword, he planned provisional governments for the towns and provinces occupied by the French troops, and he adroitly contrived to serve the interests of his army, without appearing to violate those of the country. After he had been four days at Cairo, during which time he employed himself in examining every thing, and consulting every individual from whom he could obtain useful information, he published the following order:

Head-quarters, Cairo, 9th Thermidor, year VI.

BONAPARTE, MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE, AND GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, ORDERS,

Art. 1.—There shall be in each province of Egypt, a divan, composed of seven individuals, whose duty will be to superintend the interests of the province; to communicate to me any complaints that may be made; to prevent warfare among the different villages; to apprehend and punish criminals (for which purpose they may demand assistance from the French commandant); and to take every opportunity of enlightening the people.

Art. 2.—There shall be in each province an aga of the Janizaries, maintaining constant communication with the French commandant. He shall have with him a company of sixty armed natives, whom he may take wherever he pleases, for the maintenance of good order, subordination, and tranquillity.

Art. 3.—There shall be in each province an intendant, whose business will be to levy the miri, the feddam, and the other contributions which formerly belonged to the Mamelukes, but which now belong to the French republic. The intendants shall have as many agents as may be necessary.

Art. 4.—The said intendant shall have a French agent to correspond with the Finance Department, and to execute all the orders he may receive.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

While Bonaparte was thus actively taking measures for the organization of the country, General Desaix had marched into Upper Egypt in pursuit of Murad Bey. We learned that Ibrahim, who, next to Murad, was the most influential of the beys, had proceeded towards Syria, by the way of Balbeys and Salehyeh. The general-in-chief immediately determined to march, in person, against that formidable enemy, and he left Cairo about fifteen days after he had entered it. It is unnecessary to describe the well-known engagement in which Bonaparte drove Ibrahim back upon El Arysh; besides, I do not enter minutely into the details of battles, my chief object being to record events which I personally witnessed.

At the battle of Salehyeh, Bonaparte thought he had lost one of his aides-de-camp, Sulkowsky, to whom he was much attached, and one who had been with us during the whole of

the campaign of Italy. On the field of battle one object of regret cannot long engross the mind; yet, on his return to Cairo, Bonaparte frequently spoke to me of Sulkowsky in terms of unfeigned sorrow.

"I cannot," said he one day, "sufficiently admire the noble spirit and determined courage of poor Sulkowsky." He often said that Sulkowsky would have been a valuable aid to whoever might undertake the resuscitation of Poland. Fortunately that brave officer was not killed on that occasion, though seriously wounded. He was, however, killed shortly after.

The destruction of the French squadron, in the roads of Aboukir, occurred during the absence of the general-in-chief. This event happened on the 1st of August. The details are generally known; but there is one circumstance to which I cannot refrain from alluding, and which excited deep interest at the time. This was the heroic courage of the son of Casabianca, the captain of the Orient. Casabianca was among the wounded, and when the vessel was blown up, his son, a lad of ten years of age, preferred perishing along with him rather than saving himself, when one of the seamen had secured him the means of escape. I told the aide-de-camp, sent by General Kleber, who had the command of Alexandria, that the general-in-chief was near Salehyeh. He proceeded thither immediately, and Bonaparte hastened back to Cairo, a distance of about thirty-three leagues.

In spite of any assertions that may have been made to the contrary, the fact is, that as soon as the French troops set foot in Egypt, they were filled with dissatisfaction, and ardently longed to return home. The illusion of the expedition had disappeared, and only its reality remained. What bitter murmuring have I not heard from Murat, Lannes, Berthier, Bessières, and others! Their complaints were, indeed, often so unmeasured as almost to amount to sedition. This greatly vexed Bonaparte, and drew from him severe reproaches and violent language.* When the news arrived of the loss of the fleet, discontent increased. All who had acquired fortunes under Napoleon, now began to fear that they would never enjoy them. All turned their thoughts to Paris, and its amusements; and were utterly disheartened at the idea of being separated from their homes and their friends for a period, the termination of which it was impossible to foresee.

The catastrophe of Aboukir came like a thunderbolt upon the general-in-chief. In spite of all his energy and fortitude, he was deeply distressed by the disasters which now assailed him.

* Napoleon related at St. Helena, that in a fit of irritation he rushed among a group of dissatisfied generals, and said to one of them, who was remarkable for his stature, "You have held seditious language; but take care I do not perfrom my duty. Though you are five feet ten inches high, that shall not save you from being shot."

To the painful feelings excited by the complaints and dejection of his companions in arms, was now added the irreparable misfortune of the burning of our fleet. He measured the fatal consequences of this event at a single glance. We were now cut off from all communication with France, and all hope of returning thither, except by a degrading capitulation with an implacable and hated enemy. Bonaparte had lost all chance of preserving his conquest, and to him this was indeed a bitter reflection. And at what a time did this disaster befall him? At the very moment when he was about to apply for the aid of the mother country. Was it possible that these perplexing circumstances could fail in making a deep and melancholy impression on the mind of Bonaparte? In asserting the contrary, his would-be panegyrists are deceived if they suppose they are paying him a compliment.

From what General Bonaparte communicated to me previously to the 1st of August, his object was, having once secured the possession of Egypt, to return to Toulon with the fleet; then to send troops and provisions of every kind to Egypt; and next to combine with the fleet all the forces that could be supplied, not only by France, but by her allies, for the purpose of attacking England. It is certain that previously to his departure for Egypt he had laid before the Directory a note relative to his plans. He always regarded a descent upon England as possible, though in its result fatal, as long as we should be inferior in naval strength; but he hoped by various manœuvres to secure a superiority on one point.*

His intention was to return to France. Availing himself of the departure of the English fleet for the Mediterranean, the alarm excited by his Egyptian expedition, the panic that would be inspired by his sudden appearance at Boulogne, and his preparations against England, he hoped to oblige that power to withdraw her naval force from the Mediterranean, and to prevent her sending out troops to Egypt. This project was often in his head. He would have thought it sublime to date an order of the day from the ruins of Memphis, and three months later one from London. The loss of the fleet converted all these bold conceptions into mere romantic visions.

When alone with me he gave free vent to his emotion. I observed to him that the disaster was doubtless great, but that it would have been infinitely more irreparable had Nelson fallen in with us at Malta, or had waited for us four-and-twenty hours before Alexandria, or in the open sea. "Any one of these events," said I, "which were not only possible but probable, would have deprived us of every resource. We are blockaded here, but we have provisions and money. Let us then wait

* The reader will find in the notes in a subsequent part of this edition, many interesting particulars connected with Bonaparte's projected invasion of England.—*Editor.*

patiently to see what the Directory will do for us.—"The Directory!" exclaimed he, angrily, "the Directory is composed of a set of scoundrels! they envy and hate me, and would gladly let me perish here. Besides, you see how dissatisfied the whole army is: not a man is willing to stay."

The pleasing illusions which were cherished at the outset of the expedition, vanished long before our arrival in Cairo. Egypt was no longer the empire of the Ptolemies, covered with populous and wealthy cities; it now presented one unvaried scene of devastation and misery. Instead of being aided by the inhabitants, whom we had ruined, for the sake of delivering them from the yoke of the beys, we found all against us: Mamelukes, Arabs, and Fellahs. No Frenchman was secure of his life who happened to stray half a mile from any inhabited place, or the corps to which he belonged. The hostility which prevailed against us, and the discontent of the army, were clearly developed in the numerous letters which were written to France at the time, and intercepted.

I can confidently affirm, and my duties afforded me every opportunity of ascertaining the fact, that there was not a man in the army who did not deplore his absence from France, and long to quit a country which had been described as a terrestrial paradise, by men who had never seen any thing beyond their native city.

The gloomy reflections which at first assailed Bonaparte, were speedily banished; and he soon recovered the fortitude and presence of mind which had been for a moment shaken by the overwhelming news from Aboukir. He however sometimes repeated, in a tone which it would be difficult to describe, "Unfortunate Brueys, what have you done!"

I have remarked that in some chance observations which escaped Napoleon at St. Helena, he endeavoured to throw all the blame of the affair on Admiral Brueys.* Persons who are

* This remark of M. de Bourrienne's is not altogether just. Napoleon, at St. Helena, blamed Villeneuve rather than Brueys. The following is Napoleon's own account of the battle of Aboukir, or, as it is designated by us, the battle of the Nile:

"On the 31st of July, Nelson detached two of his ships, which reconnoitred the French line of moorings without molestation. On the 1st of August, the English squadron appeared towards three o'clock in the afternoon with all sails set. A fresh gale of the wind usual at that season was blowing. Admiral Brueys was at dinner; part of the crews were on shore; the decks were not cleared in a single ship. The admiral immediately made the signal to prepare for action. He despatched an officer to Alexandria to demand the seamen of the convoy; shortly afterwards he made a signal to prepare to get under sail; but the enemy's squadron came up so rapidly, that there was scarcely time to clear the decks, which was done with extreme negligence. Even on board the Orient (the admiral's own ship) some cabins, which had been constructed on the poop for the accommodation of the army officers during the passage, were not destroyed; they were left full of mattresses and buckets of paint and tar. The Guerrier and the Conquerant each cleared only one tier of guns for action; the

determined to make Bonaparte an exception to human nature have unjustly reproached the admiral for the loss of the fleet.

side towards the land was encumbered with all that had been cleared out from the opposite side, so that when the ships were turned those tiers could not fire. The English were so much astonished at this that they sent to reconnoitre the reason of this inconsistency; they saw the French flag wave without a gun being fired.

"The men who had been detached from the different crews had scarcely time enough to return on board. The admiral, judging that the enemy would not be within gun-shot before six o'clock, supposed that he would not attack until the following day, more particularly as he only observed eleven 74-gun ships; the two others had been detached on Alexandria, and did not rejoin Nelson until eight in the evening. Brueys did not think the admiral would attack him the same day, and with only eleven ships. It is imagined that he thought at first of getting under weigh, but that he deferred giving the order, until the sailors, whom he expected from Aboukir, should be embarked. The cannonade then commenced, and an English vessel struck on the isle, which gave Brueys fresh confidence. The sailors demanded at Alexandria did not arrive till towards eight o'clock, when the cannonade was already brisk between several ships. During the tumult and darkness, a great number of them remained on shore, and did not embark. The English admiral's plan was to attack ship after ship; every English ship anchoring astern, and placing herself athwart the head of a French ship; accident altered this disposition. The Culloden, intending to attack the Guerrier, and endeavouring to pass between the left of that ship and the isle, struck. Had the isle been supplied with a few pieces of cannon, this ship would have been taken. The Goliah, which followed her, manœuvring to anchor athwart the head of the Guerrier, was carried away by the wind and current, and did not anchor until she had passed and turned that ship. Perceiving then that the larboard tiers of the Conquerant did not fire, for the reasons explained above, she placed herself alongside of that vessel, and soon disabled her. The Zealous, the second English ship, followed the movement of the Goliah, and anchoring alongside the Guerrier, which could not return her fire, speedily dismasted her. The Orion, the third English ship, executed the same manœuvre, but was retarded in her movement by the attack of a French frigate, and anchored between the Franklin and the Peuple Souverain. The Vanguard, the English admiral's ship, cast anchor athwart the Spartiate, the third French ship. The Defence, the Bellerophon, the Majestic, and the Minotaur, followed the same movement, and engaged the centre of the French line as far as the Tonnant, the eighth ship. The French admiral and his two seconds formed a line of three ships, very superior to those of the English. The fire was terrible; the Bellerophon was disabled, dismasted, and compelled to strike. Several other English ships were obliged to sheer off; and if, at that moment, Admiral Villeneuve, who commanded the right wing of the French, had cut his cables and fallen on the English line, with the five ships under his command, the Heureux, Temelon, Mercure, Guillaume Tell, Genereux, and the Diane and Justice frigates, it would have been destroyed. The Culloden had struck on the Bequieres bank, and the Leander was engaged in endeavouring to bring her off. The Alexander and Swiftsure, two other English ships, seeing that our right did not stir, and that the centre of the English line was hard pressed, made towards it. The Alexander took the place of the Bellerophon, and the Swiftsure attacked the Franklin. The Leander, which until then had been engaged in righting the Culloden, perceiving the danger in which the centre stood, hastened to reinforce it. The victory was still far from being decided. The Guerrier and Conquerant no longer fired, but they were the worst ships in the squadron; and, on the side of the English, the Culloden and Bellerophon were disabled. The centre of the French line had, by the great superiority of its fire, occasioned the ships opposed to it much more damage than it had sustained. The English had only seventy-fours, and those of a small rate. It was to be presumed that the

I will enter into a few details relative to the affair of Aboukir, for it is gratifying to render justice to the memory of a man like Admiral Brueys.

Brueys, it is said, would not go to Corfu, in spite of the positive and reiterated orders he received. Bonaparte's letter to the Directory, and his words at St. Helena, have been tortured to show that Brueys expiated by his death the great fault of which he had been guilty. Much has been said about the report of Captain Barré; but the reply of the admiral ought also to be taken into account. Brueys, for good reasons, did not think that vessels of the size of those of the squadron could enter the ports of Alexandria. But it is said the orders to repair to Corfu were reiterated; though when, and by whom, is not mentioned. From the order of the 3d of July, to the time of his unfortunate death, Brueys did not receive a line from Bonaparte, who on his

fire being thus kept up all night, Admiral Villeneuve would at last get under weigh in the morning, and the greatest success might yet be expected from the attack of five good ships, which, as yet, had neither fired nor sustained a single cannon-shot. But, at eleven o'clock, the Orient took fire, and blew up. This unforeseen accident decided the victory. The dreadful explosion of this ship suspended the action for a quarter of an hour. Our line, undismayed by this shocking spectacle, recommenced firing. The Franklin, Tonnant, Peuple Souverain, Spartiate, and Aquilon, maintained the action until three o'clock in the morning. From three to five o'clock the firing slackened on both sides. Between five and six it redoubled, and became terrible. What would it have been if the Orient had not blown up? In short, the battle was raging at noon, and was not over before two o'clock. It was not until then that Villeneuve seemed to awaken, and to perceive that the fleet had been fighting for twenty hours. He cut his cables, and stood out with the Guillaume Tell, his flag-ship, the Genereux, and the Diane and Justice frigates. The three other ships of his wing ran ashore without fighting. Thus, notwithstanding the terrible accident of the Orient, and the singular inactivity of Villeneuve, which prevented five ships from firing a single gun, the loss and confusion of the English were such, that twenty-four hours after the battle the French flag was still flying on board the Tonnant; and Nelson had no ship in a condition to attack her. Not only the Guillaume Teli and Genereux were not pursued by any English ship, but the enemy, in the disabled state they were in, were glad to see them make off. Admiral Brueys obstinately defended the honour of the French flag: although he had received several wounds he would not go down to the cockpit. He died on his quarter-deck giving his orders. Casabianca, Thermard, and Du Petit-Thouard, acquired glory on this unfortunate day. Rear-Admiral Villeneuve, according to Nelson and the English, might have decided the victory even after the explosion of the Orient. Even at midnight, had he got under weigh, and engaged in the action with the ships of his wing, he might have annihilated the English squadron. He remained a peaceful spectator of the battle. As Rear-Admiral Villeneuve was a brave and good seaman, one has to ask what was the cause of this singular conduct? He waited for orders! It is positively asserted that the Admiral made the signal for him to weigh anchor, but that the smoke prevented him from seeing it. But was there any need of an order to take part in the battle, and assist his comrades?

"The Orient blew up at eleven o'clock; from that time till three in the afternoon, that is to say for fifteen hours, the fight was continued. It was then Villeneuve who commanded; why did he do nothing? Villeneuve was of an irresolute character, destitute of energy."—*Napoleon's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

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part did not receive all the admiral's despatches until the 26th of July, when he was at Cairo, and consequently too late to enable his answer to come to hand before the 1st of August. Brueys is also reproached with having persisted in awaiting the course of events at Aboukir. Can it be supposed that the admiral would have remained on the coast of Egypt against the express orders of the general-in-chief, who was his superior in command?

The friendship and confidence with which Admiral Brueys honoured me, his glorious death, and the fury with which he has been accused, impose upon me the obligation of defending him. In every publication I have read relative to the event, what is termed his great fault has been the subject of animadversion.

Who is the accuser? Bonaparte.—What is the act of accusation? The letter of the general-in-chief to the Directory, of the 20th of August, 1798. In his preceding letters he constantly praised the admiral's talent and judgment.

It will be seen that in the letter of the 20th of August, which was written fifty days after his entrance into Egypt, Bonaparte, anticipating what he afterwards said in his conversations at St. Helena, distorted facts, altered dates, affirmed what was at least doubtful, and accused the innocent, in the hope of averting reproach from himself.

Bonaparte had risked a badly-equipped squadron against the English fleet. He had the good fortune to land in Egypt, but the squadron was destroyed. It will be remembered what Admiral Brueys said to me on the passage; but, says Bonaparte, "If my orders had been attended to, the fleet would not have been lost."

Napoleon's anxious desire of being transmitted faultless to posterity, had heretofore been satisfied, and he was tormented by the idea of the impression which the event of Aboukir would produce on the public mind. But he might have justified himself without accusing any one. The loss of the fleet was evidently the result of the circumstances in which we were placed, and the misery to which we were exposed during the first month of the invasion, when our naval force was supplied with provisions day by day, and almost bit by bit.

Instead of the promised land which we had been taught to expect, we had to cope with every kind of privation, added to the most vexatious hostility on the part of the people.

The whole truth never appeared in Bonaparte's despatches, when it was in any way unfavourable to himself. He knew how to disguise, to alter, or to conceal it when necessary. He not unfrequently altered the despatches of others when they ran counter to his views, or were calculated to diminish the good opinion he wished the world should entertain of him. I drew up for him the following draught of a letter to be presented to the Directory:

Admiral Brueys could not enter with his squadron into the old port of Alexandria, which is impracticable for vessels of the size of his. Imperious circumstances obliged him to wait in the road of Aboukir for a favourable moment to proceed to Corfu. His moorings, however, were not effectual. The left of his line was forced, in spite of the two mortars placed on the bank, and each of his ships was exposed to the fire of several of the enemy's. The fleet has been destroyed. I send you an exact account of our loss in men and ships. This great disaster, which could only have been caused by a combination of unfortunate circumstances, will prove the necessity of immediately forwarding to us the reinforcements and other things required for the army.

This sketch of a letter contained neither justification nor blame. After having read it, Bonaparte smiled, and returned it to me, saying, "This is too vague, too soft: it is not pointed enough. We must enter into more details, and mention those who have distinguished themselves. Besides, you would make it appear that Brueys is blameless. This will not do. You do not know the men we have to deal with. I will tell you what to write."

He then dictated to me a despatch, the first part of which consisted of a long detail of his military operations against the beys. From that subject he broke off in the following manner:

I left at Salehyeh General Reynier's division and some officers of engineers, to construct a fortress; and on the 26th Thermidor I set out to return to Cairo. I was not two leagues from Salehyeh, when General Kleber's aide-de-camp arrived with the account of the attack which our squadron had suffered on the 14th Thermidor. Owing to the difficulty of communication, the aide-de-camp had been eleven days on the journey.

On the 18th Messidor, I set out from Alexandria. I wrote to Admiral Brueys, desiring him to enter the port of that city within four-and-twenty hours, and if his squadron could not get in, to land the artillery and every thing belonging to the army, and then proceed to Corfu.

The admiral did not think he could land the artillery, &c. in the situation in which he was, being anchored among some rocks before the port of Alexandria, and several vessels having already lost their anchors. He therefore anchored in the roads of Aboukir. I sent some officers of engineers and artillery, who assured the admiral that he could receive no assistance from land; and it was agreed, that, if the English should appear within the two or three days that he was obliged to remain at Aboukir, he must make up his mind to cut his cables, and that it was desirable to stay as short a time as possible at Aboukir.

I departed from Alexandria in the firm belief that, within three days, the squadron would enter the port of Alexandria, or sail for Corfu. From the 18th Messidor to the 6th Thermidor, I had no tidings either from Rosetta or Alexandria. A cloud of Arabs, thronging from all points of the desert, were continually within a short distance of the camp. On the 9th Thermidor, the report of our victories,

together with various arrangements that were made, opened our communications. I received several letters from the admiral, which, to my surprise, announced that he was still at Aboukir. I wrote immediately to desire that he would not delay another hour, either entering Alexandria or proceeding to Corfu.

The admiral informed me by a letter of the 2d Thermidor, that several English vessels had come to reconnoitre him, and that he was preparing to receive the enemy at Aboukir. This strange resolution filled me with alarm, and I feared the business was past all remedy; for the admiral's letter of the 2d Thermidor did not arrive until the 12th. I despatched Citizen Julien to Aboukir, with orders not to leave the place until he saw the squadron under sail; but as he set out on the 12th, he could not possibly have arrived in time.

On the 8th Thermidor, the admiral wrote to inform me that the English had withdrawn, which he attributed to the scarcity of provisions. I received the letter on the 12th.

On the 11th he wrote to me that he had just heard of the victory of the Pyramids, and the taking of Cairo, and that he had found a passage for entering the port of Alexandria.

On the evening of the 14th, the enemy attacked him. As soon as he perceived the English squadron, he despatched an officer to acquaint me with his arrangements. The officer perished on the road.

I am of opinion that Admiral Brueys did not wish to proceed to Corfu until he ascertained that he could not enter the port of Alexandria, and that the army, of which he had heard nothing for a considerable time, was beyond the necessity of retreating. If on this fatal occasion he committed errors, he has expiated them by a glorious death.

Fate, apparently, wishes to prove, that if she grants us the preponderance of power on land, she has given the empire of the seas to our rivals. But however great are our reverses, we must not say that Fortune has forsaken us. Far from it: she has assisted us in this operation beyond what she ever did before. When I arrived before Alexandria, and learned that the English had passed there in superior force some days previously, I immediately landed, though at the risk of being wrecked in the storm which then raged. I recollect that at the moment when we were making preparations for landing, we descried, at some distance to windward, a ship of war (La Justice) returning from Malta. "Fortune!" I exclaimed, "wilt thou forsake me? Grant me but five days!" I marched all night, and at daybreak attacked Alexandria with three thousand men, harassed with fatigue, without cannon, and almost without cartridges. In five days I was master of Rosetta and Damanhour; that is to say, completely established in Egypt.

In these five days, the squadron ought to have been secure against any attack on the part of the English, whatever might have been their numbers; but, on the contrary, it continued exposed to danger during the remainder of Messidor. It received from Rosetta, at the beginning of Thermidor, a supply of rice for two months. The English showed themselves in superior numbers for the space of six days.

On the 11th Messidor, Admiral Brueys received information of the entire possession of Egypt and our entrance into Cairo; and it was

not until Fortune saw that all her favours were unavailing, that she abandoned the fleet to its fate.

In the above letter, a great deal is said about Fortune and Fate. All this is very fine; but the best thing Fortune could have done for the general at that time, would have been to send him provisions.

The facts above stated, together with those related in my note, will, I trust, vindicate the memory of Admiral Brueys. A perusal of the official documents connected with the event, must convince every reflecting person that the general-in-chief did not really entertain any idea of despatching the squadron to Corfu before he was in possession of Cairo: and that he did not write to Brueys, on the 6th of July, the letter which he mentions. He was too provident to deprive himself immediately of so great a resource in case of a reverse of fortune. He acted like a man who could foresee events. He was not to blame for the loss of the fleet; but neither was Admiral Brueys. Before Bonaparte departed for Salehyeh, he frequently spoke to me of the possibility of his embarking again with the fleet.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### 1798.

El Coraim—His execution—Misunderstanding and explanation between Bonaparte and Kleber—The Egyptian Institute—Festival of the Birth of Mahomet—Bonaparte's prudent respect for the Mahometan religion—His Turkish dress—Djezzar, the Pasha of Acre—Thoughts of a campaign in Germany—Want of news from France—Anniversary of the 1st Vendémiaire—Bonaparte and Madame Fourés—The Egyptian Fortune-teller, M. Berthollet and the sheik El Bekri—The air Marlbrook—Insurrection in Cairo—Death of General Dupuy—Death of Sulkowsky—The insurrection quelled—Nocturnal Executions—Destruction of a tribe of Arabs—Convoy of sick and wounded—Massacre of the French—Projected expedition to Syria—Letter to Tippoo Saib.

I HAVE already mentioned the name of Coraim: I will now relate a few particulars of his history, which may afford an idea of the character of most of the Egyptian chiefs, such as we found them on our arrival in the country.

General Kleber sent on board the Orient the Sherif of Alexandria, Sidy Mohammed el Coraim, who was arrested by order of Bonaparte on the charge of treason.

The following order was issued against him:

"The general-in-chief having proofs of the treason of Sidy Mohammed el Coraim, whom he had loaded with favours, orders—That Sidy Mohammed el Coraim shall pay a contribution of three hundred thousand francs; in default of which, five

days after the publication of the present order, he shall forfeit his head."

Coraim came from Aboukir to Cairo to defend himself against the accusation. On his arrival at Cairo, I desired Venture, our interpreter, to urge him to save his life by the payment of the fine; and to assure him that the general was determined to make an example. He was a fine handsome man, and his situation excited my interest. "You are rich," said I to him, through the medium of Venture, "therefore make the sacrifice." He smiled contemptuously, and replied, "If I am to die now, nothing can save me, and I should be giving away my piastres uselessly; and if I am not to die, why should I give them at all?" He was executed at Cairo, on the 6th of September, 1798, at noon, and his head was paraded through the streets of the city with the following placard: "Coraim, Sherif of Alexandria, condemned to death for having violated the oaths of fidelity he had taken to the French Republic, and for having maintained correspondence with the Mamelukes, to whom he was a spy. Thus shall be punished all traitors and perjurers!"

Coraim had taken his precautions so well, that nothing was found after his death. But this example facilitated the collection of the forced contributions, and intimidated some other rich chiefs, who were not such stanch fatalists as he.

The satirical way in which Kleber spoke of the Egyptian expedition, and the unreserved frankness of his correspondence, had produced a degree of coolness between him and the general-in-chief, who expressed his displeasure in language not more moderate than that which was attributed to Kleber. The latter being informed of this, wrote the following letter to the general-in-chief on the 22d of August, 1798:

You would be unjust, Citizen-general, to regard as a mark of weakness or discouragement the vehemence with which I have described my wants to you. It matters little to me where I live, or where I die, provided I live for the glory of France, and die as I have lived. Under any circumstances, therefore, you may rely on me as well as upon those whom you order to obey me. I have already told you that. The event of the 14th* has excited in the minds of the soldiers nothing but indignation and the desire of revenge. I am, in truth, much displeased with the navy, which I have seen under the most unfavourable point of view. The enormous quantity of baggage landed at Alexandria, and the style in which the naval officers have been seen in the streets of that city, prove that few of them have sustained serious loss. Besides the English have disinterestedly restored every thing to the prisoners, and have not suffered them to be deprived of an iota. It was not so with our military officers. No one has pleaded their cause; and being too proud to plead it themselves under such circumstances, they arrived here almost without clothing, and many of them, rather than surrender, preferred throwing themselves into the sea.

To this letter Bonaparte replied—

* The loss of the fleet (1st August, 1791).

Rely on the value I attach to your esteem and friendship; I fear a little misunderstanding has arisen between us. You would be unjust to doubt how much it vexes me. In Egypt, when clouds appear they pass away in six hours; on my part, should any arise, they shall be banished in three. The regard I cherish for you, is at least equal to that which you have sometimes evinced for me.

This lukewarm reciprocal assurance of esteem did not diminish the dislike they mutually entertained of each other.

The loss of the fleet convinced General Bonaparte of the necessity of speedily and effectively organizing Egypt, where every thing denoted that we should stay for a considerable time, except in the event of a forced evacuation, which the general was far from foreseeing or fearing. The distance of Ibrahim Bey and Murad Bey now left him a little at rest. War, fortifications, taxation, government, the organization of the divans, trade, art, and science, all occupied his attention. Orders and instructions were immediately despatched, if not to repair the defeat, at least to avert the first danger that might ensue from it. On the 21st of August Bonaparte established at Cairo an institute of the arts and sciences, of which he subsequently appointed me a member in the room of M. de Sucy, who was obliged to return to France, in consequence of the wound he received on board the flotilla in the Nile.*

In founding this Institute, Bonaparte wished to afford an example of his ideas of civilization. The minutes of the sittings of that learned body, which have been printed, bear evidence of its utility, and of Napoleon's extended views. The objects of the Institute were the advancement and propagation of information in Egypt, and the study and publication of all facts relating to the natural history, trade, and antiquities of that ancient country.

On the 18th, Bonaparte was present at the ceremony of opening the dyke of the canal of Cairo, which receives the

* The Institute of Egypt was composed of members of the French Institute, and of the men of science and artists of the commission who did not belong to that body. They assembled and added to their number several officers of the artillery and staff, and others who had cultivated the sciences of literature.

The Institute was established in one of the palaces of the beys. The grand hall of the harem, by means of some alterations, became the place of their sittings, and the rest of the palace served for the habitation of the members. Before this building there was a very extensive garden, which adjoined the country, and near which the fort called De l'Institut was erected on a mount.

A great number of machines, and physical, chemical, and astronomical instruments, had been brought from France. They were distributed in the different rooms, which were also successively filled with all the curiosities of the country, whether of the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom.

The garden of the palace became a botanical garden. A chemical laboratory was formed at head-quarters: Berthollet performed experiments there several times every week, at which Napoleon and a great number of officers attended. —*Memoirs of Napoleon.* *(Editor.)*

water of the Nile when it reaches the height fixed by the Mequyas.

Two days after came the anniversary festival of the birth of Mahomet. At this Napoleon was also present, in company with the sheik El Bekri,* who at his request gave him two young Mamelukes, Ibrahim and Roustan.

It has been alleged, that Bonaparte, when in Egypt, took part in the religious ceremonies and worship of the Mussulmans; but it cannot be said that he *celebrated* the festivals of the overflowing of the Nile, and the anniversary of the prophet. The Turks invited him to these, merely as a spectator; and the presence of their new master was gratifying to the people. But he never committed the folly of ordering any solemnity. He neither learned nor repeated any prayer of the Koran, as many persons have asserted; neither did he advocate fatalism, polygamy, or any other doctrine of the Koran. Bonaparte employed himself better than in discussing with the imans the theology of the children of Ismael. The ceremonies, at which policy induced him to be present, were to him, and to all who accompanied him, mere matters of curiosity. He never set foot in a mosque; and only on one occasion, which I shall hereafter mention, dressed himself in the Mahometan costume. He attended the festivals to which the green turbans invited him.† His re-

* The general-in-chief went to celebrate the feast of the prophet, at the house of the sheik El Bekri. The ceremony was begun by the recital of a kind of litany, containing the life of Mahomet from his birth to his death. About a hundred sheiks sitting in a circle, on carpets, with their legs crossed, recited all the verses, swinging their bodies violently backwards and forwards, and altogether.

A grand dinner was afterwards served up, at which the guests sat on carpets, with their legs across. There were twenty tables, and five or six people at each table. That of the general-in-chief and the sheik El Bekri was in the middle; a little slab of a precious kind of wood ornamented with mosaic work, was placed eighteen inches above the floor, and covered with a great number of dishes in succession. They were pilaws of rice, a particular kind of roast, entrées, and pastry, all very highly spiced. The sheiks picked every thing with their fingers. Accordingly water was brought to wash the hands three times during dinner. Gooseberry-water, lemonade, and other sorts of sherbets, were served to drink, and abundance of preserves and confectionary with the dessert. On the whole, the dinner was not disagreeable; it was only the manner of eating it that seemed strange to us.

In the evening the whole city was illuminated. After dinner the party went into the square of El Bekri, the illumination of which, in coloured glass, was very beautiful. An immense concourse of people attended. They were all placed in order, in ranks of from twenty to a hundred persons, who, standing close together, recited the prayers and litanies of the prophet with movements which kept increasing, until, at length, they seemed to be convulsive, and some of the most zealous fainted away.—*Memoirs of Napoleon.* (*Editor.*)

† From this Sir Walter Scott infers that he did not scruple to join the Mussulmans in the external ceremonies of their religion. He embellishes his romance with the ridiculous farce of the sepulchral chamber of the grand pyramid, and the speeches which were addressed to the general as well as to the muftis and imans; and he adds that Bonaparte was on the point of embracing Islamism. All that Sir Walter says on this subject is the height of absurdity, and does not

ligious tolerance was the natural consequence of his philosphic spirit.

Doubtless Bonaparte did, as he was bound to do, show respect for the religion of the country; and he found it necessary to act more like a Mussulman than a Catholic. A wise conqueror supports his triumphs by protecting, and even elevating the religion of the conquered people. Bonaparte's principle was, as he himself has often told me, to look upon religions as the work of men, but to respect them every where as a powerful engine of government. However, I will not go so far as to say that he would not have changed his religion, had the conquest of the east been the price of that change. All that he said about Mahomet, Islamism, and the Koran, to the great men of the country, he laughed at himself. He enjoyed the gratification of having all his fine sayings on the subject of religion translated into Arabic poetry, and repeated from mouth to mouth. This of course tended to conciliate the people.

The letter of the general-in-chief, in which he consigned the command to Kleber, contained the following passage:

"The Christians will always be our friends: but we must prevent them from being too insolent, lest the Turks should conceive against us the same fanatical hatred they cherish towards the Christians, in which case they would be irreconcilable."

On the 13th of March, 1799, he wrote to Menon—

"I thank you for the honours you have rendered to *our* prophet."

I confess that Bonaparte frequently conversed with the chiefs of the Mussulman religion, on the subject of his conversion; but only for the sake of amusement. The priests of the Koran, who would probably have been delighted to convert us, offered us the most ample concessions. But these conversations were merely started by way of entertainment, and never could have warranted a supposition of their leading to any serious result. If Bonaparte spoke as a Mussulman, it was merely in his character of a military and political chief, in a Mussulman country. To do so was essential to his success, to the safety of his army, and, consequently, to his glory. In every country he would have drawn up proclamations, and delivered addresses, on the same principle. In India, he would have been for Ali; at Thibet, for the Dalai-lama; and in China for Confucius.*

even deserve to be seriously refuted. Bonaparte never entered a mosque except from motives of curiosity, and he never for one moment afforded any ground for supposing that he *believed in the mission of Mahomet.*

* On the subject of his alleged conversion to Mahometanism, Bonaparte expressed himself at St. Helena as follows:

"I never followed any of the tenets of that religion. I never prayed in the mosques. I never abstained from wine, or was circumcised, neither did I ever profess it. I said merely that we were the friends of the Mussulmans, and that I respected Mahomet their prophet, which was true; I respect him now. I wanted to make the Imans cause prayers to be offered up in the mosques for me

The general-in-chief had a Turkish dress made, which he once put on, merely in joke. One day, he desired me to go to breakfast without waiting for him, and that he would follow me. In about a quarter of an hour, he made his appearance, in his new costume. As soon as he was recognised, he was received with a loud burst of laughter. He sat down, very coolly; but he found himself so encumbered and ill at ease in his turban and oriental robe, that he speedily threw them off, and was never after tempted to assume the disguise.

About the end of August, Bonaparte wished to open negotiations with the Pasha of Acre, surnamed *the Butcher*. He offered Djezzar his friendship, sought his in return, and gave him the most consolitary assurances of the safety of his dominions. He promised to support him against the grand seignior, at the very moment when he was assuring the Egyptians that he would support the grand seignior against the beys. But Djezzar, confiding in his own strength, and in the protection of the English, who had anticipated Bonaparte, was deaf to every overture, and would not even receive Beauvoisin, who was sent to him on the 22d of August. A second envoy was beheaded at Acre. The occupations of Bonaparte, and the necessity of obtaining a more solid footing in Egypt, retarded, for the moment, the invasion of that pashalic, which provoked vengeance by its barbarities, besides being a dangerous neighbour.

As the end of August approached, the general-in-chief made preparations for celebrating the festival of the republic. His peculiar turn of mind was evinced, even in the orders which he dictated to me on that occasion. The desire of living in futurity

In order to make the people respect me still more than they actually did, and obey me more readily. The imans replied, that there was a great obstacle, because their prophet in the Koran had inculcated to them that they were not to obey, respect, or hold faith with infidels, and that I came under that denomination. I then desired them to hold a consultation, and see what was necessary to be done in order to become a Mussulman, as some of their tenets could not be practised by us. That as to circumcision, God had made us unfit for that. That with respect to drinking wine, we were poor cold people, inhabitants of the north, who could not exist without it. Therefore, that we could neither circumcise nor abstain from wine. They consulted together accordingly, and in about three weeks issued a fetham, declaring that circumcision might be omitted, because it was merely a profession; that as to drinking wine, it might be drunk by Mussulmans, but that those who drank it would not go to paradise, but to hell. I replied that this would not do; that we had no occasion to make ourselves Mussulmans in order to go to hell, that there were many ways of getting there without coming to Egypt, and desiring them to hold another consultation. Well, after deliberating and battling together for I believe three months, they finally decided that a man might become a Mussulman, and neither circumcise nor abstain from wine; but that in proportion to the wine drunk, some good works must be done. I then told them that we were all Mussulmans and friends of the prophet, which they really believed, as the French soldiers never went to church, and had no priests with them. For you must know that during the revolution there was no religion whatever in the French army. Menon," continued Napoleon, "really turned Mahometan, which was the reason I left him behind."—*Voice from St. Helena.*—(*Editor.*)

ruled all his thoughts. He wished to connect the ceremony with the names of those ancient monuments, which still survive, almost in perfection, while the names of those by whom they were produced are unknown, forgotten, or doubtful. It was determined that the ceremony of the festival should be celebrated round Pompey's Pillar; upon which were to be inscribed the names of the brave men killed in the taking of Alexandria. The tri-coloured flag was to wave on the ancient column, and the ruins of the city of the hundred palaces were to witness the festival of that republic, which, eighteen months later, was itself doomed to possess only an historical existence.

From the time he received the accounts of the disaster of Aboukir, until the revolt of Cairo, on the 22d of October, Bonaparte sometimes found the time hang heavily on his hands. Though he devoted attention to every thing, yet there was not sufficient occupation for his singularly active mind. When the heat was not too great, he rode on horseback ; and on his return, if he found no despatches to read (which often happened), no orders to send off, or no letters to answer, he was immediately absorbed in reverie, and would sometimes converse very strangely. One day, after a long pause, he said to me—

" Do you know what I am thinking of?"—" Upon my word, that would be very difficult; you think of such extraordinary things."—" I don't know," continued he, " that I shall ever see France again ; but if I do, my only ambition is to make a glorious campaign in Germany—in the plains of Bavaria ; there to gain a great battle, and to avenge France for the defeat of Hochstadt. After that I would retire into the country, and live quietly."

He then entered upon a long dissertation on the preference he would give to Germany as the theatre of war; the fine character of the people, and the prosperity and wealth of the country, and its power of supporting an army. His conversations were sometimes very long; but always replete with interest.

In these intervals of leisure, Bonaparte was accustomed to retire to bed early. I used to read to him every evening When I read poetry, he would fall asleep ; but when he asked for the " Life of Cromwell," I counted on sitting up pretty late. In the course of the day, he used to read and make notes. He often expressed regret at not receiving news from France; for correspondence was rendered impracticable by the numerous English and Turkish cruisers. Many letters were intercepted, and scandalously published. Not even family secrets, and communications of the most confidential nature, were respected.

The festival of the first Vendémiaire, year VII. (22d of September, 1798), was celebrated by the French on every point which they occupied in Egypt, and was, as may be supposed, more brilliant in Cairo than elsewhere. In that city, upwards of one hundred and fifty Frenchmen and Turks partook of a

magnificent entertainment. The standard of Mahomet, and the flag of the republic, waved in friendly union; the crescent and the cap of liberty were side by side; and the Koran was the pendant to the Rights of Man.

Among the solemnities observed on this occasion, Bonaparte's address to his troops was not the least remarkable. It was as follows:

SOLDIERS,

We are celebrating the first day of the 7th year of the republic.

Five years ago, the independence of the French people was threatened: but you took Toulon, which was the presage of the ruin of our enemies.

A year after, you beat the Austrians at Dego.

The next year you were on the summit of the Alps.

You besieged Mantua two years ago, and gained the celebrated victory of Saint George.

Last year you were at the sources of the Drave and the Isonzo, returning from Germany.

Who would then have thought that you would now be on the banks of the Nile, in the centre of the ancient continent?

From the Briton, celebrated in the arts and commerce, to the hideous and ferocious Bedouin, you fix the attention of all mankind.

Soldiers, your destiny is noble, for you are worthy of your deeds and of the reputation you have acquired. You will die with glory like the heroes whose names are inscribed on yon pyramids; or you will return to your country, covered with laurels, and with the admiration of all nations.

During the five months that have elapsed since we quitted Europe, we have been the perpetual objects of the solicitude of our countrymen. This day, forty millions of citizens are celebrating the era of representative government. Forty millions of citizens are thinking of you. They all say, "It is to their exertions, to their blood, that we are indebted for a general peace, for the prosperity of trade, and the benefits of civil liberty."

The number of our troops, their manœuvres, the evolutions of our artillery, and the admirable order and discipline of all our corps, produced a profound and salutary impression on the Turks.

About the middle of September in this year, Bonaparte ordered to be brought to the house of Elfy Bey, half a dozen Asiatic women, whose beauty he had heard highly extolled. But their ungraceful obesity displeased him, and they were immediately dismissed. A few days after, he fell violently in love with Madame Fourés, the wife of a lieutenant of infantry. She was very pretty, and her charms were enhanced by the rarity of seeing a woman, in Egypt, who was calculated to please the eye of a European. Bonaparte engaged for her a house adjoining the palace of Elfy Bey, which we occupied. He frequently ordered dinner to be prepared there, and I used to go there with him at seven o'clock, and leave him at nine.

This connexion soon became the general subject of gossip at head-quarters. Through a feeling of delicacy to M. Fourés, the general-in-chief gave him a mission to the Directory. He embarked at Alexandria, and the ship was captured by the English, who, being informed of the cause of his mission, were malicious enough to send him back to Egypt, instead of keeping him prisoner. Bonaparte wished to have a child by Madame Fourés, but this wish was not realized.

A celebrated soothsayer was recommended to Bonaparte by the inhabitants of Cairo, who confidentially vouched for the accuracy with which he could fortel future events. He was sent for, and when he arrived, I, Venture, and a sheik, were with the general. The prophet wished first to exercise his skill upon Bonaparte; who, however, proposed that I should have my fortune told first, to which I acceded without hesitation. To afford an idea of his prophetic skill, I must mention, that since my arrival in Cairo, I had been in a very weak state. The passage of the Nile, and the bad food we had had for twelve days, had greatly reduced me, so that I was miserably pale and thin.

After examining my hands, feeling my pulse, my forehead, and the nape of my neck, the fortune-teller shrugged his shoulders, and, in a melancholy tone, told Venture that he did not think it right to inform me of my fate. I gave him to understand that he might say what he pleased, as it was a matter of indifference to me. After considerable hesitation on his part, and pressing on mine, he announced to me, that *the earth of Egypt would receive me in two months.*

I thanked him, and he was dismissed. When we were alone, the general said to me, "Well, what did you think of that?" I observed, that the fortune-teller did not run any great risk in fortelling my death, which was a very probable circumstance, in the state in which I was; "but," added I, "if I procure the wines which I have ordered from France, you will soon see me get round again."

The art of imposing on mankind has, at all times, been an important part of the art of governing; and it was not that portion of the science of government which Bonaparte was the least acquainted with. He neglected no opportunity of showing off to the Egyptians the superiority of France, in arts and sciences; but it happened, oftener than once, that the natural instinct of the Egyptians thwarted his endeavours in this way. Some days after the visit of the pretended fortune-teller, he wished, if I may so express myself, to oppose conjurer to conjurer. For this purpose, he invited the principal sheiks to be present at some chemical experiments, performed by M. Berthollet. The general expected to be much amused at their astonishment; but the miracles of the transformation of liquids, electrical commotions and galvanism, did not elicit from them any symptom of surprise. They witnessed the operations of our

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able chemist with the most imperturbable indifference. When they were ended, the Sheik El Bekri desired the interpreter to tell M. Berthollet that it was all very fine; "but," said he, "ask him whether he can make me be in Morocco and here at one and the same moment?" M. Berthollet replied in the negative, with a shrug of his shoulders. Oh! then," said the sheik, "he is not half a conjurer."

Our music produced no greater effect upon them. They listened with insensibility to all the airs that were played to them, with the exception of Marlbrook. When that was played they became animated, and were all in motion, as if ready to dance.

An order which had been issued on our arrival in Cairo for watching the criers of the mosques, had for some weeks been neglected. At certain hours of the night these criers address prayers to the prophet. As it was merely a repetition of the same ceremony over and over again, in a short time no notice was taken of it. The Turks, perceiving this negligence, substituted for their prayers and hymns cries of revolt, and by this sort of verbal telegraph, insurrectionary excitement was transmitted to the northern and southern extremities of Egypt. By this means, and by the aid of secret emissaries, who eluded our feeble police, and circulated real or forged firmans of the grand seignior, disavowing the concord between France and the Porte, and provoking war, the plan of a revolution was organized throughout the country.

The signal for the execution of this plan was given from the minarets on the night of the 20th of October, and on the morning of the 21st it was announced at head-quarters that the city of Cairo was in open insurrection. The general-in-chief was not, as has been stated, in the isle of Raouddah: he did not hear the firing of the alarm-guns. He rose when the news arrived; it was then five o'clock. He was informed that all the shops were closed, and that the French were attacked. A moment after, he learned the death of General Dupuy, commandant of the garrison, who was killed by a lance in the street. Bonaparte immediately mounted his horse, and, accompanied by only thirty guides, advanced on all the threatened points, restored confidence, and, with great presence of mind, adopted measures of defence.

He left me at head-quarters with only one sentinel; but he had been accurately informed of the situation of the insurgents; and such was my confidence in his activity and foresight, that I had no apprehension, and awaited his return with perfect composure. This composure was not disturbed even when I saw a party of insurgents attack the house of M. Estève, our paymaster-general, which was situated on the opposite side of Ezbekyeh Place. M. Estève was, fortunately, able to resist the attack until troops from Boulaq came up to his assistance.

After visiting all the posts, and adopting every precautionary measure, Bonaparte returned to head-quarters. Finding me still alone with the sentinel, he asked me, smiling, "whether I had not been frightened?"—"Not at all, General, I assure you," replied I.

General Dupuy was killed at the head of his troops, whom he was leading against the insurgents. I had dined with him on the preceding day. On my way to his quarters, I saw an immense crowd assembled in the square of the Bazaar. A man who had stolen some dates was receiving the punishment of the bastinado. I was on horseback, attended by a servant. The aga, whom I met every day at head-quarters, saw me. He opened a passage for me through the crowd, and I got near the unfortunate criminal. His cries and entreaties, and those of some of the spectators, prevailed on me to intercede in his behalf. I urged the aga to consider the punishment already inflicted as sufficient for the offence. This was readily acceded to. The criminal was unbound and carried home. His feet were bleeding.

The insurrection was general from Sienna to Lake Marœotis.

It was about half-past eight in the morning, when Bonaparte returned to head-quarters, and while at breakfast he was informed that some Bedouin Arabs, on horseback, were trying to force their entrance into Cairo. He ordered his aide-de-camp, Sulkowsky, to mount his horse, to take with him fifteen guides, and proceed to the point where the assailants were most numerous. This was the Bab-en-Nassr, or the gate of victory. Croisier observed to the general-in-chief, that Sulkowsky had scarcely recovered from the wounds at Salehyeh, and he offered to take his place. He had his motives for this. Bonaparte consented; but Sulkowsky had already set out. Within an hour after, one of the fifteen guides returned, covered with blood, to announce that Sulkowsky and the remainder of his party had been cut to pieces. This was speedy work, for we were still at table when the sad news arrived.

Sulkowsky, as I have already observed, was a native of Poland, and a brave and intelligent young officer. He was beloved by all who knew him, and his loss was deeply deplored by the general. On the 2d September, Sulkowsky had read to the Egyptian Institute, of which he was a member, an excellent report, descriptive of the road from Cairo to Salehyeh.

Mortars were planted on Mount Moquatam, which commands Cairo. The populace, expelled from all the principal streets by the troops, assembled in the Square of the Great Mosque, and in the little streets running into it, which they barricadoed. The firing of the artillery on the heights was kept up with vigour for two days.

About twelve of the principal chiefs of Cairo were arrested and confined in an apartment at head-quarters. They awaited

with the calmest resignation the death they knew they merited; but Bonaparte merely detained them as hostages. The aga in the service of Bonaparte was astonished that sentence of death was not pronounced upon them; and he said, shrugging his shoulders, and with a gesture apparently intended to provoke severity, "You see they expect it."

On the third the insurrection was at an end, and tranquillity restored. Numerous prisoners were conducted to the citadel. In obedience to an order which I wrote every evening, twelve were put to death nightly. The bodies were then put into sacks and thrown into the Nile. There were many women included in these nocturnal executions. I am not aware that the number of victims amounted to thirty per day, as Bonaparte assured General Reynier in a letter which he wrote to him six days after the restoration of tranquillity. "Every night," said he, "we cut off thirty heads. This, I hope, will be an effectual example." I am of opinion, that in this instance he exaggerated the extent of his just revenge.

Some time after the revolt of Cairo, the necessity of ensuring our own safety urged the commission of a horrible act of cruelty. A tribe of Arabs in the neighbourhood of Cairo had surprised and massacred a party of French. The general-in-chief ordered his aide-de-camp, Croisier, to proceed to the spot, surround the tribe, destroy the huts, kill all the men, and conduct the rest of the population to Cairo. The order was to decapitate the victims, and bring their heads in sacks to Cairo to be exhibited to the people. Eugène Beauharnais accompanied Croisier, who joyfully set out on this horrible expedition, in hope of obliterating all recollection of the affair of Damanhour.

On the following day the party returned. Many of the poor Arab women had been delivered on the road, and the children had perished of hunger, heat and fatigue. About four o'clock, a troop of asses arrived in Ezbekyeh Place, laden with sacks. The sacks were opened and the heads rolled out before the assembled populace. I cannot describe the horror I experienced; but at the same time I must acknowledge that this butchery ensured for a considerable time the tranquillity and even the existence of the little caravans which were obliged to travel in all directions for the service of the army.

Shortly before the loss of the fleet, the general-in-chief had formed the design of visiting Suez, to examine the traces of the ancient canal, which united the Nile to the gulf of Arabia, and also to cross the latter. The revolt at Cairo caused this project to be adjourned until the month of December.

Before his departure for Suez, Bonaparte granted the commissary, Sucy, leave to return to France. He had received a wound in the right hand, when on board the zebeck, Cerf. I was conversing with him on deck, when he received this wound. At first it had no appearance of being serious; but, some time

after, he could not use his hand. General Bonaparte despatched a vessel with sick and wounded, who were supposed to be incurable, to the number of about eighty. All envied their fate, and were anxious to depart with them, but the privilege was conceded to very few. However, those who were disappointed had no cause for regret. We never know what we wish for. Captain Marengo, who landed at Augusta, supposing it to be a friendly land, was required to observe quarantine for twenty-two days, and information was given of the arrival of the vessel to the court, which was at Palermo. On the 25th of January, 1799, all on board the French vessel were massacred, with the exception of twenty-one, who were saved by a Neapolitan frigate, and conducted to Messina, where they were detained.

Before he conceived the resolution of attacking the Turkish advanced guard in the valleys of Syria, Bonaparte had formed a plan of invading British India from Persia. He had ascertained, through the medium of agents, that the Shah of Persia would, for a sum of money paid in advance, consent to the establishment of military magazines on certain points of his territory. Bonaparte frequently told me that if, after the subjugation of Egypt, he could have left fifteen thousand men in that country, and have had thirty thousand disposable troops, he would have marched on the Euphrates. He was frequently speaking about the deserts which were to be crossed to reach Persia. How many times have I seen him extended on the ground, examining the beautiful maps which he had brought with him, and he would sometimes make me lie down in the same position, to trace to me his projected march. This reminded him of the triumphs of his favourite hero, Alexander; but, at the same time, he felt that these projects were incompatible with our resources, the weakness of the government, and the dissatisfaction which the army already evinced. Privation and misery are inseparable from all these remote operations.

This favourite idea still occupied his mind a fortnight before his departure for Syria was determined on, and on the 25th of January, 1799, he wrote to Tippoo Saib as follows:

You are of course already informed of my arrival on the banks of the Red Sea, with a numerous and invincible army. Eager to deliver you from the iron yoke of England, I hasten to request that you will send me, by the way of Marcate or Mokha, an account of the political situation in which you are. I also wish that you could send to Suez, or Grand Cairo, some able man, in your confidence, with whom I may confer.*

* It has often been stated that Tippoo Saib wrote to General Bonaparte. He could not reply to a letter written on the 25th of January, owing to the great difficulty of communication, the considerable distance, and the short interval which elapsed between the 25th of January and the fall of the Mysore, which happened on the 20th of April following.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### 1798—1799.

Bonaparte's departure for Suez—Crossing the desert—Passage of the Red Sea—The fountain of Moses—The Cenobites of Mount Sinai—Discovery of an ancient canal—Danger in recrossing the Red Sea—Napoleon's return to Cairo—Money borrowed at Genoa—New designs upon Italy—Dissatisfaction of the Ottoman Porte—MM. de Livron and Hamelin—Plan for invading Asia—Gigantic schemes—General Berthier's permission to return to France—His romantic love and the adored portrait—He gives up his permission to return home—Louis Bonaparte leaves Egypt—The first Cashmere shawl in France—Intercepted correspondence—Departure for Syria—Fountains of Messoodiah—Bonaparte jealous—Discontent of the troops—El-Arish taken—Aspect of Syria—Ramleh—Jerusalem.

On the 24th of December we set out for Suez, where we arrived on the 26th. On the 25th we encamped in the desert, some leagues before Ad-Jeroth. The heat had been very great during the day; but about eleven at night the cold became so severe, as to be just in an inverse ratio to the temperature of the day. This desert, which is the route of the caravans from Suez to Tor, and the countries situated on the north of Arabia, is strewed with the bones of the men and animals who, for ages past, have perished in crossing it. As there was no wood to be got, we collected a quantity of these bones for fuel. Monge, himself, was induced to sacrifice some of the curious skulls of animals, which he had picked up on the way and deposited in the berline of the general-in-chief. But no sooner had we kindled our fires, than an intolerable effluvium obliged us to raise our camp, and advance further on, for we could procure no water to extinguish the fires.

On the 27th, Bonaparte employed himself in inspecting the town and port of Suez, and in giving orders for some naval and military works. He feared—what indeed really occurred, after his departure from Egypt—the arrival of some corps from the East Indies, which he had intended to invade. These corps contributed to the loss of his conquest.

On the morning of the 28th we crossed the Red Sea, dry-shod,* to go to the Wells of Moses, which are nearly a myria-

* From time immemorial this ford has been called by the people of the country *El Mahadyeh*, the passage.

metre from the eastern coast, and a little south-east of Suez. The gulf of Arabia terminates at about five thousand metres north of that city. Near the port, the Red Sea is not above fifteen hundred metres wide, and is always fordable at low water. The caravans from Tor and Mount Sinai always pass at that part, either in going to or returning from Egypt. This abridges their journey nearly a myriametre. At high tide the water is five or six feet deep at Suez, and when the wind blows fresh, it often rises to nine or ten feet.

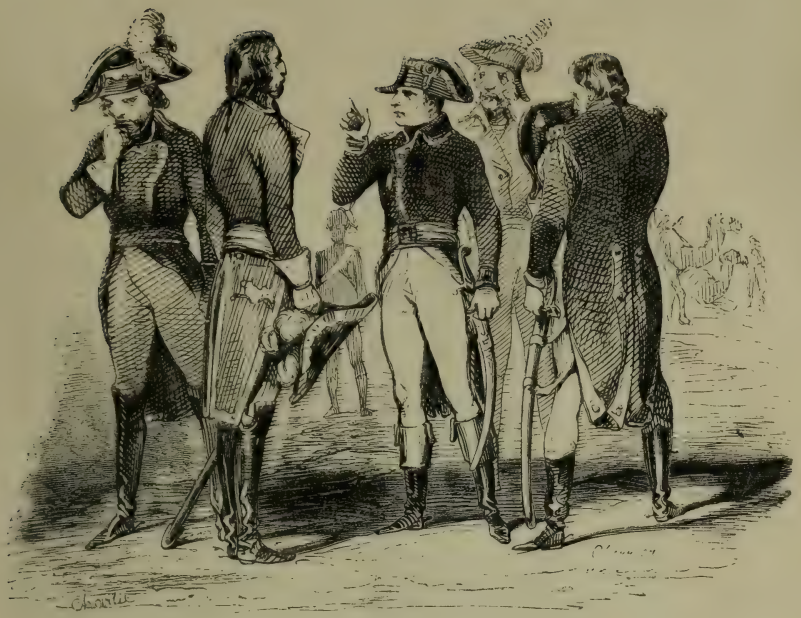
We spent a few hours, seated by the largest of the springs called the Wells of Moses, situated on the eastern shore of the gulf of Arabia. We made coffee with the water from these springs, which, however, gave it such a brackish taste, that it was scarcely drinkable.

I shall say nothing of the Cenobites of Mount Sinai, as I had not the honour of seeing them. Neither did I see the register containing the names of Ali, Salah-Eddin, Ibrahim or Abraham, on which Bonaparte is said to have inscribed his name. I perceived at a distance some high hills which were said to be Mount Sinai. I conversed, through the medium of an interpreter, with some Arabian chiefs of Tor, and its neighbourhood. They had been informed of our excursion to the Wells, and that they might there thank the French general for the protection granted to their caravans, and their trade with Egypt. On the 19th of December, before his departure from Suez, Bonaparte signed a sort of safeguard, or exemption from duties, for the convent of Mount Sinai. This had been granted out of respect to Moses and the Jewish nation, and also because the convent of Mount Sinai is a seat of learning and civilization amidst the barbarism of the deserts.

Though the water of the eight little springs, which form the Wells of Moses, is not so salt as that of many wells dug in other parts of the deserts, it is, nevertheless, exceedingly brackish, and does not allay thirst so well as fresh water. The water of these fountains is continually flowing, and has not a very disagreeable smell.

On our return to Suez, we went a little to the left to visit the ruins of a large reservoir, constructed, it is said, during the war between the Venetians and the Portuguese, which broke out after the discovery of the passage to the East Indies, by doubling the Cape of Good Hope. Descending to the sea-coast, General Bonaparte was the first to discover a canal, three or four hundred metres in length. It was lined with good masonry, and might have been repaired at little expense. These canals serve to convey water to the vessels stationed on the eastern bank of the Arabian gulf.

Bonaparte returned to Suez that same night. It was very dark when we reached the sea-shore. The tide was coming up, and the water was pretty high. We deviated a little from the



Napoleon and the seditious Generals in Egypt.

Vol. i., page 148.

Napoleon signing his name in the register at Mount Sinai.

Vol. i., page 170.

way we had taken in the morning; we crossed a little too low down; we were thrown into disorder, but we did not lose ourselves in the marshes as has been stated.

I have read somewhere, though I did not see the fact, nor did I hear it mentioned at the time, that the tide which was coming up would have been the grave of the general-in-chief, had not one of the guides saved him by carrying him on his shoulders. If any such danger had existed, all who had not a similar means of escape must have perished.

This is a mere fabrication. General Caffarelli was the only person who was really in danger, for his wooden leg prevented him sitting firmly on his horse in the water; but some persons came to his assistance, and supported him.

Next morning the general-in-chief was walking with me on the western side of the gulf, when we saw a man on horseback advancing towards us. We stopped, and the horseman approached. He proved to be one of our guides, named Semin, who, on our return from the fountains, had lingered a little behind the rest, and hearing us calling upon each other as we were fording the sea in the dark, he concluded that some accident had happened, and would not venture forward alone. He therefore ascended the eastern bank, doubled the gulf, and was on his way back to Suez, when he met the general. When he had left us, Bonaparte said to me, "That fellow is no fool."

On his return to Cairo, the general-in-chief wished to discover the site of the canal, which, in ancient times, formed a junction between the Red Sea and the Nile, by Belbeys. M. Lepère, who was a member of the Egyptian Institute, and is now inspector-general of bridges and causeways, executed on the spot a beautiful plan, which may confidently be consulted by those who wish to form an accurate idea of that ancient communication, and the level of the two seas.

On his arrival at Cairo, Bonaparte again devoted all his thoughts to the affairs of the army, which he had not attended to during his short absence. The revenues of Egypt were far from being sufficient to meet the expenses of the army. To defray his own expenses, Bonaparte raised several considerable loans in Genoa, through the medium of M. James. The connexion of James with the Bonaparte family takes its date from this period.

Since the month of August, the attention of General Bonaparte had been constantly fixed on Syria. The period of the possible landing of an enemy in Egypt had now passed away, and could not return until the month of July, in the following year. Bonaparte was fully persuaded that that landing would take place, and he was not deceived. The Ottoman Porte had, indeed, been persuaded that the conquest of Egypt was not in her interest. She preferred enduring a rebel whom she hoped one day to subdue, to supporting a power which, under the

specious pretext of reducing her insurgent beys to obedience, deprived her of one of her finest provinces, and threatened the rest of the empire.

On his return to Cairo, the general-in-chief had no longer any doubt, as to the course which the Porte intended to adopt. The numerous class of persons who believed that the Ottoman Porte had consented to our occupation of Egypt, were suddenly undeceived. It was then asked how we could, without that consent, have attempted such an enterprise? Nothing, it was said, could justify the temerity of such an expedition, if it should produce a rupture between France, the Ottoman empire, and its allies. However, for the remainder of the year Bonaparte dreaded nothing except an expedition from Gazah and El-Arish, of which the troops of Djezzar had already taken possession. This occupation was justly regarded as a decided act of hostility; war was thus declared. "We must adopt anticipatory measures," thought Napoleon; "we must destroy this advanced guard of the Ottoman empire, overthrow the ramparts of Jaffa and Acre, ravage the country, destroy all her resources, so as to render the passage of an army impracticable." Thus was planned the expedition against Syria.

At the time fixed for his departure, Bonaparte learned that MM. Livron and Hamelin had arrived in the port of Alexandria. We had received no official news from Europe since the end of June, 1798. The general delayed his departure for Asia for some days, in the hope of receiving letters. There appeared to be something vague in the declarations of Hamelin, who had not come directly from France. He had left Trieste on the 24th of October, 1797, and had touched at Ancona and other ports. On the very day of his departure, Bonaparte declared, that if in the course of the month he should positively learn that France was at war with the powers of Europe, he would return. I mention this fact beforehand, to explain the departure which gave rise to so many absurd conjectures and incorrect assertions.

Bonaparte saw, with his usual quickness, the dangers which threatened him from the isthmus of Suez, and he made preparations for averting them; but these measures, which were perfectly natural in the circumstances in which we stood, served to veil one of those gigantic schemes in which his imagination loved to indulge. Had this scheme been put into execution, the fate of France would have depended on new and incalculable combinations. It was on the shore of Saint Jean d'Acre that he first mentioned to me that vast and incredible enterprise, of which he had probably conceived the idea when he wrote to Kleber, some time after the fatal night of the 1st of August: "If the English continue to inundate the Mediterranean, they will, perhaps, oblige us to do greater things than we otherwise would."

General Berthier after repeated entreaties, had obtained per-

mission to return to France. The Courageuse frigate, which was to convey him home, was preparing at Alexandria; he had received his instructions, and was to leave Cairo on the 29th of January, ten days before Bonaparte's departure for Syria. Bonaparte was sorry to part with him; but he could not endure to see an old friend, and one who had served him well in all his campaigns, dying before his eyes, the victim of nostalgia and romantic love. Besides, Berthier had been, for some time past, any thing but active in the discharge of his duties. His passion, which amounted almost to madness, impaired the feeble faculties with which nature had endowed him. Some writers have ranked him in the class of sentimental lovers: be this as it may, the homage which Berthier rendered to the portrait of the object of his adoration, more frequently excited our merriment than our sensibility.

One day I went with an order from Bonaparte to the chief of his staff, whom I found on his knees before the portrait of Madame Visconti, which was hanging opposite the door. I touched him, to let him know I was there. He looked round, but did not think proper to interrupt his devotions.

The moment was approaching when the two friends were to part, perhaps, for ever. Bonaparte was sincerely distressed at this separation, and the chief of his staff was informed of the fact. At a moment when it was supposed Berthier was on his way to Alexandria, he presented himself to the general-in-chief. "You are, then, decidedly going to Asia?" said he.—"You know," replied the general, "that all is ready, and I shall set out in a few days."—"Well, I will not leave you. I voluntarily renounce all idea of returning to France. I could not endure to forsake you at a moment when you are going to encounter new dangers. Here are my instructions and my passport." Bonaparte, highly pleased with this resolution, embraced Berthier; and the coolness which had been excited by his request to return home was succeeded by a sincere reconciliation.

Louis Bonaparte, who was suffering from the effects of the voyage, was still at Alexandria. The general-in-chief, yielding to the pacific views of his younger brother, who was also beginning to evince some symptoms of nostalgia, consented to his return home. He could not, however, depart until the 11th of March, 1799.

On his return to France Louis passed through Sens, where he dined with Madame de Bourrienne, to whom he presented a beautiful shawl, which General Berthier had given me. This, I believe, was the first Cashmere that had ever been seen in France. Louis was much surprised when Madame de Bourrienne showed him the Egyptian correspondence, which had been seized by the English and printed in London. He found in the collection some letters addressed to himself, and there were others, he said, which were likely to disturb the peace of more than one family, on the return of the army.

On the 11th of February, 1799, we began our march for Syria, with about twelve thousand men. It has been erroneously published, that the army amounted to only six thousand: nearly that number was lost in the course of the campaign. However, at the very moment we were on our way to Syria, with twelve thousand men, scarcely as many being left in Egypt, the Directory published that, "according to the information which had been received," we had sixty thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry; that the army had doubled its numbers, by battles; and that since our arrival in Egypt, we had lost only three hundred men. Is history to be written from such documents?

We arrived, about four o'clock in the afternoon, at Messoodiah, or, "the Fortunate Spot." Here we witnessed a kind of phenomenon, which was not a little agreeable to us. Messoodiah is a place situated on the coast of the Mediterranean, surrounded with little downs of very fine sand, which the copious rains of winter readily penetrate. The rain remains in the sand, so that on making with the finger holes of four or five inches in depth, at the bottom of these little hills, the water immediately flows out. This water was, indeed, rather thick, but its flavour was agreeable; and it would have become clear, if we could have spared time to allow it to rest, and disengage itself from the particles of foreign matter which it contained.

It was a curious spectacle to behold us all lying on the sand, digging wells in miniature, and displaying a laughable selfishness in our endeavours to obtain the most abundant source. This was a very important discovery to us. We found these sand-wells at the extremity of the desert, and it contributed, in no small degree, to revive the courage of our soldiers; besides, when men are, as was the case with us, subject to privations of every kind, the least benefit which accrues inspires the hope of a new advantage. We were approaching the confines of Syria, and we enjoyed, by anticipation, the pleasure we were about to experience, on treading a soil which, by its variety of verdure and vegetation, would remind us of our much-loved native land. At Messoodiah we likewise possessed the advantage of bathing in the sea, which was not more than fifty paces from our unforeseen wells.

Whilst near the wells of Messoodiah, on our way to El-Arish, I one day saw Bonaparte walking alone with Junot, as he was often in the habit of doing. I stood at a little distance, and my eyes, I know not why, were fixed on him during their conversation. The general's countenance, which was always pale, had, without my being able to divine the cause, become paler than usual. There was something convulsive in his features—a wildness in his look, and he several times struck his head with his hand. After conversing with Junot about a quarter of an hour, he quitted him and came towards me. I never saw him exhibit such an air of dissatisfaction, or appear so much

under the influence of some prepossession. I advanced towards him, and as soon as we met, he exclaimed in an abrupt and angry tone, "So! I find I cannot depend upon you.—These women!—Josephine!—If you had loved me, you would before now have told me all I have heard from Junot—he is a real friend—Josephine!—and I six hundred leagues from her—you ought to have told me.—That she should thus have deceived me! Woe to them!—I will exterminate the whole race of fops and puppies!—As to her—divorce!—yes, divorce! a public and open divorce!—I must write!—I know all!—It is your fault—you ought to have told me!" These energetic and broken exclamations, his disturbed countenance, his altered voice, informed me but too well of the subject of his conversation with Junot. I saw that Junot had been drawn into a culpable indiscretion, and that, if Josephine had committed any faults, he had cruelly exaggerated them. My situation was one of extreme delicacy. However, I had the good fortune to retain my self-possession, and as soon as some degree of calmness succeeded to this first burst, I replied that I knew nothing of the reports which Junot might have communicated to him; that even if such reports, often the offspring of calumny, had reached my ear, and if I had considered it my duty to inform him of them, I certainly would not have selected for that purpose the moment when he was six hundred leagues from France. I also did not conceal how blamable Junot's conduct appeared to me, and how ungenerous I considered it thus rashly to accuse a woman who was not present to justify or defend herself;—that it was no great proof of attachment to add domestic uneasiness to the anxiety already sufficiently great, which the situation of his brothers in arms, at the commencement of a hazardous enterprise, occasioned him.

Notwithstanding these observations, which, however, he listened to with some calmness, the word "divorce" still escaped his lips; and it is necessary to be aware of the degree of irritation to which he was liable when any thing seriously vexed him, to be able to form an idea of what Bonaparte was during this painful scene. However, I kept my ground. I repeated what I had said. I begged of him to consider with what facility tales were fabricated and circulated, and that gossip, such as that which had been repeated to him, was only the amusement of idle persons, and deserved the contempt of strong minds. I spoke of his glory. "My glory!" cried he, "I know not what I would not give if that which Junot has told me should be untrue; so much do I love Josephine! If she be really guilty, a divorce must separate us for ever. I will not submit to be a laughing-stock for all the imbeciles in Paris. I will write to Joseph: he will get the divorce declared."

Although his agitation continued long, intervals occurred in which he was less excited. I seized one of these moments of

comparative calm to combat this idea of divorce, which seemed to possess his mind. I represented to him especially, that it would be imprudent to write to his brother with reference to a communication which was probably false.—"The letter might be intercepted; it would betray the feelings of irritation which dictated it. As to a divorce, it would be time to think of that hereafter, but advisedly." These last words produced an effect on him which I could not have ventured to hope for so speedily. He became tranquil, listened to me as if he had suddenly felt the justice of my observations, dropped the subject, and never returned to it; except that, about a fortnight after, when we were before St Jean d'Acre, he expressed himself greatly dissatisfied with Junot, and complained of the injury he had done him by his indiscreet disclosures, which he began to regard as the inventions of malignity. I perceived afterwards that he never pardoned Junot for this indiscretion; and I can state, almost with certainty, that this was one of the reasons why Junot was not created a marshal of France, like many of his comrades whom Bonaparte had loved less. It may be supposed that Josephine, who was afterwards informed by Bonaparte of Junot's conversation, did not feel particularly interested in his favour.* He died insane, on the 27th of July, 1813.

* However indiscreet Junot might on this occasion have shown himself, in interfering in so delicate a matter, it is pretty certain that his suspicions were breathed to no other ear than that of Bonaparte himself. Madame Junot, in speaking of the ill-suppressed enmity between her husband and Madame Bonaparte, says that *he never uttered a word even to her of the subject of his conversation with the general-in-chief in Egypt.* That Junot's testimony, however, notwithstanding the countenance it obtained from Bonaparte's relations, ought to be cautiously received, the following passage from the Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes, demonstrative of the feelings of irritation between the parties, will show:

"Junot escorted Madame Bonaparte when she went to join the General-in-chief in Italy I am surprised that M. de Bourrienne has omitted mentioning this circumstance in his Memoirs. He must have known it, since he was well acquainted with every thing relating to Josephine, and knew many facts of high interest in her life at this period, and subsequently. How happens it too that he makes no mention of Mademoiselle Louise, who might be called her *demoiselle de compagnie,* rather than her *femme-de-chambre.* At the outset of the journey to Italy, she was such a favourite with Josephine, that she dressed like her mistress, sat at table with her, and was in all respects her friend and confident.

"The journey was long, much too long for Junot, though he was very much in love with Mademoiselle Louise. But he was anxious to join the army, for to him, his General was always the dearest of mistresses. Junot has often spoken to me and *to me alone,* of the vexations he experienced on this journey. *He might have added to his circumstantial details relative to Josephine, the conversation he is reported to have had with Bonaparte in Egypt; but he never breathed a word on the subject; for his character was always noble and generous.* The journey to Italy did not produce the effect which usually arises from such incidents in common life; namely, a closer friendship and intimacy between the parties. On the contrary, Madame Bonaparte from that moment evinced some degree of ill-humour towards Junot, and complained with singular warmth of the want of respect which he had shown her, in making love to her *femme-de-chambre,* before her face."—*Editor.*

Our little army continued its march on El-Arish, where we arrived on the 17th of February. The fatigues experienced in the desert, and the scarcity of water, excited violent murmurs amongst the soldiers during their march across the isthmus. When any person on horseback passed them they studiously expressed their discontent. The advantage possessed by the horseman provoked their sarcasms. I never heard the verses which they are said to have repeated, but they indulged in the most violent language against the republic, the men of science, and those whom they regarded as the authors of the expedition. Nevertheless, these brave fellows, from whom it was not astonishing that such great privations should extort complaints, often compensated by their pleasantries for the bitterness of their reproaches.

Many times, during the crossing of the isthmus, I have seen soldiers, parched with thirst, and unable to wait till the hour for distribution of water, pierce the leathern bottles which contained it, and this conduct, so injurious to all, occasioned numerous quarrels.

El-Arish surrendered on the 17th of February. It has been erroneously stated that the garrison of this insignificant place, which was set at liberty on condition of not again serving against us, was afterwards found amongst the besieged at Jaffa. It has also been stated, that it was because the men, composing the El-Arish garrison, did not proceed to Bagdad, according to the capitulation, that we shot them at Jaffa. We shall presently see the falsehood of these assertions.

On the 28th of February we obtained the first glimpse of the green and fertile plains of Syria, which, in many respects, reminded us of the climate and soil of Europe. We now had rain, and sometimes rather too much. The feelings which the sight of the valleys and mountains called forth, made us, in some degree, forget the hardships and vexations of an expedition of which few persons could foresee the object or end. There are situations in life when the slightest agreeable sensation alleviates all our ills.

On the 1st of March we slept at Ramleh, in a small convent occupied by two monks, who paid us the greatest attention. They gave us the church for an hospital. These good fathers did not fail to tell us that it was through this place the family of Jesus Christ passed into Egypt, and showed us the wells at which they quenched their thirst. The pure and cool water of these wells delighted us.

Ramleh, the ancient Arimathea, is situated at the base of a chain of mountains, the eastern extremity of which is washed by the Persian gulf, and the western by the Mediterranean. The recollections of our education, by which the great events that have occurred in these regions had been impressed on our

minds, made every remarkable place to which we came, produce a mysterious effect on our imagination. We were not more than about six leagues from Jerusalem. I asked the general-in-chief, whether he did not intend to direct his march by the way of that city, so celebrated in many respects. He replied, "Oh, no! Jerusalem is not in my line of operations. I do not wish to be annoyed by mountaineers in difficult roads. And, besides, on the other side of the mountain, I should be assailed by swarms of cavalry. I am not ambitious of the fate of Cassius."

We therefore did not interfere with Jerusalem, which was not disturbed by the war. All we did was to send a written declaration to the persons in power at Jerusalem, assuring them that we had no design against that country, and only wished them to remain at peace. To this communication no answer was returned, and nothing more passed on the subject.*

We found, at Ramleh, between two and three hundred Christians in a pitiable state of servitude, misery, and dejection. On conversing with them, I could not help admiring how much the hope of future rewards may console men under present ills. But I learned from many of them, that they did not live in harmony together. The feelings of hatred and jealousy are not less common amongst these people, than amongst the better instructed inhabitants of rich and populous cities. The same passions exhibit themselves wherever men are congregated.

* Sir Walter Scott says, speaking of Bonaparte, that he believes that little officer of artillery dreamed of being king of Jerusalem. What I have just stated proves that he never thought of such a thing. Of what value is the gratuitous supposition of that writer? The "little officer of artillery" had a far more splendid dream in his head.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### 1799.

Arrival at Jaffa—The siege—Beauharnais and Croisier—Four thousand prisoners—Scarcity of provisions—Councils of war—Dreadful necessity—The massacre—The plague—Lannes and the mountaineers—Barbarity of Djezzar—Arrival at St. Jean d'Acre, and abortive attacks—Death of Caffarelli—Sir Sydney Smith—Duroc wounded—Rash bathing—Monuments in Egypt—Loss of the Italie—Bonaparte's presentiment.

On arriving before Jaffa, where there were already some troops, the first person I met was Adjutant-General Grésieux, with whom I was well acquainted. I wished him good day, and offered him my hand. "Good God! what are you about?" said he to me, opposing my approach by a very abrupt gesture; "you may have the plague. People do not touch each other here." I mentioned the circumstance to Bonaparte, who said. "If he be afraid of the plague, he will die of it." We learned shortly after, at St. Jean d'Acre, that he was attacked by that malady, and soon sank under it. He had been appointed commandant of the provinces of Gazah and Ramleh on the 13th of March.

On the 4th of March we commenced the siege of Jaffa. That paltry place, which, to round a sentence, was pompously styled the ancient Joppa, held out only to the 6th of March, when it was taken by storm, and given up to pillage. The massacre was horrible. General Bonaparte sent his aides-de-camp, Beauharnais and Croisier, to appease the fury of the soldiers as much as possible, to observe what was passing, and to report to him. They learned that a considerable part of the garrison had retired into some vast buildings, a sort of caravanseras, which formed a large enclosed court. Beauharnais and Croisier, who were distinguished by wearing the aide-de-camp scarf on their arms, proceeded to that place. The Arnauts and Albanians, of whom these refugees were almost entirely composed, cried, from the windows, that they were willing to surrender upon an assurance that they would be exempted from the massacre to which the town was doomed; if not, they threatened to fire on the aides-de-camp, and to defend themselves to the last extremity. The two officers thought that they ought to accede to the propo-

sition, notwithstanding the decree of death which had been pronounced against the whole garrison, in consequence of the town being taken by storm. They brought them to our camp in two divisions, one consisting of about two thousand five hundred men, the other of about fifteen hundred.

I was walking with General Bonaparte, in front of his tent, when he beheld this multitude of men approaching, and before he even saw his aides-de-camp, he said to me, in a tone of profound sorrow, "What do they wish me to do with these men? Have I food for them?—ships to convey them to Egypt or France? Why in the devil's name have they served me thus?" After their arrival, and the explanations which the general-in-chief demanded, and listened to with anger, Eugène and Croisier received the most severe reprimand for their conduct. But the deed was done. Four thousand men were there. It was necessary to decide upon their fate. The two aides-de-camp observed, that they had found themselves alone in the midst of numerous enemies, and that he had directed them to restrain the carnage. "Yes, doubtless," replied the general-in-chief, with great warmth, "as to women, children, and old men—all the peaceable inhabitants; but not with respect to armed soldiers. It was your duty to die, rather than bring these unfortunate creatures to me. What do you want me to do with them?" These words were pronounced in the most angry tone.

The prisoners were then ordered to sit down, and were placed, without any order, in front of the tents, their hands tied behind their backs. A sombre fury was depicted in their countenances. We gave them a little biscuit and bread, squeezed out of the already scanty supply for the army.

On the first day of their arrival, a council of war was held in the tent of the general-in-chief, to determine what course should be pursued with respect to them. The council deliberated a long time without coming to any decision.

On the evening of the following day, the daily reports of the generals of division came in. They spoke of nothing but the insufficiency of the rations, the complaints of the soldiers—of their murmurs and discontent at seeing their bread given to enemies, who had been withdrawn from their vengeance, inasmuch as a decree of death, in conformity with the laws of war, had been passed on Jaffa. All these reports were alarming, and especially that of General Bon, in which no reserve was made. He spoke of nothing less than the fear of a revolt, which would be justified by the serious nature of the case.

The council assembled again. All the generals of division were summoned to attend, and for several hours together they discussed, under separate questions, what measures might be adopted, with the most sincere desire to discover and execute one which would save the lives of these unfortunate prisoners.

Should they be sent into Egypt? Could it be done?

To do so, it would be necessary to send with them a numerous escort, which would too much weaken our little army in the enemy's country. How, besides, could they and the escort be supported till they reached Cairo, having no provisions to give them on setting out, and their route being through a hostile territory, which we had exhausted, which presented no fresh resources, and through which we, perhaps, might have to return.

Should they be embarked?

Where were the ships?—Where could they be found? All our optical instruments, directed over the sea, could not descry a single friendly sail. Bonaparte, I affirm, would have regarded such an event as a real favour of fortune. It was, and I am glad to have to say it, this sole idea, this sole hope, which made him brave, for three days, the murmurs of his army. But in vain was help looked for seaward. It did not come.

Should the prisoners be set at liberty?

They would then instantly proceed to St. Jean d'Acre to reinforce the pasha, or else, throwing themselves into the mountains of Naplouse, would greatly annoy our rear and right flank, and deal out death to us, as a recompence for the life we had given them. There could be no doubt of this. What is a Christian dog to a Turk? It would even have been a religious and meritorious act in the eye of the prophet.

Could they be incorporated, disarmed, with our soldiers in the ranks?

Here again the question of food presented itself in all its force. Next came to be considered the danger of having such comrades, while marching through an enemy's country. What might happen in the event of a battle before St. Jean d'Acre? Could we even tell what might occur during the march?—and, finally, what must be done with them when under the ramparts of that town, if we should be able to take them there? The same embarrassments with respect to the questions of provisions and security would then recur with increased force.

The third day arrived without its being possible, anxiously as it was desired, to come to any conclusion favourable to the preservation of these unfortunate men. The murmurs in the camp grew louder—the evil went on increasing—remedy appeared impossible—danger was real and imminent.

The order for shooting the prisoners was given and executed on the 10th of March. We did not, as has been stated, separate the Egyptians from the other prisoners. There were no Egyptians.

Many of the unfortunate creatures composing the smaller division, which was fired on close to the sea-coast, at some distance from the other column, succeeded in swimming to some reefs of rocks out of the reach of musket-shot. The soldiers rested their muskets on the sand, and, to induce the prisoners to return, employed the Egyptian signs of recon-

ciliation in ase in the country. They came back; but as they advanced, they were killed, and disappeared among the waves.

I confine myself to these details of this act of dreadful necessity, of which I was an eyewitness. Others, who like myself, saw it, have fortunately spared me the recital of the sanguinary result. This atrocious scene, when I think of it still makes me shudder, as it did on the day I beheld it; and I would wish it were possible for me to forget it, rather than be compelled to describe it. All the horrors imagination can conceive, relative to that day of blood, would fall short of the reality.

I have related the truth, the whole truth. I was present at all the discussions, all the conferences, all the deliberations. I had not, as may be supposed, a deliberative voice; but I am bound to declare that the situation of the army, the scarcity of food, our small numerical strength, in the midst of a country where every individual was an enemy, would have induced me to vote in the affirmative of the proposition which was carried into effect, if I had a vote to give. It was necessary to be on the spot in order to understand the horrible necessity which existed.

War, unfortunately, presents too many occasions on which a law, immutable in all ages, and common to all nations, requires that private interests should be sacrificed to a great general interest, and that even humanity should be forgotten. It is for posterity to judge whether this terrible situation was that in which Bonaparte was placed. For my own part, I have a perfect conviction that he could not do otherwise than yield to the dire necessity of the case. It was the advice of the council, whose opinion was unanimous in favour of the execution, that governed him. Indeed I ought, in truth, to say, that he yielded only in the last extremity, and was one of those, perhaps, who beheld the massacre with the deepest pain.*

* The following is Napoleon's own account of this dreadful affair: I asked the emperor then if he had ever read Miot's history of the expedition to Egypt. "What, the commissary?" replied he. "I believe Las Cases gave me a copy; moreover, it was published in my time." He then desired me to bring the one which I had, that he might compare them. He observed, "Miot was a *polisson*, whom, together with his brother, I raised from the dirt. He says that I threatened him for writing the book, which is a falsehood. I said to his brother once that he might as well not have published untruths. He was a man who had always fear before his eyes. What does he say about the poisoning affair and the shooting at Jaffa?" I replied, that as to the poisoning, Miot declared he could say no more than that such had been the current report; but he positively asserted that he (Napoleon) had caused between three and four thousand Turks to be shot, some days after the capture of Jaffa. Napoleon answered, "It is not true that there were so many. I ordered about a thousand or twelve hundred to be shot, which was done. The reason was, that amongst the garrison of Jaffa, a number of Turkish troops were discovered, whom I had taken a short time

After the siege of Jaffa, the plague began to exhibit itself with a little more virulence. We lost between seven and eight hundred men by the contagion during the campaign of Syria.*

During our march on St. Jean d'Acre, which was commenced on the 14th of March, the army neither obtained the brilliant triumphs nor encountered the numerous obstacles spoken of in certain works. Nothing of importance occurred but a rash skirmish of General Lannes, who, in spite of contrary orders from Bonaparte, obstinately pursued a troop of mountaineers into the passes of Naplouse. On returning, he found the mountaineers placed in ambush in great numbers amongst rocks, the windings of which they were well acquainted with, whence they fired close upon our troops, whose situation rendered them unable to defend themselves. During the time of this foolish and useless enterprise, especially while the firing was brisk, Bonaparte exhibited much impatience, and, it must be confessed, his anger was but natural. The Naplousians halted at the openings of the mountain defiles. Bonaparte reproached Lannes bitterly for having uselessly exposed himself, and "sacrificed, without any object, a number of brave men." Lannes excused himself by saying that the mountaineers had defied him, and he wished to chastise the rabble. "We are not in a condition to play the swaggerer," replied Napoleon.

before at El-Arish, and sent to Bagdat upon their parole not to serve again, or to be found in arms against me for a year. I had caused them to be escorted twelve leagues on their way to Bagdat, by a division of my army. But those Turks, instead of proceeding to Bagdat, threw themselves into Jaffa, defended it to the last, and cost me a number of brave men to take it, whose lives would have been spared, if the others had not reinforced the garrison of Jaffa. Moreover, before I attacked the town, I sent them a flag of truce. Immediately afterwards we saw the head of the bearer elevated on a pole over the wall. Now if I had spared them again, and sent them away upon their parole, they would have directly gone to St. Jean d'Acre, where they would have played over again the same scene that they had done at Jaffa. In justice to the lives of my soldiers, as every general ought to consider himself as their father, and them as his children, I could not allow this. To leave as a guard a portion of my army, already small and reduced in number, in consequence of the breach of faith of those wretches was impossible. Indeed, to have acted otherwise than as I did, would probably have caused the destruction of my whole army. I, therefore, availing myself of the rights of war, which authorize the putting to death prisoners taken under such circumstances; independently of the right given to me by taking the city by assault, and that of retaliation on the Turks, ordered that the prisoners taken at El-Arish, who, in defiance of their capitulation, had been found bearing arms against me, should be selected out and shot. The rest, amounting to a considerable number, were spared. I would," continued he, "do the same thing again to-morrow, and so would Wellington, or any general commanding an army under similar circumstances."—*A Voice from St. Helena.* (*Editor.*)

* Sir Walter Scott says, that Heaven sent this pestilence amongst us, to avenge the massacre of Jaffa. This is double silliness. In the first place, it would have been far better for Heaven to have prevented the massacre; in the next place, Kleber's division caught the seeds of that dreadful malady at Damietta. It was developed and propagated on our march; and in fact it was carried into Syria with us.

On the 18th of March, we arrived before St. Jean d'Acre. On our arrival, we learned that Djezzar had cut off the head of our envoy, Mailly-de-Château-Renaud, and thrown his body into the sea in a sack. This cruel pasha was guilty of a great number of similar executions. The waves frequently drove dead bodies towards the coast, and we came upon them whilst bathing.

The details of the siege of Acre are well known. Although surrounded by a wall, flanked with strong towers, and having, besides, a broad and deep ditch defended by works, this little fortress did not appear likely to hold out against French valour and the skill of our corps of engineers and artillery: but the ease and rapidity with which Jaffa had been taken, occasioned us to overlook in some degree the comparative strength of the two places, and the difference of their respective situations. At Jaffa we had sufficient artillery: at St. Jean d'Acre we had not. At Jaffa we had to deal only with a garrison left to itself: at St. Jean d'Acre we were opposed by a garrison strengthened by reinforcements of men and supplies of provisions, supported by the English fleet, and assisted by European science.

Sir Sydney Smith was, without contradiction, the man who did us the greatest injury. Much has been said respecting his communications with the general-in-chief. The reproaches which the latter cast upon him for endeavouring to seduce the soldiers and officers of the army by tempting offers, were the more singular, even if they were well founded, inasmuch as these means are frequently employed by leaders in war.* As to the embarking of French prisoners on board a vessel in which the plague existed, the improbability of the circumstance alone, but especially the notorious facts of the case, repel this odious accusation. I observed the conduct of Sir Sydney Smith closely at the time, and I remarked in him a chivalric spirit, which sometimes hurried him into trifling eccentricities; but I affirm that

* These calumnies on our gallant countryman are repeated in the "Mémorial de Sainte Hélene." They are noticed here, merely as serving to introduce an anecdote characteristic both of Sir Sydney Smith and of Bonaparte:

"It cannot be denied," says the writer, "that Sir Sydney Smith was engaged in corrupting our army. Propagation of false intelligence from Europe—defamation of the general-in-chief—alluring bribes offered to our officers and soldiers—such were the means employed by him. This has become public through his proclamations. At one time the French general was so disturbed by them as to endeavour to put a stop to them, which object he effected by interdicting all communication with the English, and signifying, in an order of the day, that their commodore was a madman. This, being believed in the army, so enraged Sir Sydney Smith, that, in his wrath, he sent a challenge to Napoleon. The latter replied, that he had too many weighty affairs on his hands to trouble himself in so trifling a matter. Had it, indeed, been the great Marlborough, it might have been worthy his attention. Still, if the English sailor was absolutely bent upon fighting, he would send him a hectoring bravo from the army, and allow them a small portion of neutral ground on the coast, where the mad commodore might land, and satisfy his humour to the full."—*Editor.*

The Assault of St. Jean d'Acre.

Vol. i., page 185.

his behaviour towards the French was that of a gallant enemy. I have seen many letters, in which the writers informed him that they "were very sensible of the good treatment which the French experienced when they fell into his hands." Let any one examine Sir Sydney's conduct before the capitulation of El-Arish, and after its rupture, and then they can judge of his character.

All our manœuvres, our works, and attacks, were made with that levity and carelessness which over-confidence inspires. Kleber, whilst walking with me one day in the lines of our camp, frequently expressed his surprise and discontent. "The trenches," said he, "do not come up to my knees." Besieging artillery, was, of necessity, required: we commenced with field artillery. This encouraged the besieged, who perceived the weakness of our resources. The besieging artillery, consisting only of three twenty-four pounders and six eighteen pounders, was not brought up until the end of April, and before that period three assaults had taken place with very serious loss. On the 4th of May our powder began to fail us. This cruel event obliged us to slacken our fire. We also wanted shot; and an order of the day fixed a price to be given for all balls, according to their calibre, which might be picked up after being fired from the fortress or the two ships of the line, the Tiger and Theseus, which were stationed on each side of the harbour. These two vessels embarrassed the communication between the camp and the trenches; but though they made much noise, they did little harm. A ball from one of them killed an officer on the evening the siege was raised.

The enemy had within the walls some excellent riflemen, chiefly Albanians. They placed stones one over the other, on the walls, put their fire-arms through the interstices, and thus, completely sheltered, fired with destructive precision.

On the 9th of April, General Caffarelli, so well known for his courage and talents, was passing through the trench, his hand resting as he stooped, on his hip, to preserve the equilibrium which his wooden leg impaired; his elbow only was raised above the trench. He was warned that the enemy's shot, fired close upon us, did not miss the smallest object. He paid no attention to any observation of this kind, and in a few instants his elbow-joint was fractured. Amputation of the arm was judged indispensable. The general survived the operation eighteen days. Bonaparte went regularly twice a day to his tent. By his order, added to my friendship for Caffarelli, I scarcely ever quitted him. Shortly before he expired, he said to me, "My dear Bourrienne, be so good as to read to me Voltaire's preface to the Esprit des Lois." When I returned to the tent of the general-in-chief, he asked, "How is Caffarelli?" I replied, "He is near his end; but he asked me to read him Voltaire's preface to the Esprit des Lois. He has just fallen asleep." Bonaparte said, "What, to

wish to hear that preface! how singular!" He went to see Caffarelli, but he was still asleep. I returned to him that evening, and received his last breath. He departed with the utmost composure. His death was equally regretted by the soldiers and the men of science who accompanied us. It was a just regret, fully due to that distinguished man, in whom very extensive information was united with great courage and an amiable disposition.

On the 10th of May, when an assault took place, Bonaparte proceeded at an early hour to the trenches. Croisier, who was mentioned on our arrival at Damanhour, and, on the capture of Jaffa, had in vain courted death since the commencement of the siege. Life had become insupportable to him since the unfortunate affair at Jaffa. He as usual accompanied his general to the trenches. Believing that the termination of the siege, which was supposed to be near, would postpone indefinitely the death which he sought, he mounted a battery. In this situation his tall figure uselessly provoked all the enemy's shots. "Croisier, come down, I command you; you have no business there," cried Bonaparte, in a loud and imperative tone. Croisier remained without making any reply. A moment after, a ball passed through his right leg. Amputation was not considered indispensable. On the day of our departure he was placed on a litter, which was borne by sixteen men, alternately, eight at a time. I received his last farewell between Gazah and El-Arish, where he died, of tetanus. His modest tomb will not be often disturbed.

The siege of St. Jean d'Acre lasted sixteen days. During that time, eight assaults and twelve sorties took place. In the assault of the 8th of May, more than two hundred men penetrated into the town. Victory was already shouted; but the breach having been taken in reverse by the Turks, it was not approached without some degree of hesitation, and the two hundred men who had entered were not supported. The streets were barricadoed. The cries, the howlings of the women, who ran through the streets, throwing, according to the custom of the country, dust in the air, excited the male inhabitants to a desperate resistance, which rendered unavailing this short occupation of the town, by a handful of men, who, finding themselves left without assistance, retreated towards the breach. Many who could not reach it, perished in the town. During this assault, Duroc, who was in the trench, was wounded in the right thigh by the bursting of a howitzer, fired against the fortifications. Fortunately, this accident only carried away the flesh from the bone, which remained untouched. He had a tent in common with several other aides-de-camp; but, for his better accommodation, I gave him mine, and I scarcely ever quitted him. Entering his tent one day about noon, I found him in a profound sleep. The excessive heat had compelled

him to throw off all covering, and part of his wound was exposed. I perceived a scorpion, which had crawled up the leg of the camp bed, and approached very near to the wound. I had the good fortune to strike it to the ground. The sudden motion of my hand awoke Duroc.

We often bathed in the sea. Sometimes the English, perhaps after taking a double allowance of grog, would fire at our heads, which appeared above water. I am not aware that any accident was occasioned by their cannonade; but as we were beyond reach of their guns, we paid scarcely any attention to the firing. It was even a subject of amusement to us.

Had our attack on St. Jean d'Acre been less precipitate, and had the siege been undertaken according to the rules of war, the place would not have held out three days; one assault, like that of the 8th of May, would have been sufficient. If, in the situation in which we were on the day when we first came in sight of the ramparts of Acre, we had made a less inconsiderate estimate of the strength of the place; if we had likewise taken into consideration the active cooperation of the English and the Ottoman Porte; our absolute want of artillery of sufficient calibre; our scarcity of gunpowder, and the difficulty of procuring food, we certainly should not have undertaken the siege: and that would have been by far the wisest course.

Towards the end of the siege, the general-in-chief received intelligence of some trifling insurrections in northern Egypt. An angel had excited them, and the heavenly messenger, who had condescended to assume a name, was called Mahhady. This religious extravagance, however, did not last long, and tranquillity was soon restored. All that the fanatic, Mahhady, who shrouded himself in mystery, succeeded in doing, was, to attack our rear, by some vagabonds, whose illusions were dissipated by a few musket-shots.

I was astonished that we received no news from Upper Egypt. "Desaix is there," said Bonaparte to me. "I am under no apprehension." A few days afterwards, we received intelligence from that general, who was constantly beating and pursuing the indefatigable Mourad and his adherents. His despatches apprized Bonaparte that a very fine and large dejerm (a boat of the Nile), which had been named the Italie, had run aground at the village of Benouth, on the west bank of the Nile, after an obstinate engagement. This dejerm had on board a great part of the musicians of the 61st demi-brigade, a number of troops, some wounded soldiers, and a quantity of provisions. Morandi, the commander, by maintaining a desperate fire, killed a great number of Fellahs and Arabs; but, seeing no hope of success or escape, and being unwilling to surrender to the barbarians, he set fire to the powder-magazine, and blew up the dejerm. He perished in the waves. All who escaped the flames were massacred by the Arabs of Yambo, the

most ferocious tribe of the natives. The private letters, which accompanied this despatch, contained horrible pictures of the cruelties committed by these barbarians. They tied the prisoners to trees, and compelled the unfortunate musicians to play on their instruments, while their wretched comrades expired amidst the most dreadful torments. Next, the unfortunate musicians themselves, every individual, to the last man, perished in the same manner. This sad intelligence, with the name of the dejerm, made a deep impression on Bonaparte, who said to me, in a prophetic tone, "My dear friend, France has lost Italy. It is all over. My forebodings never deceive me." I observed to him, that there could, in reality, be no connexion between Italy and a bark destroyed, at the distance of eight hundred leagues from the country of which it bore the name. But nothing could remove his first impression. The reality of his presentiment, he firmly believed, would soon be confirmed.

## CHAPTER XX.

### 1799.

The siege of Acre raised—Attention to names in bulletins—Gigantic project—The Druses—Mount Carmel—The wounded and infected—Order to march on foot—Loss of our cannon—A Naplousian fires at Bonaparte—Return to Jaffa—Bonaparte visits the plague hospital—A potion given to the sick—Bonaparte's statement at St. Helena.

The siege of St. Jean d'Acre was raised on the 20th of May. It cost us a loss of nearly three thousand men, in killed, deaths by the plague, or wounds. A great number were wounded mortally. In those veracious documents, the bulletins, the French loss was made five hundred killed, and one thousand wounded, and the enemy's more than fifteen thousand.

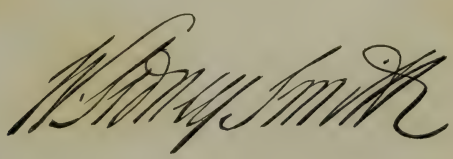
Our bulletins may form curious materials for history; but their value certainly will not depend on the credit due to their details. Bonaparte attached the greatest importance to those documents, generally drawing them up himself, or correcting them, when written by another hand, if the composition did not please him.

It must be confessed, that at that time nothing so much flattered self-love as being mentioned in a bulletin. Bonaparte was well aware of this; he knew that to insert a name in a bulletin, was conferring a great honour, and that its exclusion was a severe disappointment. General Berthier, to whom I had expressed a strong desire to examine the works of the siege, took me over them; but, notwithstanding his promise of secrecy, he men-

Engraved by W. Read

SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET



tioned the circumstance to the general-in-chief, who had desired me not to approach the works. "What did you go there for?" said Bonaparte to me, with some severity; "that is not your place." I replied, that Berthier told me that no assault would take place that day; and he believed, there would be no sortie, as the garrison had made one the preceding evening. "What matters that? There might have been another. Those who have nothing to do in such places are always the first victims. Let every man mind his own business. Wounded or killed, I would not even have noticed you in the bulletin. You would have been laughed at, and that justly."

Bonaparte, not having at this time experienced reverses, having continually proceeded from triumph to triumph, confidently anticipated the taking of St. Jean d'Acre. In his letters to the generals in Egypt, he fixed the 25th of April for the accomplishment of that event. He reckoned that the grand assault against the tower could not be made before that day; it took place, however, twenty-four hours sooner. "The slightest circumstances produce the greatest events," said Napoleon, according to the memorial of St. Helena; "had St. Jean d'Acre fallen, I should have changed the face of the world." And again, "The fate of the east lay in that small town." This idea is not one which he first began to entertain at St. Helena; he often repeated the very same words at St. Jean d'Acre. On the shore of Ptolemais gigantic projects agitated him, as, doubtless, regret for not having carried them into execution tormented him at St. Helena.

Almost every evening Bonaparte and myself used to walk together, at a little distance from the sea-shore. The day after the unfortunate assault of the 8th of May, Bonaparte, afflicted at seeing the blood of so many brave men uselessly shed, said to me, "Bourrienne, I see that this wretched place has cost me a number of men, and wasted much time. But things are too far advanced not to attempt a last effort. If I succeed, as I expect, I shall find in the town the pasha's treasures, and arms for three hundred thousand men. I will stir up and arm the people of Syria, who are disgusted at the ferocity of Djezzar, and who, as you know, pray for his destruction at every assault. I shall then march upon Damascus and Aleppo. On advancing into the country, the discontented will flock round my standard, and swell my army. I will announce to the people the abolition of servitude, and of the tyrannical governments of the pashas. I shall arrive at Constantinople with large masses of soldiery. I shall overturn the Turkish empire, and found, in the east, a new and grand empire, which will fix my place in the records of posterity. Perhaps I shall return to Paris by Adrianople, or by Vienna, after having annihilated the house of Austria." After I had made some observations, which these grand projects naturally suggested, he replied, "What! do you

not see that the Druses only wait for the fall of Acre, to rise in rebellion? Have not the keys of Damascus already been offered me? I only stay till these walls fall, because, until then, I can derive no advantage from this large town. By the operation which I meditate, I cut off all kind of succour from the beys, and secure the conquest of Egypt. I will have Desaix nominated commander-in-chief; but if I do not succeed in the last assault I am about to attempt, I set off directly. Time presses. I shall not be at Cairo before the middle of June. The winds will then be favourable for ships bound to Egypt from the north. Constantinople will send troops to Alexandria and Rosetta. I must be there. As for the army, which will arrive afterwards by land, I do not fear it this year. I will cause every thing to be destroyed, all the way to the entrance of the desert. I will render the passage of an army impossible for two years. Troops cannot exist amidst ruins."

As soon as I returned to my tent, I committed to paper this conversation, which was then quite fresh in my memory; and I may venture to say, that every word I put down is correct. It is but right to add, that during the siege our camp was constantly filled with the inhabitants, who invoked Heaven to favour our arms, and prayed fervently at every assault for our success, many of them on their knees, with their faces to the city. It is also true that the people of Damascus had offered the keys to Bonaparte. Thus every thing contributed to make him confident in his favourite plan.

The Druses, on whom Bonaparte reckoned so much, and who are commonly regarded as half Christians, adorers of the cross, and descendants of the crusaders, are neither one nor the other. This error has been again advanced in a recent work, where they are called a Christian population. My own opinions entirely agree with those of a judicious writer, whose accounts respecting the east never deceive, while M. Savary's are mere romances. We learned at Cairo, that he got up his travels seated very comfortably in his chamber, from information the most extraordinary and absurd; and that when he says, "I saw such and such a thing—I spoke to this or that sheik"—he saw nothing, and spoke to nobody.

The Druses, who inhabit that part of Syria situated between the river Rab and the valley of Beyac, as far as Sour, are a sect of Mussulmans, formed at the commencement of the eleventh century. They consider it useless to fast, pray, circumcise, to perform pilgrimages, or to observe festivals; that prohibitions from tasting pork or wine are absurd, and that marriages between brothers and sisters, fathers and daughters, are not unlawful, though few of the kind occur among them. In the first part of the seventeenth century, the Emir of the Druses, Fakr-el-Din, commonly called Fakardin, went to Florence, to the court of Medici, to solicit assistance against the Turks,

which, after some time, was promised. Pains were then taken to discover who were the Druses, and what was their religion—a religion so equivocal, that no one knew whether it was Christian or Mussulman. The crusades were then recurred to, and it was imagined that a people, seeking refuge in the mountains, and hostile to the Turks, must be a race of crusaders. Fakr-el-Din confirmed a prejudice which favoured his purpose, and had, besides, the address to claim a relationship with the house of Lorrain. The learned in etymologies, dazzled by the resemblance of names, would have it that Druses and Dreux are exactly one and the same thing, and on this foundation built the story of a supposed French colony, established in Lebanon, under a Count de Dreux. This fable, however, cannot be sustained, as Benjamin of Toledo mentions the Druses before the time of the crusades. Besides, the Druses speak pure Arabic, without the mixture of any European language. The true derivation of the word is from the founder of the sect, Mohammed-ben-Ismael, surnamed Eldorzi.

The troops left St. Jean d'Acre on the 20th of May, taking advantage of the night to avoid a sortie from the besieged, and to conceal the retreat of the army, which had to march three leagues along the shore, exposed to the fire of the English vessels, lying in the roads of Mount Carmel. The removal of the wounded and sick commenced on the 18th and 19th of May.

Bonaparte then made a proclamation, which, from one end to the other, offends against truth. It has been published in many works. The season of the year for hostile landing is there very dexterously placed in the foreground; all the rest is a deceitful exaggeration. It must be observed that the proclamations which Bonaparte regarded as calculated to dazzle an ever too credulous public, were amplifications often ridiculous and incomprehensible, upon the spot, and which only excited the laughter of men of common sense. In all Bonaparte's correspondence there is an endeavour to disguise his reverses, and impose on the public, and even on his own generals. For example, he wrote to General Dugna, commandant of Cairo, on the 15th of February, "I will bring you plenty of prisoners and flags!" One would almost be inclined to say, that he had resolved during his stay in the east, thus to pay a tribute to the country of fables.

We proceeded along the Mediterranean, and passed Mount Carmel. Some of the wounded were carried on litters, the remainder on horses, mules, and camels. At a short distance from Mount Carmel, we were informed that three soldiers, ill of the plague, who were left in a convent which served for an hospital, and abandoned too confidentially to the generosity of the Turks, had been barbarously put to death.

A most intolerable thirst, the total want of water, an excessive heat, and a fatiguing march over burning sand-hills, quite

disheartened the men, and made every generous sentiment give way to feelings of the grossest selfishness, and most shocking indifference. I saw officers, with their limbs amputated, thrown off the litters, whose removal in that way had been ordered, and who had themselves given money to recompense the bearers. I saw the amputated, the wounded, the infected, or those only suspected of infection, deserted and left to themselves. The march was illumined by torches, lighted for the purpose of setting fire to the little towns, villages, and hamlets, which lay in the route, and the rich crops with which the land was then covered. The whole country was in a blaze. Those who were ordered to preside at this work of destruction, seemed eager to spread desolation on every side, as if they could thereby avenge themselves for their reverses, and find in such dreadful havoc an alleviation of their sufferings. We were constantly surrounded by plunderers, incendiaries, and the dying who, stretched on the sides of the road, implored assistance in a feeble voice, saying, "I am not infected—I am only wounded; and to convince those whom they addressed, they reopened their old wounds, or inflicted on themselves fresh ones. Still nobody attended to them. "It is all over with him," was the observation applied to the unfortunate beings in succession, while every one pressed onward. The sun, which shone in an unclouded sky in all its brightness, was often darkened by our conflagrations. On our right lay the sea; on our left, and behind us, the desert made by ourselves; before were the privations and sufferings which awaited us. Such was our true situation.

We reached Tentoura on the 20th of May, when a most oppressive heat prevailed, and produced general dejection. We had nothing to sleep on, but the parched and burning sand; on our left lay a hostile sea; our losses in wounded and sick were already considerable, since leaving Acre; and there was nothing consolatory in the future. The truly afflicting condition, in which the remains of an army, called *triumphant*, were plunged, produced, as might well be expected, a corresponding impression on the mind of the general-in-chief. Scarcely had he arrived at Tentoura, when he ordered his tent to be pitched. He then called me, and with a mind occupied by the calamities of our situation, dictated an order that every one should march on foot; and that all the horses, mules, and camels, should be given up to the wounded, the sick, and infected, who had been removed, and who still showed signs of life. "Carry that to Berthier," said he; and the order was instantly despatched. Scarcely had I returned to the tent, when Vigogne, the general-in-chief's equerry, entered, and, raising his hand to his cap, said, "General, what horse do you reserve for yourself?" In the state of excitation in which Bonaparte was, this question irritated him so violently, that, raising his whip, he gave the equerry a severe blow on the head, saying, in a terrible voice,

" Every one must go on foot, you rascal—I the first. Do you not know the order? Be off."

Every one in parting with his horse was now anxious to avoid giving it to any unfortunate individual supposed to be suffering from plague. Much pains were taken to ascertain the nature of the diseases of the sick; and no difficulty was made in accommodating the wounded or amputated. For my part, I had an excellent horse, a mule, and two camels, all which I gave up with the greatest pleasure; but I confess that I directed my servant to do all he could to prevent an infected person from getting my horse. It was returned to me in a very short time. The same thing happened to many others. The reason may be easily conjectured.

The remains of our heavy artillery were lost in the moving sands of Tentoura, from the want of horses, the small number that remained being employed in more indispensable services. The soldiers seemed to forget their own sufferings, plunged in grief at the loss of their bronze guns, often the instruments of their triumphs, and which had made Europe tremble.

We halted at Cæsarea on the 22d of May, and we marched all the following night. Towards daybreak, a man, concealed in a bush, upon the left of the road (the sea was two paces from us on the right), fired a musket almost close to the head of the general-in-chief, who was sleeping on his horse. I was beside him. The wood being searched, the Naplousian was taken without difficulty, and ordered to be shot on the spot. Four guides pushed him towards the sea, by thrusting their carbines against his back; when close to the water's edge they drew the triggers, but all the four muskets hung fire: a circumstance which was accounted for by the great humidity of the night. The Naplousian threw himself into the water, and swimming with great agility and rapidity, gained a ridge of rocks so far off, that not a shot from the whole troop, which fired as it passed, reached him. Bonaparte, who continued his march, desired me to wait for Kleber, whose division formed the rear-guard, and to tell him not to forget the Naplousian. The poor fellow was, I believe, shot at last.

We returned to Jaffa on the 24th of May, and stopped there during the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th. This town had lately been the scene of a horrible transaction, dictated by necessity, and it was again destined to witness the exercise of the same dire law. Here I have a severe duty to perform—I will perform it. I will state what I know, what I saw.

I have seen the following passage in a certain work:—" Bonaparte, having arrived at Jaffa, ordered three removals of the infected: one by sea, to Damietta, and also by land: the second, to Gazah; and the third, to El-Arish!" So many words, so many errors!

Some tents were pitched on an eminence near the gardens

east of Jaffa. Orders were given directly to undermine the fortifications and blow them up; and on the 27th of May, upon the signal being given, the town was in a moment laid bare. An hour afterwards, the general-in-chief left his tent and repaired to the town, accompanied by Berthier, some physicians and surgeons, and his usual staff. I was also one of the party. A long and sad deliberation took place on the question which now arose relative to the men who were incurably ill of the plague, or who were at the point of death. After a discussion of the most serious and conscientious kind, it was decided to accelerate a few moments, by a potion, a death which was inevitable, and which would otherwise be painful and cruel

Bonaparte took a rapid view of the destroyed ramparts of the town, and returned to the hospital; where there were men whose limbs had been amputated, many wounded, many afflicted with ophthalmia, whose lamentations were distressing, and some infected with the plague. The beds of the last description of patients were to the right on entering the first hall. I walked by the general's side, and I assert that I never saw him touch any one of the infected. And why should he have done so? They were in the last stage of the disease. Not one of them spoke a word to him, and Bonaparte well knew that he possessed no protection against the plague. Is Fortune to be again brought forward here? She had, in truth, little favoured him during the last few months when he had trusted to her favours. I ask, why should he have exposed himself to certain death, and have left his army in the midst of a desert created by our ravages, in a desolate town, without succour, and without the hope of ever receiving any? Would he have acted rightly in doing so?—he who was evidently so necessary, so indispensable, to his army; —he, on whom depended at that moment the lives of all who had survived the last disaster, and who had proved their attachment to him by their sufferings, their privations, and their unshaken courage, and who had done all that he could have required of men, and whose only trust was in him.

Bonaparte walked quickly through the rooms, tapping the yellow top of his boot with a whip he held in his hand. As he passed along with hasty steps he repeated these words: "The fortifications are destroyed. Fortune was against me at Saint Jean d'Acre. I must return to Egypt to preserve it from the enemy, who will soon be there.—In a few hours the Turks will be here. Let all those who have strength enough, rise, and come along with us. They shall be carried on litters and horses." There were scarcely sixty cases of plague in the hospital; and all accounts stating a greater number, are exaggerated. The perfect silence, complete dejection, and general stupor of the patients, announced their approaching end. To carry them away in the state in which they were, would evidently have been doing nothing else than inoculating the rest of

Napoleon visiting the Hospital at Jaffa.

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the army with the plague. I have, it is true, learned, since my return to Europe, that some persons touched the infected with impunity; nay, that others went so far as to inoculate themselves with the plague, in order to learn how to cure those whom it might attack. It certainly was a special protection from Heaven to be preserved from it; but to cover in some degree the absurdity of such a story, it is added that they knew how to *elude* the danger, and that any one else who braved it, without using precautions, met with death for their temerity. This is, in fact, the whole point of the question. Either those privileged persons took indispensable precautions, and in that case their boasted heroism is a mere juggler's trick, or they touched the infected without using precautions, and inoculated themselves with the plague, thus voluntarily encountering death, and then the story is really a good one.

The infected were confided, it has been stated, to the head apothecary of the army, Roger, who, dying in Egypt three years after, carried the secret with him to the grave. But on a moment's reflection, it will be evident that the leaving of Roger alone in Jaffa, would have been to devote to certain death, and that a prompt and cruel one, a man who was extremely useful to the army, and who was at the time in perfect health. It must be remembered that no guard could be left with him, and that the Turks were close at our heels. Bonaparte truly said, while walking through the rooms of the hospital, that the Turks would be at Jaffa in a few hours. With this conviction, would he have left the head apothecary in that town?

People can never have enough, it would seem, of conquests, glory, and brilliant deeds; but, unfortunately, their share of misery must be taken along with them. The sounding boasts of glory and of triumph are preferred to the simple words of peace and happiness; let it not be forgotten that to those proud pretensions peace and happiness must often be sacrificed. Before fixing the stigma of cruelty on a military chief, who is precipitated by reverses and disastrous circumstances into fatal extremities, we ought first to place ourselves in his identical position, and then ask, with the hand on the heart, whether we could have acted otherwise. If we could not, it becomes us then to pity him, who was forced to do that, which will always be revolting; but at the same time, we ought to acquit him. Victory, it must be frankly avowed, is never acquired, and can never be acquired, but by such deeds of horror, or others of a like nature.

The official report of what passed at Jaffa was drawn up by Berthier, under the eye of Bonaparte. It has been published; but it may be remarked, that not a word about the infected, not a word of the visit to the hospital, or the touching of the plague-patients with impunity, is there mentioned. In no official report is any thing said about the matter. Why this silence?

Bonaparte was not the man to conceal a fact which would have afforded him so excellent and so allowable a text for talking about his fortune. If the infected were removed, why not mention it? Why be silent on so important an event? But it would have been necessary to confess, that the being obliged to have recourse to so painful a measure, was the unavoidable consequence of this unfortunate expedition. Very disagreeable details must have been entered into; and it was thought more advisable to be silent on the subject.

I am not unaware that there are several versions of this transaction, which might at once have been frankly avowed, showing at the same time that indispensable and cruel necessity impelled to it. For my part, I have just related what I believed to have been true at that time, and what I believe true at the present. I cannot say that I saw the potion administered. I should state an untruth if I did. I cannot name any person concerned in the matter, without hazarding a misrepresentation. But I well know that the decision was formed after that deliberation, which was due to so important a measure, that the order was given, and that the infected are dead. What! shall that which formed the subject of the whole conversation of the head-quarters, on the day after leaving Jaffa, and was spoken of without any question of its reality; which was regarded by us as a dreadful but unavoidable misfortune; which was never mentioned in the army but as a fact, of which there was no doubt, and only the details of which were inquired after—I appeal to every honourable man who was present for the truth of what I state—shall that, I say, be now stigmatized as a malignant calumny fabricated to injure the reputation of a hero, who, were this the only reproach that might be addressed to him, would go down with little blemish on his character, to posterity?

But what did Napoleon himself say on the subject, at St. Helena? His statement there was to the following effect:—"I ordered a consultation as to what was best to be done. The report which was made stated that there were seven or eight men (the question is not about the number) so dangerously ill that they could not live beyond twenty-four hours, and would besides infect the rest of the army with the plague. It was thought it would be an act of charity to anticipate their death a few hours." [Then comes the fable of the five hundred men of the rear-guard, who, it is pretended, saw them die.] "I make no doubt that the story of the poisoning was the invention of Den——. He was a babbler, who understood a story badly, and repeated it worse. I do not think it would have been a crime to have given opium to the infected. On the contrary, it would have been obedience to the dictates of reason. Where is the man, who would not, in such a situation, have preferred a prompt death, to being exposed to the lingering tortures inflicted by barbarians? If my child, and I believe I love him as much

as any father does his, had been in such a state, my advice would have been the same; if I had been among the infected myself, I should have demanded to be so treated."

Such was the reasoning at St. Helena, and such was the view which he and every one else took of the case twenty years ago, at Jaffa.*

* M. de Bourrienne's description of the extraordinary scene in the hospital of Jaffa, does not precisely correspond with that given by some other writers. The reader may feel interested in comparing it with the account given by the Duke de Rovigo in his Memoirs. It is as follows:

"The hospital contained many soldiers who were in a state bordering upon madness, much more owing to the terror which the malady inspired, than to the intensity of the pain. General Bonaparte determined to restore them to their wonted energy. He paid them a visit, reproached them for giving way to dejection, and yielding to chimerical fears; and in order to convince them, by the most obvious proof, that their apprehensions were groundless, he desired that the bleeding tumour of one of the soldiers should be uncovered before him, and pressed it with his own hand. This act of heroism restored confidence to the sick, who no longer thought their case desperate. Each one recruited his remaining strength, and prepared to quit a place which, but a moment before, he had expected never to leave. A grenadier, upon whom the plague had made greater ravages, could hardly raise himself from his bed. The general perceiving this, addressed to him a few encouraging words. "You are right, general," replied the warrior; "your grenadiers are not made to die in an hospital." Affected at the courage displayed by these unfortunate men, who were exhausted by uneasiness of mind no less than by the complaint, General Bonaparte would not quit them until he saw them all placed upon camels and the other means of transport at the disposal of the army. These, however, being found inadequate, he made a requisition for the officers' horses, delivered up his own, and, finding one of them missing, he sent for the groom, who was keeping it for his master, and hesitated to give it up. The general growing impatient at this excess of zeal, darted a threatening look; the whole stud was placed at the disposal of the sick; and yet it is this very act of magnanimity which the perverseness of human nature has delighted in distorting. I feel ashamed to advert to so atrocious a calumny; but the man, whose simple assertion was found sufficient to give it currency, has not been able to stifle it by his subsequent disavowal. I must, therefore, descend to the task of proving the absurdity of the charge. I do not wish to urge, as an argument, the absolute want of medicines to which the army was reduced by the rapacity of an apothecary; nor the indignation felt by General Bonaparte, when he learned that this wretch, instead of employing his camels to transport pharmaceutic preparations, had loaded them with provisions, upon which he expected to derive a profit. The necessity to which we were driven of using roots as a substitute for opium, is a fact known to the whole army. Supposing, however, that opium had been as plentiful as it was scarce, and that General Bonaparte could have contemplated the expedient attributed to him, where could there be found a man sufficiently determined in mind, or so lost to the feelings of human nature, as to force open the jaws of fifty wretched men on the point of death, and thrust a deadly preparation down their throats? The most intrepid soldier turned pale at the sight of an infected person; the warmest heart dared not relieve a friend afflicted with the plague; and is it to be credited, that brutal ferocity could execute what the noblest feelings recoiled at? or that there should have been a creature savage or mad enough to sacrifice his own life, in order to enjoy the satisaction of hastening the death of fifty dying men, wholly unknown to him, and against whom he had no complaint to make? The supposition is truly absurd, and only worthy of those who bring it forward in spite of the disavowal of its author."

The above account is confirmed by the statements of M. Desgenettes, the physician, General Andréossy, and M. d'Aure, who, as well as M. de Bourrienne, were present on the occasion referred to.—*Editor.*

Our little army arrived at Cairo on the 14th of June, after a painful and harassing march of twenty-five days. The heat, during the passage of the desert, between El-Arish and Belbeys, exceeded thirty-three degrees. On placing the bulb of the thermometer in the sand, the mercury rose to forty five degrees. The deceitful mirage was even more vexatious than in the plains of Bohahireh. In spite of our experience, an excessive thirst, added to a perfect illusion, made us goad on our wearied horses towards lakes which vanished at our approach, and left behind nothing but salt and arid sand. In two days my cloak was completely covered with salt, left on it after the evaporation of the moisture, which held it in solution. Our horses, who ran eagerly to the brackish springs of the desert, perished in numbers, after travelling about a quarter of a league from the spots where they drank the deleterious fluid.

The ill success of the campaign of Syria gave rise to unmeasured complaints, and to reflections naturally caused by our situation. "Why," it was asked, "go to meet an army, which was not then in existence? Why, if that army must come some time or other to attack Eygpt, spare it the difficulties and inconveniences of crossing the desert; and why go and besiege that army in its own intrenchments, instead of waiting for it in the plains of Egypt? Was it not known that the sea, which must act so important a part in such an expedition, was the ally of our enemies?" This reasoning would have been unanswerable, had the real object of the expedition only been, what the proclamations and the official documents announced it to be; namely, to annihilate or to weaken the power of the butcher of Syria. But under that pretence was concealed one of those gigantic projects, which the ardent imagination of Bonaparte, and his indefatigable passion for action, was continually generating.

Bonaparte preceded his entry into the capital of Egypt, by one of those lying bulletins, which only imposed on fools. "I will bring with me," said he, "many prisoners and flags. I have razed the palace of the Djezzar and the ramparts of Acre—not a stone remains upon another. All the inhabitants have left the city by sea. Djezzar is severely wounded."

I confess that I experienced a painful sensation, in writing, by his dictation, these official words, every one of which was an imposition. Excited by all I had just witnessed, it was difficult for me to refrain from making some observation; but his constant reply was, "My dear fellow, you are a simpleton: you do not understand this business." And he observed, when signing the bulletin, that he would fill the world with admiration, and inspire historians and poets.

Our return to Cairo has been attributed to the insurrections which broke out during the unfortunate expedition into Syria. Nothing is more incorrect. The term insurrection cannot be properly applied to the foolish enterprises of the angel El-

Mahhady, in the Bohahireh, or to the less important disturbances in the Sharkyeh. The reverses experienced before St. Jean d'Acre, the fear, or rather the prudent anticipation of a hostile landing, were sufficient motives, and the only ones, for our return to Egypt. What more could we do in Syria, but lose men and time, neither of which the general had to spare?

## CHAPTER XXI.

### 1799.

Bonaparte's talent for expressing his ideas—His notes on Egypt.

Of all the historical works handed down to us by antiquity, those rare and precious books are the most entitled to our regard, which have been produced in the leisure hours of superior men, who were gifted not only with the genius to conceive and execute great designs, but also with the art of suitably describing them. In the first rank of such works are to be placed Xenophon's "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," and Cæsar's "Commentaries." Bonaparte, whose name may, without flattery, be here introduced, after those two great men, excelled in the art of giving expression to his thought. This opinion, held by all those who were for any length of time near him and attended to the development of his grand ideas, will be adopted, I am persuaded, by every one who has read the examples of this faculty which I have already given, and who shall read the chapter I am now commencing. I may be permitted to say this, as the work I am about to insert is Bonaparte's, and not mine. I have merely ventured to add a note or two to his comprehensive and elevated views.

It was during the time which elapsed, between our return to Cairo and our departure for the Pyramids, that Bonaparte wrote his "Notes on Egypt." I have preserved the modest title of "Notes," because it was that which Bonaparte himself gave to his observations. He did not dictate these notes to me, but wrote them himself, and with a great deal of care. I have only part of the autograph manuscript in my possession, and I know not what has become of the rest: but the copy which I made in Cairo, from the original, is corrected in many places by the general's own hand, and I can assure the reader that there is not a word inserted which is not his.

## NOTES.

I. Egypt is properly only the valley of the Nile, from Assuan to the sea.*

II. There are no habitable and cultivated spots, except where the inundation reaches, and where it deposits a slime, which the Nile washes down from the Abyssinian mountains. The analysis of this slime yields carbon.

III. The desert only produces some bushes, which serve towards the subsistence of camels. No man can live in the desert.

IV. Nothing so much resembles the sea as the desert, and a coast as the boundary of the Nile. The inhabitants of the villages, situated there, are exposed to frequent incursions of the Arabs.

V. The Mamelukes held possession of the villages as fiefs. Well armed and well mounted, they repelled the Arabs, of whom they were the terror. Yet they were by far too few to guard that immense line.

VI. This is the reason why each frontier, each road, is protected by Arab tribes, of the province, armed and mounted, who are obliged to repel the aggressions of foreign Arabs. On this account, they have villages, lands, and privileges.

VII. Thus when the government is powerful, the domiciliated Arabs fear it, and remain at peace; and Egypt is then almost entirely free from any danger of foreign incursion.

VIII. But when the government is weak, the Arabs revolt. Then they quit their lands, to rove about the desert, and unite with foreign Arabs, to pillage the country, into the adjoining provinces of which they make incursions.

IX. The foreign Arabs do not live in the desert, because the deser cannot support them. They live in Arabia, in Africa, and Asia. They learn that there is anarchy: they quit their country—traverse the desert, for twelve or fifteen days—establish themselves at some point on its frontiers—and thence proceed to ravage the interior of Egypt.†

X. The desert is sandy. Wells are rare, and their waters are scanty, and generally dirty, brackish, or sulphurous. There are, however, few routes in which wells are not to be met with once in thirty hours.

XI. Camels are employed to carry the water that is wanted, in leathern bottles. One camel can carry water sufficient to serve a hundred Frenchmen for a whole day.

XII. We have said that Egypt is merely the valley of the Nile; the soil of the valley was originally the same as that which surrounds

* Abd-el-Rachid-el-Backery, an Arabian geographer, who wrote a work in the year 815 of the Hegira, and 1412 of the common era, reckons the length of Egypt, from El-Arish to Assuan, and its breadth from Eylah to Bargah.

† The Arabs in general, but particularly those of the desert, scarcely know the name of the prophet and the Koran. They say that the religion of the prophet was not made for them, "for how," say they, "can we make ablutions who have no water? How bestow alms when we are not rich? Why keep the fast of the Rhamadan, when we fast all the year? And why go to Mecca, since God is every where?"

it; but the overflowings of the Nile, and the slime which they deposit, have rendered the valley through which that river flows, one of the most fertile and habitable portions of the globe.

XIII. The Nile rises in Messidor, and the inundation begins in Fructidor. All the country is then overflowed, and communications are difficult. The villages are situated at an elevation of sixteen or eighteen feet. A small road forms, sometimes, a communication; but often there is merely a narrow path for this purpose.

XIV. The Nile rises, more or less, in proportion to the degree of rain which falls in Abyssinia; but the inundation also depends on the irrigating canals.

XV. The Nile has, at present, only two branches, those of Rosetta and Damietta. If those two branches could be blocked up, so as to allow as little water as possible to flow into the sea, the inundation would be greater and more extensive, and the habitable country would be enlarged.

XVI. If the canals were well cleared, taken care of, and more numerous, it would be possible to retain the water in the grounds during the greater part of the year, and thereby to augment, to a certain degree, the valley and habitable country. In this manner have the oasis of Sharkyeh and part of the desert beyond Pelusium been irrigated; and all Bohahireh, Mangoutt, and the provinces of Alexandria, peopled and cultivated.

XVII. By a well-arranged system, the result of a good government, Egypt might be increased to the extent of eight or nine hundred leagues square.*

XVIII. If it be probable that the Nile once flowed into the Waterless River, which extends from Fayoum to the middle of the Natron Lake, and terminates at the sea, beyond the Arab's Tour, it would

* I ascertained from a calculation made in Egypt with the greatest care, that this country, which at present has only about a thousand leagues square of cultivated land, had formerly more than two thousand. The population which now is not above two millions, in ancient times exceeded eight millions. The sand has invaded the fertile soil. The action of the sand may not inaptly be compared to a cancer. It eats up all before it. The neglect of the irrigating canals, has augmented the evil. As to the population, it must have fallen off with the diminution of cultivation; but the extreme wretchedness which prevails is a still more powerful cause of depopulation. The appearance alone of the children of Cairo, cannot leave a doubt as to the continual decrease of the population. It is really pitiable to behold their looks of misery. Never elsewhere did I meet with so afflicting a spectacle as these little creatures presented. They have the appearance of being constantly struggling against death. The eyes are sunken, the complexion is yellow, the countenance bloated, the belly puffed out, and the extremities wasted. How often have I sighed to see these little unfortunates heaped on one another, squatting naked under walls or gateways; their eyes, mouths, noses, and ears, covered with millions of flies feeding on them, and which, in their state of exhaustion, they do not even attempt to drive away. The mortality of children at Cairo, is inconceivable. I fear that it is the same throughout the rest of Egypt. This mortality would infallibly sweep off the entire population, but for the fecundity of the women, which in some degree establishes the equilibrium between life and death. Struck with the deplorable condition of these children, I obtained tables of the mortality during ten days of the season most favourable to health. The following is the result: Men 31; women 35; children 161—total 227.

then appear that Mœris had stopped up this branch of the Nile, and given rise to that celebrated lake, of which even Herodotus did not know the construction.

XIX. The government has more influence upon public prosperity than in any other country. For anarchy and tyranny have elsewhere no influence upon the course of the seasons and the rain. All land in Egypt might be equally fertile; but a dyke uncut, a canal not cleared, may render a whole province a desert; for seed-time and all the productions of the earth are governed, in Egypt, by the period and the quantity of the inundations.

XX. The government of Egypt having fallen into very negligent hands, during the last fifty years, the country is annually deteriorating in many parts.* The desert has gained on the valley, and has even formed little hills of sand on the banks of the Nile.† Twenty years more of a government, such as that of Ibrahim and Mourad Bey, and Egypt would lose a third of her cultivatable land. It would, perhaps, be very easy to prove that fifty years of a government, such as that of France, England, Germany, or Italy, would triple the amount of cultivation and population. Men would not be wanting for the soil, for they abound on all the coasts of Africa and Arabia.

XXI. The Nile, from Assuan until within three leagues north of Cairo, flows in a single branch. At this point, which is called the Cow's Belly, it divides into the branches of Rosetta and Damietta.‡

XXII. The waters of the Damietta branch have a marked tendency to flow into that of Rosetta. It ought to be a principle of our administration in Egypt, to aid this tendency, which is advantageous to Alexandria, and favourable to all the direct communications with Europe.

XXIII. Were the dyke of Fara or Nysh cut, the province of Bohahireh would gain two hundred villages, and that, with the canal which comes from Fayoum, would approximate the inundation and the cultivation to the walls of Alexandria. This operation, however, would do the greatest injury to the provinces of Sharkyeh, Damietta, and Massourah; its execution ought, therefore, to be delayed till a favourable moment. But it must be done some day.

XXIV. The canal which conveys the waters of the Nile from Ramahanyeh to Alexandria, ought to be deepened, so as to render it navigable throughout the year. Vessels of a hundred ton, might, during six months of the year, go from Alexandria to Cairo and Assuan, without passing any boghaz.

XXV. A work, which will one day be undertaken, will be to build dykes across the Damietta and Rosetta branches, at the Cow's Belly. By the aid of dams, all the waters of the Nile might thus be made to flow successively to the east and west, and thereby the inundation would be doubled.

* This was written in 1799. Since that time affairs appear to have had a tendency towards amelioration.

† I remarked that the violence of the south-west and west winds, carry across the Rosetta branch a vast quantity of sand, which annually spreads over the rich and beautiful province of Menoaffyeh.

‡ The greatest width of the valley of the Nile, from the entrance of the river into Egypt to Cairo, is not four leagues, and its smallest width is at least one league.

XXVI. During the inundation of the Nile, the waters reach to within seven leagues of Suez. The remains of the canal are to be seen in perfect preservation; and there is no doubt that vessels may yet convey goods from Suez to Alexandria.

XXVII. We have stated that Egypt is, properly speaking, the valley of the Nile. However, a great portion of the deserts which surround it form also part of Egypt, and in these deserts there are oases, as there are islands in the sea. On the western side, the deserts, which form part of Egypt, extend ten or twelve days' march from the waters of the Nile. The principal points are the three Syrahs oases and the Natron lakes. The first oasis is three days' journey from Syouth. There is no water to be met with on the route. In this oasis there are palm-trees, some wells of brackish water, and some ground capable of cultivation. Malignant fevers prevail here almost constantly.*

XXVIII. To go from Cairo to Tedigat, which is the first cultivated ground, requires thirty days through the desert. Five of these days are passed without finding water.

XXIX. The Natron lakes are situated at twelve hours' journey in the desert of Tarranneh. Excellent water is found there; also several lakes, and four convents of Cophts. The convents are fortresses. We have furnished them with Greek garrisons, and several pieces of cannon.

XXX. On the eastern side the deserts, which belong to Egypt extend to within a day's journey of El-Arish, and to beyond Tor and Mount Sinai. Quattyyeh is a kind of oasis. It contains five or six hundred palm-trees, water for six thousand men and a thousand horses, and is five leagues distant from Salehyeh. Water is met with twice on the road in small quantities. We have established a fort of palms on this important oasis.

XXXI. From Quattyyeh to El-Arish the distance is twenty leagues. El-Arish is an oasis. There was a very fine village here, which we demolished, and five or six thousand palm-trees which we cut down. The quantity of water, and the quantity of materials, together with the importance of the situation, have induced us to establish a fortress here, which is already in a respectable state of defence. From El-Arish to Gaza is a distance of sixteen leagues; water is met with several times. From Gaza the road proceeds to the village of Kan-you-Nesse.†

XXXII. Tor and Mount Sinai are ten days' journey from Cairo. The Arabs of Tor cultivate fruits, and make charcoal. They bring corn from Cairo. In this oasis the water is every where good, and abundant.

XXXIII. The whole population of Fellahs, or Arabs, who inhabit the oasis, both of the eastern and western deserts, not comprised in the fourteen provinces, does not amount to thirty thousand.

XXXIV. The valley of the Nile is divided into Upper Egypt, Middle Egypt, and Lower Egypt. Upper Egypt contains the pro-

* The great oasis of Jupiter Ammon is on the west bank of the Rosetta branch of the Nile. It is by mistake Bonaparte is made to say that this oasis is situated on the right bank of that branch.

† A Syrian village.

vinces of Girgeh, Manfelout, and Mynieh. Middle Egypt comprises Fayoum, Beni-youcef, and Cairo. Lower Egypt includes Bohahireh, Alexandria, Rosetta, Garbiyyeh, Minoufiyyeh, Manssourah, Damietta, Kalyoubieh, and Sharkyeh.

XXXV. The coast extends from Cape Durazzo to within a day's journey of El-Arish. The first post where we had an establishment is Marabout, situated two leagues west of Alexandria. The ports of Alexandria are defended by a great number of batteries and forts, which secure them against any attack by sea or land. Fort Cretin is a model in fortification. Aboukir, situated about five leagues to the east of Alexandria, has a good road. Lake Maadyeh, where the branch of the Nile called the Canopic formerly flowed, extends to within one league of Alexandria, and two of Rosetta; and on the south, to within a league of Birkett. There is a boghaz in the mouth of the Rosetta branch, which it is not easy to pass. From Rosetta to Bourlos, the distance is five leagues. The lake of Bourlos is navigated by a hundred dejerms, and communicates with Mehel-el-Kebir by a canal. The mouth of the lake makes a very good port, having from ten to twelve feet depth of water. The mouth of the Damietta branch is defended by fort Lesbé. Lake Menzahleh, which extends to the ancient Pelusium, that is to say, a distance of twenty-five leagues, commences within half a league of Damietta. It has two mouths, namely, Dybeh and Farege. There is a great number of boats on this lake. The canal of Moez enters this lake a league below San.* Tineh, or the ancient Pelusium, is four leagues distant from Quattyyeh. We have already stated the distance of Quattyyeh from El-Arish. The banks are every where low and bad. Hills of sand extend for a league at least, and often for two or three leagues.

XXXVI. The population of Egypt is two millions five hundred thousand. The Arabs, who are domiciliated, and under the protection of government, in the different provinces, form a total of twelve thousand cavalry, and forty thousand infantry. There are about eighty thousand Cophts, fifty thousand Damascan Christians, and six thousand Jews.

XXXVII. The Porte had abandoned the government of Egypt to twenty-four beys, each of whom maintained a military establishment, more or less numerous. These establishments were formed by Georgian and Circassian slaves, whom they purchased at an expense of from three thousand to four thousand five hundred francs, and trained to military service. There might be, opposed to our army, eight thousand Mamelukes, all well mounted, well exercised, well armed, and very brave, belonging to the reigning beys. We may estimate the descendants of other Mamelukes, established in the villages, or living in Cairo, at double this number.

* Here General Andréossy found an antique cameo of Augustus, which was presented to Bonaparte. At St. Helena, however, Bonaparte stated that he had found the cameo, and that a striking resemblance between the head of Augustus and his had been discovered by Denon. Napoleon alleges that he gave the cameo to Andréossy, but upon Denon's discovery got it back again, and afterwards sent it to Josephine. The official report of General Andréossy made at the time, proves, however, that he was the real finder.

XXXVIII. The Pasha possessed no authority whatever. He was changed every year, like the Kadi-askier, who is sent by the Porte. There were besides, in Egypt, seven corps of auxiliaries, which have been so thinned by war, that now there exist but a thousand of them, old and infirm, without masters, except a few who are attached to the French army.

XXXIX. The Sherifs are the descendants of the tribe of the successors of Mahomet, or rather the descendants of the first conquerors of the country. They wear green turbans.

The Ulemas belong to the law and the church, but bear no resemblance to our judges or churchmen.

The head of the Ulemas of Cairo is called the Grand Sheik. He is regarded by the people with a veneration equal to that which was formerly paid to cardinals in Europe. These Ulemas say prayers in the mosques, and by this practice acquire a little revenue, and a great deal of consideration.

The great mosque of Cairo, called El-Azhar, is a large and handsome building, and has attached to it a great number of ulemas, of whom twenty-four are principal.

(Here Bonaparte's notes cease to be numbered.)

There are a great many coffee-houses in Cairo, where the people spend most of the day in smoking.

Beggars and travellers take up their quarters in the mosques at night, and during the heat of the day.

There are a vast number of public baths, to which the women resort to bathe, and repeat the gossip of the city.

The mosques are endowed like our churches.

The villages of Egypt are fiefs belonging to any person on whom the prince may bestow them. In consequence, there is a kind of tax the peasant is obliged to pay the superior.

The peasants are, however, the actual proprietors of the soil, for their possession is respected; and in the midst of all the revolutions and commotions, their privileges are not infringed.

Thus there are but two classes of people in Egypt, the occupiers of the soil, or peasants, and the feudal lords or superiors.

Two-thirds of the villages were appropriated to the Mamelukes, to defray the expenses of the government. The miri, properly so called, and which is but a moderate impost, was collected in the name of the Porte.

The revenues of the republic are of five kinds:—1. Custom duties 2. Various farmed taxes. 3. Miri, the tax of kaschefs and other imposts. 4. The rent, or signorial tax, on two-thirds of Egypt, the republic standing in the place of the former superiors. 5. Custom-duties of Suez, Guosseyr, Boulacq, Alexandria, Damietta, and Rosetta, amounting to between four and five millions.

The miri, the taxes of kaschefs, and the signorial rents, amount to fifteen millions.

The forced contributions amount to two millions. These extortions were one of the chief sources of revenue to the Mamelukes.

Egypt, then, taken altogether, might furnish twenty-four millions to the republic. In time of peace she might yield even thirty; and.

twenty-five years hence, fifty millions might be raised. In this estimate I do not include what may be expected from opening a trade with India. But during war, the suspension of every kind of commerce renders the country poor, and every thing suffers from it.

From our arrival in Messidor to Messidor last, that is, during twelve months, there have been raised in Egypt—500,000 francs in contributions from Alexandria; 150,000 from Rosetta; 150,000 from Damietta; 500,000 from the Cophts of Cairo; 500,000 from the Damascans; 1,000,000 from the Turkish dealers in coffee; 500,000 from different merchants; 500,000 from the Mamelukes' wives; 300,000 from the mint; and 8,500,000 in taxes on lands and professions, or custom-house duties.

These make altogether the sum of 12,100,000 francs.

There were, besides, very considerable sums due from the villages, the collection of which has been prevented by the military operations of the army.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### 1799.

Sir Sydney Smith—Bonaparte's letter to Marmont—Marmont's letter to me—Murat and Murad-Bey at the Natron lakes—Bonaparte's departure for the pyramids—Sudden appearance of an Arab messenger—News of the landing of the Turks at Aboukir—Bonaparte marches against them—They are immediately attacked and destroyed in the battle of Aboukir—Interchange of communication with the English—Sudden determination to return to Europe—Outfit of two frigates—Bonaparte's dissimulation—His pretended journey to the Delta—Generous behaviour of Lanusse—Bonaparte's artifice—His bad treatment of General Kleber.

The offence Sir Sydney Smith had given by preventing the taking of St. Jean d'Acre and the conquest of Syria, and by returning good offices for very bad ones, had engendered in Bonaparte's mind some prejudices which nothing could efface. He believed that, by aspersing his adversary, he disguised his own failures. On the 2d of June, 1799, he wrote to Marmont in the following terms:

Smith is a young fool, who wants to make his fortune, and is continually thrusting himself forward. The best way to punish him is to treat him with silence. He should be dealt with as a captain of a fire-ship. He is, besides, a man capable of any folly, and to whom no able or reasonable project can be attributed. Thus, for example, he would be capable of forming a plan of descent with eight hundred men. He boasts of having entered Alexandria in disguise. I know not whether the fact be true; but it is possible he may have taken advantage of a flag of truce, to enter the city in the disguise of a sailor.

The rear-admiral was a far better man than the picture his enemy has drawn of him. Bravery, a vivid imagination, a generous heart, are surely none of the characteristics of folly.*

On our return to Cairo, I found many letters lying for me: among the rest was one from Marmont, dated from Alexandria. It ran thus:

I send you, my dear friend, a letter addressed to you, and which was enclosed in one from my wife. I trust it may contain good news for you, and that you may have the happiness of hearing your wife and children are well

I have had letters from my poor Hortense. She is uneasy, and impatiently expects me. God send, my friend, that I may soon be able, consistently with my duty, to visit her. If within two months our exertions in the field should terminate, and General Bonaparte still retain the friendship he had for me, I may indulge the hope of

* In this opinion, Napoleon himself, when at St. Helena, concurred, as we find by the following conversation with Mr. O'Meara:

"He spoke of Sir Sydney Smith. 'Sydney Smith,' said he, 'is a brave officer. He displayed considerable ability in the treaty for the evacuation of Egypt by the French. He took advantage of the discontent which he found to prevail amongst the French troops, at being so long away from France and other circumstances. He also manifested great honour in sending immediately to Kleber the refusal of Lord Keith to ratify the treaty, which saved the French army; if he had kept it a secret seven or eight days longer, Cairo would have been given up to the Turks, and the French army necessarily obliged to surrender to the English. He also showed great humanity and honour in all his proceedings towards the French who fell into his hands. He landed at Havre, for some *sottise* of a bet he had made, according to some, to go to the theatre; others said it was for espionage; however that may be, he was arrested and confined in the Temple as a spy; and at one time it was intended to try and execute him. Shortly after I returned from Italy, he wrote to me from his prison, to request that I would intercede for him; but, under the circumstances in which he was taken, I could do nothing for him. He is active, intelligent, intriguing, and indefatigable; but I believe that he is *mezzo pazo*.'

"I asked if Sir Sydney had not displayed great talent and bravery at Acre? Napoleon replied, 'Yes; the chief cause of the failure there was, that he took all my battering train, which was on board of several small vessels. Had it not been for that, I would have taken Acre in spite of him. He behaved very bravely, and was well seconded by Phillipeaux, a Frenchman of talent, who had studied with me as an engineer. There was a Major Douglas, also, who behaved very gallantly. The acquisition of five or six hundred seamen as cannoniers, was a great advantage to the Turks, whose spirits they revived, and whom they showed how to defend the fortress. But he committed a great fault in making sorties, which cost the lives of two or three hundred brave fellows, without the possibility of success. For it was impossible he could succeed against the number of the French who were before Acre. I would lay a wager that he lost half of his crew in them. He dispersed proclamations amongst my troops, which certainly shook some of them, and I in consequence published an order, stating that he was *mad*, and forbidding all communication with him. Some days after, he sent, by means of a flag of truce, a lieutenant or a midshipman with a letter containing a challenge to me to meet him at some place he pointed out, in order to fight a duel. I laughed at this, and sent him back an intimation that when he brought Marlborough to fight me, I would meet him. Notwithstanding this, I like the character of the man.'"—*Voice from St. Helena*, vol. i. p. 208. (*Editor.*)

seeing her. It is not a light and frivolous passion, nor a superficial sentiment, makes me thus eager to return to France, but a prudential calculation, which makes me dread evils apparently irreparable. Domestic happiness, the peace of my family, the satisfaction of my own mind, these, my dear Bourrienne, are the only things worth wishing for. These I still possess, but still I risk their loss; and surely I may expect that General Bonaparte, under whose auspices my marriage took place, would wish to render it happy.

Adieu, my dear friend. Remember me a thousand times to Duroc and all my comrades, and believe me yours,

A. Marmont.

Bonaparte had hardly set foot in Cairo, when he was informed that the brave and indefatigable Murad-Bey was descending by the Fayoum, in order to form a junction with reinforcements which had been for some time past collected in the Bohahireh. In all probability this movement of Murad-Bey was the result of news he had received respecting plans formed at Constantinople, and the landing which took place a short time after in the roads of Aboukir. Murad had selected the Natron Lakes for his place of rendezvous. To these lakes Murat was despatched. The bey no sooner got notice of Murat's presence, than he determined to retreat, and to proceed by the desert to Gyzeh and the great pyramids. I certainly never heard, until I returned to France, that he had ascended to the summit of the great pyramid for the purpose of passing his time in contemplating Cairo!

Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that Murat might have taken Murad-Bey, had the latter remained four-and-twenty hours longer in the Natron Lakes. Now, the fact is, that, as soon as the bey heard of Murat's arrival he was off. The Arabian spies were far more serviceable to our enemies than to us: we had not, indeed, a single friend in Egypt.

Murad-Bey, on being informed by the Arabs, who acted as couriers for him, that General Desaix was despatching a column from the south of Egypt against him, that the general-in-chief was also about to follow his footsteps along the frontier of Gyzeh, and that the Natron Lakes and the Bohahireh were occupied by forces superior to his own, retired into Fayoum. This movement was only known to some Arabs.

Bonaparte attached great importance to the destruction of Murad, whom he looked upon as the bravest, the most active, and most dangerous of his enemies in Egypt. As all accounts concurred in stating that Murad, supported by the Arabs, was hovering about the skirts of the desert of the province of Gyzeh, Bonaparte proceeded to the pyramids, there to direct different corps against that able and dangerous partisan. He, indeed, reckoned him so redoubtable, that he wrote to Murat, saying, he wished fortune might reserve for him the honour of putting the seal on the conquest of Egypt by the destruction of this opponent.

On the 14th of July, Bonaparte left Cairo for the pyramids. He intended spending three or four days in examining the ruins of the ancient Necropolis of Memphis; but he was suddenly obliged to alter his plan. This journey to the pyramids, occasioned by the course of war, has given an opportunity for the invention of a little piece of romance. Some ingenious people have related that Bonaparte gave audiences to the mufti and ulemas, and that, on entering one of the great pyramids, he cried out, "Glory to Allah! God only is God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" Now the fact is, that Bonaparte never even entered the great pyramid. He never had any thought of entering it. I certainly should have accompanied him had he done so; for I never quitted his side a single moment in the desert. He caused some persons to enter into one of the great pyramids, while he remained outside, and received from them, on their return, an account of what they had seen. In other words, they informed him there was nothing to be seen!

On the evening of the 15th of July, while we were taking a walk, we perceived, on the road leading from Alexandria, an Arab riding up to us in all haste. He brought to the general-in-chief a despatch from General Marmont, who was intrusted with the command of Alexandria, and who had conducted himself so well, especially during the dreadful ravages of the plague, that he had gained the unqualified approbation of Bonaparte. The Turks had landed on the 11th of July at Aboukir, under the escort and protection of English ships of war. The news of the landing of from fifteen to sixteen thousand men did not surprise Bonaparte, who had for some time expected it. It was not so, however, with the generals most in his favour, whose apprehensions, for reasons which may be conjectured, he had endeavoured to calm. He had even written to Marmont, who, being in the most exposed situation, had the more reason to be vigilant, in these terms:

The army which was to have appeared before Alexandria, and which left Constantinople on the 1st of the Rhamadan, has been destroyed under the walls of Acre. If, however, that mad Englishman (Smith) has embarked the remains of that army, in order to convey them to Aboukir, I do not believe there can be more than two thousand men.

He wrote in the following strain to General Dugna, who had the command of Cairo—

The English commander, who has summoned Damietta, is a madman. The combined army they speak of has been destroyed before Acre, where it arrived a fortnight before we left that place.

As soon as he arrived at Cairo, in a letter he despatched to Desaix, he said—

The time has now arrived when disembarkments have become prac-

ticable. I shall lose no time in getting ready. The probabilities, however, are, that none will take place this year.

What other language could he hold, when he had proclaimed, immediately after the raising of the siege of Acre, that he had *destroyed* those fifteen thousand men, who two months after landed at Aboukir?

It was doubtless to confirm this idea, which he endeavoured to impress on every body, that, before his brief excursion to the pyramids, he gave it out that his intention was to visit Upper Egypt. He had a strong desire to inscribe his name upon the marbles of Syenna, beside the names of the ancient conquerors of that country, which has always submitted to whoever attacked it. He seemed to relish this project much, and before his departure for the Lybian Desert, he unceasingly employed himself in making arrangements for this long and interesting journey. Day after day he expressed the regret he should experience were he to leave Egypt without seeing these magnificent ruins. For my part, I was enchanted with the idea: but a something, I know not what, impressed me with the belief that I should never behold Thebes of the hundred palaces.

No sooner had Bonaparte perused the contents of Marmont's letter, than he retired into his tent and dictated to me, until three in the morning, his orders for the departure of the troops, and for the routes he wished to be pursued, during his absence, by the troops who should remain in the interior. At this moment, I observed in him the development of that vigorous character of mind which was excited by obstacles until it overcame them, that celerity of thought which foresaw every thing. He was all action, and never for a moment hesitated. On the 16th of July, at four in the morning, he was on horseback, and the army in full march. I cannot help doing justice to the presence of mind, promptitude of decision, and rapidity of execution, which at this period of his life never deserted him on great occasions.

We reached Ooardan, to the north of Gyzeh, on the evening of the 16th: on the 19th we arrived at Rahahmanieh, and on the 23d at Alexandria, where every preparation was made for that memorable battle, which, though it did not repair the immense losses and fatal consequences of the naval conflict of the same name, will always recal to the memory of Frenchmen one of the most brilliant achievements of their arms.*

* As M. de Bourrienne gives no details of this memorable battle, the following extract from Rovigo's Memoirs will supply the deficiency:

"He (Bonaparte) no sooner heard of the appearance of the Turkish fleet before Alexandria, than he sent a second order to General Desaix, directing him immediately to bring his division down the country into a position between Cairo and Alexandria, which he pointed out to him. He also left Cairo in the utmost haste, to place himself at the head of the troops which he had ordered to quit their cantonments and march down to the coast.

After the battle, which took place on the 25th of July, Bonaparte sent a flag of truce on board the English Admiral's ship. Our intercourse was full of politeness; such as might be expected in the communications of the people of two civilized nations. The English admiral gave the flag of truce some presents, in exchange for some we sent, and likewise a copy of the French Gazette of Frankfort, dated 10th of June, 1799. For ten months we had received no news from France. Bonaparte glanced over this journal with an eagerness which may easily be conceived.*

"Whilst General Bonaparte was making these arrangements and coming in person from Cairo, the troops on board the Turkish fleet had effected a landing, and taken possession of the fort of Aboukir, and of a redoubt placed behind the village of that name, which ought to have been put into a state of defence six months before, but had been so completely neglected, that nothing was easier than to ride through the breaches, and through the spaces left by the falling in of the earth, in every direction.

"The Turks had nearly destroyed the weak garrisons that occupied those two military points, when General Marmont, who commanded at Alexandria, came to their relief. This general, seeing the two posts in the power of the Turks, returned to shut himself up in Alexandria, where he would probably have been blockaded by the Turkish army, had it not been for the arrival of General Bonaparte with his forces, who was very angry when he saw that the fort and redoubt had been taken; but, in reality, he did not blame Marmont for retreating to Alexandria: what, indeed, would have been his feelings, on the other hand, had he found this important city exposed to any danger by its garrison being engaged in disputing a barren desert with the Turkish army?

"General Bonaparte arrived at midnight, with his guides and the remaining part of his army, and ordered the Turks to be attacked the next morning. In this battle, as in the preceding ones, the attack, the encounter, and the route, were occurrences of a moment, and the result of a single movement on the part of our troops. The whole Turkish army plunged into the sea, to regain its ships, leaving behind them every thing they had brought on shore.

"The English sailors had the inhumanity to fire upon these unfortunate groups of soldiers, who, clothed in their wide vestments, attempted to swim across the two leagues of sea that separated them from their ships, which scarcely one of them reached in safety.

"Whilst this event was occurring on the sea-shore, a pasha had left the field of battle, with a corps of about three thousand men, in order to throw himself into the fort of Aboukir. They soon felt the extremities of thirst, which compelled them, after the lapse of a few days, to surrender unconditionally to General Menou, who was left on the ground, to close the operations connected with the Turkish army recently defeated.

"These three thousand prisoners, who were very fine men, were employed upon the works of Alexandria and Damietta (that is to say, of Lesbe), situated higher up on the right bank of the Nile, between Damietta and the sea, in front of the space where formerly stood the town of Damietta, which was taken by the crusaders; but of which we could not discover any traces."—*Memoirs of Rovigo.* (*Editor.*)

* "The French on their return from St. Jean d'Acre, were totally ignorant of all that had taken place in Europe for several months. Napoleon eager to obtain intelligence, sent a flag of truce on board of the Turkish admiral's ship, under the pretence of treating for the ransom of the prisoners taken at Aboukir: not doubting but the envoy would be stopped by Sir Sydney Smith, who carefully prevented all direct communication between the French and the Turks. Accordingly the French flag of truce received directions from Sir Sydney to go on board his ship. He experienced the handsomest treatment; and the Eng-

"Heavens!" said he to me, "my presentiment is verified: the fools have lost Italy. All the fruits of our victories are gone! I must leave Egypt!"

He sent for Berthier, to whom he communicated the news, adding, that things were going on very badly in France—that he wished to return home—that he (Berthier) should go along with him, and that, for the present, only he, Gantheaume, and I, were in the secret. He recommended him to be prudent, not to betray any symptoms of joy, nor to purchase or sell any thing.

He concluded by assuring him that he depended on him. "I can answer," said he, "for myself and for Bourrienne." Berthier promised to be secret, and he kept his word. He had had enough of Egypt, and he so ardently longed to return to France, that there was little reason to fear he would disappoint himself by any indiscretion.

Gantheaume arrived, and Bonaparte gave him orders to fit out the two frigates, the Muiron and the Carrère, and the two small vessels, the Revanche and the Fortune, with a two months' supply of provisions for from four to five hundred men. He enjoined his secrecy, as to the object of these preparations, and desired him to act with such circumspection that the English cruisers might have no knowledge of what was going on. He afterwards arranged with Gantheaume the course he wished to take. Nothing escaped his attention.

Bonaparte concealed his operations with much care; but still some vague rumours crept abroad. General Dugna, the commandant of Cairo, whom he had just left, for the purpose of embarking, wrote to him on the 18th of August to the following effect:

I have this moment heard, that it is reported at the Institute, you are about to return for France, taking with you Monge, Berthollet, Berthier, Lannes, and Murat. This news has spread like lightning through the city, and I should not be at all surprised if it produce an unfavourable effect, which, however I hope you will obviate.

Bonaparte embarked five days after the receipt of Dugna's letter, and, as may be supposed, without replying to it.

On the 18th of August, he wrote to the divan of Cairo as follows:

I set out to-morrow for Menouf, whence I intend to make various

lish commander having, among other things, ascertained that the disasters of Italy were quite unknown to Napoleon, indulged in the malicious pleasure of sending him a file of newspapers. Napoleon spent the whole night in his tent, perusing the papers; and he came to the determination of immediately proceeding to Europe, to repair the disasters of France; and if possible, to save her from destruction."—*Mémorial de Sainte Hélène.* (*Editor.*)

excursions in the Delta, in order that I may myself witness the acts of oppression which are committed there, and acquire some knowledge of the people.

He told the army but half of the truth:

The news from Europe (said he) has determined me to proceed to France. I leave the command of the army to General Kebler. The army shall hear from me forthwith. At present I can say no more. It costs me much pain to quit troops to whom I am so strongly attached. But my absence will be but temporary, and the general I leave in command, has the confidence of the government, as well as mine.

I have now shown the true cause of General Bonaparte's departure for Europe. This circumstance, in itself perfectly natural, has been the subject of the most ridiculous conjectures, to those who always wish to assign extraordinary causes for simple events. There is no truth whatever in the assertion of his having planned his departure before the battle of Aboukir. Such an idea never crossed his mind. He had no thought whatever of his departure for France, when he made the journey to the pyramids, nor even when he received the news of the landing of the Anglo-Turkish force.

At the end of December, 1798, Bonaparte thus wrote to the Directory: "We are without any news from France. No courier has arrived since the month of June."

Some writers have stated that we received news by the way of Tunis, Algiers, or Morocco: but there is no contradicting a positive fact. At that period, I had been with Bonaparte more than two years; and during that time, not a single despatch, on any occasion arrived, of the contents of which I was ignorant. How then should the news alluded to have escaped me?

Almost all those who endeavour to avert from Bonaparte the reproach of desertion, quote a letter from the Directory, dated the 26th of May, 1799. This letter may certainly have been written, but it never reached its destination. Why, then, should it be put upon record?

The circumstance I have stated above determined the resolution of Bonaparte, and made him look upon Egypt as an exhausted field of glory, which it was high time he had quitted, to play another part in France. On his departure from Europe, Bonaparte felt that his reputation was tottering. He wished to do something to raise up his glory, and to fix upon him the attention of the world. This object he had in great part accomplished; for, in spite of serious disasters, the French flag waved over the Cataracts of the Nile and the ruins of Memphis, and the battles of the Pyramids and Aboukir were calculated in no small degree to dazzle the imagination. Finding that the glory of his arms no longer supported the feeble power of the Directory, he was anxious to see whether he could not share it, or appropriate it to himself.

A great deal has been said about letters and secret communications from the Directory, but Bonaparte needed no such thing. He could do what he pleased: there was no power to check him; such had been the nature of his arrangements on leaving France. He followed only the dictates of his own will, and probably had not the fleet been destroyed, he would have departed from Egypt much sooner. To will and to do were with him one and the same thing. The latitude he enjoyed was the result of his verbal agreement with the Directory, whose instructions and plans he did not wish should impede his operations.

Bonaparte left Alexandria on the 5th of August, and on the 10th arrived at Cairo. He at first circulated the report of a journey to Upper Egypt. This seemed so much the more reasonable, as he had really entertained that design before he went to the pyramids, and the fact was known to the army and the inhabitants of Cairo. All on a sudden he wrote to the divan of Cairo the letter already alluded to, in which he announced his intention of visiting Menouf, and journeying through the Delta.

Up to this period, our secret had been studiously kept. However, General Lanusse, the commandant at Menouf, where we arrived on the 20th of August, suspected it. "You are going to France," said he to me. My negative reply confirmed his suspicion. This almost induced me to believe the general-in-chief had been the first to make the disclosure. General Lanusse, though he envied our good fortune, made no complaints. He expressed his sincere wishes for our prosperous voyage, but never opened his mouth on the subject to any one.

On the 21st of August we reached the wells of Birkett. The Arabs had rendered the water unfit for use, but the general-in-chief was resolved to quench his thirst, and for this purpose squeezed the juice of several lemons into a glass of the water; but he could not swallow it without holding his nose, and exhibiting strong feelings of disgust.

On the 22d of August we reached Alexandria, where the general informed all those who had accompanied him from Cairo, that France was their destination. At this announcement, joy was pictured in every countenance.

General Kleber, to whose command Bonaparte had resigned the army, was invited to come from Damietta to Rosetta, to confer with the general-in-chief on affairs of extreme importance. Bonaparte, in making an appointment which he never intended to keep, hoped to escape the unwelcome freedom of Kleber's reproaches. He afterwards wrote to him all he had to say;* and the cause he assigned for not keeping his appointment

* The letter from Bonaparte to Kleber, above alluded to, is not given by Bourrienne, but is inserted by the Duke de Rovigo, in his Memoirs, and is as follows:—(*Editor.*)

"General,—You will find enclosed an order directing you to assume the chief command of the army. I accelerate my departure by two or three days,

was, that his fear of being observed by the English cruisers, had forced him to depart three days earlier than he intended.

under the apprehension that from one moment to another the English cruiser may make its appearance. I take home with me Generals Berthier, Andréossy, Murat, Lannes, and Marmont, together with Citizens Monge and Berthollet.

"Herewith you will find the English and Frankfort papers up to the 10th of June. They will tell you that we have lost Italy, and that Mantua, Turin, and Tortona are blockaded. I have reason to hope that the first-mentioned city will hold out until the end of November. I hope to reach Europe before the beginning of October, should fortune be favourable to me.

"Annexed are two ciphers, the one to correspond with the government, the other with myself.

"I request you will send Junot home in the course of October, together with my servants, and all the effects which I have left at Cairo. I should have no objection, however, to your detaining in your own service such of my servants as it might suit you to keep.

"It is the intention of government that General Desaix should return to Europe in the course of November, unless any event of importance should require his further presence in this country.

"The commission of arts will return to France in a flag of truce, which you are to demand for that purpose, agreeably to the cartel of exchange, in the month of November, immediately after having completed the object of its mission. It is at present engaged in visiting Upper Egypt; you need not hesitate, however, in retaining such of its members as you may deem useful to you.

"The effendi made prisoner at Aboukir is now on his way to Damietta. I have written you word to send him to Cyprus: he is the bearer of a letter for the grand vizier, of which a copy is annexed.

"The arrival of our Brest squadron at Toulon, and of the Spanish squadron at Carthagena, removes every doubt as to the possibility of conveying to Egypt the muskets, swords, pistols, and cast iron you may stand in need of, and of which I have a very exact statement, together with a sufficient number of recruits to repair the losses of both campaigns.

"The government itself will then acquaint you with its intentions; and I shall, both in my public and private character, take every means to enable you to receive frequent intelligence from home.

"Should unforeseen events render all attempts fruitless, and you remain up to the month of May without receiving either news or assistance from France; and should the plague, notwithstanding every precaution, extend its ravages over Egypt this year, and carry off upwards of fifteen hundred soldiers, which would be a very serious loss, as being over and above what the chances of the war will occasion, I think that in such a case, you ought not to attempt to take the field; and that you would be justified in concluding a peace with the Ottoman Porte, even if the evacuation of Egypt should be its principal condition. You would then have only to put off carrying such a condition into effect until a general peace.

"You are as well enabled as I am to appreciate how important the possession of Egypt is to France: the Turkish empire is threatened with ruin, and is actually crumbling to pieces; and the evacuation of Egypt would be a misfortune so much the greater, as we should in our own time see that beautiful province fall into European hands.

"Your calculations must be greatly influenced by the news you may receive of the future success or reverses of the republic.

"If the Porte should reply to the overtures of peace which I made to it previously to your receiving my letters from France, you are to declare that you hold all the powers I possessed, and are to open negotiations, always persisting in the assertion which I have put forward, that France never had the intention

But when he wrote, Bonaparte well knew that he would be at sea before Kleber could receive his letter. Kleber, in his letter

of wresting Egypt from the Porte; you will demand that the Porte shall renounce taking part in the coalition, and grant us the trade of the Black Sea; that it shall set all French prisoners free; and lastly, consent to a six months' suspension of hostilities, so as to give time for exchanging the ratifications of peace.

"Supposing that circumstances should make you deem it advisable to conclude a treaty with the Porte, you will point out that you cannot execute such a treaty until it shall be ratified; and according to the usage amongst all nations, the interval between the signing of a treaty and its ratification must always be considered as a period of suspension of hostilities.

"You are acquainted, Citizen-general, with my sentiments respecting the internal politics of Egypt. Happen what may, the Christians will always be our friends. They must not be allowed to be overbearing, in order that the Turks may not be actuated by the same spirit of fanaticism against us as they are against them, which would have the effect of rendering them irreconcilable enemies. We must lull their fanaticism to sleep, in order to root it out. The good opinion of the whole of Egypt will be secured by obtaining that of the great sheiks of Cairo; and of all the chiefs to whom this people may show deference, none are less dangerous than the sheiks, who are cowardly, unable to fight, and like all priests, inspire fanaticism, without being fanatics themselves.

"With respect to the fortifications, Alexandria and El-Arish are the keys of Egypt. I had it in contemplation to raise redoubts with palm-trees this winter, two from Salahie to Catiëh, and two from Catiëh to El-Arish; one of these to be on the spot where General Menou found water fit for drinking.

"General Samson, commander of the engineers, and General Songis, commander of the artillery, will each inform you of what concerns their respective branches.

"Citizen Poussielgue has been exclusively charged with the finances. I have found him an industrious and meritorious man. He has already begun to acquire some insight into the chaos of the administration of Egypt.

"I had intended, should no fresh event interfere, to establish, this winter, a new mode of taxation, which would have enabled us to dispense almost entirely with the Cophts; before undertaking this, however, I recommend it to your mature consideration; it is better to embark rather too late than too soon in such an operation.

"French ships of war will undoubtedly make their appearance this winter at Alexandria, Bourlos, or Damietta. Cause a strong tower to be built a Bourlos; try to collect five or six hundred Mamelukes, whom, upon the arrival of the French ships, you will have arrested on the same day at Cairo and in the other provinces, and embark them for France. In default of Mamelukes some Arab hostages, or sheik belets, who might happen to be our prisoners, whatever may be the ground of their detention, might supply their place. These people, when arrived in France, will be detained there a year or two, and by witnessing the greatness of the French nation, and forming some idea of our manners and our language, will, on their return to Egypt, be so many partisans to our cause.

"I had often asked for a company of players; I will take especial care to send you some. This object is of great consequence to the army, and will tend to change the manners of the country.

"The important station you are going to hold, as chief in command, will now enable you to display the talents with which nature has endowed you. There is a very lively interest excited as to what passes here, and the results to commerce and civilization will be immense; from this epoch mighty revolutions will take their date.

to the Directory, complained bitterly of this deception. The singular fate that befel this letter, will by and by be seen.

"Accustomed to view in the opinion of posterity the recompence of the toils and troubles of life, I quit Egypt with the deepest regret. The interest of our country, its glory, obedience, the extraordinary events that have lately taken place, have alone determined me to force my way to France through the enemy's squadrons. Your successes will be as dear to me as those in which I may have a personal share; and I shall consider those days of my life ill employed on which I shall not do something for the army I leave under your command, and for the consolidation of the splendid establishment, the foundations of which have just been laid.

"I confide to you an army wholly composed of my children; at all times, and in the midst of the severest trials, they have ever shown me proofs of their attachment: nourish this sentiment in their breasts: you owe it to the very great regard I entertain for you, and to the sincere affection I bear towards them.

"BONAPARTE."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### 1799.

Our departure from Egypt—Nocturnal embarkation—M. Parseval Grandmaison—Our course—Adverse winds—Fear of the English—Favourable weather—Vingt-et-un—Chess—We land at Ajaccio—Bonaparte's pretended relations—Family domains—Want of money—Battle of Novi—Death of Joubert—Visionary schemes—Purchase of a boat—Departure from Corsica—The English squadron—Our escape—The roads of Frejus—Our landing in France—The plague or the Austrians—Joy of the people—The sanitary laws—Bonaparte falsely accused.

WE were now to return to our country—again to cross the sea, to us so pregnant with danger—Cæsar and his fortune were once more to embark. But Cæsar was not now advancing to the east to add Egypt to the conquests of the republic. He was revolving in his mind vast schemes, unawed by the idea of venturing every thing to change in his own favour the government for which he had fought. The hope of conquering the most celebrated country of the east no longer excited the imagination, as on our departure from France. Our last visionary dream had vanished before the walls of St. Jean d'Acre, and we were leaving on the burning sands of Egypt most of our companions in arms. An inconceivable destiny seemed to pursue us, and we were obliged to obey its decrees.

On the 23d of August* we embarked on board two frigates,

* It was neither in June or July, as stated by the Duke de Rovigo.

the Muiron and Carrère. Our number was between four and five hundred. Such was our squadron, and such the formidable army with which Bonaparte had resolved, as he wrote to the divan of Cairo, "to annihilate all his enemies." This boasting might impose on those who did not see the real state of things; but what were we to think of it? What Bonaparte himself thought the day after.

The night was dark when we embarked in the frigates which lay at a considerable distance from the port of Alexandria; but by the faint light of the stars we perceived a corvette, which appeared to be observing our silent nocturnal embarkation.*

Next morning, just as we were on the point of setting sail, we saw coming from the port of Alexandria a boat, on board of which was M. Parseval Grandmaison. This excellent man, who was beloved by all of us, was not included among the persons whose return to France had been determined by the general-in-chief. In his anxiety to get off, Bonaparte would not hear of taking him on board. It will readily be conceived how urgent were the entreaties of Parseval; but he would have sued in vain, had not Gantheaume, Monge, Berthollet, and I, interceded for him. With some difficulty we overcame Bonaparte's resistance, and our colleague of the Egyptian Institute got on board after the wind had filled our sails.

It has been erroneously said that Admiral Gantheaume had full control of the frigates, as if any one could command when Bonaparte was present. On the contrary, Bonaparte declared to the admiral, in my hearing, that he would not take the ordinary course, and get into the open sea. "Keep close along the coast of the Mediterranean," said he, "on the African side, until you get south of Sardinia. I have here a handful of brave fellows, and a few pieces of artillery; if the English should appear, I will run ashore, and with my party make my way by land to Oran, Tunis, or some other port whence we may find an opportunity of getting home." This was his irrevocable determination.

For twenty-one days adverse winds, blowing from west or north-west, drove us continually on the coast of Syria, or in the direction of Alexandria. At one time it was proposed that we should again put into the port; but Bonaparte declared he would

* "The horses of the escort had been left to run loose on the beach, and all was perfect stillness in Alexandria, when the advanced posts of the town were alarmed by the wild galloping of horses, which, from a natural instinct, were returning to Alexandria through the desert. The picket ran to arms on seeing horses ready saddled and bridled, which were soon discovered to belong to the regiment of guides. They at first thought that a misfortune had happened to some detachment in its pursuit of the Arabs. With these horses came also those of the generals who had embarked with General Bonaparte; so that Alexandria was, for a time, in considerable alarm. The cavalry was ordered to proceed in all haste in the direction whence the horses came; and every one was giving himself up to the most gloomy conjectures, when the cavalry returned to the city with the Turkish groom, who was bringing back General Bonaparte's horse to Alexandria."—*Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo.. (Editor.)*

rather brave every danger than do so. During the day we tacked to a certain distance northward, and in the evening we stood towards Africa, until we came within sight of the coast. Finally, after twenty-one days of impatience and disappointment, a favourable east wind carried us past that point of Africa on which Carthage formerly stood, and we soon doubled Sardinia. We kept very near the western coast of that island, where Bonaparte had determined to land in case of our falling in with the English squadron. From thence his plan was to reach Corsica, and there to await a favourable opportunity of returning to France.

Every thing had contributed to render our voyage dull and monotonous; and, besides, we were not entirely without uneasiness as to the steps which might be taken by the Directory, for it was certain that the publication of the intercepted correspondence must have occasioned many unpleasant disclosures. Bonaparte used often to walk on deck to superintend the execution of his orders. The smallest sail that appeared in view excited his alarm. The fear of falling into the hands of the English never forsook him. That was what he dreaded most of all, and yet, at a subsequent period, he trusted to the generosity of his enemies.

However, in spite of our well-founded alarm, there were some moments in which we sought to amuse ourselves, or, to use a common expression, to kill time. Cards afforded us a source of recreation, and even this frivolous amusement served to develop the character of Bonaparte. In general he was not fond of cards; but if he did play, Vingt-et-un was his favourite game, because it is more rapid that many others, and because, in short, it afforded him an opportunity of cheating. For example, he would ask for a card; if it proved a bad one he would say nothing, but lay it down on the table and wait till the dealer had drawn his. If the dealer produced a good card, then Bonaparte would throw aside his hand, without showing it, and give up his stake. If, on the contrary, the dealer's card made him exceed twenty-one, Bonaparte also threw his cards aside without showing them, and asked for the payment of his stake. He was much diverted by these little tricks, especially when they were played off undetected; and I confess that even then we were courteous enough to humour him, and wink at his cheating. I must, however, mention that he never appropriated to himself the fruit of these little dishonesties; for at the end of the game he gave up all his winnings, and they were equally divided. Gain, as may readily be supposed, was not his object; but he always expected that fortune would grant him an ace or a ten at the right moment, with the same confidence with which he looked for fine weather on the day of battle. If he were disappointed he wished nobody to know it.

Bonaparte also played at chess, but very seldom, because he

was only a third-rate player, and he did not like to be beaten at that game, which, I know not why, is said to bear a resemblance to the grand game of war. At this latter game, Bonaparte certainly feared no adversary. This reminds me that when we were leaving Passeriano, he announced his intention of passing through Mantua, he was told that the commandant of that town, I believe General Beauvoir, was a great chess-player, and he expressed a wish to play a game with him. General Beauvoir asked him to point out any particular pawn with which he would be checkmated; adding, that if the pawn were taken, he, Bonaparte, should be declared the winner. Bonaparte pointed out the last pawn on the left of his adversary. A mark was put upon it, and it turned out that he actually was checkmated with that very pawn. Bonaparte was not very well pleased at this. He liked to play with me, because, though rather a better player than himself, I was not always able to beat him. As soon as a game was decided in his favour, he declined playing any longer, preferring to rest on his laurels.

The favourable wind which had constantly prevailed after the first twenty days of our voyage, still continued while we kept along the coast of Sardinia; but after we had passed that island, the wind again blew violently from the west, and on the 1st of October we were forced to enter the gulf of Ajaccio. We sailed again next day; but we found it impossible to work our way out of the gulf. We were therefore obliged to put into the port, and land at Ajaccio. Adverse winds obliged us to remain there until the 7th of October. It may readily be imagined how much this delay annoyed Bonaparte. He sometimes expressed his impatience, as if he could enforce the obedience of the elements, as well as of men. He was losing time, and time was every thing to him.

There was one circumstance which seemed to annoy him as much as any of his more serious vexations. "What will become of me," said he, "if the English, who are cruising hereabout, should learn that I have landed in Corsica? I shall be forced to stay here. That I could never endure. I have a torrent of relations pouring upon me." His great reputation had certainly prodigiously augmented his family. He was overwhelmed with visits, congratulations, and requests. The whole town was in a commotion. Every one of its inhabitants wished to claim him as their cousin; and from the prodigious number of his pretended godsons and goddaughters, it might have been supposed that he had held one-fourth of the children of Ajaccio at the baptismal font.

Bonaparte frequently walked with us in the neighbourhood of Ajaccio; and when in the height of his power, he did not count his crowns with greater pleasure, than he evinced in pointing out to us the little domains of his ancestors.

While we were at Ajaccio, M. Fesch paid Bonaparte French money in exchange for a number of Turkish sequins, amounting in value to seventeen thousand francs. This sum was all that the general brought with him from Egypt. I mention this fact because he was unjustly calumniated in letters written after his departure, and which were intercepted and published by the English. I ought also to add, that as he would never for his own private use, resort to the money-chest of the army, the contents of which were, indeed, never half sufficient to defray the necessary expenses, he several times borrowed from Genoa, and drew upon funds which he had left in Paris. I can bear witness that in Egypt I never saw him touch any money beyond his pay; and that he left the country poorer than he had entered it, is a fact that cannot be denied. In his notes on Egypt, it appears, that in one year twelve millions six hundred thousand francs was received. In this sum were included at least two millions of contributions, which were levied at the expense of many decapitations. Bonaparte was fourteen months in Egypt, and he is said to have brought away with him twenty millions. Calumny may be very gratifying to certain persons, but they should at least give it a colouring of probability. The fact is, that Bonaparte had scarcely enough to maintain himself at Ajaccio, and to defray our posting expenses to Paris.

On our arrival at Ajaccio, we learned the death of Joubert, and the loss of the battle of Novi, which was fought on the 15th of August. Bonaparte was tormented by anxiety; he was in a state of utter uncertainty as to the future. From the time we left Alexandria till our arrival in Corsica, he had frequently talked of what he should do during the quarantine, which he supposed he would be required to observe on reaching Toulon, the port at which he had determined to land.

Even then he cherished some illusions respecting the state of affairs; and he often said to me, "But for that confounded quarantine, I would hasten ashore, and place myself at the head of the army of Italy. All is not over: and I am sure that there is not a general who would refuse me the command. The news of a victory gained by me, would reach Paris as soon as the battle of Aboukir: that, indeed, would be excellent."

In Corsica, his language was very different. When he was informed of our reverses, and saw the full extent of the evil, he was for a moment overwhelmed. His grand projects then gave way to the consideration of matters of minor import, and he thought about his detention in the Lazaretto of Toulon. He spoke of the Directory, of intrigues, and of what would be said of him. He reminded me of the conversation between Lacuée and La Vallette.* He accounted his enemies those who envied him, and those who could not be reconciled to his glory, and the

* See the letter, p. 89.

influence of his name. He sometimes betrayed fears of another kind. Though willing to submit to the urgency of the law, yet the Directory, he thought, would not abridge the period of his stay at the Lazaretto. Amidst all these anxieties, Bonaparte was still himself, though he was not the same as usual.

Providing against every chance of danger, he had purchased at Ajaccio, a boat which was intended to be towed by the Muiron, and it was manned by twelve of the best sailors the island could furnish. His resolution was, in case of inevitable danger, to jump into this boat and get ashore. This precaution had wellnigh proved useful.*

After leaving the gulf of Ajaccio, the voyage was prosperous and undisturbed for one day: but, on the second day, just at sunset, an English squadron of fourteen sail hove in sight. The English, having advantage of the light, which we had in our faces, saw us better than we could see them. They recognised our two frigates as Venetian built; but, luckily for us, night came on, for we were not far apart. We saw the signals of the English for a long time, and heard the report of the guns more and more to our left; and we thought it was the intention of the cruisers to intercept us on the south-east. Under these circumstances, Bonaparte had reason to thank fortune; for it is very evident that had the English suspected our two frigates of coming from the east, and going to France, they would have shut us out from land by running between us and it, which to them was very easy. Probably they took us for a convoy of provisions going from Toulon to Genoa; and it was to this error and the darkness that we were indebted for escaping with no worse consequence than a fright.†

During the remainder of the night, the utmost agitation prevailed on board the Muiron. Gantheaume, especially, was in a state of anxiety which it is impossible to describe, and which it was painful to witness: he was quite beside himself, for a disaster appeared inevitable, He proposed to return to Corsica. "No, no!" replied Bonaparte, imperiously. "No! spread all sail! every man at his post! To the north-west! To the north-west!" This order saved us; and I am enabled to affirm, that in the midst of almost general alarm, Bonaparte was solely occupied in giving orders. The rapidity of his judgment seemed to grow in

* Sir Walter Scott, at the commencement of his Life of Napoleon, says that Bonaparte did not see his native city after 1793. Probably to avoid contradicting himself, the Scottish historian observes that Bonaparte was *near* Ajaccio on his return from Egypt. He spent eight days there.

† Here Bourrienne says in a note, "Where did Sir Walter Scott learn that we were neither seen nor recognised? We were not recognised, but certainly seen." This is corroborated by the testimony of the Duke de Rovigo, who, in his Memoirs, says, "I have met officers of the English navy who assured me that the two frigates had been seen, but were considered by the admiral to belong to his squadron, as they steered their course towards him; and as he knew we had only one frigate in the Mediterranean, and one in Toulon harbour, he was far from supposing that the frigates which he had descried could have General Bonaparte on board."—*Editor.*

the face of danger. The remembrance of that night will never be effaced from my mind. The hours lingered on; and none of us could guess upon what new dangers the morrow's sun would shine.

However, Bonaparte's resolution was taken: his orders were given, his arrangements made. During the evening he had resolved upon throwing himself into the long-boat; he had already fixed on the persons who were to share his fate, and had already named to me the papers which he thought it most important to save. Happily, our terrors were vain and our arrangements useless. By the first rays of the sun, we discovered the English fleet sailing to north-east, and we immediately stood for the wished-for coast of France.

The 8th of October, at eight in the morning, we entered the roads of Frejus. The sailors not having recognised the coast during the night, we did not know where we were. There was, at first, some hesitation whether we should advance. We were by no means expected, and did not know how to answer the signals, which had been changed during our absence. Some guns were even fired upon us by the batteries on the coast; but our bold entry into the roads, the crowd upon the decks of the two frigates, and our signs of joy, speedily banished all doubt of our being friends. We were in the port, and approaching the landing-place, when the rumour spread that Bonaparte was on board one of the frigates. In an instant the sea was covered with boats. In vain we begged them to keep at a distance: we were carried ashore, and when we told the crowd both of men and women who were pressing about us the risk they ran, they all exclaimed, *We prefer the plague to the Austrians!*

What were our feelings when we again set foot on the soil of France, I will not attempt to describe. Our escape from the dangers that threatened us seemed almost miraculous. We had lost twenty days at the beginning of our voyage, and at its close we had been almost touched by an English squadron. Under these circumstances, how rapturously we inhaled the balmy air of Provence. Such was our joy, that we were scarcely sensible to the disheartening news which arrived from all quarters. At the first moment of our arrival, by a spontaneous impulse, we all repeated, with tears in our eyes, the beautiful lines which Voltaire has put into the mouth of the exile of Sicily.

Bonaparte has been reproached with having violated the sanitary laws; but after what I have already stated respecting his intentions, I presume there can remain no doubt of the falsehood of this accusation. All the blame must rest with the inhabitants of Frejus, who, on this occasion found the law of necessity more imperious than the sanitary laws. Yet when it is considered that four or five hundred persons, and a quantity of effects were landed from Alexandria, where the plague had been raging during the summer, it is almost a miracle that France and indeed Europe escaped the scourge.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### 1799.

Effect produced by Bonaparte's return—His justification—Letter to my wife—Bonaparte's intended dinner at Sens—Louis Bonaparte and Josephine—Fortune and genius—Bonaparte's eagerness for news—He changes his intended route—Melancholy situation of the provinces—Necessity of a change—Bonaparte's ambitious views—Influence of popular applause—What Bonaparte was, and what he might have been—Arrival in Paris—His reception of Josephine—Their reconciliation—Bonaparte's visit to the Directory—His contemptuous treatment of Siéyès.

The effect produced in France and throughout Europe by the mere intelligence of Bonaparte's return, is well known. I shall not yet speak of the vast train of consequences which that event entailed. I must, however, notice some accusations which were brought against him from the time of our landing to the 9th of November. He was reproached for having left Egypt, and it was alleged that his departure was the result of long premeditation. But I, who was constantly with him, am enabled positively to affirm, that his return to France, was merely the effect of a sudden resolution. Of this, the following fact is in itself sufficient evidence:

While we were at Cairo, a few days before we heard of the landing of the Anglo-Turkish fleet, and at the moment when we were on the point of setting off to encamp at the pyramids, Bonaparte despatched a courier to France. I took advantage of this opportunity to write to my wife. I almost bade her an eternal adieu. My letter breathed expressions of grief such as I had not before evinced. I said, among other things, that we knew not when or how it would be possible for us to return to France. If Bonaparte had then entertained any thought of a speedy return, I must have known it; and in that case I should not certainly have distressed my family by a desponding letter, when I had not had an opportunity of writing for seven months before.

Two days after the receipt of my letter, my wife was awoke very early in the morning, to be informed of our arrival in France. The courier who brought this intelligence, was the bearer of a second letter from me, which I had written on board

ship, and dated from Frejus. In this letter, I mentioned that Bonaparte would pass through Sens, and dine with my mother.

In fulfilment of my directions, Madame de Bourrienne set off for Paris at five in the morning. Having passed the first post, she met a berline containing four travellers, among whom she recognised Louis Bonaparte, going to meet the general on the Lyons road. On seeing Madame de Bourrienne, Louis desired the postilion to stop. He drew up to her carriage, and asked her whether she had heard from me? She told him what she knew, and assured him that we should pass through Sens, where the general wished to dine with my mother who had made every preparation for receiving him. Louis then continued his journey. About nine o'clock my wife met another berline, in which were Madame Bonaparte and her daughter. As they were asleep, and both carriages were driving at a very rapid rate, Madame de Bourrienne did not stop. Josephine followed the route taken by Louis. Both missed the general, who changed his mind at Lyons, and proceeded by the way of Bourbonnais. He arrived fifteen hours after my wife; and those who had taken the Burgundy road, proceeded to Lyons uselessly.

The mention of my letter from Cairo, has led me in some measure to anticipate the progress of events.

But to return to General Bonaparte, who now, after a forty-eight days' voyage, on a sea, beset with enemies, had reached his native land in safety. We often talk of the luck which some people are favoured with, and which accompanies them through life. Without attaching faith to this sort of predestination, when I think of the numerous and various dangers which beset Bonaparte, and from which, in his different enterprises, he escaped, of the risks he ran, the hazards he faced, I can understand how it is that others entertain this belief. But having myself long studied the "man of destiny," I have remarked, that that which he called his fortune, was, in fact, his genius; that his good luck resulted from his keen insight into things; from the calculations he made, rapid as lightning; from the simultaneity of his actions and his conceptions; and from the conviction which he himself cherished, that boldness is often wisdom. If, for example, during the voyage from Alexandria to Frejus, Bonaparte had not imperiously insisted on deviating from the course usually taken; if, at the outset, he had consented to put back to the port of Alexandria; or, towards the end of the voyage, to return to Ajaccio, after he had left it would he have triumphed over the dangers that threatened him? Probably not. And was all this the mere effect of chance? Certainly not.

No sooner had he arrived at Frejus, than Bonaparte, in his anxiety for news, eagerly questioned every person he met.

He now ascertained the full extent of our reverses in Italy which he had already learned in a less detailed way, at Ajaccio. The idea he had conceived, before his landing in Corsica, now entirely vanished from his mind. "The evil is too great," said he; "there is no remedy." This must have been a painful sacrifice; for I shall never forget the boundless delight with which, on the voyage, he pictured to himself the effect that would be produced in Paris by the intelligence of a victory, gained in Italy, at the same moment when the news of the battle of Aboukir should arrive. He delighted in every thing that was calculated to strike the imagination.

Determined to repair, in all haste, to Paris, he left Frejus on the afternoon of the day of our landing. He himself had despatched the courier to Sens, to inform my mother of his intended visit to her; and it was not until he got to Lyons, that he determined to take the road of the Bourbonnais. His reason for doing so will presently be seen. All along the road, at Aix, at Lyons, in every town and village, he was received, as at Frejus, with the most rapturous demonstrations of joy. Only those who witnessed his triumphant journey, can form any notion of it; and it required no great discernment to foresee something like the 18th Brumaire.

The provinces, a prey to anarchy and civil war, were continually threatened with foreign invasion. Almost all the south presented the melancholy spectacle of one vast arena of conflicting factions. The nation groaned beneath the yoke of tyrannical laws; despotism was systematically established; the law of hostages struck a blow at personal liberty, and forced loans menaced every man's property. The generality of the citizens had declared themselves against a pentarchy, devoid of power, justice, and morality, and which had become the sport of faction and intrigue. Disorder was general; but, in the provinces, abuses were felt more sensibly than elsewhere. In great cities it was found more easy to elude the hand of despotism and oppression.

A change so earnestly wished for, could not fail to be realized, and to be received with transport. The majority of the French people longed to be relieved from the situation in which they then stood. There were two dangers to cope with—anarchy and the Bourbons. Every one felt the urgent and indispensable necessity of concentrating the power of the government in a single hand; at the same time maintaining those institutions which the spirit of the age demanded, and which France, after having so dearly purchased, was now about to lose. The country looked for a man who was capable of restoring her to tranquillity; but, as yet, no such man had appeared. A soldier of fortune presented himself, covered with glory; he had planted the standard of France on the capitol and on the pyramids. The whole world acknowledged his superior talent; his charac-

ter, his courage, and his victories, had raised him to the very highest rank. His great works, his gallant actions, his speeches, and his proclamations, ever since he had risen to eminence, left no doubt of his wish to secure happiness and freedom to France, his adopted country. At that critical moment, the necessity of a temporary dictatorship, which sometimes secures the safety of a state, banished all reflections on the consequences of such a power, and nobody seemed to think glory incompatible with personal liberty. All eyes were therefore directed on the general, whose past conduct guaranteed his capability of defending the republic abroad, and liberty at home;—on the general, whom his flatterers, and, indeed, some of his sincere friends, styled, "the *hero of liberal ideas*," the title to which he aspired.

Under every point of view, therefore, he was naturally chosen as the chief of a generous nation, confiding to him her destiny, in preference to a troop of mean and fanatical hypocrites, who, under the names of republicanism and liberty, had reduced France to the most abject slavery.

And could it ever have been believed, that after being raised to the first magistracy, Bonaparte would have employed his power only to trample upon the principles which he had so often proclaimed, and to which he owed his elevation? Could it have been foreseen, that he would supersede, by the most absolute forms of despotism, that constitutional liberty, for which France yearned, and the tranquil enjoyment of which she had long sought to secure, even by fatal means? Yet, true it is, that when his ambition was gratified—when he had sacrificed all to obtain his object—he restored and defended those very principles which he had opposed so energetically on the 13th Vendémiaire and the 18th Brumaire. In spite of that eagle glance, which often enabled him to scan, rapidly and accurately, the most complicated things, he did not perceive, in the ascending progress of his power, that if unfortunate chance should ever place him on the declivity, he would not be supported by national feeling, nor aided by the patriotism which he disavowed and deceived. Could he venture to hope, that in the course of the immense enterprises which filled up his life, fate would never frown upon him for a single moment? Did he not see that when a man is in himself *all*, all must fall with him; and that when the destiny of a nation depends on the winning or losing of a battle, it depends on nothing?

Among the schemes which Bonaparte was incessantly revolving in his mind, may undoubtedly be ranked the project of attaining the head of the French government; but it would be a mistake to suppose, that, on his return from Egypt, he had formed any fixed plan. There was something vague in his ambitious aspirations; and he was, if I may so express myself, fond of building those imaginary edifices, called castles in the

air. The current of events was in accordance with his wishes; and it may truly be said, that the whole French nation smoothed, for Bonaparte, the road which led to power. Certainly, the unanimous plaudits and universal joy which accompanied him along a journey of more than two hundred leagues, must have induced him to regard as a national mission that step which was at first prompted merely by his wish of meddling with the affairs of the republic.

This spontaneous burst of popular feeling, unordered and unpaid for, loudly proclaimed the grievances of the people, and their hope that the man of victory would become their deliverer. The general enthusiasm excited by the return of the conqueror of Egypt, delighted him to a degree which I cannot express; and was, as he has often assured me, a powerful stimulus in urging him to the object to which the wishes of France seemed to direct him.

Among people of all classes and all opinions, an 18th Brumaire was desired and expected. Many royalists even believed that a change would prove favourable to the king. So ready are we to persuade ourselves of the reality of what we wish.

In times of disorder, when all powers are confounded, and nothing can establish a counterpoise, the cleverest, the strongest, and the boldest, may easily oppress the rest. Bonaparte's military superiority over his contemporaries, the ascendancy of his good fortune and glory, and the influence of his name, assisted him at this time, as they did throughout two-thirds of his career.

If, when master of the power which was offered to him, he had followed the principles he previously professed, and for which he had heretofore fought and conquered;—if he had defended, with all the influence of his glory, that liberty, which the nation claimed, and which the age demanded;—if he had rendered France as happy and as free, as he rendered her glorious, posterity could not have refused him the very first place among those great men, at whose side he will be ranged. But not having done for the welfare of mankind what he undertook for his own glory, posterity will judge of him by what he has achieved. He will have full credit for his victories, but not for his conquests, which produced no result, and not one of which he preserved. His claim to the title of one of the greatest captains that ever lived, will be undisputed; but he left France less than when she was intrusted to him, and less than she had been left by Louis XIV. His brilliant campaigns in Italy gave Venice to Austria, and the Ionian Isles to England. His Egyptian expedition gave Malta to the English, destroyed our navy, and cost us twenty-two thousand men. The civil code is the only one of Bonaparte's legislative acts which can be sanctioned by philosophy and reason. All his other laws were null, and rested only on his existence. Did he, either in his character of consul or emperor, contribute to the happiness of France?

Posterity will answer in the negative. Indeed, if we weigh, in one scale, all our victories and all our glory, and in the other, Europe in Paris, and the disgraceful treaty of 1815, with its accessaries and consequences, it will be seen on what side the balance will turn.

The causes which rendered a change necessary, and the motives which made it desirable, are obvious. Intrigue, however, crept into the proceedings of the 18th Brumaire; and if, as it cannot be denied, that day saw the extinction of anarchy and disorder, it also witnessed the extinction of liberty.

As soon as it was suspected that Bonaparte would accept the power offered him, an outcry was raised about a conspiracy against the republic, and measures were sought for preserving it. But necessity, and, indeed, it must be confessed, the general feeling of the people, consigned the execution of those measures to him who was to subvert the republic. On his return to Paris, Bonaparte spoke and acted like a man who felt his own power; he cared neither for flattery, dinners, nor balls—his mind took a higher flight.

We arrived in Paris on the 24th Vendémiaire (the 16th of October). As yet he knew nothing of what was going on; for he had seen neither his wife nor his brothers, who were looking for him on the Burgundy road. The news of our landing at Frejus, had reached Paris by a telegraphic despatch. Madame Bonaparte, who was dining with M. Gohier, when that despatch was communicated to him, as president of the Directory, immediately set off to meet her husband, well knowing how important it was that her first interview with him should not be anticipated by his brothers.

The imprudent communications of Junot, at the Fountains of Messoudiah, will be remembered; but, after the first ebullition of jealous rage, all traces of that feeling had apparently disappeared. Bonaparte, however, was still harassed by secret suspicion; and the painful impressions produced by Junot, were either not entirely effaced, or were revived after our arrival in Paris. We reached the capital before Josephine returned. The recollection of the past, the ill-natured reports of his brothers, and the exaggeration of facts, had irritated Napoleon to the very highest pitch, and he received Josephine with studied coldness, and with an air of the most cruel indifference. He had no communication with her for three days, during which time he frequently spoke to me of suspicions, which his imagination converted into certainty; and threats of divorce escaped his lips with no less vehemence than when we were on the confines of Syria. I took upon me the office of conciliator, which I had before discharged with success. I represented to him the dangers to be apprehended from the publicity and scandal of such an affair; and that the moment when his grand views might possibly be realized, was not the fit time to entertain France

and Europe with the details of a charge of adultery. I spoke to him of Hortense and Eugène, to whom he was much attached. Reflection, seconded by his ardent affection for Josephine, brought about a complete reconciliation. After these three days of conjugal misunderstanding, their happiness was never afterwards disturbed by a similar cause.*

* In speaking of the unexpected arrival of Bonaparte from Egypt, and of the meeting between him and Josephine, Madame Junot says—

"On the 19th Vendémiaire, Josephine set off to meet her husband; but without knowing exactly what road he would take. She thought it likely he would come by the way of Burgundy, and therefore Louis and she set off for Lyons.

"Madame Bonaparte was a prey to great and well-founded uneasiness. Whether she were guilty, or only imprudent, she was strongly accused by the Bonaparte family, who were desirous that Napoleon should obtain a divorce. The elder M. de Caulaincourt stated to us his apprehensions on this point; but whenever the subject was introduced, my mother changed the conversation, because, knowing as she did, the sentiments of the Bonaparte family, she could not reply without either committing them, or having recourse to falsehood. She knew, moreover, the truth of many circumstances which M. de Caulaincourt seemed to doubt, and which her situation with respect to Bonaparte, prevented her from communicating to him.

"Madame Bonaparte committed a great fault in neglecting at this juncture to conciliate her mother-in-law, who might have protected her against those who sought her ruin; and, indeed, effected it nine years later; for the divorce in 1809 was brought about by the joint efforts of all the members of the Bonaparte family, aided by some of Napoleon's most confidential servants, whom Josephine, either as Madame Bonaparte, or as Empress, had done nothing to make her friends.

"Bonaparte on his arrival in Paris, found his house deserted; but his mother, sisters, and sisters-in-law, and, in short, every member of his family, except Louis, who had attended Madame Bonaparte to Lyons, came to him immediately. The impression made upon him by the solitude of his home and its desertion by its mistress, was profound and terrible, and nine years afterwards, when the ties between him and Josephine were severed for ever, he showed that it was not effaced. From not finding her with his family, he inferred that she felt herself unworthy of their presence, and feared to meet the man she had wronged. He considered her journey to Lyons as a mere pretence.

"M. de Bourrienne says, that for some days after Josephine's return, Bonaparte treated her with *extreme coldness*. As he was an eye-witness, why does he not state the whole truth, and say that on her return, Bonaparte *refused to see her, and did not see her?* It was to the earnest entreaties of her children that she owed the recovery, not of her husband's love, for that had long ceased, but of that tenderness, acquired by habit, and that intimate intercourse which made her still retain the rank of consort to the greatest man of his age. Bonaparte was, at this period, much attached to Eugène Beauharnais, who, to do him justice, was a charming youth. He knew less of Hortense; but her youth and sweetness of temper, and the protection of which, as his adopted daughter, she besought him not to deprive her, proved powerful advocates, and overcame his resistance.

"In this delicate negotiation, it was good policy not to bring any other person into play, whatever might be their influence with Bonaparte, and Madame Bonaparte did not, therefore, have recourse either to Barras, Bourrienne, or Berthier. It was expedient that they who interceded for her should be able to say any thing without the possibility of a reply. Now, Bonaparte could not with any degree of propriety explain to such children as Eugène or Hortense, the particulars of their mother's conduct. He was therefore constrained to silence, and had no argument to combat the tears of two innocent creatures at his feet, exclaiming, "Do not abandon our mother; she will break her heart! And ought injustice to take from us poor orphans, whose natural protector the scaffold

On the day after his arrival, Bonaparte visited the directors. The interview was cold. On the 24th of October, he said to me, "I dined yesterday at Gohier's; Siéyès was present, and I pretended not to see him. I observed how much he was enraged at this mark of disrespect."—"But are you sure he is against you?" inquired I.—"I know nothing yet; but he is a systemizing man, and I don't like him." Even at that time Bonaparte had thoughts of getting himself elected a member of the Directory, in the room of Siéyès.

has already deprived us of, the support of one whom Providence has sent to replace him!

"The scene, as Bonaparte has since stated, was long and painful, and the two children, at length, introduced their mother, and placed her in his arms. The unhappy woman had awaited his decision at the door of a small back staircase, extended at almost full length upon the stairs, suffering the acutest pangs of mental torture.

"Whatever might be his wife's errors, Bonaparte appeared entirely to forget them, and the reconciliation was complete. Of all the members of the family, Madame Leclerc was most vexed at the pardon which Napoleon had granted to his wife. Bonaparte's mother was also very ill pleased; but she said nothing. Madame Joseph Bonaparte, who was always very amiable, took no part in these family quarrels; therefore, she could easily determine what part to take when fortune smiled on Josephine. As to Madame Bacciochi, she gave free vent to her ill-humour and disdain; the consequence was, that her sister-in-law could never endure her. Christine, who was a beautiful creature, followed the example of Madame Joseph, and Caroline was so young, that her opinion could have no weight in such an affair. As to Bonaparte's brothers, they were at open war with Josephine."—*Editor.*

## CHAPTER XXV.

### 1799.

Moreau and Bernadotte—Bonaparte's opinion of Bernadotte False report—The crown of Sweden and the constitution of the year III.—Intrigues of Bonaparte's brothers—Angry conversation between Bonaparte and Bernadotte—Bonaparte's version—Josephine's version—An unexpected visit—The Manège Club—Salicetti and Joseph Bonaparte—Bonaparte invites himself to breakfast with Bernadotte—Country excursion—Bernadotte dines with Bonaparte—The plot and conspiracy—Conduct of Lucien—Dinner given to Bonaparte by the council of Five Hundred—Bonaparte's wish to be chosen a member of the Directory—His reconciliation with Siéyès—Offer made by the Directory to Bonaparte—He is falsely accused by Barras.

To throw a clear light on the course of the great events which will presently be developed, it is necessary to state briefly what intrigues had been hatched, what ambitious hopes had risen up, while we were in Egypt; and finally, all those things which we were so eager to learn on our return home. When

in Egypt, Bonaparte was entirely deprived of any means of knowing what was going on in France; and in our rapid journey from Frejus to Paris, we had no opportunity of collecting much information. Yet it was very important that we should know the real state of affairs, and the sentiments of those whom Bonaparte had counted among his rivals in glory, and whom he might now meet among his rivals in ambition. Moreau's military reputation stood very high, and Bernadotte's firmness appeared inflexible. Generally speaking, Bonaparte might have reckoned among his devoted partisans the companions of his glory in Italy, and also those whom he subsequently denominated "his Egyptians." But brave men had distinguished themselves in the army of the Rhine; and if they did not withhold their admiration from the conqueror of Italy, they felt, at least, more personally interested in the admiration which they lavished on him who had repaired the disaster of Scherer. Besides, it must be borne in mind that a republican spirit prevailed, almost without exception, in the army, and that the Directory appeared to be a government invented expressly to afford patronage to intriguers. All this planted difficulties in our way, and rendered it indispensably necessary that we should know our ground. We had, it is true, been greeted by the fullest measure of popular enthusiasm on our arrival; but this was not enough. We wanted suffrages of a more solid kind.

During the campaign of Egypt, Bernadotte, who was a zealous republican, had been war minister, but he had resigned the portfolio to Dubois-Crancé, three weeks before Bonaparte's return to France. Some partisans of the old minister were endeavouring to get him recalled, and it was very important to Bonaparte's interests that he should prevent the success of this design. I recollect that, on the second day of our arrival, Bonaparte said to me, "I have learned many things; but we shall see what will happen. Bernadotte is a singular man. When he was war minister, Augereau, Salicetti, and some others, informed him that the constitution was in danger, and that it was necessary to get rid of Siéyès, Barras, and Fouché, who were at the head of a plot. What did Bernadotte do? Nothing. He asked for proofs. None could be produced. He asked for powers. Who could grant them? Nobody. He should have taken them; but he would not venture on that. He wavered. He said he could not enter into the schemes which were proposed to him. He only promised to be silent on condition that they were renounced. Bernadotte is not a help; he is an obstacle. I have heard, from good authority, that a great number of influential persons wished to invest him with extensive power for the public good; but he was obstinate, and would listen to nothing."

After a brief interval of silence, during which Bonaparte rubbed his forehead with his right hand, he thus resumed:—

"I believe I shall have Bernadotte and Moreau against me. But I do not fear Moreau. He is devoid of energy. I know he would prefer military to political power. The promise of the command of an army would gain him over. But Bernadotte has Moorish blood in his veins. He is bold and enterprising. He has been to my brothers. He does not like me, and I am almost certain that he will oppose me. If he should become ambitious, he will venture any thing. And, yet, you recollect in what a lukewarm way he acted on the 18th Fructidor, when I sent him to second Augereau. This devil of a fellow is not to be seduced. He is disinterested and clever. But, after all, we have but just arrived, and know not what may happen."

Bernadotte, it was reported, had advised that Bonaparte should be brought to a court-martial, on the twofold charge of having abandoned his army and violated the sanitary laws. This report came to the ears of Bonaparte; but he refused to believe it, and he was right. Bernadotte thought himself bound to the constitution which he had sworn to defend. Hence, the opposition he manifested to the measures of the 18th Brumaire. But he cherished no personal animosity against Bonaparte as long as he was ignorant of his ambitious designs. The extraordinary and complicated nature of subsequent events have rendered his possession of the crown of Sweden no way incompatible with his fidelity to the constitution of the year III.

On our first arrival in Paris, though I was almost constantly with the general, yet, as our routine of occupation was not yet settled, I was enabled, now and then, to snatch an hour or two from business. This leisure time I spent in the society of my family and a few friends, and in collecting information as to what had happened during our absence, for which purpose I consulted old newspapers and pamphlets. I was not surprised to learn that Bonaparte's brothers—that is to say, Joseph and Lucien—had been engaged in many intrigues. I was told that Siéyès had, for a moment, thought of calling the Duke of Brunswick to the head of the government; that Barras would not have been very averse to favouring the return of the Bourbons; and that Moulins, Roger Ducos, and Gohier, alone believed, or affected to believe, in the possibility of preserving the existing form of government. From what I heard at the time, I have good reasons for believing that Joseph and Lucien made all sorts of endeavours to inveigle Bernadotte into their brother's party, and in the hope of accomplishing that object, they had assisted in getting him appointed war minister. However, I cannot vouch for the truth of this. I was told that Bernadotte had at first submitted to the influence of Bonaparte's two brothers; but that their urgent interference in their client's behalf induced him to shake them off, to proceed freely in the

exercise of his duties, and to open the eyes of the Directory on what the republic might have to apprehend from the enterprising character of Bonaparte. It is certain that what I have to relate respecting the conduct of Bernadotte to Bonaparte is calculated to give credit to these assertions.

All the generals who were in Paris, with the exception of Bernadotte, had visited Bonaparte, during the first three days which succeeded his arrival. Bernadotte's absence was the more remarkable, because he had served under Bonaparte in Italy. It was not until a fortnight had elapsed, and then only on the reiterated entreaties of Joseph and Madame Joseph Bonaparte (his sister-in-law), that he determined to go and see his old general-in-chief. I was not present at their interview, being at that moment occupied in the little cabinet of the Rue Chantereine. But I soon discovered that their conversation had been warm; for, as soon as it was ended, Bonaparte entered the cabinet exceedingly agitated, and said to me, "Bourrienne, how do you think Bernadotte has behaved? You travelled with me from Frejus;—you witnessed the enthusiasm which my return excited;—you yourself told me that you saw in that enthusiasm the desire of the French people to be relieved from the disastrous position in which our reverses have placed them. Well! would you believe it? Bernadotte boasts, with ridiculous exaggeration, of the brilliant and victorious situation of France! He talks about the defeat of the Russians, the occupation of Genoa, the innumerable armies that are rising up every where. In short, I know not what nonsense he has got in his head."—"What can all this mean?" said I, "Did he speak about Egypt?"—"Oh! yes. Now you remind me. He actually reproached me for not having brought the army back with me.—'But,' observed I, 'have you not just told me that you are absolutely overrun with troops; that all your frontiers are secure, that immense levies are going on, and that you will have two hundred thousand infantry?—If this be true, what do you want with a few thousand men, who may ensure the preservation of Egypt?' He could make no answer to this. But he is quite elated by the honour of having been war minister; and he told me boldly that he looked upon the army of Egypt as lost. Nay, more. He made insinuations. He spoke of enemies abroad and enemies at home; and as he uttered these last words, he looked significantly at me. I, too, gave him a glance! But stay a little. The pear will soon be ripe! You know Josephine's grace and address. She was present. The scrutinizing glance of Bernadotte did not escape her, and she adroitly turned the conversation. Bernadotte saw from my countenance that I had had enough of it, and he took his leave. But, don't let me interrupt you further. I am going back to speak to Josephine."

I must confess that this strange story made me very impatient

to find myself alone with Madame Bonaparte, for I wished to hear her account of the scene. An opportunity occurred that very evening. I repeated to her what I had heard from the general, and all that she told me tended to confirm its accuracy. She added that Bernadotte seemed to take the utmost pains to exhibit to the general a flattering picture of the prosperity of France; and she reported to me, as follows, that part of the conversation which was peculiarly calculated to irritate Bonaparte: "'I do not despair of the safety of the republic, which, I am certain, will triumph over her enemies, both abroad and at home.' As Bernadotte uttered these last words," continued Josephine, "his glance made me shudder. One word more and Bonaparte could have commanded himself no longer. It is true," added she, "that it was in some degree his own fault, for it was he who turned the conversation on politics; and Bernadotte, in describing the flourishing condition of France, was only replying to the general, who had drawn a very opposite picture of the state of things. You know, my dear Bourrienne, that Bonaparte is not always very prudent. I fear he has said too much to Bernadotte about the necessity of changes in the government." Josephine had not yet recovered from the agitation into which this violent scene had thrown her. After I took leave of her I made notes of what she had told me.

A few days after, when Bonaparte, Josephine, Hortense, Eugène, and I, were together in the drawing-room, Bernadotte unexpectedly entered. His appearance, after what had passed, was calculated to surprise us. He was accompanied by a person whom he requested permission to introduce to Bonaparte. I have forgotten his name, but he was, I think, secretary-general while Bernadotte was in office. Bonaparte, betrayed no appearance of astonishment. He received Bernadotte with perfect ease, and they soon entered into conversation. Bonaparte, who seemed to acquire confidence from the presence of those who were about him, said a great deal about the agitation which prevailed among the republicans, and expressed himself in very decided terms against the Manège Club. I seconded him by observing that M. Moreau de Worms, of my department, who was a member of that club, had himself complained to me of the violence that prevailed in it. "But, general," said Bernadotte, "your brothers were its most active originators. Yet," added he in a tone of firmness, "if you accuse me of having favoured that club, I repel the charge. It cannot be otherwise than false. When I came into office I found every thing in the greatest disorder. I had no leisure to think about any club to which my duties did not call me. You know well that your friend Salicetti, and that your brother, who is in your confidence, are both leading men in the Manège Club. To the instructions of *I know not whom*, is to be attributed the violence of which you complain." At these words, and especially the tone in which Bernadotte uttered *I know not*

*whom*, Bonaparte could no longer restrain himself. "Well, general," exclaimed he, furiously, "I tell you plainly, I would rather live wild in the woods, than in a state of society which affords no security."—Bernadotte then said, with great dignity of manner—"Heavens! General, what security would you have?" From the warmth evinced by Bonaparte, I saw plainly that the conversation would soon be converted into a dispute, and in a whisper I requested Madame Bonaparte to change the conversation, which she immediately did, by addressing a question to some one present. Bernadotte, observing Madame Bonaparte's design, checked his warmth. The subject of conversation was changed, and it became general. Bernadotte soon took up his hat and departed.

One morning, when I entered Bonaparte's chamber—it was, I believe, three or four days after the second visit of Bernadotte—he said,

"Well, Bourrienne, I wager you will not guess with whom I am going to breakfast this morning?"—"Really, general, I ——" "With Bernadotte; and the best of the joke is, that I have invited myself. You would have seen how it was all brought about if you had been with us at the Theatre Français, yesterday evening. You know we are going to visit Joseph to-day, at Mortfontaine. Well, as we were coming out of the theatre, last night, finding myself side by side with Bernadotte, and not knowing what to talk about, I asked him whether he was to be of our party to-day? He replied in the affirmative; and as we were passing his house in the Rue Cisalpine, I told him, without any ceremony, that I should be happy to come and take a cup of coffee with him this morning. He seemed pleased. What do you think of that, Bourrienne?"—"Why, general, I hope you may have reason, on your part, to be pleased with him."—"Never fear, never fear. I know what I am about. This will compromise him with Gohier. Remember, you must always meet your enemies with a good face, otherwise they think they are feared, and that gives them confidence."

Bonaparte stepped into the carriage with Josephine, who was always ready when she had to go out with him, for he did not like to wait. They proceeded first to Bernadotte's to breakfast, and from thence to Mortfontaine. On his return, Bonaparte told me very little about what had passed during the day, and I could see that he was not in the best of humours. I afterwards learned that Bonaparte had conversed a good deal with Bernadotte, and that he had made every effort to render himself agreeable, which he very well knew how to do, when he chose; but that, in spite of all his conversational talent, and supported as he was by the presence of his three brothers, and Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, he could not withstand the republican firmness of Bernadotte. However, the number of his partisans daily augmented; for all had not the uncompromising spirit of

Bernadotte; and it will soon be seen that Moreau himself undertook the guard of the directors who were made prisoners on the 18th Brumaire.

Bernadotte's shrewd penetration made him one of the first to see clearly into Bonaparte's designs. He was well convinced of his determination to overthrow the constitution, and possess himself of power. He saw the Directory divided into two parties; the one, duped by the promises and assurances of Bonaparte, and the other conniving with him for the accomplishment of his plans. In these circumstances, Bernadotte offered his services to all persons connected with the government, who, like himself, were averse to the change which he saw good reason to apprehend. But Bonaparte was not the man to be outdone in cunning or activity; and every moment swelled the ranks of his adherents.

On the 16th Brumaire I dined in the Rue de la Victoire. Bernadotte was present, and, I believe, General Jourdan also. While the grand conspiracy was hastening to its accomplishment, Madame Bonaparte and I had contrived a little plot of a more innocent kind. We let no one into our secret, and our 16th Brumaire was crowned with complete success. We had agreed to be on the alert, to prevent any fresh exchange of angry words. All succeeded to the utmost of our wishes. The conversation was rather dull during dinner; but it was not dulness that we were afraid of. It turned on the subject of war, and in that vast field Bonaparte's superiority over his interlocutors was undeniable.

When we retired to the drawing-room, a great number of evening visiters poured in, and the conversation then became animated, and even gay. Bonaparte was in high spirits. He said to some one, smiling, and pointing to Bernadotte, "You are not aware that the general yonder is a Chouan."—"A Chouan," repeated Bernadotte, also in a tone of pleasantry, "Ah! general, you contradict yourself. Only the other day you taxed me with favouring the violence of the friends of the republic, and now you accuse me of protecting the Chouans. You should, at least, be consistent." A few moments after, availing himself of the confusion occasioned by the throng of visiters, Bernadotte slipped off.

As a mark of respect to Bonaparte, the council of Five Hundred appointed Lucien its president. The event proved how important this nomination was to Napoleon. Up to the 19th Brumaire, and especially on that day, Lucien evinced a degree of activity, intelligence, courage, and presence of mind, which are rarely found united in one individual. I have no hesitation in stating, that, to Lucien's nomination and exertions, must be attributed the success of the 19th Brumaire.

The general had laid down a plan of conduct, from which he never deviated during the twenty-three days which intervened

between his arrival in Paris and the 18th Brumaire. He refused almost all private invitations, in order to avoid indiscreet questions, unacceptable offers, and answers which might compromise him.

It was not without some degree of hesitation that he yielded to a project started by Lucien, who, by all sorts of manœuvring, had succeeded in prevailing on a great number of his colleagues to be present at a grand subscription dinner to be given to Bonaparte by the council of Five Hundred.

The disorder which unavoidably prevailed in a party amounting to upwards of two hundred and fifty persons, animated by a diversity of opinions and sentiments; the anxiety and distrust arising in the minds of those who were not in the grand plot, rendered this meeting one of the most disagreeable I ever witnessed. It was all restraint and dulness. Bonaparte's countenance sufficiently betrayed his dissatisfaction: besides, the success of his schemes demanded his presence elsewhere. Almost as soon as he had finished his dinner, he rose, saying to Berthier and me, "I am tired: let us be gone." He went round to the different tables, addressing to the company compliments and trifling remarks, and departed, leaving at table the persons by whom he had been invited.

This short political crisis was marked by nothing more grand, dignified, or noble, than the previous revolutionary commotions. All these plots were so contemptible, and were accompanied by so much trickery, falsehood, and treachery, that, for the honour of human nature, it is desirable to cover them with a veil.

General Bonaparte's thoughts were first occupied with the idea he had conceived even when in Italy, namely, to be chosen a director. Nobody dared yet accuse him of being a deserter from the army of the east. The only difficulty was to obtain a dispensation on the score of age. And was this not to be obtained? No sooner was he installed in his humble abode, in the Rue de la Victoire, than he was assured that, on the retirement of Rewbell, the majority of suffrages would have devolved on him, had he been in France, and had not the fundamental law required the age of forty; but that not even his warmest partisans were disposed to violate the yet infant constitution of the year III.

Bonaparte soon perceived that no efforts would succeed in overcoming this difficulty, and he easily resolved to possess himself wholly of an office of which he would nominally have had only a fifth part, had he been a member of the Directory.

As soon as his intentions became manifest, he found himself surrounded by all those who recognised in him the man they had long looked for. These persons, who were able and influential in their own circles, endeavoured to convert into friendship the animosity which existed between Siéyès and Bonaparte. This angry feeling had been increased by a remark made

by Siéyès, and reported to Bonaparte. He had said, after the dinner at which Bonaparte treated him so disrespectfully, "Do you see how that little insolent fellow behaves to the member of a government which would do well to order him to be shot?"

But all was changed when able mediators pointed out to Bonaparte the advantage of uniting with Siéyès for the purpose of overthrowing a constitution which he did not like. He was assured how vain it would be to think of superseding him, and that it would be better to flatter him with the hope of helping to subvert the constitution and raising up a new one. One day, some one said to Bonaparte, in my hearing, "Seek for support among the party who call the friends of the republic Jacobins, and be assured that Siéyès is at the head of that party."

On the 25th Vendémiaire (17th of October), the Directory summoned General Bonaparte to a private sitting. "They offered me the choice of any army I would command," said he to me the next morning. "I would not refuse; but I asked to be allowed a little time for the recovery of my health; and, to avoid any other embarrassing offers, I withdrew. I shall go to no more of their sittings. [He attended only one after this.] "I am determined to join Siéyès's party. It includes a greater diversity of opinions than that of the profligate Barras. He proclaims every where that he is the author of my fortune. He will never be content to play an inferior part, and I will never bend to such a man. He cherishes the mad ambition of being the support of the republic. What would he do with me? Siéyès, on the contrary, has no political ambition."

No sooner did Siéyès begin to grow friendly with Bonaparte, than the latter learned from him, that Barras had said, "The little corporal has made his fortune in Italy, and does not want to go back again." Bonaparte repaired to the Directory for the sole purpose of contradicting this allegation. He complained to the directors of its falsehood, boldly affirmed that the fortune he was supposed to possess had no existence, and that even if he had made his fortune, it was not, at all events, at the expense of the republic. "You know," said he to me, "that the mines of Hydria have furnished the greater part of what I possess."—"Is it possible," said I "that Barras could have said so, when you know so well of all the peculations of which he has been guilty since your return?"

Bonaparte had confided the secret of his plans to very few persons—to those only whose assistance he wanted. The rest mechanically followed their leaders and the impulse which was given to them: they passively awaited the realization of the promises they had received, and on the faith of which they had pledged themselves.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### 1799.

Cambacérès and Lebrun—Gohier deceived—My nocturnal visit to Barras—The command of the army given to Bonaparte—The morning of the 18th Brumaire—Meeting of the generals at Bonaparte's house—Bernadotte's firmness Josephine's interest for Madame Gohier—Disappointment of the directors—Review in the gardens of the Tuileries—Bonaparte's harangue—Proclamation of the ancients—Dialogue circulated in Paris—Proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris—Moreau, jailer of the Luxembourg—My conversation with La Vallette—Bonaparte at Saint Cloud.

The parts in the great drama which was shortly to be enacted, were well distributed. During the three days preceding the 18th Brumaire, every one was at his post. Lucien, with equal activity and intelligence, forwarded the conspiracy in the two councils; Siéyès had the management of the Directory; Real, under the instructions of Fouché, negotiated with the departments, and dexterously managed, without comprising Fouché, to ruin those from whom that minister had received his power. There was no time to lose; and Fouché said to me, on the 14th Brumaire, "Tell your general to be speedy; if he delays, he is lost."

On the 17th, Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely told Bonaparte that the overtures made to Cambacérès and Lebrun had not been received in a very decided way. "I will have no tergiversation," replied Bonaparte, with warmth. "Let them not flatter themselves that I stand in need of them. They must decide to-day; to-morrow will be too late. I feel myself strong enough now to stand alone."

Cambacérès and Lebrun were almost utter strangers to the intrigues which preceded the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte had cast his eyes on the minister of justice to be one of his colleagues, when he should be at liberty to name them, because his previous conduct had pledged him as a partisan of the revolution. To him Bonaparte added Lebrun, to counterbalance the first choice. Lebrun was distinguished for honourable conduct and moderate principles. By selecting these two men, Bonaparte hoped to please every one: besides, neither of them

were able to contend against his fixed determination and ambitious views.

What low intrigues marked the 17th Brumaire! On that day I dined with Bonaparte; and after dinner he said, "I have promised to dine to-morrow with Gohier; but, as you may readily suppose, I do not intend going. However, I am very sorry for his obstinacy. By way of restoring his confidence, Josephine is going to invite him to breakfast with us to-morrow. It will be impossible for him to suspect any thing. I saw Barras this morning, and left him much disturbed. He asked me to return and visit him to-night. I promised to do so, but I shall not go. To-morrow all will be over. There is but little time; he expects me at eleven o'clock to-night. You shall therefore take my carriage, go there, send in my name, and then enter yourself. Tell him that a severe headache confines me to my bed, but that I will be with him without fail to-morrow. Bid him not be alarmed, for all will soon be right again. Elude his questions as much as possible; do not stay long, and come to me on your return."

At precisely eleven o'clock, I reached the residence of Barras, in General Bonaparte's carriage. Solitude and silence prevailed in all the apartments through which I passed to Barras's cabinet. Bonaparte was announced, and when Barras saw me enter instead of him, he manifested the greatest astonishment, and appeared much cast down. It was easy to perceive that he looked on himself as a lost man. I executed my commission, and stayed only a short time. I rose to take my leave, and he said, while showing me out, "I see that Bonaparte is deceiving me: he will not come again. He has settled every thing; yet to me he owes all." I repeated that he would certainly come to-morrow, but he shook his head, in a way which plainly denoted that he did not believe me. When I gave Bonaparte an account of my visit, he appeared much pleased. He told me that Joseph was going to call that evening on Bernadotte, and to ask him to come to-morrow. I replied, that, from all I knew, he would be of no use to him. "I believe so too," said he; "but he can no longer injure me, and that is enough. Well, good night; be here at seven in the morning." It was then one o'clock.

I was with him a little before seven o'clock on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, and on my arrival I found a great number of generals and officers assembled. I entered Bonaparte's chamber and found him already up—a thing rather unusual with him. At this moment he was as calm as on the approach of a battle. In a few moments, Joseph and Bernadotte arrived. Joseph had not found him at home on the preceding evening, and had called for him that morning. I was surprised to see Bernadotte in plain clothes, and I stepped up to him and said, in a low voice, "General, every one here, except you and I, are

in uniform."—"Why should I be in uinform?" said he. As he uttered these words, Bonaparte, struck with the same surprise as myself, stopped short while speaking to several persons around him, and turning quickly towards Bernadotte, said, "How is this? you are not in uniform!"—"I never am on a morning when I am not on duty;" replied Bernadotte. "You will be on duty presently."—"I have not heard a word of it: I should have received my orders sooner."

Bonaparte then led Bernadotte into an adjoining room. Their conversation was not long, for there was not time to spare.

On the other hand, by the influence of the principal conspirators, the removal of the legislative body to St. Cloud was determined on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, and the command of the army was given to Bonaparte.

All this time Barras was, no doubt, waiting for Bonaparte. and Madame Bonaparte was expecting Gohier to breakfast, At Bonaparte's were assembled all the generals who were devoted to him. I never saw so great a number before in the Rue de la Victoire. They were all, except Bernadotte, in full uniform; and there were, besides, half a dozen persons there, initiated in the secrets of the day. The little hotel of the conqueror of Italy was much too small for such an assemblage, and several persons were standing in the courtyard. Bonaparte was acquainted with the decree of the council of Ancients, and only waited for its being brought to him, before he should mount his horse. That decree was adopted in the council of Ancients, by what may be called a false majority, for the members of the council were summoned at different hours, and it was so contrived, that sixty or eighty of them, whom Lucien and his friends had not been able to gain over, should not receive their notices in time.

As soon as the message from the council of Ancients arrived, Bonaparte requested all the officers at his house to follow him. At that announcement, a few, who were in ignorance of what was going on, did not follow—at least, I saw two groups separately leave the hotel. Bernadotte said to me, "I shall stay with you." I perceived there was a good deal of suspicion about him. Bonaparte, before going down the stairs which led from the small round dining-room into the courtyard, returned quickly to bid Bernadotte follow him. He would not, and Bonaparte then said to me, while hurrying off, "Gohier is not come—so much the worse for him," and leaped on his horse. Scarcely was he off, when Bernadotte left me. Josephine and I being now left alone, she acquainted me with her anxiety. I assured her that every thing had been so well prepared, that success was certain. She felt much interest about Gohier, on account of her friendship for his wife. She asked me whether I was well acquainted with Gohier?—"You know, Madame," replied I, "that we have been only twenty days in Paris, and that during that time I have scarcely gone any where. I have

seen M. Gohier several times, when he came to visit the general, and have talked to him about the situation of our affairs in Switzerland, Holland, France, and other political matters, but I never exchanged a word with him as to what is now going on. This is the whole extent of acquaintance with him."

"I am sorry for it," resumed Josephine, "because I should have asked you to write to him, and beg him to make no stir, but imitate Siéyès and Roger, who will voluntarily retire, and not to join Barras, who is probably at this very moment forced to do so. Bonaparte has told me, that if Gohier voluntarily resigns, he will do every thing for him." I believe Josephine communicated directly with the president of the Directory, through a friend of Madame Gohier's.

Gohier and Moulins, no longer depending on Siéyès and Roger-Ducos, waited for their colleague, Barras, in the hall of the Directory, to adopt some measure on the decree for removing the councils to Saint Cloud. But they were disappointed; for Barras, whose eyes had been opened by my visit on the preceding night, did not join them. He had been invisible to his colleagues from the moment that Bruix and M. de Talleyrand had informed him of the reality of what he already suspected, and insisted on his retirement.

On the 18th Brumaire, a great number of military, amounting to about 10,000 men, were assembled in the gardens of the Tuileries, and were reviewed by Bonaparte, accompanied by Generals Bournonville, Moreau, and Macdonald. Bonaparte read the decree of the council of Ancients, by which the legislative body was removed to St. Cloud, and by which he himself was intrusted with the execution of that decree, and appointed to the command of all the military force in Paris.

He then delivered the following address to the troops:

SOLDIERS,

The extraordinary decree of the council of Ancients, which is conformable to the articles 102 and 103 of the constitution, has appointed me to the command of the city and the army.

I accept that appointment with the view of seconding the measures which the council is about to adopt, and which are entirely favourable to the people.

The republic has been badly governed for two years past. You hoped that my return would put an end to the evil. You have celebrated that return in a way which imposes on me duties which I am ready to perform. You will also perform your duty, and second your general with the energy, firmness, and confidence you have always manifested.

Liberty, victory, and peace, will restore the French republic to the rank it has occupied in Europe, and which it could have lost only by folly and treason.

Whilst Bonaparte was thus haranguing the soldiers, the council of Ancients published an address to the French people, in

which it was declared, that the seat of the legislative body was changed, in order to put down the factions, whose object was to control the national representation.

A dialogue on the affairs of the day was posted up at the doors of the councils, and distributed in great numbers in the reading-rooms. I quote a part of it, for it is curious to know, at the present time, what words were then put into the mouth of Bonaparte.

*The Member of the Five Hundred.*—Between ourselves, my friend, I am afraid of the interference of Bonaparte in this affair. His reputation, his influence, the just confidence which the soldiers place in his talents, and, above all, his talent itself, may give him a most formidable ascendancy over the destinies of the republic. Shall the fate of liberty depend on him? If he prove a Cæsar! a Cromwell!

*The Member of the Ancients.*—A Cæsar! a Cromwell! Bad, worn out characters, unworthy of a man of sense, even if they were not unworthy of an honest man. "It would be a sacrilegious thought," said Bonaparte himself, at one time, "to make any attempt against a representative government in the present age of knowledge and liberty. He would be a mere fool," he said, at another time, "who would wantonly stake the republic against European royalty, after having contended for it with so much glory and peril."

On the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte caused the following proclamation to be printed, and posted about Paris. He was so certain of what the council of Ancients would do, that he had dictated it to me before the decree mentioned in it was passed:

Citizens,

The council of Ancients, the depositary of the national wisdom, has just issued the annexed decree, which is authorized by Art. 102 and 103 of the constitution.

I am directed to take measures for the protection of the national representation. Its removal is necessary and urgent. The legislative body is competent to extricate the representative body from the danger into which the disorganization of all departments of the government is hurrying us.

On this important occasion, the union and the confidence of all true patriots is necessary. Rally round the council. That is the only means of establishing the republic on the bases of civil liberty, internal happiness, victory, and peace.

While all this was passing abroad, I was at the general's house in the Rue de la Victoire; which I never left during the whole day. Madame Bonaparte and I were not without anxiety in Bonaparte's absence. I learned from Josephine, that Joseph's wife had received a visit from Adjutant-General Rapatel, who had been sent by Bonaparte and Moreau to bring her husband to the Tuileries. Joseph was from home at the time, and so the message was useless. This circumstance, however, awakened hopes, which we had scarcely dared to entertain. Moreau was

then in accordance with Bonaparte, for Rapatel was sent in the name of both generals. This alliance, so long despaired of, appeared to augur favourably. It was one of Bonaparte's happy strokes. Moreau, who was a slave to military discipline, regarded his successful rival only as a chief nominated by the council of Ancients. He received his orders and obeyed them. Bonaparte appointed him commander of the guard of the Luxembourg, where the directors were under confinement. He accepted the command, and no circumstance could have contributed more effectually to the accomplishment of Bonaparte's views, and to the triumph of his ambition.

At length Bonaparte, whom we had impatiently expected, returned. Almost every thing had gone well with him, for he had had only to do with soldiers. In the evening he said to me, "I am sure that the committee of inspectors of the hall are at this very moment engaged in settling what is to be done at St. Cloud to-morrow. It is better to let them decide the matter, for by that means their vanity is flattered. I will obey orders which I have myself concerted." What Bonaparte was speaking of, had been arranged nearly two or three days previously. The committee of inspectors was under the influence of the principal conspirators.

In the evening of this anxious day, which was destined to be succeeded by a stormy morrow, Bonaparte, pleased with having gained over Moreau, spoke to me of Bernadotte's visit in the morning. "I saw," said he, "that you were as much astonished as I at Bernadotte's behaviour. A general out of uniform! He might as well have come in slippers. Do you know what passed when I took him aside? I told him all; I thought that the best way. I assured him that his Directory was hated, and his constitution worn out; that it was necessary to turn them all off, and give another impulse to the government. 'Go and put on your uniform,' said I: 'I cannot wait for you long. You will find me at the Tuileries, with the rest of our comrades. Do not depend on Moreau, Bournonville, or the generals of your party. When you know them better, you will find that they promise much, but perform little. Do not trust them.' Bernadotte then said, that he would not take part in what he called a rebellion. A rebellion! Bourrienne, only think of that. A set of imbeciles, who from morning to night do nothing but debate in their little clubs! But all was in vain. I could not move Bernadotte. He is a bar of iron. I asked him to give me his word that he would do nothing against me—what do you think was his answer?"—"Something unpleasant, no doubt."—"Unpleasant! that is too mild a word. He said, 'I will remain quiet as a citizen; but if the Directory order me to act, I will march against all disturbers.' But I can laugh at all that now. My measures are taken, and he will have no command. However, I set him at ease as to

what would take place. I flattered him with a picture of private life, the pleasures of the country, and the charms of Malmaison; and I left him with his head full of pastoral dreams. In a word, I am very well satisfied with my day's work. Good night, Bourrienne; we shall see what will turn up to-morrow."

On the 19th I went to St. Cloud with my friend, La Vallette. As we passed the Place Louis XV., now Louis XVI., he asked me what was doing, and what my opinion was as to the coming events? Without entering into any detail, I replied, "My friend, either we shall sleep to-morrow at the Luxembourg, or there will be an end of us." Who could tell which of the two things would happen! Success legalized a bold enterprise, which the slightest accident might have changed into a crime.

The sitting of the Ancients, under the presidency of Lemercier, commenced at one o'clock. A warm discussion took place upon the situation of affairs, the resignation of the members of the Directory, and the immediate election of others. Great heat and agitation prevailed during the debate. Intelligence was every minute carried to Bonaparte of what was going forward, and he determined to enter the hall and take part in the discussion. He entered in a hasty and angry way, which did not give me a favourable foreboding of what he was about to say. We passed through a narrow passage to the centre of the hall; our backs were turned to the door. Bonaparte had the president to his right. He could not see him full in the face. I was close to the general on his right. Berthier was at his left.

All the speeches which have been subsequently passed off as having been delivered by Bonaparte on this occasion, differ from each other; as well they may, for he delivered none, unless his confused answers to the president, which were alike devoid of dignity and sense, are to be called a speech. He talked of his "brothers in arms," and the "frankness of a soldier." The questions of the president followed each other rapidly: they were clear; but it is impossible to conceive any thing more confused or worse delivered than the ambiguous and perplexed replies of Bonaparte. He talked without end of "volcanoes, secret agitations, victories, a violated constitution!" He blamed the proceedings of the 18th Fructidor, of which he was the first promoter, and the most powerful supporter. He pretended to be ignorant of every thing until the council of Ancients had called him to the aid of his country. Then came "Cæsar—Cromwell—tyrant!" and he several times repeated, "I have nothing more to say to you!" though, in fact, he had said nothing. He alleged that he had been called to assume the supreme authority, on his return from Italy, by the desire of the nation, and afterwards by his comrades in arms. Next followed the words "liberty—equality!" though it was evident he had not come to St. Cloud for the sake of either. No sooner

did he utter these words, than a member of the Ancients, named, I think, Linglet, interrupting him, exclaimed, "You forget the constitution!" His countenance immediately lighted up; yet nothing could be distinguished but "The 18th Fructidor—the 30th Prairial—hypocrites—intriguers—I will disclose all!—I will resign my power, when the danger which threatens the republic shall have passed away!"

Bonaparte, believing all his assertions to be admitted as proved, assumed a little confidence, and accused the two directors, Barras and Moulins, "of having proposed to put him at the head of a party whose object was to oppose all men professing liberal ideas."

At these words, the falsehood of which was odious, a great tumult arose in the hall. A general committee was loudly called for, to hear the disclosures. "No, no!" exclaimed others, "no general committee! Conspirators have been denounced: it is right that France should know all!"

Bonaparte was then required to enter into the particulars of his accusation against Barras and Moulins, and of the proposals which had been made to him: "You must no longer conceal any thing."

Embarrassed by these interruptions and interrogatories, Bonaparte believed that he was completely lost. Instead of giving an explanation of what he had said, he began to make fresh accusations; and against whom? The council of Five Hundred, who, he said, wished for "scaffolds, revolutionary committees, and a complete overthrow of every thing."

Violent murmurs arose, and his language became more and more incoherent and inconsequential. He addressed himself at one moment to the representatives of the people, who were quite overcome by astonishment: at another, to the military in the courtyard, who could not hear him. Then, by an unaccountable transition, he spoke of "the thunderbolts of war!" and added, that he was "attended by the God of war and the God of fortune."

The president, with great calmness, told him that he saw nothing, absolutely nothing, upon which the council could deliberate; that there was vagueness in all he had said. "Explain yourself; reveal the plot in which you say you were urged to join."

Bonaparte repeated again the same things. But only those who were present can form any idea of his manner. There was not the slightest connexion in what he stammered out. Bonaparte was no orator. It may well be supposed that he was more accustomed to the din of war than to the discussions of the tribunes. He was more at home before a battery than before a president's chair.

Perceiving the bad effect which this unconnected babbling produced on the assembly, as well as the embarrassment of

Bonaparte, I said, in a low voice, pulling him gently by the skirt of his coat, "Withdraw, general; you know not what you are saying." I made signs to Berthier, who was on his left, to second me in persuading him to leave the hall; and, all at once, after having stammered out a few more words, he turned round, exclaiming, "Let those who love me follow me!" The sentinels at the door offered no opposition to his passing. The person who went before him quietly drew aside the tapestry which concealed the door, and General Bonaparte leaped upon his horse, which stood in the courtyard. It is hard to say what would have happened, if, on seeing the general retire, the president had said, "Grenadiers, let no one pass!" Probably, instead of sleeping next day at the Luxembourg, he might have ended his career on the Place de la Révolution!

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### 1799.

The two councils—Barras's letter—Bonaparte at the council of Five Hundred—False reports—Tumultuous sitting—Lucien's speech—He resigns the presidency of the council of Five Hundred—He is carried out by grenadiers—He harangues the troops—A dramatic scene—Murat and his soldiers drive out the Five Hundred—Council of Thirty—Consular commission—Decree—Return to Paris—Conversation with Bonaparte and Josephine respecting Gohier and Bernadotte—Intercepted letter of the directors Gohier and Moulins to the Ancients.

The scene which occurred at the sitting of the council of the Ancients was very different from that which passed outside. Bonaparte had scarcely reached the courtyard, and mounted his horse, when cries of *Vive Bonaparte!* resounded on all sides. But this was only a sunbeam between two storms. He had yet to brave the council of Five Hundred, which was far more excited than the council of Ancients. Every thing tended to create a dreadful uncertainty; but it was too late to draw back. We had already played deeply. The game was desperate and every thing was to be ventured. In a few hours all would be determined.

Our apprehensions were not without foundation. In the council of Five Hundred agitation was at its height. The most serious alarm marked its deliberations. It had been determined to announce to the Directory the installation of the councils, and to inquire of the council of Ancients their reasons for resolving on an extraordinary convocation. But the Directory no longer existed. Siéyès and Roger-Ducos had joined Bonaparte's

party. Gohier and Moulins were prisoners in the Luxembourg, and in the custody of General Moreau; and at the very moment when the council of Five Hundred had drawn up a message to the Directory, the council of Ancients transmitted to them the following letter, received from Barras. This letter, which was addressed to the council of Ancients, was immediately read by Lucien Bonaparte, who was president of the council of Five Hundred.

CITIZEN PRESIDENT,

Having entered into public affairs, solely from my love of liberty, I consented to share the first magistracy of the state, only that I might be able to defend it in danger; to protect against their enemies the patriots, compromised in its cause; and to ensure to the defenders of their country that attention to their interests, which no one was more calculated to feel than a citizen, long the witness of their heroic virtues, and always sensible to their wants.

The glory which accompanies the return of the illustrious warrior to whom I had the honour of opening the path of glory, the striking marks of confidence given him by the legislative body, and the decree of the National Convention, convinces me that, to whatever post he may henceforth be called, the dangers of liberty will be averted, and the interests of the army ensured.

I cheerfully return to the rank of a private citizen: happy, after so many storms, to resign, unimpaired, and even more glorious than ever, the destiny of the republic, which has been, in part, committed to my care.

BARRAS.

This letter occasioned a great sensation in the council of Five Hundred. A second reading was called for, and a question was started, whether the retirement was legal, or was the result of intrigue, and of the influence of Bonaparte's agents;—whether to believe Barras, who declared the dangers of liberty averted, or the decree for the removal of the legislative corps, which was passed and executed under the pretext of the existence of imminent peril? At that moment, Bonaparte appeared, followed by a party of grenadiers, who remained at the entrance of the hall.

I did not accompany him to the council of Five Hundred. He had directed me to send off an express to ease the apprehensions of Josephine, and to assure her that every thing would go well. It was some time before I joined him again.

However, without speaking as positively as if I had myself been an eyewitness of the scene, I do not hesitate to declare, that all that has been said about assaults and poniards is pure invention. I am bound to rely on what was told me, on the very night, by persons well worthy of credit, and who were witnesses of all that passed.

As to what passed at the sitting, the accounts, given both at the time and since, have varied according to opinions. Some have alleged that unanimous cries of indignation were excited by the appearance of the military. From all parts of the hall

resounded, " The sanctuary of the laws is violated. Down with the tyrant!—down with Cromwell!—down with the Dictator!" Bonaparte stammered out a few words, as he had done before the council of Ancients, but his voice was immediately drowned by cries of " Vive la République!" " Vive la Constitution!" " Outlaw the Dictator!" The grenadiers are then said to have rushed forward, exclaiming, " Let us save our general!" at which, indignation reached its height, and cries, even more violent than ever, were raised;—that Bonaparte falling insensible into the arms of the grenadiers, said, " They mean to assassinate me!" All that regards the exclamations and threats, I believe to be correct; but I rank with the story of the poniards, the assertion of the members of the Five Hundred being provided with fire-arms, and the grenadiers rushing into the hall; because Bonaparte never mentioned a word of any thing of the sort to me, either on the way home, or when I was with him in his chamber. Neither did he say any thing on the subject to his wife, who had been extremely agitated by the different reports which reached her.

After Bonaparte left the council of Five Hundred, the deliberations were continued with great violence. The excitement caused by the appearance of Bonaparte was nothing like subsided when propositions of the most furious nature were made. The president, Lucien, did all in his power to restore tranquillity. As soon as he could make himself heard, he said, " The scene which has just taken place in the council proves what are the sentiments of all;—sentiments which I declare are also mine. It was, however, natural to believe that the general had no other object than to render an account of the situation of affairs, and of something interesting to the public. But I think none of you can suppose him capable of projects hostile to liberty."

Each sentence of Lucien's address was interrupted by cries of " Bonaparte has tarnished his glory! He is a disgrace to the republic!"

Lucien made fresh efforts to be heard, and wished to be allowed to address the assembly as a member of the council, and for that purpose resigned the presidentship to Chasal. He begged that the general might be introduced again, and heard with calmness. But this proposition was furiously opposed. Exclamations of " Outlaw Bonaparte! outlaw him!" rang through the assembly, and were the only reply given to the president. Lucien, who had reassumed the president's chair, left it a second time, that he might not be constrained to put the question of outlawry demanded against his brother. Braving the displeasure of the assembly, he mounted the tribune, resigned the presidentship, renounced his seat as a deputy, and threw aside his robes.

Just as Lucien left the council, I entered. Bonaparte, who was well informed of all that was passing, had sent in soldiers to the assistance of his brother; they carried him off from the

Napoleon in the Council of the Five Hundred.

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midst of the council, and Bonaparte thought it a matter of no little importance to have with him the president of an assembly, which he treated as rebellious. Lucien was reinstalled in office; but he was now to discharge his duties, not in the president's chair, but on horseback, and at the head of a party of troops ready to undertake any thing. Roused by the danger to which both his brother and himself were exposed, he delivered on horseback the following words, which can never be too often remembered, as showing what a man then dared to say, who never was any thing, except from the reflection of his brother's glory:

CITIZENS, SOLDIERS,

The president of the council of Five Hundred declares to you, that the majority of that council is at this moment held in terror by a few representatives of the people, who are armed with stilettos, and who surround the tribune, threatening their colleagues with death, and maintaining most atrocious discussions.

I declare to you that these brigands, who are doubtless in the pay of England, have risen in rebellion against the council of Ancients, and have dared to talk of outlawing the general, who is charged with the execution of its decree, as if the word "outlaw" was still to be regarded as the death-warrant of persons most beloved by their country.

I declare to you, that these madmen have outlawed themselves, by their attempts upon the liberty of the council. In the name of that people, which for so many years have been the sport of terrorism, I consign to you the charge of rescuing the majority of their representatives; so that, delivered from stilettos by bayonets, they may deliberate on the fate of the republic.

General, and you, soldiers, and you citizens, you will not acknowledge, as legislators of France, any but those who rally round me. As for those who remain in the orangery, let force expel them They are not the representatives of the people, but the representatives of the poniard. Let that be their title, and let it follow them every where: and whenever they dare show themselves to the people, let every finger point at them, and every tongue designate them by the well-merited title of representatives of the poniard!

Vive la République!

Notwithstanding the cries of *Vive Bonaparte!* which followed this harangue, the troops still hesitated. It was evident that they were not fully prepared to turn their swords against the national representation. Lucien then drew his sword, exclaiming, "I swear that I will stab my own brother to the heart, if he ever attempt any thing against the liberty of Frenchmen." This dramatic action was perfectly successful; hesitation vanished; and at a signal given by Bonaparte, Murat, at the head of his grenadiers, rushed into the hall, and drove out the representatives. Every one yielded to the reasoning of bayonets, and thus terminated the employment of the armed force on that memorable day.

At ten o'clock at night, the palace of St. Cloud, where so

many tumultuous scenes had occurred, was perfectly tranquil. All the deputies were still there, pacing the hall, the corridors, and the courts. Most of them had an air of consternation; others affected to have foreseen the event, and to appear satisfied with it; but all were to return to Paris, which they could not do until a new order revoked the order for the removal of the councils to St. Cloud.

At eleven o'clock, Bonaparte, who had eaten nothing all day, but who was almost insensible to physical wants in moments of great agitation, said to me, "We must go and write, Bourrienne; I intend this very night to address a proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris. To-morrow morning I shall be all the conversation of the capital." He then dictated to me the following proclamation, which proves, no less than some of his reports from Egypt, how much Bonaparte excelled in the art of twisting the truth to his own advantage:

19 Brumaire, 11 o'clock, P.M.

On my return to France, I found division reigning amongst all the authorities. They agreed only on this single point, that the constitution was half destroyed, and was unable to protect liberty!

All parties came to me, confided to me their designs, imparted their secrets, and requested my support. I refused to be the man of a party.

The council of Ancients appealed to me. I answered their appeal. A plan of general restoration had been concerted by men whom the nation has been accustomed to regard as the defenders of liberty, equality, and property. This plan required calm and free deliberation, exempt from all influence, and all fear. The Ancients, therefore, resolved upon the removal of the legislative bodies to St. Cloud. They placed at my disposal the force necessary to secure their independence. I was bound in duty to my fellow-citizens, to the soldiers perishing in our armies, and to the national glory, acquired at the cost of so much blood, to accept the command

The councils assembled at St. Cloud. Republican troops guaranteed their safety from without; but assassins created terror within. Many members of the council of Five Hundred, armed with stilettos and pistols, spread menaces of death around them.

The plans which ought to have been developed were withheld. The majority of the council was rendered inefficient; the boldest orators were disconcerted, and the inutility of submitting any salutary proposition was quite evident.

I proceeded, filled with indignation and grief, to the council of Ancients. I beseeched them to carry their noble designs into execution. I directed their attention to the evils of the nation, which were their motives for conceiving those designs. They concurred in giving me new proofs of their uniform good will.

I presented myself before the council of Five Hundred, alone, unarmed, my head uncovered, just as the Ancients had received and applauded me. My object was to restore to the majority the expression of its will, and to secure to it its power.

The stilettos, which had menaced the deputies, were instantly raised against their deliverer. Twenty assassins rushed upon me,

and aimed at my breast. The grenadiers of the legislative body, whom I had left at the door of the hall, ran forward, and placed themselves between me and the assassins. One of these brave grenadiers (Thome)* had his clothes pierced by a stiletto. They bore me off.

At the same moment, cries of "Outlaw him!" were raised against the defender of the law. It was the horrid cry of assassins against the power destined to repress them.

They crowded round the president, uttering threats. With arms in their hands they commanded him to declare "the outlawry." I was informed of this. I ordered him to be rescued from their fury, and six grenadiers of the legislative body brought him out. Immediately afterwards, some grenadiers of the legislative body charged into the hall, and cleared it.

The factious, intimidated, dispersed and fled. The majority, freed from their assaults, returned freely and peaceably into the hall, listened to the propositions made for the public safety, deliberated, and drew up the salutary resolution which will become the new and provisional law of the republic.

Frenchmen, you doubtless recognise in this conduct the zeal of a soldier of liberty, of a citizen devoted to the republic. Preservative, tutelary, and liberal ideas resumed their authority upon the dispersion of the factious, who domineered in the councils, and who, in rendering themselves the most odious of men, did not cease to be the most contemptible.

The day had been passed in destroying a government—it was necessary to devote the night to framing a new one. Talleyrand, Rœderer, and Siéyès, were at St. Cloud. The council of Ancients assembled, and Lucien set himself about finding some members of the Five Hundred on whom he could reckon. He succeeded in getting together only thirty, who, with their president, represented the numerous assembly of which they formed part. This ghost of representation was important, for Bonaparte, notwithstanding his violation of all law on the preceding day, wished to make it appear that he was acting legally. The council of Ancients had, however, already decided that a provisional executive commission should be appointed, composed of three members, and was about to name the members of the commission—a measure which should have originated with the Five Hundred—when Lucien came to acquaint Bonaparte that his chamber *introuvable*, was assembled.

This chamber, which called itself the council of Five Hundred, though that council had now no more existence than the council of Trent, hastily passed a decree, the first article of which was as follows:

The Directory exists no longer; and the individuals hereafter named are no longer members of the national representation, on account of

* Thome merely had a small part of his coat torn by a deputy, who took him by the collar. This constituted the whole of the attempted assassinations of the 19th Brumaire.

the excesses and illegal acts which they have constantly committed, and more particularly the greatest part of them, in the sitting of this morning.

Then follow the names of sixty-one members.

By other articles of the same decree, the council instituted a provisional commission, similar to that which the ancients had proposed to appoint, resolved that the said commission should consist of three members, who should assume the title of consuls; and nominated as consuls, Siéyès, Roger-Ducos, and Bonaparte. The other provisions of the nocturnal decree of St. Cloud, had for their object merely the carrying into effect those already described. This nocturnal sitting was very calm, and indeed it would have been strange had it been otherwise, for no opposition could be feared from the members of the Five Hundred, who were prepared to concur with Lucien. All knew beforehand what they would have to do. Every thing was concluded by three o'clock in the morning; and the palace of St. Cloud, which had been so agitated since the previous evening, resumed in the morning its wonted stillness, and presented the appearance of a vast solitude.

The number of persons who called upon me, the brief notes which I had to write to many friends, and the conversations in which I was compelled to take part, prevented me from dining before one o'clock in the morning. It was not till then that Bonaparte, having gone to take the oath as consul before the Five Hundred, afforded me an opportunity of taking some refreshment with Admiral Bruix and some other officers.

At three o'clock in the morning I accompanied Bonaparte, in his carriage, to Paris. He was extremely fatigued after so many trials and tribulations. A new future was opened before him. He was completely absorbed in thought, and did not utter a single word during the journey. But when he arrived at his house, in the Rue de la Victoire, he had no sooner entered his chamber, and wished good morning to Josephine, who was in bed, and in a state of the greatest anxiety on account of his absence, than he said, before me, "Bourrienne, I said many ridiculous things."—"Not so very bad, general."—"I like better to speak to soldiers than to lawyers. Those fellows intimidated me. I have not been used to public assemblies: but that will come in time."

We then began, all three, to converse. Madame Bonaparte became calm, and Bonaparte resumed his wonted confidence. The events of the day naturally formed the subject of our conversation. Josephine, who was much attached to the Gohier family, mentioned the name of that director in a tone of kindness. "What would you have, my dear?" said Bonaparte to her. "It is not my fault. He is a respectable man, but a simpleton. He does not understand me!—I ought, perhaps, to have him banished. He wrote against me to the council of

Five Hundred; but I have his letter, and they know nothing about it. Poor man! he expected me to dinner yesterday. And this man thinks himself a statesman!—Speak no more of him."

During our discourse, the name of Bernadotte was also mentioned. "Have you seen him, Bourrienne?" said Bonaparte to me.—"No, general."—"Neither have I. I have not heard him spoken of. Would you imagine it? I had intelligence today of many intrigues in which he is concerned. Would you believe it? he wished nothing less than to be appointed my colleague in authority. He talked of mounting his horse, and marching with the troops that might be placed under his command. He wished, he said, to maintain the constitution: nay, more; I am assured that he had the audacity to add that, if it were necessary to outlaw me, the government might come to him, and he would find soldiers to carry the decree into execution."—"All this, general, should give you an idea how inflexible his principles are."—"Yes, I am well aware of it; there is something in that: he is honest. But for his obstinacy, my brothers would have brought him over. They are related to him. His wife, who is Joseph's sister-in-law, has ascendancy over him. As for me, have I not, I ask you, made sufficient advances to him? You have witnessed them. Moreau, who has a higher military reputation than he, came over to me at once. However, I repent of having cajoled Bernadotte. I am thinking of separating him from all his coteries without any one being able to find fault with the proceeding. I cannot revenge myself in any other manner. Joseph loves him. I should have every body against me. These family considerations are follies! Good night, Bourrienne.—By the way, we will sleep in the Luxembourg to-morrow."

I then left the general, whom, henceforth, I must call the first consul, after having remained with him constantly during nearly twenty-four hours, with the exception of the time when he was at the council of Five Hundred. I retired to my lodging, in the Rue Martel, at five o'clock in the morning.

It is certain that if Gohier had come to breakfast on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, according to Madame Bonaparte's invitation, he would have been one of the members of the government. But Gohier acted the part of the stern republican. He placed himself, according to the common phrase of the time, a-horseback on the constitution of the year III.; and as his steed made a sad stumble, he fell with it. Gohier had, in fact, in conjunction with Moulins, written the following letter to the council of Ancients:

CITIZENS, REPRESENTATIVES,

A great aggression has been committed, which, doubtless, is only the prelude to still greater offences. The directorial palace has been

taken possession of by an armed force. The magistrates of the people, to whom you have confided the executive power, are at this momen guarded from the public view, even by those whom they alone have a right to command.

Their crime consists in having maintained the unshaken resolution of fulfilling the duties which your confidence imposed on them—in having indignantly rejected the proposition to abandon the reins or government, which it was attempted to wrest from their hands—in having refused to give in their resignation.

It is now, representatives of the French people, necessary to proclaim the republic in danger! It is necessary to defend it. Whatever may be the fate which the enemies of the republic reserve for us, we swear fidelity to the constitution of the year III., and to the integrity of the national representation.

May our oaths not prove to be the last cries of expiring liberty.

The two directors, prisoners in their palace.

MOULINS.
GOHIER, Pres.

It was a singular circumstance which prevented Gohier and Moulins from defending their beloved constitution. It was from their respect for the constitution that they allowed it to perish, because they would have been obliged to violate the article which did not allow less than three directors to deliberate.—Thus a king of Castile was burnt to death, because there did not happen to be in his apartment men of such rank as etiquette would permit to touch the person of the monarch.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### 1799.

Bonaparte's alleged eloquence—General approbation of the 18th Brumaire—Distress of the treasury—M. Collot's generosity—Bonaparte's ingratitude—Gohier set at liberty—Constitution of the year VIII.—The senate, tribunate, and council of state—Notes required on the character of candidates—Bonaparte's love of integrity and talent—Influence of habit over him—His hatred of the tribunate—Provisional concessions—The first consular ministry—Mediocrity of La Place—Proscription lists—Cambacérès's report—M. Moreau de Worms—Character of Siéyès—Bonaparte at the Luxembourg—Distribution of the day and visits—Le Brun's opposition—Bonaparte's singing—His boyish tricks—Resumption of the titles Madame and Monseigneur—The men of the revolution and the partisans of the Bourbons—Bonaparte's fears—Confidential notes on candidates for office and the assemblies.

NOTHING is more difficult than to ensure the triumph of truth, when it is opposed by generally accredited errors. This

difficulty I now experience. Every thing I have stated, respecting the days of the 18th and 19th Brumaire, is the exact truth. But how is this tardy truth to be reconciled with so many erroneous descriptions? How can the latter be driven from the position which they already occupy in history? What singular mania are some writers possessed with! No sooner have they chosen their hero, than they strip him of all the weaknesses of humanity: they endow him, during his power, and after his death, with every virtue, talent, and good quality: like those kind fairies who, according to our worthy ancestors, assisted at the births of princes, and bestowed every perfection upon them. Why insist that a great general was also a great orator? Because he was first in the field of battle, did it follow that he must be first in the tribune? Writers have asserted, and still do assert, that Bonaparte displayed a Ciceronian eloquence before an imposing assembly, which had his fate at its disposal. His fanatical admirers will have it that he appeared in the midst of the deputies, who wished to outlaw him, quite as much at his ease as he did at the head of the legions which he had so often led to victory; and, although his education had been very limited, in every thing that regarded the art of speaking, they pretend that this art was communicated to him, as if by enchantment, at a time when he was a prey to the most poignant anxiety. M. Gourgaud, speaking of the sitting of the council of Ancients, on the 19th Brumaire, says, "There were moments when he spoke like a god; others, when he expressed himself like the most ordinary mortal." Half of this is true; but I was present, and I can affirm that I did not hear the god.

How is it possible that I could now be deceived with respect to the events of which I am speaking? They are not of a description that would long remain buried, without recurring to the memory. What I now relate, I related next morning to many persons. I wrote my relation then, and it is not likely that the paper has altered the statements then inscribed upon it. Since that period, I have often told the same story to all unprejudiced men who wished to be informed of the particulars of the affair of St. Cloud. I certainly am sorry to find myself opposed to every body; but I cannot make up my mind to play the part of a flatterer to a great man, by attributing to him eloquence which he did not possess. The position which he will occupy in history will be sufficiently great, without its being necessary to have recourse to the artifices of adulation. Besides, it must have been observed, and will be observed again, that if I adhere to the plain truth, in cases with respect to which Bonaparte has received unmerited praise, I perform the same duty, and with more satisfaction, when it is necessary to refute the calumnies of which he has been the object. Bonaparte was not guilty of an act of cruelty at Jaffa; but he stammered, and talked non-

sense, before the council of Five Hundred.* What, after all, do his words signify? his actions are known. The eloquence of bayonets was sure to help him more than the finest speech. He was not next morning less the chief of the republic, and afterwards Emperor of the French, for all his bad oratory.

Doubtless the legality of the acts of the 18th Brumaire may be disputed; but who will venture to say that the immediate result of that day ought not to be regarded as a great blessing to France? Whoever denies this, can have no idea of the wretched state of every branch of the administration at that deplorable epoch. Many a fine phrase has been written about the "oppressed representation," the "violated constitution," "military tyranny," "the usurpation of power," and the "upstart soldier;" still it cannot be denied that France hailed, almost with unanimous voice, Bonaparte's accession to the consulship as a blessing of Providence. I do not speak now of the ulterior consequences of that event; I speak only of the fact itself, and its first results, such as the repeal of the law of hostages, and the compulsory loan of a hundred millions. A few persons blamed the 18th Brumaire; but no one regretted the Directory, with the exception, perhaps, of the five directors themselves. But we will say no more of the directorial government. What an administration! In what a state were the finances of France! Would it be believed? on the second day of the consulate, when Bonaparte wished to send a courier to General Championnet, commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, the treasury had not twelve hundred francs disposable, to give to the courier!

It may be supposed, that, in the first moments of a new government, money would be wanted. M. Collot, who had served under Bonaparte in Italy, and whose conduct and administration deserved nothing but praise, was one of the first who came to the consul's assistance. In this instance, M. Collot was as zealous as disinterested. He gave the consul five hundred thousand francs, in gold, for which service he was badly rewarded. Bonaparte afterwards behaved to M. Collot, as though he were anxious to punish him for being rich. This sum, which at the time made so fine an appearance in the consular treasury, was not repaid for a long time after, and then without interest. This was not, indeed, the only instance in which M. Collot had cause to complain of Bonaparte, who was never inclined to acknowledge his important services, nor even to render justice to his conduct.

On the morning of the 20th Brumaire, Bonaparte sent his brother Louis to inform the director Gohier that he was free. This haste in relieving Gohier was not without a reason, for

* Napoleon never acquired the habit of speaking well in public except to soldiers.

Bonaparte was anxious to instal himself in the Luxembourg, and we went there that same evening.

Every thing was to be created. Bonaparte had with him almost the whole of the army, and on the soldiers he could rely. But the military force was no longer sufficient for him. Wishing to possess a great civil power, established by legal forms, he immediately set about the composition of a senate and tribunal; a council of state and a new legislative body; and, finally, a new constitution.*

As Bonaparte had not time to make himself acquainted with the persons by whom he was about to be surrounded, he required from the most distinguished men of the period, well acquainted with France and the revolution, notes respecting the individuals worthy and capable of entering the senate, the tribunal, and the council of state. From the manner in which all these notes were drawn up, it was evident that the writers of them studied to make their recommendation correspond with what they conceived to be Bonaparte's views, and that they imagined he participated in the opinions which were at that time popular. Accordingly they stated, as grounds for preferring particular canditates, their patriotism, their republicanism, and their having had seats in preceding assemblies.

Of all qualities, that which most influenced the choice of the first consul was inflexible integrity; and it is but just to say, that in this particular he was rarely deceived. He sought earnestly for talent; and although he did not like the men of the revolution, he was convinced that he could not do without them. He had conceived an extreme aversion for mediocrity, and generally rejected a man of that character when recommended to him; but if he had known such a man long, he yielded to the influence of habit, dreading nothing so much as change, or, as he was accustomed to say himself, new faces.

Bonaparte then proceeded to organize a complaisant senate, a mute legislative body, and a tribunate which was to have the semblance of being independent, by the aid of some fine speeches, and high-sounding phrases. He easily appointed the senators, but it was different with the tribunate. He hesitated long before he fixed upon the candidates for that body, which inspired him with an anticipatory fear. However, on arriving at power he dared not oppose himself to the exigencies of the moment, and he consented for a time to delude the ambitious

* The constitution of the year VIII. was presented on the 13th of December, 1799 (22 Frimaire, year VIII.), and accepted by the people on the 7th of February, 1800 (18th Pluviose, year VIII). It established a consulary government, composed of Bonaparte, first consul, appointed for ten years; Cambacères, second consul, also for ten years; and Lebrun, third consul, appointed for five years. It established a conservative senate, a legislative body of three hundred members, and a tribunate composed of one hundred members. The establishment of the council of state took place on the 24th of December, 1799. The installation of the new legislative body and the tribunate, was fixed for the 1st of January, 1800.

dupes who kept up a buzz of fine sentiments of liberty, around him. He saw that circumstances were not yet favourable for refusing a share in the constitution to this third portion of power, destined apparently to advocate the interests of the people before the legislative body. But, in yielding to necessity the mere idea of the tribunate filled him with the utmost uneasiness; and, in a word, Bonaparte could not endure the public discussions on law projects.

Bonaparte composed the first consular ministry as follows: Berthier was minister of war; Gaudin, formerly employed in the administration of the post-office, was appointed minister of finance; Cambacérès remained minister of Justice; Forfait was minister of marine; La Place of the interior; Fouché of police; and Reinhard of foreign affairs.

Reinhard and La Place were soon replaced, the former by the able M. Talleyrand, the latter by Lucien.* It may be said that Lucien merely passed through the ministry on his way to his lucrative embassy to Spain. As to La Place, Bonaparte always entertained a high opinion of his talents. His appointment to the ministry of the interior was a compliment paid to science; but it was not long before the first consul repented of his choice. La Place, so happily calculated for science, displayed the most inconceivable mediocrity in administration. He was incompetent to the most trifling matters: as if his mind, formed to embrace the system of the world, and to interpret the laws of Newton and Kepler, could not descend to the level of subjects of detail, or apply itself to the duties of the department with which he was intrusted for a short, but yet, with regard to him, too long a time.

On the 26th Brumaire (17th November 1799), the consuls issued a decree, in which they stated, that conformably with Article III. of the law of the 19th of the same month, which specially charged them with the re-establishment of public tranquillity, they decreed, that thirty-eight individuals, who were named, should quit the continental territory of the republic, and, for that purpose, should proceed to Rochefort, to be afterwards conducted to, and detained in, the department of French Guiana. They likewise decreed, that twenty-three other individuals, who were named, should proceed to the commune of Rochelle, in the department of the lower Charente, in order to be afterwards fixed and detained in such part of that department as should be pointed out by the minister of general police. I was fortunate enough to keep M. Moreau de Worms, deputy from the Yonne, out of the list of exiles.

* When I quitted the service of the first consul, Talleyrand was still at the head of the foreign department. I have frequently been present at this great statesman's conferences with Napoleon, and I can declare that I never saw him flatter his dreams of ambition: but, on the contrary, he always endeavoured to make him sensible of his true interests.

This proscription produced a mischievous effect. It bore a character of wanton severity, quite inconsistent with the assurances of mildness and moderation given at St. Cloud, on the 19th Brumaire. Cambacérès afterwards made a report. in which he represented that it was unnecessary for the maintenance of tranquillity, to subject the proscribed to banishment, considering it sufficient to place them under the supervision of the high police. Upon receiving the report, the consuls issued a decree, in which they directed all the individuals included in the proscription to retire respectively into the different communes which should be fixed upon by the minister of justice, and to remain there until further orders.

At the period of the issuing of these decrees, Siéyès was still one of the consuls, conjointly with Bonaparte and Roger-Ducos; and although Bonaparte had, from the first moment, possessed the whole power of the government, a sort of apparent equality was, nevertheless, observed amongst them. It was not until the 25th of December, that Bonaparte assumed the title of first consul, Cambacérès and Lebrun being then joined in the office with him. He had fixed his eyes on them previously to the 18th Brumaire, and he had no cause to reproach them with giving him much embarrassment in his rapid progress towards the imperial throne.

I have stated that I was so fortunate as to rescue M. Moreau de Worms from the list of proscription. Some days after, Siéyès entered Bonaparte's cabinet, and said to him, "Well, this M. Moreau de Worms, whom M. Bourrienne induced you to save from banishment, is acting very finely! I told you how it would be. I have received from Sens, his native place, a letter, which informs me that Moreau is in that town, where he has assembled the people in the market-place, and indulged in the most violent declamations against the 18th Brumaire."—"Can you rely upon your agent?" asked Bonaparte. "Perfectly. I can answer for the truth of his communication." Bonaparte showed me the bulletin of Siéyès's agent, and reproached me bitterly. "What would you say, general," I observed, "if I should present this same M. Moreau de Worms, who is declaiming at Sens against the 18th Brumaire, to you, within an hour?"—"I defy you to do it."—"I have made myself responsible for him, and I know what I am about. He is violent in his politics; but he is a man of honour, incapable of failing in his word."—"Well, we shall see. Go and find him." I was very sure of doing what I had promised, for within an hour before I had seen M. Moreau de Worms. He had been concealed since the 19th Brumaire, and had not quitted Paris. Nothing was easier than to find him, and in three-quarters of an hour he was at the Luxembourg. I presented him to Bonaparte, who conversed with him a long time, concerning the 18th Brumaire. When M. Moreau departed, Bonaparte said to me,

"You are right. That fool Siéyès is as credulous as a Cassandra. This proves that one should not be too ready to believe the reports of the wretches whom we are obliged to employ in the police." Afterwards he added, "Bourrienne, M. Moreau is pretty well; I am satisfied with him; I will do something for him." It was not long before M. Moreau experienced the effect of the consul's good opinion. Some days after, whilst framing the council of prizes, he, at my simple suggestion, appointed M. Moreau one of the members, with a salary of 10,000 francs. On what extraordinary circumstances the fortunes of men frequently depend! As to Siéyès, in the intercourse, not very frequent, certainly, which I had with him, he appeared to be far beneath the reputation which he then enjoyed.* He reposed a blind confidence in a multitude of agents, whom he sent into all parts of France. When it happened, on other occasions, that I proved to him, by evidence, as sufficient as that in the case of M. Moreau, the falseness of the reports he had received, he replied, with a confidence truly ridiculous, "I can rely on my men." Siéyès had written in his countenance, "Give me money." I recollect that I one day alluded to this expression in the anxious face of Siéyès, to the first consul. "You are right," observed he to me, smiling; "when money is in question, Siéyès is quite a matter-of-fact man. He sends his ideology to the right about, and thus becomes easily manageable. He readily abandons his constitutional dreams for a good round sum, and that is very convenient."†

Bonaparte occupied, at the little Luxembourg, the apartments on the ground-floor, which lie to the right on entering from the Rue de Vaugirard. His cabinet was close to a private staircase, which conducted me to the first floor, where Josephine dwelt. My apartment was on the second floor.

After breakfast, which was served at ten o'clock, Bonaparte would converse for a few moments with his usual guests, that is to say, his aides-de-camp, the persons he invited, and myself, who never left him. He was also visited very often by Defermont, Regnault (of the town of Saint Jean d'Angely), Boulay (de la Meurthe), Monge, and Berlier, who were, with his brothers, Joseph and Lucien, those whom he most delighted to see; he conversed familiarly with them. Cambacérès generally came

* M. de Talleyrand, who is so capable of estimating men, and whose admirable sayings well deserve to occupy a place in history, had long entertained a similar opinion of Siéyès. One day, when he was conversing with the second consul concerning Siéyès, Cambacérès said to him, "Siéyès, however, is a very profound man." "Profound?" said Talleyrand. "Yes, he is a cavity, a perfect cavity, as you would say."

† Every body knows, in fact, that Siéyès refused to resign his consular dignities, unless he received in exchange a beautiful farm, situated in the park of Versailles, and worth about 15,000 livres a year. The good abbé consoled himself for no longer forming a third of the republican sovereignty, by making himself at home in the ancient domain of the kings of France.

at mid-day, and stayed some time with him, often a whole hour. Lebrun visited but seldom. Notwithstanding his elevation, his virtue remained unaltered; and Bonaparte considered him too moderate, because he always opposed his ambitious views, and his plans to usurp power. When Bonaparte left the breakfast-table, it was seldom that he did not add, after bidding Josephine and his daughter Hortense good day, "Come, Bourrienne, come, let us to work."

After the morning audiences, I stayed with Bonaparte all the day, either reading to him, or writing to his dictation. Three or four times in the week he would go to the council. In his way to the hall of deliberation he was obliged to cross the courtyard of the little Luxembourg, and ascend the grand staircase. This always vexed him, and the more so as the weather was very bad at the time. This annoyance continued till the 25th of December, and it was with much satisfaction that he saw himself quit of it. After leaving the council, he used to enter his cabinet singing, and God knows how wretchedly he sung! He examined whatever work he had ordered to be done, signed documents, stretched himself in his arm-chair, and read the letters of the preceding day, and the publications of the morning. When there was no council, he remained in his cabinet, conversed with me, always sang, and cut, according to custom, the arm of his chair, giving himself sometimes quite the air of a great boy. Then, all at once starting up, he would describe a plan for the erection of a monument, or dictate some of those extraordinary productions which astonished and dismayed the world. He often became again the same man, who, under the walls of St. Jean d'Acre, had dreamed of an empire worthy his ambition.

At five o'clock dinner was served up. When that was over, the first consul went up stairs to Josephine's apartments, where he commonly received the visits of the ministers. He was always pleased to see among the number the minister for foreign affairs, especially since the portfolio of that department had been intrusted to the hands of M. de Talleyrand. At midnight, and often sooner, he gave the signal for retiring, by saying, in a hasty manner, *Allons nous coucher.*

It was at the Luxembourg, in the saloons of which the adorable Josephine so well performed the honours, that the word *Madame* came again into use. This first return towards the old French politeness was startling to some susceptible republicans; but things were soon carried further at the Tuileries by the introduction of *Votre Altesse*, on occasions of state ceremony, and *Monseigneur*, in the family circle.

If on the one hand Bonaparte did not like the men of the revolution, he dreaded, on the other, still more the partisans of the Bourbons. On the mere mention of the name of those princes, he experienced a kind of inward alarm; and he often

spoke of the necessity of raising a wall of brass between France and them. To this feeling, no doubt, must be attributed certain nominations; and the spirit of some recommendations contained in the notes with which he was supplied on the characters of candidates, and which for ready reference were arranged alphabetically. Some of the notes just mentioned are in the handwriting of Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, and some in Lucien Bonaparte's. Among them is the following, under the title of General Observations:

In choosing among the men who were members of the constituent assembly, it is necessary to be on guard against the Orleans' party, which is not altogether a chimera, and may prove, one day or other dangerous.

There is no doubt that the partisans of that family are intriguing secretly; and among many other proofs of this fact, the following is a striking one: The journal called the "Aristarque," which undisguisedly supports royalism, is conducted by a man of the name of Voidel, one of the hottest patriots of the revolution. He was for several months president of the committee of inquiry, which caused the Marquis de Ferras to be arrested and hanged, and gave so much uneasiness to the court. There was no one in the constituent assembly, more hateful to the court than Voidel, as much on account of his violence, as for his connexion with the Duke of Orleans, whose advocate and counsel he was.

When the Duke of Orleans was arrested, Voidel, braving the fury of the revolutionary tribunals, had the courage to defend him, and placarded all the walls of Paris with an apology for the duke and his two sons. This man, writing now in favour of royalism, can have no other object than to advance a member of the Orleans family to the throne.

At the commencement of the first consul's administration, though he always consulted the notes he had collected, he yet received with attention the recommendations of persons with whom he was well acquainted; but it was not safe for them to recommend a rogue or a fool. The men whom he most disliked were those whom he called *babblers*, who are continually prating of every thing and on every thing. He often said, "I want more head and less tongue."

On taking the government into his own hands, Bonaparte knew so little of the revolution and of the men engaged in civil employments, that it was indispensably necessary for him to collect information from every quarter respecting men and things. But when the conflicting passions of the moment became more calm, and the spirit of party more prudent, and when order had been, by his severe investigations, introduced where hitherto unbridled confusion had reigned, he became gradually more scrupulous in granting places, whether arising from newly-created offices, or from those changes which the different departments often experienced. He then said to me, "Bourrienne,

I give up your department to you. Name whom you please for the appointments; but, remember, you must be responsible to me."

What a list would that be which should contain the names of all the prefects, sub-prefects, receivers-general, and other civil officers, to whom I gave places! I have kept no memoranda of their names: and, indeed, what advantage would there have been in doing so? It was impossible for me to have a personal knowledge of all the fortunate candidates; but I relied on recommendations in which I had confidence.

I have little to complain of in those I obliged; though it is true that, since my separation from Bonaparte, I have seen many of them generously take the opposite side of the street in which I was walking, and, by that delicate attention, save me the trouble of raising my hat.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### 1799—1800.

Difficulties of a new government—State of Europe—Bonaparte's wish for peace—M. de Talleyrand, minister for foreign affairs—Negotiations with England and Austria—Their failure—Bonaparte's views on the east—His sacrifices to policy—General Bonaparte denounced to the first consul—Kleber's letter to the Directory—Accounts of the Egyptian expedition published in the Moniteur—Proclamation to the army of the east—Favour and disgrace of certain individuals accounted for.

When a new government rises on the ruins of one that has been overthrown, its best chance of conciliating the favour of the nation, if that nation be at war, is to hold out the prospect of peace; for peace is always dear to a people. Bonaparte was well aware of this; and if, in his heart, he wished for war, he knew how important it was to seem to desire peace. Thus, immediately after his installation at the Luxembourg, he notified to all the foreign powers his accession to the consulate, and, for the same purpose, addressed letters to all the diplomatic agents of the French government abroad.

The day after he got rid of his two first colleagues, Siéyès and Roger-Ducos, he prepared to open negotiations with the cabinet of London. At that time we were at war with almost all Europe. We had lost Italy. The Emperor of Germany was ruled by his ministers, who, in their turn were governed by England, and France had no army in the interior. It was no easy matter to manage equally the organization of the consular government and the no less important affairs abroad; and it was

very important to the interests of the first consul to intimate to foreign powers, while, at the same time, he assured himself against the return of the Bourbons, that the system which he proposed to adopt was a system of order and regeneration, unlike either the demagogic violence of the Convention or the imbecile artifice of the Directory. In fulfilment of this object, Bonaparte directed M. de Talleyrand, the new minister for foreign affairs, to make the first friendly overtures to the English cabinet. A correspondence ensued, which was published at the time, and which showed at once the condescending policy of Bonaparte, and the arrogant policy of England.*

* We give here the whole of this remarkable correspondence, than which there are few documents more characteristic and interesting in the whole range of state papers, of whatever country.—*Editor.*

"French Republic—Sovereignty of the People—Liberty—Equality.

"Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, to His Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland.

"Called by the wishes of the French nation to occupy the First Magistracy of the Republic, I have thought proper, in commencing the discharge of the duties of this office, to communicate the event directly to your Majesty.

"Must the war, which for eight years has ravaged the four quarters of the world, be eternal? Is there no room for accommodation?

"How can the two most enlightened nations in Europe, stronger and more powerful than is necessary for their safety and independence, sacrifice commercial advantages, internal prosperity, and domestic happiness to vain ideas of grandeur? Whence is it that they do not feel peace to be the first of wants, as well as the first of glories?

"These sentiments cannot be new to the heart of your Majesty, who rules over a free nation with no other view than to render it happy.

"Your Majesty will see in this overture only my sincere desire to contribute effectually, for the second time, to a general pacification, by a prompt step taken in confidence, and freed from those forms, which, however necessary to disguise the apprehensions of feeble states, only serve to discover in those that are powerful a mutual wish to deceive.

"France and England may, by the abuse of their strength, long defer the period of its utter exhaustion, unhappily for all nations. But I will venture to say, that the fate of all civilized nations is concerned in the termination of a war the flames of which are raging throughout the whole world.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"BONAPARTE."

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"Lord Grenville in reply to the Minister of Foreign Relations at Paris.

"Downing Street, January 4, 1800.

"Sir,—I have received and laid before the King the two letters which you have transmitted to me; and his Majesty, seeing no reason to depart from those forms which have long been established in Europe for transacting business with Foreign States, has commanded me to return, in his name, the official answer which I send you herewith enclosed.

"I have the honour to be, with high consideration, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant.

"GRENVILLE."

The exchange of notes which took place was attended by no immediate result. However, the first consul had partly attained

'NOTE to the Minister of Foreign Relations at Paris.

"The King has given frequent proofs of his sincere desire for the re-establishment of secure and permanent tranquillity in Europe. He neither is nor has been engaged in any contest for a vain and false glory. He has had no other view than that of maintaining, against all aggression, the rights and happiness of his subjects. For these he has contended against an unprovoked attack, and for the same objects he is still obliged to contend: nor can he hope that this necessity could be removed, by entering at the present moment into negotiations with those whom a fresh revolution has so recently placed in the exercise of power in France; since no real advantage can arise from such negotiation to the great and desirable object of general peace, until it shall appear that those causes have ceased to operate, which originally produced the war, and by which it has since been protracted, and in more than one instance renewed. The same system, to the prevalence of which France justly ascribes all her present miseries, is that which has also involved the rest of Europe in a long and destructive warfare, of a nature long since unknown to the practice of civilized nations. For the extension of this system and for the extermination of all established governments, the resources of France have from year to year, and in the midst of the most unparalleled distress, been lavished and exhausted. To this indiscriminate spirit of destruction, the Netherlands, the United Provinces, the Swiss Cantons (his Majesty's ancient friends and allies) have successively been sacrificed. Germany has been ravaged; Italy, though now rescued from its invaders, has been made the scene of unbounded rapine and anarchy. His Majesty has himself been compelled to maintain an arduous and burdensome contest for the independence and existence of his kingdoms. Nor have these calamities been confined to Europe alone; they have been extended to the most distant quarters of the world, and even to countries so remote both in situation and interest from the present contest, that the very existence of such a war was perhaps unknown to those who found themselves suddenly involved in all its horrors. While such a system continues to prevail, and while the blood and treasure of a numerous and powerful nation can be lavished in its support, experience has shown that no defence but that of open and steady hostility can be availing. The most solemn treaties have only prepared the way for fresh aggressions; and it is to a determined resistance alone that is now due whatever remains in Europe of stability for property, for personal liberty, for social order, or for the free exercise of religion For the security, therefore, of these essential objects, his Majesty cannot place his reliance on the mere renewal of general professions of pacific dispositions. Such professions have been repeatedly held out by all those who have successively directed the resources of France to the destruction of Europe, and whom the present rulers have declared to have been all, from the beginning and uniformly, incapable of maintaining the relations of amity and peace. Greatly, indeed, will his Majesty rejoice, whenever it shall appear that the dangers to which his own dominions and those of his allies have been so long exposed have really ceased; whenever he shall be satisfied that the necessity of resistance is at an end; that after the experience of so many years of crimes and miseries, better principles have ultimately prevailed in France; and that all the gigantic projects of ambition, and all the restless schemes of destruction, which have endangered the existence of civil society, have been finally relinquished; but the conviction of such a change, however agreeable to his Majesty's wishes, can result only from experience and the evidence of facts.

"The best and most natural pledge of its reality and permanence would be the restoration of that line of princes which for so many centuries maintained the French nation in prosperity at home, and in consideration and respect abroad. Such an event would at once have removed, and will at any time remove, all obstacles in the way of negotiation or peace. It would confirm to France the

his object: if the British government would not enter into negotiations for peace, there was, at least, reason to presume that

unmolested enjoyment of its ancient territory; and it would give to all the other nations of Europe, in tranquillity and peace, that security which they are now compelled to seek by other means. But, desirable as such an event must be both to France and to the world, it is not to this mode exclusively that his Majesty limits the possibility of secure and solid pacification. His Majesty makes no claim to prescribe to France what shall be the form of her Government, or in whose hands she shall vest the authority necessary for conducting the affairs of a great and powerful nation. His Majesty looks only to the security of his own dominions and those of his allies, and to the general safety of Europe. Whenever he shall judge that such security can in any manner be attained as resulting either from the internal situation of that country, from whose internal situation the danger has arisen, or from such other circumstances, of whatever nature, as may produce the same end, his Majesty will eagerly embrace the opportunity to concert with his allies the means of immediate and general pacification. Unhappily no such security hitherto exists; no sufficient evidence of the principles by which the new Government will be directed; no reasonable ground by which to judge of its stability. In this situation, it can for the present only remain for his Majesty to pursue, in conjunction with other powers, those exertions of just and defensive war, which his regard to the happiness of his subjects will never permit him either to continue beyond the necessity in which they originate, or to terminate on any other grounds than such as may best contribute to the secure enjoyment of their tranquillity, their constitution, and their independence.

"GRENVILLE.

"Downing Street, January 4, 1800."

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To this answer the following reply was addressed to the English minister by M. de Talleyrand

"Paris, 28th Nivose, year VIII. (Jan. 28th*, 1800.)

"The official note, bearing date the 14th of Nivose, year VIII., addressed to me by the minister of his Britannic Majesty, having been laid before the First Consul of the French Republic, he remarked with surprise that it was founded upon an incorrect opinion relative to the origin and consequences of the present war. Far from war having been provoked by France, it may be remembered that from the very beginning of the revolution, she solemnly proclaimed her love of peace, her repugnance to make conquests, and her respect for the independence of all other governments: and it is beyond all doubt, that being occupied at that period solely with her internal affairs, she would have avoided interfering with those of Europe, and have remained faithful to her professions.

"But from an opposite feeling, the moment the French revolution burst forth almost the whole of Europe united to destroy France. This aggression existed long before it became public. Internal resistance was excited; they who opposed the revolution were well received at foreign courts, their armed meetings tolerated, their conspiracies countenanced, and their extravagant declamation encouraged; the French nation was insulted in the persons of its agents, and England, in particular, set the example, by sending back the French accredited agent. In short, France was attacked, by overt arts, in her independence, her honour, and her security, long before war was declared.

"Thus, France is warranted in imputing the evils which she has herself suffered, and those which have afflicted Europe, to projects of subjugation and dismemberment which have several times been attempted and pursued. Such projects, long without example, as applied to so powerful a nation, could not fail of producing the most fatal consequences.

"The republic having been assailed on all sides, may naturally have been

*Query*, the 20th January.

subsequent overtures of the consular government might be listened to. The correspondence had, at all events, afforded Bonaparte the opportunity of declaring his principles, and, above all, it had enabled him to ascertain that the return of the Bourbons to France would not be a *sine quà non* condition for the restoration of peace between the two powers.

expected to carry on all sides its defensive exertions; and it has made use of the means which lay in its own power, and in the courage of its citizens, with no other view than the protection of its own independence. So long as its enemies have shown a determination to deny its rights, it has relied solely upon the energy of its resistance; but whenever they have abandoned their projects of invasion, it has constantly sought the means of reconciliation, always manifested intentions of peace; and if its good wishes have not been realized—if, in the midst of those internal tempests successively produced by revolution and war, the present holders of the executive power in France have not always evinced as much moderation as the people have evinced courage, it must be more particularly attributed to the fatal rage with which the resources of England have been applied to effect the ruin of France.

"But if the wishes of his Britannic Majesty are, as he asserts, in unison with those of the French Republic, with regard to the conclusion of a peace, why, instead of attempting to justify the war, does he not try to put an end to it? What obstacle is there to prevent a reconciliation of mutual and acknowledged utility, more particularly when the First Consul of the French Republic has personally afforded so many proofs of his eagerness to put an end to the calamities of war, and of his desire to observe, in the most rigorous manner, existing treaties.

"The First Consul of the French Republic can have no doubt that his Britannic Majesty recognises the right of nations to choose their own form of government, since it is to the very exercise of such right that he owes his own crown; and he cannot conceive how, in the most direct opposition to this fundamental principle, upon which the actual existence of political societies rests, his Britannic Majesty's minister could throw out hints tending to interfere with the internal affairs of the Republic—hints which are not less offensive to the French people and their government, than an attempt would be offensive to England and his Majesty, which should tend to produce in that country the republican form of government adopted there in the middle of the last century, or an exhortation to recall to the throne of Great Britain that family whom birth had seated upon it, but who were precipitated from it by a revolution.

"If, at no very distant period, when the constitutive system of the Republic offered neither the strength nor the solidity which it now displays, his Britannic Majesty thought himself warranted in making overtures of reconciliation, and demanding conferences to treat of peace, how happens it that he now feels repugnance in renewing negotiations to which the present and reciprocal state of affairs promises a more speedy progress? The voices of nations join on all sides with that of humanity in imploring the termination of a war already marked by disasters of great magnitude, and a prolongation of which threatens Europe with a general convulsion—with the prospect of irremediable evils. It is to arrest the course of such calamities, or at least to confine their direful effects to those persons alone who have caused them, that the First Consul of the French Republic proposes an immediate termination of hostilities by a suspension of arms, and the appointing forthwith of plenipotentiaries on both sides, to meet at Dunkirk, or in any other town offering equal advantages for rapidity of communication, there to proceed, without delay, in the re-establishment of peace and amity between the French Republic and England.

"The First Consul offers to give the necessary passports for this object.

"CH. MAURICE TALLEYRAND."

Since M. de Talleyrand had been minister for foreign affairs, the business of that department had proceeded with great activity. It was an important advantage to Bonaparte to find a nobleman of the old regime among the republicans. The choice of M. de Talleyrand was, in some sort, an act of courtesy to the foreign courts. It was a delicate attention to the diplomacy of Europe to introduce to its members, for the purpose of treating with them, a man whose rank was at least equal to their own, and who was universally distinguished for a polished elegance of manner combined with solid good qualities and real talents.

It was not only with England that Bonaparte and his minister endeavoured to open negotiations; the consular cabinet also offered peace to the house of Austria; but not at the same time. The object of this offer was to sow discord between the two powers. Speaking to me, one day, of his earnest wish to obtain peace, Bonaparte said, "You see, Bourrienne, I have two great enemies to cope with. I will conclude peace with the one I find most easy to deal with. That will enable me immediately to assail the other. I frankly confess that I should like best to be at peace with England. Nothing would then be more easy than to crush Austria. She has no money, except what she gets through England.

For a long time all negotiations proved abortive. None of the European powers would acknowledge the new government, of which Bonaparte was the head; and the peace of Amiens was brought about only by the battle of Marengo.

Though the affairs of the new government afforded abundant occupation to Bonaparte, he yet found leisure to direct attention to the east—to that land of despotism, whence, judging from his subsequent conduct, it might be presumed he derived his first principles of government. On becoming the head of the state, he wished to turn Egypt, which he had conquered as a general, to the advantage of his policy as consul. If Bonaparte triumphed over a feeling of dislike in consigning the command of the army to Kleber, it was because he knew Kleber to be more capable than any other of executing the plans he had formed; and Bonaparte was not the man to sacrifice the interests of policy to personal resentment.

With respect to all whom he had left in Egypt, Bonaparte stood in a very singular situation. On becoming chief of the government, he was not only the depositary of all communications made to the Directory; but letters sent to one address were delivered to another, and the first consul received the complaints made against the general who had so abruptly quitted Egypt. In almost all the letters that were delivered to us, he was the object of serious accusation. According to some, he had not avowed his departure until the very day of his embarkation; and he had deceived every body by means of false and dissembling proclamations. Others canvassed his conduct while in

Egypt: the army which had triumphed under his command, he had abandoned when reduced to two-thirds of its original force, and a prey to all the horrors of sickness and want. It must be confessed that these complaints and accusations were but too well founded, and one can never cease wondering at the chain of fortunate circumstances which so rapidly raised Bonaparte to the consular seat. In the natural order of things, and in fulfilment of the design which he himself had formed, he should have disembarked at Toulon, where the sanitary laws would, no doubt, have been observed; instead of which, the fear of the English, and the uncertainty of the pilots, caused him to go to Frejus, where the sanitary laws were violated by the very persons most interested in respecting them. Let us suppose that Bonaparte had been forced to perform quarantine at Toulon. What would have ensued? The charges against him would have fallen into the hands of the Directory, and he would probably have been suspended, and put upon his trial. Of this, little doubt can be entertained, after a perusal of the following letter from Kleber, which Bonaparte presented to me, after having read it himself:

LETTER FROM GENERAL KLEBER TO THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY OF FRANCE.

Head-quarters at Cairo, 4th Vendémiaire, year VIII.
(September 26, 1799.)

Citizens Directors,

The general-in-chief, Bonaparte, set off for France on the morning of the 6th Fructidor, without having informed any one of his intention. He had appointed to meet me at Rosetta on the 7th, but on my arrival there I found only his despatches. In my uncertainty as to whether the general has had the good fortune to reach France, I think it my duty to send you a copy of the letter by which he consigned to me the command of the army, and also the copy of a letter which he addressed to the grand vizier at Constantinople, though he perfectly well knew that that pasha had already arrived at Damascus.

My first object has been to obtain correct information of the present condition of the army.

You, Citizens Directors, know what was the amount of our force on its arrival in Egypt. It is now reduced one-half, and we are in possession of all the principal points of the triangle of the cataracts to El-Arish, from El-Arish to Alexandria, and from Alexandria to the cataracts.

Our opponents are not, as formerly, confined to a few hordes of miserable Mamelukes; we have now to resist the combined efforts of three great powers, the Porte, England, and Russia.

The want of arms, ammunition, cast-iron, and lead, present a picture as alarming as the great and sudden diminution of our troops. Our founderies have failed; the powder-manufactory at Ruonda has not been, and probably never will be, attended with the result that was hoped for; finally, the repair of fire-arms proceeds tardily, and the

support of all these establishments requires funds and means which we do not possess.

The troops are in want of clothing, a circumstance which is the more distressing, since it is ascertained to be one of the most active causes of dysentery and ophthalmia, the prevailing diseases in this country. Dysentery has this year had a fatal effect on constitutions already debilitated by privation and fatigue. Notwithstanding the considerable diminution of the army, it appears from the reports of the medical officers, that we have now a far greater number of sick than at the same period last year.

General Bonaparte had, indeed, before his departure, given orders for clothing the troops ; but, as in many other instances, the business ended with the order ; and want of money must doubtless have forced him to postpone the execution of that useful measure.

On the want of money, I must make a few observations. General Bonaparte exhausted all extraordinary resources during the first few months of our arrival. He then levied as many war contributions as the country could supply. To have recourse to those means now, when the country is surrounded by enemies, would be to prepare an insurrection on the first favourable opportunity. However, Bonaparte has not left a sou in the army chest, nor any object equivalent. He has, on the contrary, left an arrear of nearly twelve millions, which is more than a year's revenue in present circumstances. The mere arrears of pay for the army amount to four millions.

The inundation renders impracticable, at the present moment, the recovery of what is due from last year, and which would scarcely suffice to defray the expenses of a month. The collections cannot be resumed until the month of Frimaire, and then it is pretty certain that the business cannot be attended to, for we shall be obliged to fight.

The insufficiency of the inundations this year has occasioned a failure in the produce of several provinces ; and they, consequently, have a fair claim to indulgence.

All that I here state, Citizens Directors, I am prepared to prove, by minutes, and certified estimates, drawn up in the different departments of the service.

Though Egypt is tranquil in appearance, yet it is far from being subjugated. The people are dissatisfied ; and, do what we will, they look upon us as having come to rob them. They live in the hope of a favourable change.

The Mamelukes are dispersed, but not destroyed. Murad-Bey is still in Upper Egypt, with a sufficient force to occupy incessantly a portion of our army. If we were to leave him a moment's respite, his force would rapidly increase, and he would, doubtless, come and harass us in the capital, whence, in spite of our utmost vigilance, he has continued, up to this day, to obtain supplies of money and arms.

Ibrahim is at Gaza, with about two thousand Mamelukes ; and I am informed, that thirty thousand men of the army of the grand vizier and Djezzar Pasha are already arrived there.

The grand vizier set out for Damascus about twenty days ago. He is at present encamped near Acre.

Such, Citizens Directors, are the circumstances under which General Bonaparte has transferred to me the enormous charge of the

army of the east. He saw the fatal crisis approaching, and your orders did not, doubtless, enable him to surmount it. That that crisis exists, his letters, his instructions, and the negotiation he opened, bear evidence: it is notoriously public, and our enemies seem to be as fully aware of it, as the French who are in Egypt.

"If," says General Bonaparte, in his instructions to me, "in spite of every precaution, the plague should rage this year in Egypt, and you should lose more than fifteen hundred men—a considerable loss, since it would exceed that which the events of the war might daily occasion—you must not, in that case, venture to maintain the ensuing campaign; and you will be authorized to conclude peace with the Ottoman Porte, even though the evacuation of Egypt should be the first condition."

I call your attention, Citizens Directors, to this passage of my instructions, because it is characteristic in more than one respect; and, above all, because it shows the critical situation in which I stand.

What are fifteen hundred men, more or less, in the vast extent of country which I have to defend, and being, as we are, daily engaged with the enemy?

The general adds, that Alexandria and El-Arish are the two keys of Egypt.

El-Arish is a wretched fort, situated at four days' march in the desert. Owing to the great difficulty of supplying it with provisions, it cannot be garrisoned with more than two hundred and fifty men. Six hundred Mamelukes may, if they choose, cut off its communication with Quattyyeh; and as, on the departure of Bonaparte, that garrison was only supplied with provisions a fortnight in advance, the lapse of that time is all that is necessary to oblige it to surrender, without a gun being fired.

The Arabs alone are enabled to conduct regular convoys in the burning deserts; but they have been so often deceived, that, far from offering to serve us, they fly from us, and conceal themselves; and the arrival of the grand vizier, who flatters their fanaticism, and bribes them with his gifts, is another cause why they have abandoned us.

Alexandria is not a fortress; it is a vast intrenched camp. It was, indeed, defended well enough by our numerous siege-artillery; but since we lost that artillery, in the disastrous campaign of Syria, and since General Bonaparte withdrew all the naval guns, to complete the arming of the two frigates with which he set off, Alexandria can offer but a feeble resistance.

General Bonaparte has flattered himself, with respect to the effect produced by his success at the gates of Aboukir. He, indeed, destroyed all the Turkish force which had landed. But what is such a loss to a great nation, bereft of the finest portion of her possessions, and who is prompted by religion, honour, and interest, to revenge herself, and to reconquer what has been taken from her? Thus, the victory of Aboukir has not, for a single moment, retarded either the preparations or the march of the grand vizier.

In this state of things, what can I, what should I, do? I am of opinion, Citizens Directors that I ought to continue the negotiations which were opened by Bonaparte. If they should have no other result than that of enabling me to gain time, I shall have reason to be

satisfied. You will receive, with this, the letter which I have written to the grand vizier, and sent along with the duplicate of Bonaparte's. If that minister should reply to these overtures, I will propose the restitution of Egypt, on the following conditions:

The grand seignior shall appoint a pasha in the country, as formerly, and to him shall be abandoned the Miri, which the Porte has always levied as by right.

Trade shall be reciprocally opened between Egypt and Syria.

The French shall remain in the country, keep possession of the fortresses, and levy all other duties, as well as those of the customs, until peace be concluded between France and England.

If these preliminary and summary conditions be accepted, I think I shall have done more for my country than by gaining the most brilliant victory. But I doubt whether these proposals will be listened to. Even if the pride of the Turks should yield, I shall have to contend with the influence of the English. At all events, I shall act according to circumstances. I am fully aware of the importance of the possession of Egypt. Before I left Europe, I said that that country was the fulcrum by which France might move the commercial system of the four quarters of the globe. But for that a powerful lever is necessary. That lever is naval power. Ours then existed. But, since that time, all is changed, and peace with the Porte appears to me the only honourable means of extricating ourselves from an enterprise, which cannot now fulfil the object for which it was undertaken. I shall not enter into a detail of the diplomatic combinations which the present situation of Europe may offer.

In the perplexing situation in which I am placed, and remote as I am from the centre of action, my chief object must be to watch over the safety and honour of the army under my command. I shall be happy if I succeed in fulfilling your wishes. Were I nearer to you, my highest glory would be to obey your orders.

I send you, Citizens Directors, a precise estimate of the supplies wanted for the artillery, and a summary account of the debt contracted and left by Bonaparte.*

(Signed) KLEBER.

P.S.—Just as I was despatching this letter, I have heard that fourteen or fifteen Turkish sail have anchored before Damietta, there to await the fleet of the capitan pasha, which is anchored at Jaffa, and from which, it is said, fifteen or twenty thousand troops are to be landed. Fifteen thousand are still assembled at Gaza, and the grand vizier is on his way from Damascus. A few days ago, he sent back to us a soldier of the twenty-fifth demi-brigade, who was made prisoner at El-Arish. After having shown him all the camp, they desired him to tell his companions what he had seen, and to make his general tremble at the news. This denotes either the grand vizier's confidence in his strength, or a willingness to negotiate. For my part, I cannot possibly assemble more than five thousand men, fit

* It is curious to compare this *authentic* correspondence with the *official* correspondence.

for service; but in spite of that, I will try my fortune, if I do not succeed in gaining time by negotiations. Djezzar has withdrawn his troops from Gaza and ordered them back to Acre.

(Signed) KLEBER.

The other letters from Egypt were not less accusatory than Kleber's; and it cannot be doubted, that charges of so precise a nature, brought by the general who had now become commander-in-chief, against his predecessor, would have had great weight, especially, backed as they were by similar complaints from other quarters. A trial would have been inevitable; and then, no 18th Brumaire, no consulate, no empire, no conquest of Europe—but also, it must be added, no St. Helena. None of these events would have ensued, had not the English squadron, when it appeared off Corsica, obliged the Muiron to scud about at hazard, and to touch at the first land she could reach.

The Egyptian expedition filled too important a place in the life of Bonaparte, for him to neglect frequently reviving in the public mind the recollection of his conquests in the east. It was not to be forgotten that the head of the republic was the first of her generals. While Moreau received the command of the armies of the Rhine—while Massena, as a reward for the victory of Zurich, was made commander-in-chief of Italy, and while Brune was at the head of the army of Batavia, Bonaparte consoled himself for his temporary inactivity by a retrospective glance on his past triumphs. He was unwilling that Fame should for a moment cease to blazon his name. Accordingly, as soon as he was established at the head of the government, he caused accounts of his Egyptian expedition to be from time to time published in the Moniteur. He frequently expressed his satisfaction that the accusatory correspondence, and above all, Kleber's letter, had fallen into his own hands. Such was Bonaparte's perfect self-command, that immediately after perusing that letter he dictated to me the following proclamation, addressed to the army of the east:

SOLDIERS,

The consuls of the French republic frequently direct their attention to the army of the east.

France acknowledges all the influence of your conquests on the restoration of her trade and the civilization of the world.

The eyes of all Europe are upon you, and in thought I am often with you.

In whatever situation the chances of war may place you, prove yourselves still the soldiers of Rivoli and Aboukir—you will be invincible.

Place in Kleber the boundless confidence which you reposed in me. He deserves it.

Soldiers, think of the day when you will return victorious to the

sacred territory of France. That will be a glorious day for the whole nation.

Nothing can more forcibly show the character of Bonaparte, than the above allusion to Kleber, after he had seen the way in which Kleber spoke of him to the Directory. Could it ever have been imagined that the correspondence of the army, to whom he addressed this proclamation, teemed with accusations against him? Though the majority of these accusations were strictly just, yet it is but fair to state that the letters from Egypt contained some calumnies. In answer to the well-founded portion of the charges, Bonaparte said little; but he seemed to feel deeply the falsehoods that were stated against him, one of which was, that he had carried away millions from Egypt. I cannot conceive what could have given rise to this false and impudent assertion. So far from having touched the army chest, Bonaparte had not even received all his own pay. Before he constituted himself the government, the government was his debtor.

Though he knew well all that was to be expected from the Egyptian expedition, yet those who lauded that affair were regarded with a favourable eye by Bonaparte. The correspondence which had fallen into his hands was to him of the highest importance in enabling him to ascertain the opinions which particular individuals entertained of him. It was the source of favours and disgraces which those who were not in the secret could not account for. It serves to explain why many men of mediocrity were elevated to the highest dignities and honours, while other men of real merit fell into disgrace, or were utterly neglected.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### 1800.

Great and common men—Portrait of Bonaparte—The varied expression of his countenance—His convulsive shrug—Presentiment of his corpulency—Partiality for bathing—His temperance—His alleged capability of dispensing with sleep—Good and bad news—Shaving, and reading the journals—Morning business—Breakfast—Coffee and snuff—Bonaparte's idea of his own situation—His ill opinion of mankind—His dislike of a *tête-à-tête*—His hatred of the revolutionists—His fits of ill-humour—Ringing of bells—Gardens of Malmaison—Ladies in white—Anecdotes—Bonaparte's tokens of kindness, and his droll compliments—His opinion of medicine—His memory—His poetic insensibility—His want of gallantry—Cards and conversation—The dress-coat and black cravat—Bonaparte's payments—His religious ideas—His obstinacy.

In perusing the history of the distinguished characters of past ages, how often do we regret that the historian should have portrayed the hero rather than the man! We wish to know even the most trivial habits of those whom great talents and vast reputation have elevated above their fellow-creatures. Is this the effect of mere curiosity, or rather is it not an involuntary feeling of vanity which prompts us to console ourselves for the superiority of great men by reflecting on their faults, their weaknesses, their absurdities; in short, all the points of resemblance between them and common men? For the satisfaction of those who are curious in details of this sort, I will here endeavour to paint Bonaparte, as I saw him, in person and in mind, to describe what were his tastes and habits, and even his whims and caprices.

The person of Bonaparte has served as a model for the most skilful painters and sculptors; many able French artists have successfully delineated his features, and yet it may be said that no perfectly faithful portrait of him exists. His finely-shaped head, his superb forehead, his pale countenance, and his usual meditative look, have been transferred to the canvass; but the versatility of his expression was beyond the reach of imitation. All the various workings of his mind were instantaneously depicted in his countenance; and his glance changed from mild to severe, and from angry to good-humoured, almost with the rapidity of lightning. It may truly be said, that he had a particular look for every thought that arose in his mind.

Bonaparte had beautiful hands, and he was very proud of them; while conversing he would often look at them with an air of self-complacency. He also fancied he had fine teeth, but his pretension to that advantage was not so well founded as his vanity on the score of his hands.

When walking, either alone or in company with any one, in his apartments, or in his gardens, he had the habit of stooping a little, and crossing his hands behind his back. He frequently gave an involuntary shrug of his right shoulder, which was accompanied by a movement of his mouth from left to right. This habit was always most remarkable when his mind was absorbed in the consideration of any profound subject. It was often while walking, that he dictated to me his most important notes. He could endure great fatigue, not only on horseback, but on foot; he would sometimes walk for five or six hours in succession, without being aware of it.

When walking with any person whom he treated with familiarity, he would link his arm into that of his companion, and lean on it.

He used often to say to me, "You see, Bourrienne, how temperate, and how thin I am; but, in spite of that, I cannot help thinking that at forty I shall become a great eater, and get very fat. I foresee that my constitution will undergo a change. I take a great deal of exercise; but yet I feel assured that my presentiment will be fulfilled." This idea gave him great uneasiness, and as I observed nothing which seemed to warrant his apprehensions, I omitted no opportunity of assuring him that they were groundless. But he would not listen to me, and all the time I was about him, he was haunted by this presentiment, which, in the end, was but too well verified.

His partiality for the bath, he mistook for a necessity. He would usually remain in the bath two hours, during which time I used to read to him extracts from the journals and pamphlets of the day, for he was anxious to hear and know all that was going on. While in the bath, he was continually turning on the warm water, to raise the temperature, so that I was sometimes enveloped in such a dense vapour that I could not see to read, and was obliged to open the door.*

Bonaparte was exceedingly temperate, and averse to all excess. He knew the absurd stories that were circulated about him, and he was sometimes vexed at them. It has been repeated, over and over again, that he was subject to attacks of epilepsy; but during the eleven years that I was almost constantly with him, I never observed any symptom which in the

* At St. Helena, he is said to have continued in the bath three hours at a time. Is it not possible that his immoderate use of baths of very high temperature may have contributed to produce the premature corpulency which he so greatly dreaded? I recollect having several times hinted such a possibility to him.

least degree denoted that malady. His health was good, and his constitution sound. If his enemies, by way of reproach, have attributed to him a serious periodical disease, his flatterers, probably under the idea that sleep is incompatible with greatness, have evinced an equal disregard of truth, in speaking of his night-watching. Bonaparte made others watch, but he himself slept, and slept well. His orders were, that I should call him every morning at seven. I was, therefore, the first to enter his chamber; but very frequently when I awoke him, he would turn himself, and say, "Ah, Bourrienne! let me lie a little longer." When there was no very pressing business, I did not disturb him again, till eight o'clock. He in general slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides taking a short nap in the afternoon.

Among the private instructions which Bonaparte gave me, one was very curious:—"During the night," said he, "enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate: with that there is no hurry. But when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly; for then there is not a moment to be lost."

This was a wise regulation, and Bonaparte found his advantage in it.

As soon as he rose, his valet-de-chambre shaved him and dressed his hair. While he was being shaved, I read to him the newspapers, beginning always with the Moniteur. He paid little attention to any but the German and English papers. "Pass over all that," he would say, while I was perusing the French papers; I know it already. They say only what they think will please me." I was often surprised that his valet did not cut him while I was reading; for whenever he heard any thing interesting, he turned quickly round towards me.*

When Bonaparte had finished his toilet, which he did with great attention, for he was scrupulously neat in his person, we went down to his cabinet. There he signed the orders on important petitions, which had been analyzed by me on the preceding evening. On reception and parade days, he was par-

* It was Constant's task to shave Bonaparte, and he thus speaks of the difficulties he experienced in the discharge of this duty:

"While I was shaving him he would often converse, read the journals, move restlessly in his chair, or turn round suddenly, so that I was obliged to observe the utmost caution in order to avoid cutting him. Luckily that misfortune never occurred to me. When by chance he was not engaged in conversation or reading, he would sit as motionless as a statue, and I could not get him to raise, lower, or incline his head, to facilitate my operation. He had a singular whim of having only one side of his face soaped and shaved at once; and he would not allow me to proceed to the other side until the first was finished."—*Mémoires de Constant.*

Constant adds, that Bonaparte could not shave himself until he instructed him in the mode of holding and applying the razor; but that, owing to his natural impatience and hastiness of manner, he never attempted the operation without severely cutting himself.—*Editor.*

ticularly exact in signing these orders, because I used to remind him, that he would be likely to see most of the petitioners, and that they would ask him for answers. To spare him this annoyance, I used often to acquaint them beforehand of what had been granted or refused. He next perused the letters which I had opened and laid on his table, ranging them according to their importance. He directed me to answer them in his name; he occasionally wrote the answers himself but not often.

At ten o'clock, the maître d'hôtel entered, and announced breakfast, saying, "The general's table is served."* We went to breakfast, and the repast was exceedingly simple. He eat, almost every morning some chicken, dressed with oil and onions. This dish was then, I believe, called *poulet à la Provençale*; but our restaurateurs have since conferred upon it the more ambitious name of *poulet à la Marengo*.

Bonaparte drank little wine, always either claret or Burgundy, and the latter in preference to the former. After breakfast, as well as after dinner, he took a cup of strong coffee.† I never saw him take any between his meals, and I cannot imagine what could have given rise to the assertion of his being particularly fond of coffee. When he sat up late at night, he never ordered coffee, but chocolate, of which he made me take a cup with him. But this only happened when our business was prolonged till two or three in the morning.

All that has been said about Bonaparte's immoderate use of snuff, has no more foundation in truth, than his pretended partiality for coffee. It is true, that at an early period of his life, he began to take snuff, but it was very sparingly, and always out of a box; and if he bore any resemblance to Frederick the Great, it was not by filling his waistcoat-pockets with snuff; for, I must again observe, he carried his notions of personal neatness to a fastidious degree.‡

* This, of course, refers to the time when we were at the Luxembourg.

† M. Brillat de Savarin, whose memory is dear to all gourmands, had established as a gastronomic principle, that, "he who does not take coffee after each meal, is assuredly not a man of taste."

‡ "It has been alleged that his majesty took an inordinate deal of snuff, and that in order to take it with the greater facility, he carried it in his waistcoat-pockets, which for that purpose were lined with leather. This is altogether untrue. The fact is, the emperor never took snuff except from a snuff-box, and though he used a great deal, he actually took but very little. He would frequently hold the snuff-box to his nose, merely to smell the snuff; at other times he would take a pinch, and after smelling it for a moment, he would throw it away. Thus it frequently happened that the spot where he was sitting or standing was strewed with snuff; but his handkerchiefs, which were of the finest cambric, were scarcely ever soiled. He had a great collection of snuff-boxes; but those which he preferred were of dark tortoiseshell, lined with gold, and ornamented with cameos or antique medals in gold or silver. Their form was a narrow oval, with hinged lids. He did not like round boxes, because it was necessary to employ both hands to open them, and in this operation he not unfrequently let the box or the lid fall. His snuff was generally very coarse rappee; but he sometimes liked to have several kinds of snuff mixed together."—*Mémoires de Constant.* (*Editor.*)

Bonaparte had two ruling passions, glory and war. He was never more gay than in the camp, and never more morose than in the inactivity of peace. Plans for the construction of public monuments also pleased his imagination, and filled up the void caused by the want of active occupation. He was aware that monuments form part of the history of nations, of whose civilization they bear evidence for ages after those who created them have disappeared from the earth, and that they likewise often bear false witness to remote posterity of the reality of merely fabulous conquests. Bonaparte was, however, mistaken as to the mode of accomplishing the object he had in view. His ciphers, his trophies, and subsequently his eagles, splendidly adorned the monuments of his reign. But why did he wish to stamp false initials on things with which neither he nor his reign had any connexion; as, for example the old Louvre? Did he imagine that the letter "N," which every where obtruded itself on the eye, had in it a charm to controvert the records of history, or alter the course of time?* Be this as it may, Bonaparte well knew that the fine arts entail lasting glory on great actions, and consecrate the memory of princes who protect and encourage them. He oftener than once said to me, "A great reputation is a great noise; the more there is made, the further off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues and resounds in after ages." This was one of his favourite ideas. "My power," he would say at other times, "depends on my glory, and my glory on my victories. My power would fall were I not to support it by new glory and new victories. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can maintain me." This was then, and probably always continued to be, his predominant idea, and that which prompted him continually to scatter the seeds of war through Europe. He thought that if he remained stationary he would fall, and he was tormented with the desire of continually advancing. Not to do something great and decided was, in his opinion, to do nothing. "A newly-born government," said he to me, "must dazzle and astonish. When it ceases to do that, it falls." It was vain to look for rest from a man who was restlessness itself.

His sentiments towards France now differed widely from what I had known them to be in his youth. He long indignantly cherished the recollection of the conquest of Corsica, which he was once content to regard as his country. But that recol-

* When Louis XVIII. returned to the Tuileries in 1814, he found that Bonaparte had been an excellent tenant, and that he had left every thing in very good condition. Some one having called his attention to the profusion of N's which were conspicuous in every part of the palace, the monarch appropriately quoted the following lines of La Fontaine:

Il aura volontiers écrit sur son chapeau,
C'est moi qui suis Guillot, berger de ce troupeau."

lection was effaced, and it might be said that he now ardently loved France. His imagination was fired by the very thought of seeing her great, happy, and powerful; and as the first nation in the world, dictating laws to the rest. He fancied his name inseparably connected with France, and resounding in the ears of posterity. In all his actions he lost sight of the present moment, and thought only of futurity; so, in all places where he led the way to glory, the opinion of France was ever present in his thoughts. As Alexander at Arbela prided himself less in having conquered Darius, than in having gained the suffrage of the Athenians, so Bonaparte at Marengo was haunted by the idea of what would be said in France.

Before he fought a battle, Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune. I mention this as a fact of which I have often been a witness, and I leave to his brothers in arms to decide whether his calculations were always correct. He had it in his power to do much, for he risked every thing and spared nothing. His inordinate ambition goaded him on to the attainment of power; and power when possessed served only to augment his ambition. Bonaparte was thoroughly convinced of the truth, that trifles often decide the greatest events: therefore he watched rather than provoked opportunity, and when the right moment approached, he suddenly took advantage of it. It is curious that, amidst all the anxieties of war and government, the fear of the Bourbons incessantly pursued him, and the Faubourg Saint Germain was to him always a threatening phantom.*

He did not esteem mankind, whom indeed he despised more and more in proportion as he became acquainted with them. In him this unfavourable opinion of human nature was justified by many glaring examples of baseness, and he used frequently to repeat, "There are two levers for moving men; interest and fear." What respect, indeed, could Bonaparte entertain for the applicants to the treasury of the opera? Into this treasury the gaming-houses paid a considerable sum, part of which went to cover the expenses of that magnificent theatre. The rest was distributed in gratuities, which were paid on orders signed by Duroc. Individuals of very different characters were often seen entering the little door in the Rue Rameau. The lady who was for a while the favourite of the general-in-chief in Egypt, and whose husband was maliciously sent back by the English, was a frequent visiter to the treasury. On one occasion would be seen assembled there, a distinguished scholar and an actor, a celebrated orator and a musician: on another, the

* I have been informed on good authority, that after I quitted France, orders were given for intercepting even notes of invitation to dinners, &c. The object of this measure was, either to prevent the assembling of parties of any kind, or to render them less numerous, and to ascertain the names of the guests and visiters.

treasurer would have payments to make to a priest, a courtesan, and a cardinal.

One of Bonaparte's greatest misfortunes was, that he neither believed in friendship, nor felt the necessity of loving. How often have I heard him say, "Friendship is but a name; I love nobody. I do not even love my brothers. Perhaps Joseph, a little, from habit and because he is my elder; and Duroc, I love him, too. But why? Because his character pleases me. He is stern and resolute; and I really believe the fellow never shed a tear.* For my part, I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue what I am, I may have as as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women; it is their business. But men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or government."

In his social relations, Bonaparte's temper was bad; but his fits of ill-humour passed away like a cloud, and spent themselves in words. His violent language and bitter imprecations were frequently premeditated. When he was going to reprimand any one, he liked to have a witness present. He would then say the harshest things, and level blows, against which few could bear up. But he never gave way to those violent ebullitions of rage, until he acquired undoubted proofs of the misconduct of those against whom they were directed. In scenes of this sort, I have frequently observed, that the presence of a third person seemed to give him confidence. Consequently, in a *tête-à-tête* interview, any one who knew his character, and who could maintain sufficient coolness and firmness, was sure to get the better of him. He told his friends at St. Helena, that he admitted a third person on such occasions, only that the blow might resound the further. That was not his real motive, or the better way would have been to perform the scene in public. He had other reasons. I observed that he did not like a *tête-à-tête;* and when he expected any one, he would say to me beforehand, "Bourrienne, you may remain;" and when any one was announced whom he did not expect, as a minister or a general, if I rose to retire, he would say, in a half-whisper, "Stay where you are." Certainly this was not done with the design of getting what he said reported abroad; for it belonged neither to my character nor my duty to gossip about what I had heard. Besides, it may be presumed, that the few who were admitted as witnesses to the conferences of Napoleon, were aware of the consequences attending indiscreet disclosures, under a government which was made acquainted with all that was said and done.

Bonaparte entertained a profound dislike of the sanguinary

* Duroc must not be judged of from what Bonaparte said, under the idea that he was complimenting him. Duroc's manners, it is true, were reserved and somewhat cold; but there were few better or kinder men.

men of the revolution, and especially of the regicides. He felt, as a painful burden, the obligation of dissembling towards them. He spoke to me in terms of horror, of those whom he called the assassins of Louis XVI., and he was annoyed at the necessity of employing them, and treating them with apparent respect. How many times has he not said to Cambacérès, pinching him by the ear, to soften, by that habitual familiarity, the bitterness of the remark, "My dear fellow, your case is clear; if ever the Bourbons come back, you will be hanged." A forced smile would then relax the livid countenance of Cambacérès, and was usually the only reply of the second consul, who, however, on one occasion, said, in my hearing, "Come, come, have done with this joking."

One thing which gave Bonaparte great pleasure, when in the country, was to see a tall, slender woman, dressed in white, walking beneath an alley of shaded trees. He detested coloured dresses, and especially dark ones. To fat women he had an invincible antipathy, and he could not endure the sight of a pregnant woman; it therefore rarely happened that a female in that situation was invited to his parties. He possessed every requisite for being what is called in society an agreeable man, except the will to be so. His manner was imposing rather than pleasing, and those who did not know him well, experienced in his presence an involuntary feeling of awe. In the drawing-room, where Josephine did the honours with so much grace and affability, all was gaiety and ease, and no one felt the presence of a superior; but, on Bonaparte's entrance, all was changed, and every eye was directed towards him, to read his humour in his countenance, whether he intended to be silent or talkative, dull or cheerful.

He often talked a great deal, and sometimes a little too much; but no one could tell a story in a more agreeable and interesting way. His conversation rarely turned on gay or humorous subjects, and never on trivial matters. He was so fond of argument, that in the warmth of discussion it was easy to draw from him secrets which he was most anxious to conceal. Sometimes, in a small circle, he would amuse himself by relating stories of presentiments and apparitions. For this he always chose the twilight of evening, and he would prepare his hearers for what was coming by some solemn remark. On one occasion of this kind, he said, in a very grave tone of voice, "When death strikes a person whom we love, and who is distant from us, a foreboding almost always denotes the event, and the dying person appears to us at the moment of his dissolution." He then immediately related the following anecdote: "A gentleman of the court of Louis XIV. was in the gallery of Versailles at the time that the king was reading to his courtiers the bulletin of the battle of Friedlingen, gained by Villars. Suddenly the gentleman saw, at the further end of the gallery, the ghost

of his son, who served under Villars. He exclaimed, 'My son is no more!' and next moment, the king named him among the dead."

When travelling, Bonaparte was particularly talkative. In the warmth of his conversation, which was always characterized by original and interesting ideas, he sometimes dropped hints of his future views, or, at least, he said things which were calculated to disclose what he wished to conceal. I took the liberty of mentioning to him this indiscretion, and, far from being offended, he acknowledged his mistake, adding, that he was not aware he had gone so far. He frankly avowed this want of caution when at St. Helena.

When in good humour, his usual tokens of kindness consisted in a little rap on the head or a slight pinch of the ear. In his most friendly conversations with those whom he admitted into his intimacy, he would say, "You are a fool"—"a simpleton"—"a ninny"—"a blockhead." These, and a few other words of like import, enabled him to vary his catalogue of compliments; but he never employed them angrily, and the tone in which they were uttered sufficiently indicated that they were meant in kindness.

Bonaparte had many singular habits and tastes. Whenever he experienced any vexation, or when any unpleasant thought occupied his mind, he would hum something which was far from resembling a tune, for his voice was very unmusical.* He would, at the same time, seat himself before the writing-table, and swing back in his chair so far, that I have often been fearful of his falling.

He would then vent his ill-humour on the right arm of his chair, mutilating it with his penknife, which he seemed to keep for no other purpose. I always took care to keep good pens ready for him; for, as it was my business to decipher his writing, I had a strong interest in doing what I could to make it legible.

The ringing of bells always produced in Bonaparte pleasurable sensations, which I could never account for. When we were at Malmaison, and walking in the alley, leading to the plain of Ruel, how many times has the bell of the village church interrupted our most serious conversations! He would stop, lest the noise of our footsteps should drown any portion of the delightful

* "Bonaparte could not sing, because nature had given him the most untunable voice imaginable. He was, however, very fond of humming any airs or fragments of musical compositions which pleased him, and which he happened to recollect. These little reminiscences usually came across his mind in the morning, while I was dressing him. The air which he most frequently hummed, though in a very imperfect way, was the "Marseillaise Hymn." The emperor used also to whistle tunes occasionally; and whenever he whistled the air of "Marlbrook," I knew it to be a sure prognostic of his approaching departure for the army. I recollect that he never whistled so much, nor appeared so cheerful, as when on the eve of departing for the Russian campaign."—*Mémoires de Constant.* (*Editor.*)

sound. He was almost angry with me, because I did not experience the impressions he did. So powerful was the effect produced upon him by the sound of these bells, that his voice would falter, as he said, "Ah! that reminds me of the first years I spent at Brienne! I was then happy!" When the bells ceased, he would resume the course of his speculations, carry himself into futurity, place a crown on his head, and dethrone kings.

Nowhere, except on the field of battle, did I ever see Bonaparte more happy than in the gardens of Malmaison.* At the commencement of the consulate, we used to go there every Saturday evening, and stay the whole of Sunday, and sometimes Monday. Bonaparte used to spend a considerable part of his time in walking and superintending the improvements which he had ordered. At first, he used to make excursions about the neighbourhood; but the reports of the police disturbed his natural confidence, and gave him reason to fear the attempts of concealed royalist partisans.

During the first four or five days that Bonaparte spent at Malmaison, he amused himself, after breakfast, with calculating the revenue of that domain. According to his estimates, it amounted to eight thousand francs. "That is not bad!" said he; "but to live here, would require an income of thirty thousand livres." I could not help smiling, to see him seriously engaged in such a calculation.

Bonaparte had no faith in medicine. He spoke of it as an art entirely conjectural, and his opinion on this subject was fixed and incontrovertible. His vigorous mind rejected all but demonstrated proofs.

He had little memory for proper names; but he had a wonderful recollection of facts and places. I recollect that, on going from Paris to Toulon, he pointed out to me ten places calculated for great battles, and he never forgot them. They were memoranda of his first youthful journeys.

Bonaparte was insensible to the charms of poetic harmony. He had not even sufficient ear to feel the rhythm of poetry, and he never could recite a verse without violating the metre: yet the grand ideas of poetry charmed him. He absolutely worshipped Corneille; and, one day, after having witnessed a performance of Cinna, he said to me, "If a man like Corneille were living in my time, I would make him my prime minister. It is not

* As Bonaparte was one day walking in these gardens with Madame de Clermont-Tonnere, now Madame de Talaru, in whose agreeable conversation he took much delight, he suddenly addressed her thus: "Madame de Clermont-Tonnere, what do you think of me?" This abrupt and unexpected question rendered the answer delicate and difficult: "Why, general," said the lady, after a moment's hesitation, "I think you are like a skilful architect, who never allows his structure to be seen until it is quite finished. You are building behind a scaffolding which you will throw down when your work is completed." "Just so, Madame, you are right, quite right," said Bonaparte hastily. "I never look forward less than two years."

his poetry that I most admire; it is his powerful understanding, his vast knowledge of the human heart, and his profound policy." At St. Helena, he said that he would have made Corneille a prince; but at the time he spoke to me of Corneille he had no thought of making either princes or kings.

Gallantry to women was by no means a trait in Bonaparte's character. He seldom said any thing agreeable to females, and he frequently addressed to them the rudest and most extraordinary remarks. To one he would say, "Heavens, how red your elbows are!"—To another, "What an ugly head-dress you have got!" At another time he would say, "Your dress is none of the cleanest. . . . . Do you never change your gown? I have seen you in that twenty times!"* He showed no mercy to any who displeased him on these points. He often gave Josephine directions about her toilet, and the exquisite taste for which she was distinguished might have helped to make him fastidious about the costume of other ladies. At first, he looked to elegance above all things: at a later period, he admired luxury and splendour; but he always required modesty. He frequently expressed his disapproval of the low-necked dresses which were so much in fashion at the beginning of the consulate.

Bonaparte did not love cards, and this was very fortunate for those who were invited to his parties; for when he was seated at a card-table, as he sometimes thought himself obliged to be, nothing could exceed the dulness of the drawing-room, either at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries. When, on the contrary, he walked about among the company, all were pleased, for he usually spoke to every body, though he preferred the conversation of men of science, especially those who had been with him in Egypt; as, for example, Monge and Berthollet. He also liked to talk with Chaptal and Lacépède, and with Lemercier, the author of "Agamemnon."

Bonaparte was seen to less advantage in a drawing-room than at the head of his troops. His military uniform became him much better than the handsomest dress of any other kind. His first trials of dress-coats were unfortunate. I have been informed that the first time he wore one, he kept on his black cravat. This incongruity was remarked to him, and he replied, "So much the better: it leaves me something of a military air, and there is no harm in that." For my own part, I neither saw the black cravat, nor heard this reply.†

* Bonaparte, after he became emperor, said one day to the beautiful Duchess de Chevereuse, in the presence of all the circle at the Tuileries: "Ah! that's droll enough; your hair is red?"—"Perhaps it is, Sire," replied the lady; "but this is the first time a man ever told me so." Madame de Chevereuse, whose hair was, on the contrary, a beautiful blond, was shortly after exiled to Tours, for having declined the office of maid of honour to the Queen of Spain.

† On the subject of Bonaparte's dress, Constant gives the following details:

The first consul paid his own private bills very punctually but he was always tardy in settling the accounts of the contractors who bargained with ministers for supplies for the public service. He put off these payments by all sorts of excuses and shufflings. Hence arose immense arrears in the expenditure, and the necessity of appointing a committee of liquidation. In his opinion, the terms *contractor* and *rogue* were synonymous. All that he avoided paying them, he regarded as a just restitution to himself; and all the sums which were struck off from their accounts, he regarded as so much deducted from a theft. The less a minister paid out of his budget, the more Bonaparte was pleased with him; and this ruinous system of economy can alone explain the credit which Decrès so long enjoyed at the expense of the French navy.

On the subject of religion, Bonaparte's ideas were very vague. "My reason," said he, "makes me incredulous respecting many things; but the impressions of my childhood and early youth throw me into uncertainty." He was very fond of talking of religion. In Italy, in Egypt, and on board the Orient and the Muiron, I have known him to take part in very animated conversations on this subject. He readily yielded up all that was proved against religion as the work of men and time: but he would not hear of materialism. I recollect that, one fine night, when he was on deck with some persons who were arguing in favour of materialism, Bonaparte raised his hand to heaven, and, pointing to the stars, said, "You may talk as long as you please, gentlemen, but who made all that?" The perpetuity of a name in the memory of man was to him the immortality of the soul. He was perfectly tolerant towards every variety of religious faith.*

Among Bonaparte's singular habits, was that of seating him

"His majesty's waistcoats and smallclothes were always of white cassimir. He changed them every morning, and never wore them after they had been washed three or four times. He never wore any but white silk stockings. His shoes, which were very light and lined with silk, were ornamented with gold buckles of an oval form, either plain or wrought. He also occasionally wore gold knee-buckles. During the empire, I never saw him wear pantaloons. The emperor never wore jewels. In his pockets he carried neither purse nor money, but merely his handkerchief, snuff-box, and *bonbonnière* (or sweetmeat-box). He usually wore only two decorations, viz., the cross of the Legion of Honour, and that of the Iron Crown. Across his waistcoat, and under his uniform coat, he wore a *cordon rouge*, the two ends of which were scarcely perceptible. When he received company at the Tuileries, or attended a review, he wore the grand *cordon* on the outside of his coat. His hat, which it is almost superfluous to describe, as long as portraits of his majesty are extant, was of an extremely fine and light kind of beaver. The inside was wadded and lined with silk. It was unadorned with either cord, tassel, or feather, its only ornament being a silk loop, fastening a small tri-coloured cockade."—*Editor.*

* Policy induced Bonaparte to re-establish religious worship in France, which he thought would be a powerful aid to the consolidation of his power; but he would never consent to the persecution of other religions. He wished to influence mankind in positive and temporal things, but not in points of belief.

self on any table which happened to be of a suitable height for him. He would often sit on mine, resting his left arm on my right shoulder, and swinging his left leg, which did not reach the ground; and while he dictated to me, he would jolt the table so that I could scarcely write.

Bonaparte had a great dislike to reconsider any decision, even when it was acknowledged to be unjust. In little, as well as in great things, he evinced his repugnance to retrograde. An instance of this occurred in the affair of General Latour-Foissac. The first consul felt how much he had wronged that general; but he wished some time to elapse before he repaired his error. His heart and his conduct were at variance: but his feelings were overcome by what he conceived to be political necessity. Bonaparte was never known to say "I have done wrong:" his usual observation was, "I begin to think there is something wrong."

In spite of this sort of feeling, which was more worthy of an ill-humoured philosopher than the head of a government, Bonaparte was neither malignant nor vindictive. I cannot certainly defend him against all the reproaches which he incurred through the imperious law of war and cruel necessity, but I may say that he has often been unjustly accused. None but those who are blinded by fury will call him a Nero or a Caligula. I think I have avowed his faults with sufficient candour to entitle me to credit when I speak in his commendation; and I declare that, out of the field of battle, Bonaparte had a kind and feeling heart. He was very fond of children, a trait which seldom distinguishes a bad man. In the relations of private life, to call him amiable would not be using too strong a word, and he was very indulgent to the weakness of human nature. The contrary opinion is too firmly fixed in some minds for me to hope to root it out. I shall, I fear, have contradictors, but I address myself to those who look for truth. To judge impartially we must take into account the influence which time and circumstances exercise on men; and distinguish between the different characters of the collegian, the general, the consul, and the emperor.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### 1800.

Bonaparte's laws—Suppression of the festival of the 21st of January—Official visits—The Temple—Louis XVI. and Sir Sydney Smith—Peculation during the Directory—Loan raised—Modest budget—The consul and the member of the Institute—The figure of the republic—Duroc's missions—The King of Prussia—The Emperor Alexander—General Latour-Foissac—Arbitrary decree—Company of players for Egypt—Singular ideas respecting literary property—The preparatory consulate—The journals—Sabres and muskets of honour—The first consul and his comrade—The bust of Brutus—Statues in the gallery of the Tuileries—Sections of the council of state—Costumes of public functionaries—Masquerades—The opera-balls—Recal of the exiles.

It is not my purpose to say much about the laws, decrees, and senatus-consulta, which the first consul either passed or caused to be passed, after his accession to power. What were they all, with the exception of the civil code? The legislative reveries of the different men who have from time to time ruled France, form an immense labyrinth, in which chicanery bewilders reason and common sense; and they would long since have been buried in oblivion, had they not occasionally served to authorize injustice. I cannot, however, pass over unnoticed the happy effect produced in Paris, and throughout the whole of France, by some of the first decisions of the consuls. Perhaps, none but those who witnessed the state of society during the reign of terror can fully appreciate the satisfaction which the first steps towards the restoration of social order produced in the breasts of all honest men. The Directory, more base, and not less perverse, than the Convention, had retained the horrible 21st of January among the festivals of the republic. One of Bonaparte's first ideas, on attaining the possession of power, was to abolish this; but such was the ascendancy of the abettors of the fearful event, that he could not venture on a straightforward course. He and his two colleagues, who were Siéyès and Roger-Ducos, signed, on the 5th Nivose, a decree, setting forth that in future the only festivals to be celebrated by the republic were the 1st Vendémiaire and the 14th of July, intending by this means to consecrate provisionally the recollection of the foundation of the republic and of liberty.

All was calculation with Bonaparte. To produce effect was

his highest gratification. Thus he let slip no opportunity of saying or doing things which were calculated to dazzle the multitude. While at the Luxembourg, he went sometimes, accompanied by his aides-de-camp, and sometimes by a minister, to pay certain official visits. I did not accompany him on these occasions; but almost always either on his return, after dinner, or in the evening, he related to me what he had done and said. He congratulated himself on having paid a visit to Daubenton, at the Jardin des Plantes, and talked with great self-complacency of the distinguished way in which he had treated the contemporary of Buffon.

On the 24th Brumaire he visited the prisons. He liked to make these visits unexpectedly, and to take the governors of the different public establishments by surprise: so that having no time to make their preparations, he might see things as they really were. I was in his closet when he returned, for I had a great deal of business to go through in his absence. As he entered, he exclaimed, "What animals these directors are! To what a state they have brought our public establishments! But, stay a little! I will put all in order. The prisons are in a shocking unwholesome state, and the prisoners miserably fed. I questioned them, and I questioned the jailers, for nothing is to be learned from the superiors. They, of course, always speak well of their own work. When I was in the Temple, I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He was an excellent man, but too amiable, too gentle. He knew not how to deal with mankind. And Sir Sydney Smith! I made them show me his apartment. If the fools had not let him escape, I should have taken St. Jean d'Acre! There are too many painful recollections connected with that prison. I will certainly have it pulled down some day or other! Know you what I did at the Temple? I ordered the jailers' books to be brought me, and finding that some hostages were in confinement, I liberated them. 'An unjust law,' said I, 'has deprived you of liberty; my first duty is to restore it you.' Was not this well done, Bourrienne?" As I was, no less than Bonaparte himself, an enemy to the revolutionary laws, I congratulated him sincerely; and he was very sensible to my approbation, for I was not accustomed to greet him with "well; very well," on all occasions. It is true, knowing his character as I did, I avoided saying any thing that was calculated to offend him; but when I said nothing, he knew very well how to construe my silence. Had I flattered him I should have continued longer in favour.

Bonaparte always spoke angrily of the directors he had turned off. Their incapacity disgusted and astonished him. "What simpletons! what a government!" he would frequently exclaim, when he looked into the measures of the Directory. "Bourrienne," said he, "can you imagine any thing more pitiabl than their system of finance! Can it for a moment be doubted

that the principal agents of authority daily committed the most fraudulent peculations? What venality! what disorder! what wastefulness! every thing put up for sale: places, provisions, clothing, and military, all were disposed of. Have they not actually consumed seventy-five millions in advance? And then, think of all the scandalous fortunes accumulated, all the malversations! But are there no means of making them refund? We shall see."

In these first moments of poverty, it was found necessary to raise a loan, and twelve millions were advanced by the different bankers of Paris, who, I believe, were paid by bills of the receivers-general, the discount of which then amounted to about thirty-three per cent. The salaries of the first offices were not very considerable, and did not amount to any thing like the exorbitant stipends of the empire. The following table shows the modest budget of the consular governments for the year VIII.:

| | Francs. |
|---|---|
| Legislative Body | 2,400,000 |
| Tribunat | 1,312,000 |
| Archives | 75,000 |
| The three Consuls, including 750,000 fr. of secret service money | 1,800,000 |
| Council of State | 675,000 |
| Secretaries to the Councils and to the Counsellors of State | 112,500 |
| The six Ministers | 360,000 |
| The Minister for Foreign Affairs | 90,000 |
| Total | 6,854,500 |

Bonaparte's salary was fixed at five hundred thousand francs. What a contrast to the three hundred millions in gold, which were reported to have been concealed in 1811 in the cellars of the Tuileries!

In mentioning Bonaparte's nomination to the Institute, and his affectation in putting at the head of his proclamation his title of member of that learned body, before that of general-in-chief, I omitted to state what value he really attached to that title. The truth is that, when young and ambitious, he was pleased with the proffered title, which he thought would raise him in public estimation. How often have we laughed together, when he weighed the value of his scientific titles! Bonaparte, to be sure, knew something of mathematics, a good deal of history, and, I need not add, possessed extraordinary military talent; but he was nevertheless, a useless member of the Institute.

On his return from Egypt, he began to grow weary of a title which gave him so many colleagues. "Do you not think," said he one day to me, "that there is something mean and humiliating in the words, *I have the honour to be, my dear Colleague?*" Generally speaking, all phrases which indicated

equality displeased him. It will be recollected how gratified he was that I did not address him in the second person singular, on our meeting at Leoben, and also what befel M. de Cominges at Bâle, because he did not observe the same precaution.

The figure of the republic seated, and holding a spear in her hand, which, at the commencement of the consulate, was stamped on official letters, was speedily abolished. Happy would it have been, if Liberty herself had not suffered the same treatment as her emblem! The title of first consul made him despise that of member of the Institute. He no longer entertained the least predilection for that learned body, and subsequently he regarded it with much suspicion. It was a *body* an *authorized assembly*; these were reasons sufficient for him to take umbrage at it, and he never concealed his dislike of all bodies possessing the privilege of meeting and deliberating.

While we were at the Luxembourg, Bonaparte despatched Duroc on a special mission to the King of Prussia. This happened, I think, at the very beginning of the year 1800. He selected Duroc because he was a man of good education and agreeable manners, and one who could express himself with elegance and reserve, qualities not often met with at that period. Duroc had been with us in Italy, in Egypt, and on board the Muiron, and the consul easily guessed that the King of Prussia would be delighted to hear from an eyewitness the events of Bonaparte's campaigns, especially the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, and the scenes which took place during the months of March and May at Jaffa. Besides, the first consul considered it indispensable that such circumstantial details should be given in a way to leave no doubt of their correctness. His intentions were fully realized; for Duroc told me, on his return, that nearly the whole of the conversation he had with the king turned upon St. Jean d'Acre and Jaffa. He staid nearly two whole hours with his majesty, who, the day after, gave him an invitation to dinner. When this intelligence arrived at the Luxembourg, I could perceive that the chief of the republic was exceedingly flattered that one of his aides-de-camp should have sat at table with a king, who, some years after, was doomed to wait for him in his antechamber at Tilsit.

Duroc never spoke on politics to the King of Prussia, which was very fortunate, for considering his age, and the exclusively military life he had led, he could scarcely have been expected to avoid blunders. Some time after, that is to say, after the death of Paul I., he was sent to congratulate Alexander on his accession to the throne. Bonaparte's design in thus making choice of Duroc, was to introduce to the courts of Europe, by confidential missions, a young man to whom he was much attached, and also to bring him forward in France. Duroc went on his third mission to Berlin, after the war broke out

with Austria. He often wrote to me, and his letters convinced me how much he had improved himself within a short time.

Another circumstance which happened at the commencement of the consulate, affords an example of Bonaparte's inflexibility, when he had once formed a determination. In the spring of 1799, when we were in Egypt, the Directory gave to General Latour-Foissac, a highly distinguished officer, the command of Mantua, the taking of which had so powerfully contributed to the glory of the conqueror of Italy. Shortly after Latour's appointment to this important post, the Austrians besieged Mantua. It was well known that the garrison was supplied with provisions and ammunition for a long resistance; yet, in the month of July it surrendered to the Austrians. The act of capitulation contained a curious article, viz., "General Latour-Foissac and his staff shall be conducted, as prisoners, to Austria; the garrison shall be allowed to return to France." This distinction between the general and the troops intrusted to his command, and, at the same time, the prompt surrender of Mantua, were circumstances which, it must be confessed, were calculated to excite suspicions of Latour-Foissac. The consequence was, when Bernadotte was made war minister, he ordered an inquiry into the general's conduct by a court-martial. Latour-Foissac had no sooner returned to France, than he published a justificatory memorial, in which he showed the impossibility of his having made a longer defence, when he was in want of many objects of the first necessity.

Such was the state of the affair on Bonaparte's elevation to the consular power. The loss of Mantua, the possession of which had cost him so many sacrifices, roused his indignation to so high a pitch, that whenever the subject was mentioned, he could find no words to express his rage. He stopped the investigation of the court-martial, and issued a violent decree against Latour-Foissac, even before his culpability had been proved. This proceeding occasioned much discussion, and was very dissatisfactory to many general officers, who, by this arbitrary decision, found themselves in danger of forfeiting the privilege of being tried by their natural judges, whenever they happened to displease the first consul. For my own part, I must say, that this decree against Latour-Foissac was one which I saw issued with considerable regret. I was alarmed for the consequences. After the lapse of a few days, I ventured to point out to him the undue severity of the step he had taken; I reminded him of all that had been said in Latour-Foissac's favour, and tried to convince him how much more just it would be to allow the trial to come to a conclusion. "In a country," said I, "like France, where the point of honour stands above every thing, it is impossible Foissac can escape condemnation, if he be culpable."—"Perhaps you are right, Bourrienne," rejoined he; "but the blow is struck; the decree is issued. I

have given the same explanation to every one; but I cannot so suddenly retrace my steps. To retrograde is to be lost. I cannot acknowledge myself in the wrong. By and by we shall see what can be done. Time will bring lenity and pardon. At present it would be premature." Such, word for word, was Bonaparte's reply. If with this be compared what he said on the subject at St. Helena, it will be found that his ideas continued nearly unchanged; the only difference is, that instead of the impetuosity of 1800, he expressed himself with the calmness which time and adversity naturally produce.*

Bonaparte, as I have before observed, loved contrasts; and I remember at the very time he was acting so violently against Latour-Foissac, he condescended to busy himself about a company of players, which he wished to send to Egypt, or rather that he pretended to wish to send there, because the announcement of such a project conveyed an impression of the prosperous condition of our oriental colony. The consuls gravely appointed the minister of the interior to execute this business, and the minister, in his turn, delegated his powers to Florence, the actor. In their instructions to the minister, the consuls observed that it would be advisable to include some female dancers in the company; a suggestion which corresponds with Bonaparte's note, in which were specified all that he considered necessary for the Egyptian expedition.

The first consul entertained singular notions respecting literary property. On his hearing that a piece, entitled "Misanthropie et Repentir," had been brought out at the Odeon, he said to me, "Bourrienne, you have been robbed."—"I, general? how?"—"You have been robbed, I tell you, and they are now acting your piece." I have already mentioned, that during my stay at Warsaw, I amused myself with translating a celebrated play of Kotzebue. While we were in Italy, I lent Bonaparte my translation to read, and he expressed himself much pleased with it. He greatly admired the piece, and often went to see it acted at the Odeon. On his return, he invariably gave me fresh reasons for my claiming what he was pleased to call my property. I represented to him, that the translation of a foreign work belonged to any one who chose to execute it. He would not, however, give up his point, and I was obliged to assure him that my occupations in his service left me no time to engage in a literary lawsuit. He then exacted a promise from me to translate Goëthe's "Werther." I told him it was already done,

* "It was," says the 'Memorial' of St. Helena, "an illegal and tyrannical act, but still it was a necessary evil. It was the fault of the law. He was a hundred, nay, a thousand fold guilty, and yet it was doubtful whether he would be condemned. We therefore assailed him with the shafts of honour and public opinion. Yet, I repeat it was a tyrannical act, and one of those violent measures which are at times necessary in great nations and in extraordinary circumstances."

though indifferently, and that I could not possibly devote to the subject the time it merited. I read over to him one of the letters I had translated into French, and which he seemed to approve.

That interval of the consular government, during which Bonaparte remained at the Luxembourg, may be called the preparatory consulate. Then were sown the seeds of the great events which he meditated, and of those institutions with which he wished to mark his possession of power. He was then, if I may use the expression, two individuals in one: the republican general, who was obliged to appear the advocate of liberty and the principles of the revolution; and the votary of ambition, secretly plotting the downfal of that liberty and those principles.

I often wondered at the consummate address with which he contrived to deceive those who were likely to see through his designs. This hypocrisy, which some, perhaps, may call profound policy, was indispensable to the accomplishment of his projects; and sometimes, as if to keep himself in practice, he would do it in matters of secondary importance. For example, his opinion of the insatiable avarice of Siéyès is well known; yet, when he proposed, in his message to the council of Ancients, to give his colleague, under the title of national recompence, the price of his obedient secession, it was, in the words of the message, a recompence worthily bestowed on his *disinterested virtues.*

While at the Luxembourg, Bonaparte showed, by a consular act, his hatred of the liberty of the press, above all liberties, for he loved none.

The 27th Nivose, the consuls, or rather the first consul, published a decree, the real object of which was evidently contrary to its implied object.

This decree stated, that

The consuls of the republic, considering that some of the journals printed at Paris are instruments *in the hands of the enemies of the republic*, over the safety of which the government is specially intrusted by the people of France to watch, decree—

That the minister of police shall, during the continuation of the war, allow only the following journals to be printed and published, viz.—Le Moniteur-Universel; Le Journal des Débats et Décrets; Le Journal de Paris; Le Bien-Informé; Le Publiciste; L'Ami des Lois; La Clef des Cabinets; Le Citoyen François; La Gazette de France; Le Journal des Hommes Libres; Le Journal du Soir, by the brothers Chaigneau; Le Journal des Défenseurs de la Patrie; La Décade Philosophique, and those papers which are exclusively devoted to science, art, literature, commerce, and advertisements.

Surely this decree may well be considered as preparatory; and the fragment I have quoted may serve as a standard for measuring the greater part of those acts, by which Bonaparte sought to gain, for the consolidation of his power, what he seemed to be seeking solely for the interest of the friends of the

republic. The limitation to the period of the continuance of the war had also a certain provisional air which afforded hope for the future. But every thing provisional is, in its nature, very elastic; and Bonaparte knew how to draw it out *ad infinitum*. The decree, moreover, enacted, that if any of the uncondemned journals should insert articles *against the sovereignty of the people*, they would be immediately suppressed. In truth, great indulgence was shown on this point, even after the emperor's coronation.

The presentation of sabres and muskets of honour, also originated at the Luxembourg; and this practice was, without doubt, a preparatory step to the foundation of the Legion of Honour. A grenadier sergeant, named Leon Aune, who had been included in the first distribution, easily obtained permission to write to the first consul to thank him. Bonaparte, wishing to answer him in his own name, dictated to me the following letter for Aune:

I have received your letter, my brave comrade. You needed not to have told me of your exploits, for you are the bravest grenadier in the whole army, since the death of Benezete. You received one of the hundred sabres I distributed to the army, and all agreed you most deserved it.

I wish very much to see you. The war minister sends you an order to come to Paris.

This wheedling wonderfully favoured Bonaparte's designs. His letter to Aune could not fail to be circulated through the army. A sergeant called *my brave comrade*, by the First Consul —the First Genoral of France! Who but a thorough republican, the stanch friend of equality, would have done this? This was enough to wind up the enthusiasm of the army. At the same time, it must be confessed, that Bonaparte began to find the Luxembourg too little for him, and preparations were set on foot at the Tuileries.

Still this great step towards the re-establishment of the monarchy was to be cautiously prepared. It was important to do away with the idea that none but a king could occupy the palace of our ancient kings. What was to be done? A very fine bust of Brutus had been brought from Italy. Brutus was the destroyer of tyrants! This was the very thing; and David was commissioned to place it in a gallery of the Tuileries. Could there be a greater proof of the consul's horror of tyranny?

To sleep at the Tuileries, in the bedchamber of the kings of France, was all that Bonaparte wanted; the rest would follow, in due course. He was willing to be satisfied with establishing a principle, the consequences of which were to be afterwards deduced. Hence the affectation of never inserting in official acts the name of the Tuileries, but designating that place as the palace of the government. The first preparations were modest,

for it did not become a good republican to be fond of pomp. Accordingly, Lecomte, who was at that time architect of the Tuileries, merely received orders to *clean* the palace, an expression which might bear more than one meaning, after the meetings which had been there. For this purpose, the sum of five hundred thousand francs was sufficient. Bonaparte's drift was to conceal, as far as possible, the importance he attached to the change of his consular domicile. But little expense was requisite for fitting up apartments for the first consul. Simple ornaments, such as marbles and statues, were to decorate the palace of the government.

Nothing escaped Bonaparte's consideration. Thus, it was not merely at hazard, that he selected the statues of great men to adorn the gallery of the Tuileries. Among the Greeks, he made choice of Demosthenes and Alexander, thus rendering homage, at once, to the genius of eloquence and the genius of victory. The statue of Hannibal was intended to recal the memory of Rome's most formidable enemy; and Rome herself was represented in the consular palace by the statues of Scipio, Cicero, Cato, Brutus and Cæsar—the victor and the immolator being placed side by side. Among the great men of modern times, he gave the first place to Gustavus Adolphus, and the next to Turenne and the great Condé—to Turenne, in honour of his military talent; and to Condé, to prove that there was nothing fearful in the recollection of a Bourbon. The remembrance of the glorious days of the French navy was revived by the statue of Duguai Trouin. Marlborough and Prince Eugène had also their places in the gallery, as if to attest the disasters which marked the close of the great reign; and Marshal Saxe, to show that Louis the Fifteenth's reign was not without its glory The statues of Frederic and Washington were emblematic of false philosophy on a throne, and true wisdom founding a free state. Finally, the names of Dugommier, Dampierre and Joubert, were intended to bear evidence of the high esteem which Bonaparte cherished for his old comrades; those illustrious victims to a cause which had now ceased to be his.

The reader has already been informed of the attempts made by Bonaparte to induce England and Austria to negotiate with the consular government, which the King of Prussia was the first of the sovereigns of Europe to recognise. These attempts having proved unavailing, it became necessary to carry on the war with renewed vigour, and also to explain why the peace, which had been promised at the beginning of the consulate, was still nothing but a promise. In fulfilment of these two objects, Bonaparte addressed an energetic proclamation to the armies, which was remarkable for not being followed by the usual sacred words, "Vive la République!"

At the same time Bonaparte completed the formation of the council of State, and divided it into five sections:—1st. The

Interior; 2d. Finance; 3d. Marine; 4th. The War Department; 5th. Legislation. He fixed the salaries of the councillors of the state at twenty-five thousand francs, and that of the presidents of sections at thirty thousand. He settled the costume of the consuls, the ministers, and the different bodies of the state. This led to the reintroduction of velvet, which had been banished with the old regime, and the encouragement of the manufactures of Lyons was the reason alleged for employing this un-republican article in the different dresses, as those of the consuls and ministers. It was Bonaparte's constant aim to efface the republic, even in the utmost trifles, and to prepare matters so well that the customs and habits of monarchy being restored, there should only then remain a word to be changed.

I never remember to have seen Bonaparte in the consular dress, which he detested, and which he wore only because duty required him to do so at public ceremonies. The only dress he was fond of, and in which he felt at ease, was that in which he subjugated the ancient Eridanus and the Nile, namely, the uniform of the Guides, to which corps Bonaparte was always sincerely attached.

The masquerade of official dresses was not the only one which Bonaparte summoned to the aid of his policy. At that period of the year VIII., which corresponded with the carnival of 1800, masques began to be resumed at Paris. Disguises were all the fashion, and Bonaparte favoured the revival of old amusements; first, because they were old, and next, because they were the means of diverting the attention of the people: for, as he had established the principle that on the field of battle it is necessary to divide the enemy in order to beat him, he conceived it no less advisable to divert the people, in order to enslave them. Bonaparte did not say *panem et circenses*, for I believe his knowledge of Latin did not extend even to that well-known phrase of Juvenal, but he put the maxim in practice. He accordingly authorized the revival of balls at the opera, which they who lived during that period of the consulate know was an important event in Paris. Some gladly viewed it as a little conquest in favour of the old regime; and others, who for that very reason disapproved it, were too shallow to understand the influence of little over great things. The women and the young men did not bestow a thought on the subject, but yielded willingly to the attractions of pleasure. Bonaparte, who was delighted at having provided a diversion for the gossiping of the Parisian saloons, said to me one day, "While they are chatting about all this, they do not babble upon politics, and that is what I want. Let them dance and amuse themselves, as long as they do not thrust their noses into the councils of the government; besides, Bourrienne," added he, "I have other reasons for encouraging this, I see other advantages in it. Trade is languishing; Fouche tells me that there are great complaints. This will set a little

money in circulation; besides, I am on my guard about the jacobins. Every thing is not bad, because it is not new. I prefer the opera-balls to the saturnalia of the Goddess of Reason. I was never so enthusiastically applauded as at the last parade."

A consular decision of a different and more important nature had, shortly before, namely, at the commencement of Nivose, brought happiness to many families. Bonaparte, as every one knows, had prepared the events of the 18th Fructidor, that he might have some plausible reasons for overthrowing the Directory. The Directory being overthrown, he was now anxious, at least, in part, to undo what he had done on the 18th Fructidor. He therefore ordered a report on the persons exiled to be presented to him by the minister of the police. In consequence of this report, he authorized forty of them to return to France, placing them under the observation of the minister, and assigning them their place of residence. However, they did not long remain under these restrictions, and many of them were soon called to fill high places in the government. It was indeed natural that Bonaparte, still wishing, at least in appearance, to found his government on those principles of moderate republicanism which had caused their exile, should invite them to second his views.

Barrère wrote a justificatory letter to the first consul, who, however, took no notice of it, for he could not get so far as to favour Barrère. Thus did Bonaparte receive into the councils of the consulate the men who had been exiled by the Directory, just as he afterwards appointed the emigrants and those exiles of the revolution to high offices under the empire. The time and the men alone differed; the intention in both cases was the same.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### 1800.

Bonaparte and Paul I.—Lord Whitworth—Baron Sprengporten's arrival at Paris—Paul's admiration of Bonaparte—Their close connexion and correspondence—The royal challenge—General Mack—The road to Malmaison—Attempts at assassination—Death of Washington—National mourning—Ambitious calculation—M. de Fontanes, the skilful orator—Fête at the Temple of Mars.

The first relations between Bonaparte and Paul I. commenced a short time after the accession to the consulate. Affairs then began to look a little less unfavourable: already vague reports from Switzerland and the banks of the Rhine indicated

a coldness existing between the Russians and the Austrians; and, at the same time, symptoms of a misunderstanding between the courts of London and St. Petersburg began to be perceptible. The first consul having, in the mean time, discovered the chivalrous and somewhat eccentric character of Paul I., thought the moment a propitious one to attempt breaking the bonds which united Russia and England. He was not the man to allow so fine an opportunity to pass, and he took advantage of it with his ordinary sagacity. The English had some time before refused to comprehend in a cartel for the exchange of prisoners seven thousand Russians taken in Holland. Bonaparte ordered them all to be armed, and clothed in new uniforms appropriate to the corps to which they had belonged, and sent them back to Russia, without ransom, without exchange, or any condition whatever. This judicious munificence was not thrown away. Paul showed himself deeply sensible of it, and, closely allied as he had lately been with England, he now, all at once, declared himself her enemy. This triumph of policy delighted the first consul.

Thenceforth the consul and the czar became the best friends possible. They strove to outdo each other in professions of friendship; and it may be believed that Bonaparte did not fail to turn this contest of politeness to his own advantage. He so well worked upon the mind of Paul, that he succeeded in obtaining a direct influence over the cabinet of St. Petersburg.

Lord Whitworth, at that time the English ambassador in Russia, was ordered to quit the capital without delay, and to retire to Riga, which then became the focus of the intrigues of the north, which ended in the death of Paul. The English ships were seized in all the ports, and, at the pressing instance of the czar, a Prussian army menaced Hanover. Bonaparte lost no time, and, profiting by the friendship manifested towards him by the inheritor of Catherine's power, determined to make that friendship subservient to the execution of the vast plan which he had long conceived: he meant to undertake an expedition by land against the English colonies in the East Indies.

The arrival of Baron Sprengporten at Paris caused great satisfaction among the partisans of the consular government, that is to say, almost every one in Paris. M. Sprengporten was a native of Swedish Finland. He had been appointed, by Catherine, chamberlain and lieutenant-general of her forces, and he was not less in favour with Paul, who treated him in the most distinguished manner. He came on an extraordinary mission, being ostensibly clothed with the title of plenipotentiary, and at the same time, appointed confidential minister to the consul. Bonaparte was extremely satisfied with the ambassador whom Paul had selected, and with the manner in which he described the emperor's gratitude for the generous conduct

of the first consul. M. Sprengporten did not conceal the extent of Paul's dissatisfaction with his allies. The bad issue, he said, of the war with France, had already disposed the emperor to connect himself with that power, when the return of his troops at once determined him.

We could easily perceive that Paul placed great confidence in M. Sprengporten. As he had satisfactorily discharged the mission with which he had been intrusted, Paul expressed pleasure at his conduct in several friendly and flattering letters, which Sprengporten always allowed us to read. No one could be fonder of France than he was, and he ardently desired that his first negotiations might lead to a long alliance between the Russian and French governments. The autograph and very frequent correspondence between Bonaparte and Paul passed through his hands. I read all Paul's letters, which were remarkable for the frankness with which his affection for Bonaparte was expressed. His admiration of the first consul was so great, that no courtier could have written in a more flattering manner.

This admiration was not feigned on the part of the Emperor of Russia: it was no less sincere than ardent, and of this he soon gave proofs. The violent hatred he had conceived towards the English government, induced him to defy to single combat every king who would not declare war against England, and shut his ports against English ships. He inserted a challenge to the King of Denmark in the St. Petersburg Court Gazette; but not choosing to apply officially to the senate of Hamburg to order its insertion in the Correspondent, conducted by M. Storer, he sent the article, through Count Pahlen, to M. Schramm, a Hamburg merchant. The count told M. Schramm that the emperor would be much pleased to see the article of the St. Petersburg Court Gazette copied into the Correspondent; and that if it should be inserted, he wished to have a dozen copies of the paper printed on vellum, and sent to him by an extraordinary courier. It was Paul's intention to send a copy to every sovereign in Europe; but this piece of folly, after the manner of Charles XII., led to no further results.

Bonaparte never felt greater satisfaction in the whole course of his life, than he experienced from Paul's enthusiasm for him. The friendship of a sovereign seemed to him a step, by which he was to become a sovereign himself. On the other hand, the affairs of La Vendée began to assume a better aspect, and he hoped soon to effect that pacification in the interior, which he so ardently desired.*

* This account agrees precisely with the following, dictated by Napoleon himself at St. Helena:

'The Emperor Paul had succeeded the Empress Catherine. Half frantic with his hostility to the French revolution, he had performed what his mother had contented herself with promising; and engaged in the second coalition.

It was during the first consul's residence at the Luxembourg that the first report on the civil code was made to the legislative

General Suwarrow, at the head of 60,000 Russians, advanced in Italy, whilst another Russian army entered Switzerland, and a corps of 15,000 men was placed by the czar at the disposal of the Duke of York, for the purpose of conquering Holland. These were all the disposable forces the Russian empire had. Suwarrow, although victorious at the battles of Cassano, the Trebbia, and Novi, had lost half his army in the Saint-Gothard, and the different valleys of Switzerland, after the battle of Zurich, in which Korsakow had been taken. Paul then became sensible of all the imprudence of his conduct; and in 1800, Suwarrow returned to Russia with scarcely a fourth of his army. The Emperor Paul complained bitterly of having lost the flower of his troops, who had neither been seconded by the Austrians nor by the English. He reproached the cabinet of Vienna with having refused, after the conquest of Piedmont, to replace the King of Sardinia upon his throne; with being destitute of grand and generous ideas, and wholly governed by calculation and interested views. He also complained that the English, when they took Malta, instead of reinstating the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and restoring that island to the knights, had appropriated it to themselves. The first consul did all in his power to cherish these seeds of discontent, and to make them productive. A little after the battle of Marengo, he found means to flatter the lively and impetuous imagination of the czar, by sending him the sword which Pope Leo X. had given to l'Ile Adam, as a memorial of his satisfaction, for having defended Rhodes against the infidels. From eight to ten thousand Russian soldiers had been made prisoners in Italy, at Zurich, and in Holland: the first consul proposed their exchange to the English and Austrians, both refused; the Austrians, because there were still many of their people prisoners in France; and the English, although they had a great number of French prisoners, because, as they said, this proposal was contrary to their principles. 'What!' it was said to the cabinet of St. James's, 'do you refuse to exchange even the Russians, who were taken in Holland, fighting in your own ranks under the Duke of York?' And to the cabinet of Vienna it was observed, 'How! do you refuse to restore to their country those men of the north to whom you are indebted for the victories of the Trebbia, and Novi, and for your conquests in Italy, and who have left in your hands a multitude of French prisoners taken by them? Such injustice excites my indignation,' said the first consul. 'Well! I will restore them to the czar without exchange; he shall see how I esteem brave men.' The Russian officers, who were prisoners, immediately received their swords, and the troops of that nation were assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle, where they were soon completely new clothed, and furnished with good arms of French manufacture. A Russian general was instructed to organize them in battalions and regiments. This blow struck at once at London and St. Petersburg. Paul, attacked in so many different directions, gave way to his enthusiastic temper, and attached himself to France with all the ardour of his character. He despatched a letter to the first consul, in which he said, 'Citizen, First Consul, I do not write to you to discuss the rights of men or citizens; every country governs itself as it pleases. Wherever I see at the head of a nation a man who knows how to rule and how to fight, my heart is attracted towards him. I write to acquaint you of my dissatisfaction with England, who violates every article of the law of nations, and has no guide but her egotism and interest. I wish to unite with you to put an end to the unjust proceedings of that government.'

"In the beginning of December, 1800, General Sprengporten, a Finlander, who had entered the Russian service, and who in his heart was attached to France, arrived at Paris. He brought letters from the Emperor Paul, and was instructed to take the command of the Russian prisoners, and to conduct them to their country. All the officers of that nation, who returned to Russia, constantly spoke in the highest terms of the kind treatment and attention they had met with in France, particularly after the arrival of the first consul. The corre-

body. It was then, also, that the regulations for the management of the bank of France were adopted, and that establishment, so necessary to France, was founded.

There was at this time in Paris a man who has acquired an unfortunate celebrity, the most unlucky of modern generals—in a word, General Mack. I should not notice that person here, were it not for the prophetic judgmeut which Bonaparte then pronounced on him. Mack had been obliged to deliver himself up at Championnet, some time before our landing at Frejus. He was received as a prisoner of war, and the town of Dijon had been appointed his place of residence, and there he remained until after the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte, now consul, permitted him to come to Paris, and to reside there on his parole. He applied for leave to go to Vienna, pledging himself to return again a prisoner to France, if the Emperor Francis would not consent to exchange him for Generals Perignon and Grouchy, then prisoners in Austria. His request was not granted, but his proposition was forwarded to Vienna. The court of Vienna refused to accede to it, not placing perhaps so much importance on the deliverance of Mack, as he had flattered himself it would.*

Bonaparte speaking to me of him one day, said, "Mack is a man of the lowest mediocrity I ever saw in my life; he is full of self-sufficiency and conceit, and believes himself equal to any thing. He has no talent. I should like to see him opposed some day to one of our good generals; we should then see fine work. He is a boaster, and that is all. He is really one of the most silly men existing; and, besides all that, he is unlucky." Was not this opinion of Bonaparte, formed on the past, fully verified by the future?

It was at Malmaison that Bonaparte thus spoke of General Mack. That place was then far from resembling what it afterwards became, and the road to it was neither pleasant nor sure.

spondence between the emperor and Napoleon soon became daily; they treated directly on the most important interests, and on the means of humbling the English power. General Sprengporten was not instructed to make peace; he had no powers for that purpose; neither was he an ambassador; peace did not exist. It was, therefore, an extraordinary mission, which allowed of this general's being treated with every distinction calculated to gratify the sovereign who had sent him, without the possibility of the occurrence of any inconvenience from such attentions."—*Napoleon's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

* Mack escaped from Paris in the month of April, 1800. He afterwards contrived to excuse the faults which had been imputed to him, and insinuated himself into the good graces of the Emperor of Austria. By means of boasting, intriguing, and plotting, he at last succeeded in obtaining employment. He constantly railed against France, and spoke of nothing but his desire to revenge his captivity at Paris. His deeds, however, did not correspond with his threats. Every one knows how he revenged himself at Ulm, in the commencement of the campaign of 1805. He would infallibly have paid the forfeit of his head for surrendering that town, had not Bonaparte, then the Emperor Napoleon, stipulated for his life in one of the articles of the treaty of Presburg.

There was not a house on the road; and in the evening, during the season when we were there, it was not frequented all the way from Saint-Germain. Those numerous vehicles, which the demands of luxury and an increasing population have created, did not then, as now, pass along the roads in the environs of Paris. Every where the road was sad, solitary, and dangerous; and I learned with certainty that many schemes were laid for carrying off the first consul during one of his evening journeys.* They were unsuccessful, and orders were given to enclose the quarries, which were too near to the road. On Saturday evening Bonaparte left the Luxembourg, and afterwards the Tuileries, to go to Malmaison, and I cannot better express the joy he then appeared to experience, than by comparing it to the delight of a schoolboy on getting a holiday.

Before removing from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries, Bonaparte determined to dazzle the eyes of the Parisians by a splendid ceremony. He had appointed it to take place on the decade, Pluviose 12, that is to say, ten days before his final departure from the old directorial palace. These kinds of fêtes did not resemble what they afterwards became; their attraction consisted in the splendour of military dress: and Bonaparte was always sure that whenever he mounted his horse, surrounded by a brilliant staff, from which he was to be distinguished by the simplicity of his costume, his path would be crowded, and himself greeted with acclamations by the people of Paris. The object of this fête was at first only to present to the Hôtel des Invalides, then called the Temple of Mars, seventy-two flags taken from the Turks in the battle of Aboukir, and brought from Egypt to Paris; but intelligence of Washington's death, who expired on the 14th of December, 1799, having reached Bonaparte, he eagerly took advantage of that event to produce more effect, and mixed the mourning cypress with the laurels he had collected in Egypt. He made the most of this piece of news, and dictated to me the following note, addressed to the consular guard and the army:

Washington is dead! that great man, who fought against tyranny, and consolidated his country's freedom. His memory will be always

* Among the various attempts on the life of Bonaparte, which are said to have been made at this period, the following is mentioned by Constant:

"Some repairs and embellishments were required in the fire-places of the first consul's apartments, at Malmaison. Among the workmen who were sent to execute these repairs, there were some fellows of suspicious appearance and manner, who, it was conjectured, were bribed by conspirators. This supposition proved but too well founded. When the apartments were ready for the reception of the first consul, there was found on his desk a snuff-box, precisely resembling one of those which he was in the habit of using. It was at first supposed that the box had been accidentally left there by one of the valets; but, the suspicions excited by the equivocal appearance of some of the workmen having acquired additional confirmation, it was deemed advisable to analyze the snuff. It was discovered to be poisoned."—*Editor*.

dear to Frenchmen, and to all freemen in both worlds; but especially to the French soldiers, who, like him, and the American soldiers, have contended for liberty and equality. The first consul therefore orders, that for ten days black crape shall be suspended from all the flags and standards of the republic.

Bonaparte did not feel much concerned at the death of Washington, that noble founder of national freedom in the new world; but it afforded him an opportunity to mask his ambitious projects under the appearance of a love of liberty. In thus rendering honour to the memory of Washington, every body would suppose that Bonaparte intended to imitate his example, and that their two names would pass in conjunction from mouth to mouth. A clever orator might be employed, who, while pronouncing an eulogium on the dead, would contrive to bestow some praise on the living; and when the people were applauding his love of liberty, he would find himself one step nearer the throne, on which his eyes were constantly fixed. When the proper time arrived, he would not fail to seize the crown, and would still cry, if necessary, *Vive la Liberté!* while placing it on his imperial head.

The skilful orator was found. M. de Fontanes was commissioned to pronounce the funeral eulogium on Washington, and the flowers of eloquence which he scattered about did not all fall on the hero of America.

Lannes was intrusted by Bonaparte with the presentation of the flags; and on the 20th Pluviose, he proceeded, accompanied by strong detachments of the cavalry, then in Paris, to the council-hall of the Invalides, where he was met by the minister of war, who received the colours. All the ministers, the councillors of state, and generals, were summoned to the presentation. Lannes pronounced a discourse, to which Berthier replied, and M. de Fontanes added his well-managed eloquence to the plain military oratory of the two generals. In the interior of this military temple, a statue of Mars sleeping had been placed, and from the pillars and roof were suspended the trophies of Denain, Fontenoy, and the campaign of Italy, which would still have decorated that edifice, had not the demon of conquest possessed Bonaparte. Two invalids, each a hundred years old, stood beside the minister of war; and the bust of the emancipator of America was placed under the trophy composed of the flags of Aboukir. In a word, recourse was had to every sort of charlatanism usual on such occasions. In the evening, there was a numerous assembly at the Luxembourg, and Bonaparte took much credit to himself for the effect produced on this remarkable day. He had only to wait ten days for his removal to the Tuileries, and precisely on that day the national mourning for Washington was to cease, for which a general mourning for freedom might well have been substituted.

I have said very little about Murat in the course of these memoirs, except mentioning the brilliant part he performed in several battles. Having now arrived at the period of his marriage with one of the first consul's sisters, I take the opportunity of returning to the interesting events which preceded that alliance.

His fine and well-proportioned form, his great physical strength, and somewhat refined elegance of manner, the fire of his eye, and his fierce courage in battle, gave to Murat rather the character of one of those preux chevaliers, so well described by Ariosto and Tasso, than that of a republican soldier. The nobleness of his look soon made the lowness of his birth be forgotten. He was affable, polished, gallant; and in the field of battle, twenty men, headed by Murat, were worth a whole regiment. Once, only, he showed himself under the influence of fear,* and the reader shall see in what circumstance it was, that he ceased to be himself.

When Bonaparte, in his first Italian campaign, had forced Würmser to retreat into Mantua, with twenty-eight thousand men, he directed Miollis, with only four thousand men, to oppose any sortie that might be attempted by the Austrian general. In one of these sorties, Murat, who was at the head of a very weak detachment, was ordered to charge Würmser. He was afraid, neglected to execute the order, and, in a moment of confusion, said that he was wounded. Murat immediately fell into disgrace with the general-in-chief, whose aide-de-camp he was.

Murat had been previously sent to Paris, to present to the Directory, the first colours taken by the French army of Italy, in the actions of Dego and Mondovi, and it was on this occasion that he got acquainted with Madame Tallien, and his general's lady. But he already knew the beautiful Caroline Bonaparte, whom he had seen at Rome, in the residence of her brother Joseph, who was then discharging the functions of ambassador of the republic. It appears that Caroline was not even indifferent to him, and that he was the successful rival of the Princess Santa Cruce's son, who eagerly sought the honour of her hand. Madame Tallien and Madame Bonaparte received with great kindness the first aide-de-camp, and as they possessed much influence with the Directory, they solicited, and easily obtained for him, the rank of brigadier-general. It was somewhat remarkable at that time, for Murat, notwithstanding his newly-acquired rank, to remain Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, the regulations not allowing a general-in-chief

* Marshal Lannes, so brave and brilliant in war, and so well able to appreciate courage, one day sharply rebuked a colonel, for having punished a young officer just arrived from Fontainbleau, because he gave evidence of fear in his first engagement. "Know, Colonel," said he, "none but a poltroon (the term was even more strong) will boast that he never was afraid."

an aide-de-camp of higher rank than chief of brigade, which was equal to that of colonel. This insignificant act was, therefore, rather a hasty anticipation of the prerogatives every where reserved to princes and kings.

It was after having discharged this commission, that Murat, on his return to Italy, fell into disfavour with the general-in-chief. He indeed looked upon him with a sort of hostile feeling, and placed him in Reille's division, and afterwards Baraguay d'Hilliers's; consequently, when we went to Paris, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, Murat was not of the party. But as the ladies, with whom he was a great favourite, were not devoid of influence with the minister of war, Murat was, by their interest, attached to the engineer corps, in the expedition to Egypt. On board the Orient, he remained in the most complete disgrace. Bonaparte did not address a word to him during the passage; and in Egypt, the general-in-chief always treated him with coldness, and often sent him from the head-quarters on disagreeable services. However, the general-in-chief having opposed him to Murad Bey, Murat performed such prodigies of valour, in every perilous encounter, that he effaced the transitory stain, which a momentary hesitation under the walls of Mantua, had left on his character. Finally, Murat so powerfully contributed to the success of the day at Aboukir, that Bonaparte, glad to be able to carry another laurel, plucked in Egypt, to France, forgot the fault which had made so unfavourable an impression, and was inclined to efface from his memory other things that he had heard to the disadvantage of Murat; for I have good reasons for believing, though Bonaparte never told me so, that Murat's name, as well as that of Charles, escaped from the lips of Junot, when he made his indiscreet communication to Bonaparte at the walls of Messoudiah. The charge of grenadiers, commanded by Murat, on the 19th Brumaire, in the hall of the Five Hundred, dissipated all the remaining traces of dislike; and in those moments, when Bonaparte's political views subdued every other sentiment of his mind, the rival of the Prince de Santa Cruce received the command of the consular guard.

It may reasonably be supposed that Madame Bonaparte, in endeavouring to win the friendship of Murat, by aiding his promotion, had in view to gain one partisan more to oppose to the family and brothers of Bonaparte; and of this kind of support she had much need. Their jealous hatred was displayed on every occasion; and the amiable Josephine, whose only fault was being too much of the woman, was continually tormented by sad presentiments. Carried away by the easiness of her character, she did not perceive that the coquetry which enlisted for her so many defenders, also supplied her implacable enemies with weapons to use against her.

In this state of things, Josephine, who was well convinced

that she had attached Murat to herself, by the bonds of friendship and gratitude, and ardently desiring to see him united to Bonaparte by a family connexion, favoured with all her influence his marriage with Caroline. She was not ignorant that a close intimacy had sprung up, at Milan, between Caroline and Murat, and she was the first to propose a marriage. Murat hesitated, and went to consult M. Collot, who was a good adviser in all things, and whose intimacy with Bonaparte had initiated him into all the secrets of the family. M. Collot advised Murat to lose no time, but to go to the first consul, and formally demand the hand of his sister. Murat followed his advice. Did he do well? It was to this step that he owed the throne of Naples. If he had abstained, he would not have been shot at the Pizzo. *Sed ipsi Dei fata rumpere non possunt!*

However that might be, the first consul received, more in the manner of a sovereign than a brother in arms, the proposal of Murat. He heard him with unmoved gravity, said that he would consider the matter, but gave no positive answer.

This affair was, as may be supposed, the subject of conversation, in the evening, in the saloon of the Luxembourg. Madame Bonaparte employed all her powers of persuasion to obtain the first consul's consent, and her efforts were seconded by Hortense, Eugène, and myself. "Murat," said he, among other things, "Murat is an innkeeper's son. In the elevated rank where glory and fortune have placed me, I never can mix his blood with mine? Besides, there is no hurry: I shall see by and by." We forcibly described to him the reciprocal affection of the two young people, and did not fail to bring to his observation Murat's devoted attachment to his person, his splendid courage and noble conduct in Egypt. "Yes," said he, with warmth, "I agree with you; Murat was superb at Aboukir." We did not allow so favourable a moment to pass by. We redoubled our entreaties, and at last he consented. When we were together in his cabinet in the evening, "Well, Bourrienne," said he to me, "you ought to be satisfied, and so am I, too, every thing considered. Murat is suited to my sister, and then no one can say that I am proud, or seek grand alliances. If I had given my sister to a noble, all your jacobins would have raised a cry of counter-revolution. Besides, I am very glad that my wife is interested in this marriage, and you may easily suppose the cause. Since it is determined on, I will hasten it forward; we have no time to lose. If I go to Italy, I will take Murat with me. I must strike a decisive blow there. Adieu."

When I entered the first consul's chamber at seven o'clock the next day, he appeared even more satisfied than on the preceding evening, with the resolution he had taken. I easily perceived that in spite of all his cunning, he had failed to discover the real motive which had induced Josephine to take

so lively an interest respecting Murat's marriage with Caroline. Still Bonaparte's satisfaction plainly showed that his wife's eagerness for the marriage had removed all doubt in his mind of the falsity of the calumnious reports which had prevailed respecting her intimacy with Murat.

The marriage of Murat and Caroline was celebrated at the Luxembourg, but with great modesty. The first consul did not yet think that his family affairs were affairs of state. But previously to the celebration, a little comedy was enacted, in which I was obliged to take a part, and I will relate how.

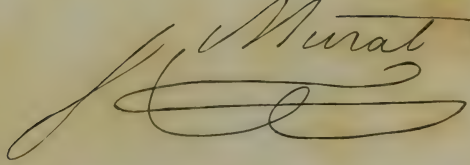
At the time of the marriage of Murat, Bonaparte had not much money, and therefore only gave his sister a dowry of thirty thousand francs. Still, thinking it necessary to make her a marriage present, and not possessing the means to purchase a suitable one, he took a diamond necklace, which belonged to his wife, and gave it to the bride. Josephine was not at all pleased with this robbery, and taxed her wits to discover some means of replacing her necklace.

Josephine was aware that the celebrated jeweller, Foncier, possessed a magnificent collection of fine pearls, which had belonged, as he said, to the queen, Marie Antoinette. Having ordered them to be brought to her, to examine them, she thought there was sufficient to make a very fine necklace. But to make the purchase two hundred and fifty thousand francs were required, and how to get them was the difficulty. Madame Bonaparte had recourse to Berthier, who was then minister of war. Berthier, after biting his nails, according to his usual habit, set about the liquidation of the debts due for the hospital service in Italy, with as much speed as possible; and as, in those days, the contractors whose claims were admitted overflowed with gratitude towards their patrons, through whom they obtained payment, the pearls soon passed from Foncier's shop to the casket of Madame Bonaparte.

The pearls being thus obtained, there was still another difficulty, which Madame Bonaparte did not at first think of. How was she to wear a necklace purchased without her husband's knowledge? Indeed it was the more difficult for her to do so, as the first consul knew very well that his wife had no money, and being, if I may be allowed the expression, something of the busybody, he knew, or believed he knew, all Josephine's jewels. The pearls were therefore condemned to remain more than a fortnight in Madame Bonaparte's casket, without her daring to use them. What a punishment for a woman! At length her vanity overcame her prudence, and being unable to conceal the jewels any longer, she one day said to me, "Bourrienne, there is to be a large party here to-morrow, and I absolutely must wear my pearls. But you know he will grumble if he notices them. I beg, Bourrienne, that you will keep near me. If he asks where I got my pearls, I must tell him, without hesitation, that I have had them a long time."

Engraved by C. Cook

MURAT.



Every thing happened as Josephine feared and hoped. Bonaparte, on seeing the pearls, did not fail to say to Madame, "What is it you have got there? How fine you are to-day! Where did you get these pearls? I think I never saw them before."—"Oh! *mon Dieu!* you have seen them a dozen times! It is the necklace which the Cisalpine republic gave me, and which I now wear in my hair."—"But I think——"—"Stay: ask Bourrienne, he will tell you."—"Well, Bourrienne, what do you say to it? Do you recollect the necklace?"—"Yes, general, I recollect very well seeing it before." This was not untrue, for Madame Bonaparte had previously shown me the pearls. Besides, she had received a pearl necklace from the Cisalpine republic; but of incomparably less value than that purchased from Foncier. Josephine performed her part with charming dexterity, and I did not act amiss the character of accomplice assigned me in this little comedy. Bonaparte had no suspicions. When I saw the easy confidence with which Madame Bonaparte got through this scene, I could not help recollecting Suzanne's reflection on the readiness with which wellbred ladies can tell falsehoods without seeming to do so.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### 1800.

Police on police—False information—Dexterity of Fouché—Police agents deceived—Money ill applied—Inutility of political police—Bonaparte's opinion—General considerations—My appointment to the prefecture of police.

Before taking up his quarters in the Tuileries, the first consul organized his secret police, which was intended, at the same time, to be the counter of Fouché's police. Duroc and De Moncey were at first the directors of this police: afterwards, Davoust and Junot. Madame Bonaparte called this business a vile system of espionage. My remarks on the inutility of the measure were made in vain. Bonaparte had the weakness at once to fear Fouché and to think him necessary. Fouché, whose talents at this trade are too well known to need my approbation, soon discovered this secret institution, and the names of all the subaltern agents employed by the great agents. It is difficult to form an idea of the nonsense, absurdity, and falsehoods contained in the bulletins drawn up by the noble and ignoble agents of the police. I do not mean to enter into details on this nauseating subject; and I shall only trespass on the reader's patience by relating, though it be in anticipation, one

fact which concerns myself, and which will prove that spies and their wretched reports cannot be too much distrusted.

During the second year of the consulate, we were established at Malmaison. Junot had a very large sum at his disposal for the secret police of the capital. He gave three thousand francs of it to a wretched manufacturer of bulletins; the remainder was expended on the police of his stable and his table. In reading one of these daily bulletins, I saw the following lines: "M. de Bourrienne went last night to Paris. He entered a hotel of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, Rue de Varenne, and there, in the course of a very animated discussion, he gave it to be understood that the first consul wished to make himself king." Now I never had opened my mouth, either respecting what Bonaparte had said to me before we went to Egypt, or respecting his other frequent conversations with me of the same nature, during this period of his consulship.

I may here observe, too, that I never quitted, nor ever could quit, Malmaison for a moment. At any time, by night or day, I was subject to be called for by the first consul, and, as very often was the case, it so happened that on the night in question he had dictated to me notes aud instructions until three o'clock in the morning.

Junot came every day to Malmaison, at eleven o'clock in the morning. I called him one day into my cabinet, when I happened to be alone. "Have you not read your bulletin?" said I.—"Yes, I have."—"Nay, that is impossible."—"Why?"—"Because, if you had, you would have suppressed an absurd story which relates to me."—"Ah!" he replied, "I am sorry on your account, but I can depend on my agent, and I will not alter a word of his report." I then told him all that had taken place on that night; but he was obstinate, and went away unconvinced. Every morning I placed all the papers which the first consul had to read, on his table, and among the first was Junot's report. The first consul entered and read it; on coming to the passage concerning me, he began to smile. "Have you read this bulletin?"—"Yes, general."—"What an ass that Junot is!"—"It is a long time since I have known that."—"How he allows himself to be entrapped! Is he still here?"—"I believe so. I have just seen him, and made observations to him, all in good part, but he would hear nothing."—"Tell him to come here." When Junot appeared, Bonaparte began—"Imbecile that you are! how could you send me such reports as these? Do you not read them? How shall I be sure that you will not compromise other persons equally unjustly? I want positive facts, not inventions. It is some time since your agent displeased me; dismiss him directly." Junot wanted to justify himself, but Bonaparte cut him short—"Enough!—begone!"

I related what had passed to Fouché, who told me that, wishing to amuse himself at Junot's expense, whose police agents

only picked up what they heard related in coffee-houses, gaming-houses, and the exchange, he had given currency to this absurd story, which Junot had credited and reported, as he did many other foolish tales. Fouché often caught the police of the palace in the snares he laid for them, and thus increased his own credit.

This circumstance, and others of the same nature, induced the first consul to attach less importance than at first he had to his secret police, which seldom reported any thing but false and silly stories. That wretched police! During the time I was with him it imbittered his life, and often exasperated him against his wife, his relations, and friends. The police possessed no foresight or faculty of prevention. Every silly thing that transpired was reported either from malice or stupidity. What was heard was misunderstood, or distorted in the recital; so that the only result of the plan was mischief and confusion.

The police, as a political engine, is a dangerous thing. It foments and encourages more false conspiracies than it discovers or defeats real ones. Napoleon has related "that M. de la Rochefoucauld formed at Paris a conspiracy in favour of the king, then at Mittau, the first act of which was to be the death of the chief of the government. The plot being discovered, a trusty person belonging to the police was ordered to join it, and become one of the most active agents. He brought letters of recommendation from an old gentleman in Lorraine, who had held a distinguished rank in the army of Condé." After this, what more can be wanted? A hundred examples could not better show the vileness of such a system. Napoleon, when fallen, himself thus disclosed the scandalous means employed by his government.

Napoleon on one occasion, in the isle of Elba, said to an officer who was conversing with him about France, "You believe, then, that the police-agents foresee every thing, and know every thing. They invent more than they discover. Mine, I believe, was better than that they have got now, and yet it was often only by mere chance, the imprudence of the parties implicated, or the treachery of some of them, that something was discovered after a week or fortnight's exertion." Napoleon, in directing this officer to transmit letters to him under the cover of a commercial correspondence, to quiet his apprehensions that the correspondence might be discovered, said, "Do you think, then, that all letters are opened at the post-office? They would never be able to do so. I have often endeavoured to discover what the correspondence was that passed under mercantile forms, but I never succeeded. The post-office, like the police, catches only fools."

Since I am on the subject of political police, that leprosy of modern society, perhaps I may be allowed to overstep the order of time, and advert to its state even in the present day.

The minister of police, to give his prince a favourable idea of his activity, contrives great conspiracies, which he is pretty sure to discover in time, because he is their originator. The inferior agents, to find favour in the eyes of the minister, contrive small plots. It would be difficult to mention a conspiracy which has been discovered, except when the police agents took part in it, or were its promoters. It is difficult to conceive how those agents can feed a little intrigue, the result at first, perhaps, of some petty ill-humour and discontent, which, thanks to their skill, soon becomes a great affair. How many conspiracies have escaped the boasted activity and vigilance of the police, when none of its agents were parties. I may instance Babeuf's conspiracy, the attempt at the camp at Grenelle, the 18th Brumaire, the infernal machine, Mallet, the 20th of March, the affair of Grenoble, and many others.

The political police, the result of the troubles of the revolution, has survived them. The civil police, for the security of property, health, and order, is only made a secondary object, and has been, therefore, neglected. There are times in which it is thought of more consequence to discover whether a citizen goes to mass or confession, than to defeat the designs of a band of robbers. Such a state of things is unfortunate for a country; and the money expended on a system of superintendence over persons alleged to be suspected, in domestic inquisitions, in the corruption of the friends, relations, and servants of the man marked out for destruction, might be much better employed. The police of opinions, created, as I have said, by the revolutionary troubles, is suspicious, restless, officious, inquisitorial, vexatious, and tyrannical. Indifferent to crimes, and real offences, it is totally absorbed in the inquisition of thoughts. Who has not heard it said, in company to some one speaking warmly, "Be moderate, M.——— is supposed to belong to the police." This police inthralled Bonaparte himself in its snares, and held him a long time under the influence of its power.

What renders a political police so dangerous, is the practice of obtaining information through spies. Informers are the most pernicious of men; they are the natural enemies of society. If a man would, from public motives, bring an accusation against another, let him not do it secretly to the government, which very likely may be prejudiced, but openly before a magistrate, who acts according to rules, only formidable to calumniators. The Emperor Constantius used to say, "I cannot have any suspicion of a man who has no accuser, though he does not want enemies."

The most fatal periods in the history of a nation, are those in which informers may be found holding elevated rank in society. It is not I who am to blame for making this observation, but those are, who embark in that odious business. In these times, when religious and political offences are so various, and of so

changeable a nature, the employment of informers is infamous. There is scarcely a person, in such periods, who may not have an opinion somehow differing from the ruling one, which may in a day be superseded by another. Where is the man so cautious and calculating as not to be at the mercy, some time or other, of a concealed enemy, a bribed domestic, or a son, whose affections are estranged by political or religious scruples? for religion has latterly been a great instrument of the police. Every one is liable to be ruined by the misinterpretation of a word. How can a man parry a blow struck in the dark by a secret and treacherous hand?

Can it then be true, that all nations, after arriving at a certain degree of civilization, are destined to suffer under similar political scourges? Do we not learn, from the pages of the immortal historian of the last age of Rome, that the same evils and the same complaints then existed? (Vide *Taciti Agric.*) Juvenal, too, says—

> ——— Post hunc magni delator amici,
> Et cito rapturus de nobilitate comesa
> Quod superest: quem Massa timet: quem munere palpat
> Carus; et a trepido Thymele summissa Latino.

At the court of Constantine the police agents were called the 'eyes of the prince." Such agents should be employed with extreme caution and reserve, and only for affairs of the greatest importance, a knowledge of which might be necessary for the well-being of the state, and ignorance of which would compromise its safety. But away with all those hateful investigations of the domestic privacy of the citizen, the object of which is to discover not only what he does and what he says, but even what he thinks, in order that the despicable caprice of a powerful man may be gratified, or an innocent man ruined in the opinion of the sovereign. Nothing can stop a spy. As for feelings of affection, they only enable him the better to extract a secret. Truth is readily sacrificed, for the spy must earn his wages. Hunger is a powerful stimulant, and when he cannot discover he will invent.

I have taken the liberty thus to speak of a scourge of society, of which I have been a victim. What I here state may be relied on. I shall not speak of the week during which I had to discharge the functions of prefect of police, namely, from the 13th to the 20th of March, 1815. It may well be supposed, that though I had not held in abhorrence the infamous system which I have described, the important nature of the circumstances, and the short period of my administration, must have prevented me from making complete use of the means placed at my disposal. The dictates of discretion, which I consider myself bound to obey, forbid me giving proofs of what I advance. What it was necessary to do, I accomplished without employing

violent or vexatious means; and I can take on myself to assert, that no one has cause to complain of me. Were I to publish the list of the persons I had orders to arrest, those of them who are yet living would be astonished, that the only knowledge they had of my being the prefect of police was from the Moniteur. I obtained by mild measures, by persuasion, and reasoning, what I could never have got by violence. I am not divulging any secrets of office, but I believe I am rendering a service to the public in pointing out what I have often observed, while an unwilling confident, in the shameful manœuvres of that political institution.*

The word *ideologue* was often in Bonaparte's mouth; and in using it he endeavoured to throw ridicule on those men whom he fancied to have a tendency towards the doctrine of indefinite perfectibility. He esteemed them for their morality, yet he looked on them as dreamers, seeking for the type of a universal constitution, and considering the character of man in the abstract only. The *ideologues*, according to him, looked for power in institutions; and that he called metaphysics. He had no idea of power, except in direct force. All benevolent men, who speculate on the amelioration of human society, were regarded by Bonaparte as dangerous, because their maxims and principles were diametrically opposed to the harsh and arbitrary system he had adopted. He said that their hearts were better than their heads, and far from wandering with them in abstractions, he always said that men were only to be governed by fear and interest. The free expression of opinion through the press has been always regarded, by those who are not led away by interest or power, as useful to society. But Bonaparte held the liberty of the press in the greatest horror; and so violent was his passion, when any thing was urged in its favour, that he seemed to labour under a nervous attack. Great man as he was, he was sorely afraid of little paragraphs.

* Since this passage was written, a change in the administration took place in 1827. The secret funds of the police are less considerable, and therefore corruption will be more restrained and less easily practised. The tribunals, which are entitled to our highest respect and gratitude, are becoming more strict towards accusers, and more indulgent to their victims. May the time come when such odious means will be rejected, and the sacred laws of morality be no longer violated, even to arrive at an advantageous result.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### 1800.

Successful management of parties—Precautions—Removal from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries—Hackney-coaches and the consul's white horses—Royal custom and an inscription—The review—Bonaparte's homage to the standards—Talleyrand in Bonaparte's cabinet—Bonaparte's aversion to the cap of liberty even in painting—The state bed—Our cabinet.

Of the three consuls to whom the 18th Brumaire gave birth, Bonaparte speedily declared himself the eldest, and hastened to assume all the rights of primogeniture. He soon arrogated to himself the whole power. The project he had formed, when he favoured the revolution of the 18th Fructidor, was now about to be realized. It was, then, an indispensable part of his plan, that the Directory should violate the constitution, in order to justify a subsequent subversion of the Directory. The expressions which escaped him, from time to time, plainly showed that his ambition was not yet satisfied, and that the consulship was only a state of probation, preliminary to the complete establishment of monarchy. The Luxembourg was then discovered to be too small for the chief of the government, and it was resolved that Bonaparte should inhabit the Tuileries. Still great prudence was necessary to avoid the quicksands which surrounded him! He therefore employed great precaution in dealing with the irritable republicans, taking care to inure them gradually to the temperature of absolute power. But this mode of treatment was not sufficient: for such was Bonaparte's situation, between the jacobins and the royalists, that he could not strike a blow at one party, without strengthening the other. He however contrived to resolve this difficult problem, and weakened both parties by alternately frightening each. "You see, royalists," he seemed to say, "if you do not attach yourselves to my government, the jacobins will again rise, and bring back the reign of terror and its scaffold." To the men of the revolution he, on the other hand, said, "See, the counter-revolution appears, threatening reprisals and vengeance. It is ready to overwhelm you; my buckler can alone protect you from its attacks."

Thus both parties were induced, from their mutual fear of each other, to attach themselves to Bonaparte; and while they fancied they were only placing themselves under the protection of the chief of the government, they were making themselves dependent on an ambitious man, who, gradually bending them to his will, guided them as he chose in his political career. He advanced with a firm step; but he never neglected any artifice to conceal, as long as possible, his designs.

I saw Bonaparte put in motion all his concealed springs; and I could not help admiring his wonderful address. But what most astonished me was, the control he possessed over himself, in repressing any premature manifestation of his intentions, which might prejudice his projects. Thus, for instance, he never spoke of the Tuileries, but under the name of the palace of the government, and he determined not to inhabit, at first, the ancient palace of the kings of France alone. He contented himself with selecting the royal apartments, and proposed that the third consul should also reside in the Tuileries, and, in consequence, he occupied the Pavilion of Flora. This skilful arrangement was perfectly in accordance with the designation of "Palace of the Government," given to the Tuileries, and was calculated to deceive, for a time, the most clear-sighted.

The moment for leaving the Luxembourg having arrived, Bonaparte still used many crafty precautions. The day for the translation of the seat of government was fixed for the 30th Pluviose, the previous day having been selected for publishing the account of the votes taken for the acceptance of the new constitution. He had, besides, caused the insertion in the Moniteur of the eulogy on Washington, pronounced by M. de Fontanes, the decade preceding, to be delayed for ten days. He thought that the day when he was about to take so large a step towards monarchy, would be well chosen for entertaining the people of Paris with grand ideas of his notions of liberty, and for coupling his own name with that of the founder of the free government of the United States.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 30th Pluviose, I entered, as usual, the chamber of the first consul. He was in a profound sleep, and this was one of the days on which I had been desired to allow him to sleep a little longer than usual. I have often observed that General Bonaparte appeared much less moved when on the point of executing any great design than during the time of projecting it; so accustomed was he to think that what he had resolved on in his mind, was already done.

When I returned to Bonaparte, he said to me, with a marked air of satisfaction, "Well, Bourrienne, to-day, at last, we shall take up our abode in the Tuileries. You are better off than I; you are not obliged to make a spectacle of yourself, but may go your own road there. I must, however, go in procession: that disgusts me; but it is necessary to speak to the eyes. That has

a good effect on the people. The Directory was too simple, and therefore never enjoyed any consideration. In the army, simplicity is in its proper place; but in a great city, in a palace, the chief of the government must attract attention in every possible way, yet still with prudence. Josephine is going to look over Lebrun's apartments; go with her, if you like; but go to the cabinet as soon as you see me alight from my horse."

I did not go to the review, but proceeded to the Tuileries, to arrange in the cabinet the papers which it was my duty to take care of, and to prepare every thing for the first consul's arrival. It was not until the evening that I learned, from the conversation in the saloon, where there was a numerous party, what had taken place in the course of the day.

At one o'clock precisely Bonaparte left the Luxembourg The procession was, doubtless, far from approaching the magnificent parade of the empire: but as much pomp was introduced as the state of things in France permitted. The only real splendour of that period consisted in fine troops. Three thousand picked men, among whom was the superb regiment of the Guides, had been ordered out for the occasion: all marched in the greatest order, with music at the head of each corps. The generals and their staffs were on horseback, the ministers in carriages, which were somewhat remarkable, as they were almost the only private carriages then in Paris; for hackney-coaches had been hired to convey the council of state, and no trouble had been taken to alter them, except by pasting over the number a piece of paper, of the same colour as the body of the vehicle. The consul's carriage was drawn by six white horses. With the sight of those horses was associated the recollection of days of glory and of peace, for they had been presented to the general-in-chief of the army of Italy by the Emperor of Germany, after the treaty of Campo-Formio. Bonaparte also wore the magnificent sabre given him by the Emperor Francis. With Cambacérès on his left, and Lebrun in the front of the carriage, the first consul traversed a part of Paris, taking the road to Thionville, and the Quay Voltaire to the Pont Royale. Every where he was greeted by acclamations of joy, which at that time were voluntary, and needed not to be commanded by the police.

From the wicket of the Carousel to the gate of the Tuileries, the troops of the consular guard were formed in two lines, through which the procession passed—a royal custom, which made a singular contrast with an inscription in front of which Bonaparte passed on entering the courtyard. Two guardhouses had been built, one on the right and another on the left of the centre gate. On the one to the right were written these words:

"The Tenth of August, 1792.—Royalty in France is Abolished; and shall never again be Established!"

It was already established.

In the mean time, the troops had been drawn up in line in the

courtyard. As soon as the consul's carriage stopped, Bonaparte immediately alighted, and mounted, or, to speak more properly, leaped on his horse, and reviewed his troops, while the other consuls proceeded to the state apartments of the Tuileries, where they waited for the council of state and the ministers. A great many ladies, elegantly dressed in Greek costume, which was then the fashion, were seated with Madame Bonaparte, at the windows of the third consul's apartments, in the Pavilion of Flora. It is impossible to give an idea of the immense crowds which flowed in from all quarters. The windows looking to the Carousel were let for very large sums; and every where arose, as if from one voice, shouts of "Long live the first consul!" Who could help being intoxicated by so much enthusiasm?

The first consul prolonged the review for some time, passed down all the ranks, and addressed the commanders of corps in terms of approbation and praise. He then took his station at the gate of the Tuileries, with Murat on his right, and Lannes on his left, and behind him a numerous staff of young warriors, whose complexions had been browned by the sun of Egypt and Italy, and who had been engaged in more battles than they numbered years. When the colours of the 96th, 43d, and 30th demi-brigades, or rather their flagstaffs, surmounted by some shreds, riddled by balls, and blackened by powder, passed before him, he raised his hat and inclined his head, in token of respect. Every homage thus paid by a great captain to standards which had been mutilated on the field of battle, was saluted by a thousand acclamations. When the troops had finished defiling before him, the first consul, with a firm step, ascended the stairs of the Tuileries.

The general's part being finished for the day, that of the chief of the state began; and, indeed, it might already be said that the first consul was the whole consulate. At the risk of interrupting my narrative of what occurred on our arrival at the Tuileries by a digression, which may be thought out of place, I will relate a fact, which had no little weight in hastening Bonaparte's determination to assume a superiority over his colleagues. It may be remembered, that when Roger-Ducos and Sieyès bore the title of consuls, the three members of the consular commission were equal, if not in fact, at least in right. But when Cambacérès and Lebrun took their places, Talleyrand, who had, at the same time, been appointed to succeed M. Reinhart, as minister of foreign affairs, obtained a private audience of the first consul, in his cabinet, to which I was admitted. The observations of Talleyrand on this occasion, were highly agreeable to Bonaparte, and they made too deep an impression on my mind to allow me to forget them.

"Citizen Consul," said he to him, "you have confided to me the office of minister for foreign affairs, and I will justify your confidence; but I must declare to you that, from this moment.

I will not transact business with any but yourself. This determination does not proceed from any vain pride on my part, but is induced by a desire to serve France. In order that France may be well governed; in order that there may be a unity of action in the government, you must be first consul, and the first consul must have the control over all that relates directly to politics; that is to say, over the ministry of the interior, and the ministry of police, for internal affairs, and over my department, for foreign affairs; and, lastly, over the two great means of execution, the military and naval forces. It will therefore be most convenient that the ministers of those five departments should transact business with you. The administration of justice, and the right ordering of the finances, are objects certainly connected with state politics by numerous links, which, however, are not of so intimate a nature as those of the other departments. If you will allow me, general, I should advise, that the control over the administration of justice be given to the first consul, who is well versed in jurisprudence; and to the third consul, who is equally well acquainted with finance, the control over that department.* That will occupy and amuse them, and you, general, having at your disposal all the vital parts of the government, will be able to reach the end you aim at, the regeneration of France."

Bonaparte did not hear these remarkable words with indifference. They were too much in accordance with his own secret wishes to be listened to without pleasure; and he said to me, as soon as Talleyrand had taken leave, "Do you know, Bourrienne, I think Talleyrand gives good advice. He is a man of great understanding."—"Such is the opinion," I replied, "of all who know him."—"He is perfectly right." Afterwards he added, smiling, "Talleyrand is evidently a shrewd man. He has penetrated my designs. What he advises, you know I am anxious to do. But, again, I say, he is right; one gets on quicker by oneself. Lebrun is a worthy man, but he has no policy in his head; he is a book-maker. Cambacérès carries with him too many traditions of the revolution. My government must be an entirely new one."

Talleyrand's advice had been so punctually followed, that even on the occasion of the installation of the consular government, while Bonaparte was receiving all the great civil and military officers of the state, in the hall of presentation, Cambacérès and Lebrun stood by, more like spectators of the scene, than two colleagues of the first consul. The minister of the interior presented the civil authorities of Paris; the minister of war, the staff of the 17th military division; the minister of marine, several naval officers; and the staff of the consular guard was presented

* Here may be recognised the first germ of the arch-chancellorship and arch-treasuryship of the empire.

by Murat. As our consular republicans were not exactly Spartans, the ceremony of the presentations was followed by grand dinner-parties. The first consul entertained, at his table, the two other consuls, the ministers, and the presidents of the great bodies of the state. Murat treated the heads of the army; and the members of the council of state, being again seated in their hackney-coaches with covered numbers, drove off to dine with Lucien.

Before taking possession of the Tuileries, we had frequently gone there to see that the repairs, or rather the plastering, which Bonaparte had directed to be done, was executed. On our first visit, seeing a number of red caps of liberty painted on the walls, he said to M. Lecomte, at that time the architect of the Tuileries, "Brush all these things out; I do not like to see such rubbish."

The first consul gave directions himself for what little alterations he wanted in his own apartments. A state bed—not that of Louis XVI.—was placed in the chamber next his cabinet, on the south side, towards the grand staircase of the Pavilion of Flora. I may as well mention here, that he very seldom occupied that bed, for Bonaparte was very simple in his manner of living in private, and was not fond of state, except as a means of imposing on mankind. At the Luxembourg, at Malmaison, and during the first period that he occupied the Tuileries, Bonaparte, if I may speak in the language of common life, always slept with his wife. He went every evening down to Josephine, by a small staircase, leading from a wardrobe attached to his cabinet, and which had formerly been the chapel of Marie de Medici. I never went to Bonaparte's bedchamber but by this staircase; and when he came to our cabinet, it was always by the wardrobe which I have mentioned. The door opened opposite the only window of our room, and it commanded a view of the garden.

As for our cabinet, where so many great, and also small events, were prepared, and where I passed so many hours of my life, I can, even now, give the most minute description of it, to those who like such details.

There were two tables. The best, which was the first consul's, stood in the middle of the room, and his arm-chair was turned with its back to the fireplace, having the window on the right. To the right of this again was a little closet, where Duroc sat, through which we could communicate with the porter of the office, and the grand apartments of the court. When the first consul was seated at his table, in his chair, the arms of which he frequently mutilated with his penknife, he had a large bookcase opposite to him. A little to the right, on one side of the bookcase, was another door, opening into the cabinet, which led directly to the state bedchamber, which I have mentioned. Thence we passed into the grand Presentation Saloon, on the ceiling of which, Lebrun had painted a likeness of Louis XIV.

A tri-coloured cockade, placed on the forehead of the great king, still bore witness of the imbecile turpitude of the convention. Lastly came the Hall of the Guards, in front of the grand staircase of the Pavilion of Flora.

My writing-table, which was extremely plain, stood near the window, and, in summer, I had a view of the thick foliage of the chestnut-trees; but in order to see the promenaders in the garden, I was obliged to raise myself from my seat. My back was turned to the general's side, so that it required only a slight movement of the head to speak to each other. Duroc was seldom in his little cabinet, and that was the place where I gave some audiences. The Consular Cabinet, which afterwards became the imperial, has left many impressions on my mind; and I hope the reader, in going through these volumes, will not think that they have been of a slight description.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### 1800.

The Tuileries—Royalty in perspective—Remarkable observation—Presentations—Assumption of the prerogative of mercy—M. Defeu—M. de Frotte—Georges Cadoudal's audience of Bonaparte—Rapp's precaution and Bonaparte's confidence—The dignity of France—Napper Tandy and Blackwell delivered up by the senate of Hamburg—Contribution in the Egyptian style—Valueless bill—Fifteen thousand francs in the drawer of a secrétaire—Josephine's debts—Evening walks with Bonaparte.

We were now, at last, in the Tuileries! The morning after that ardently wished-for day on which we took possession of the palace of the kings of France, I observed to Bonaparte, on entering his chamber, "Well, general, you have got here without much difficulty, and with the applause of the people! Do you remember what you said to me in the Rue St. Anne nearly two years ago?"—"Ay, true enough, I recollect. You see what it is to have the mind set on a thing. Only two years have gone by! Don't you think we have not worked badly since that time? Upon the whole I am very well content. Yesterday passed off well. Do you imagine that all those who came to flatter me were sincere? No, certainly not: but the joy of the people was real. They know what is right. Besides, consult the grand thermometer of opinion, the price of the funds: on the 17th Brumaire at eleven francs, on the 20th at sixteen, and to-day at twenty-one. In such a state of things, I may let the jacobins prate as they like. But let them not talk too loudly neither."

As soon as he was dressed, we went to look through the Gallery of Diana and examine the statues which had been placed there by his orders. We ended our morning's work by taking complete possession of the new residence. I recollect Bonaparte saying to me, among other things, "To be at the Tuileries, Bourrienne, is not all. We must stay here. Who, in Heaven's name, has not already inhabited this palace? Ruffians, conventionalists! But hold! there is your brother's house! Was it not from those windows I saw the Tuileries besieged, and the good Louis XVI. carried off? But be assured they will not come here again!"

The ambassadors and other foreign ministers then at Paris were presented to the first consul at a solemn audience. On this occasion, all the ancient ceremonials belonging to the French court were raked up, and in place of chamberlains and a grand master of ceremonies, a counsellor of state, M. Benezech, who was once minister for foreign affairs, officiated.

When the ambassadors had all arrived, M. Benezech conducted them into the cabinet, in which were the three consuls, the ministers, and the council of state. The ambassadors presented their credentials to the first consul, who handed them to the minister for foreign affairs. These presentations were followed by others; for example, the Tribunal of Cassation, over which the old advocate, Target, who refused the defence of Louis XVI., then presided. All this passed in view of the three consuls: but the circumstance which distinguished the first consul from his colleagues was, that the official personages, on leaving the audience-chamber, were conducted to Madame Bonaparte's apartments, in imitation of the old practice of waiting on the queen, after presentation to the king.*

* The details of this scene, as described by Constant, are curious:

"At eight in the evening, the apartments of Madame Bonaparte, which were situated on the ground floor, overlooking the gardens, were crowded with company. There was a dazzling display of splendid dresses, feathers, diamonds, &c. So numerous was the throng, that it was found necessary to throw open Madame Bonaparte's bedchamber, the two drawing-rooms being very small.

"When, after considerable embarrassment and trouble, the company were arranged as well as possible, Madame Bonaparte was announced, and she entered, conducted by M. de Talleyrand. She wore a dress of white muslin, with short sleeves, a pearl necklace, and her hair was simply braided, and confined by a tortoiseshell comb. The buzz of admiration, which greeted her on her entrance, must have been exceedingly gratifying to her. She never, I think, looked more graceful or elegant.

"M. de Talleyrand, still holding Madame Bonaparte by the hand, presented her to the members of the corps diplomatique, one after another, not introducing them by name, but designating them by the courts they represented. He then conducted her round the two drawing-rooms. They had not gone above half round the second room when the first consul entered, without being announced. He was dressed in a very plain uniform coat, white cassimir pantaloons, and top-boots. Round his waist he wore a tri-coloured silk scarf, with a fringe to correspond; and he carried his hat in his hand. Amidst the embroidered coats, cordons, and jewels of the ambassadors and foreign dignitaries, Bonaparte's

Thus old customs of royalty crept, by degrees, into the former abodes of royalty. Amongst the rights attached to the crown, and which the constitution of the year VIII. did not give to the first consul, was one which he much desired to possess, and which, by the most happy of all usurpations, he arrogated to himself. This was the right of granting pardon. Bonaparte felt a real pleasure in saving men under the sentence of the law; and whenever the imperious necessity of his policy, to which, in truth, he sacrificed every thing, permitted it, he rejoiced in the exercise of mercy. It would seem as if he were thankful to the persons to whom he rendered such service, merely because he had given them occasion to be thankful to him. Such was the first consul: I do not speak of the emperor. Bonaparte, the first consul, was accessible to the solicitations of friendship in favour of persons placed under proscription. The following circumstance, which interested me much, affords an incontestable proof of what I state.

Whilst we were still at the Luxembourg, M. Defeu, a French emigrant, was taken in the Tyrol, with arms in his hand, by the troops of the republic. He was carried to Grenoble, and thrown into the military prison of that town. In the course of January, General Ferino, then governor of Grenoble, received orders to put the young emigrant on his trial. The laws against emigrants taken in arms were terrible, and the judges dared not be indulgent. To be tried in the morning, condemned in the course of the day, and shot in the evening, was the usual course of those implacable proceedings. One of my cousins, the daughter of M. Poitrincourt, came from Sens to Paris to inform me of the dreadful situation of M. Defeu. She told me that he was related to the most respectable families of the town of Sens, and that every body felt the greatest interest in his fate.

I had escaped for a few moments to keep the appointment made with Mademoiselle Poitrincourt. On my return, I perceived the first consul surprised at finding himself alone in the cabinet, which I was not in the habit of quitting without his knowledge. "Where have you been?" said he. "I have been to see one of my relations, who solicits a favour of you." "What is it?" I then informed him of the unfortunate situation of M. Defeu. His first answer was dreadful.—"No pity! no pity for emigrants! Whoever fights against his country, is a child who stabs his mother!" This first burst of anger being over, I returned to the charge. I urged the youth of M. Defeu, and the good effect which clemency would produce. "Well," said he, "write, 'The first consul orders the judgment on M. Defeu to be suspended.'" He signed this laconic order, which

costume appeared no less singular than the contrast presented by the simple elegance of Josephine's dress compared with the splendour of the ladies around her."—*Mémoires de Constant.* (*Editor.*)

I instantly despatched to General Ferino. I acquainted my cousin with what had passed, and remained tranquil as to the result of the affair.

Scarcely had I entered the chamber of the first consul next morning, when he said to me, "Well, Bourrienne, you say nothing about your M. Defeu. Are you satisfied?"—"General, I cannot find terms to express my gratitude."—"Ah, bah! But I do not like to do things by halves. Write to Ferino that I wish M. Defeu to be instantly set at liberty. Perhaps I am serving one who will prove ungrateful. Well, so much the worse for him. As to these matters, Bourrienne, always ask them from me. When I refuse, it is because I cannot help it."

I despatched at my own expense an extraordinary courier, who arrived in time to save M. Defeu's life. His mother, whose only son he was, and M. Blanchet, his uncle, came purposely from Sens to Paris to express their gratitude to me. I saw tears of joy fall from the eyes of a mother who had appeared to be destined to shed bitter drops, and I said to her as I felt, "that I was amply recompensed by the success which had attended my efforts."*

Imboldened by this success, and by the benevolent language of the first consul, I ventured to request the pardon of M. de Frotte, who was strongly recommended to me by most honourable persons. Count Louis de Frotte had at first opposed all negotiation for the pacification of La Vendée. At length, by a series of unfortunate combats, he was, towards the end of January, reduced to the necessity of making himself the advances which he had rejected when made by others. At this period he addressed a letter to General Guidal, in which he offered pacificatory proposals. A protection to enable him to repair to Alençon was transmitted to him. Unfortunately for M. de Frotte, he did not confine himself to writing to General Guidal, for whilst the safeconduct which he had asked was on the way to him, he wrote to his lieutenants, advising them not to submit, or consent to be disarmed. This letter was intercepted. It gave all the appearance of a fraudulent stratagem to his proposal to treat for peace. Besides, this opinion appeared to be confirmed by a manifesto of M. de Frotte, anterior, it is true, to the offers of pacification, but in which he announced to all his partisans the approaching end of Bonaparte's "criminal enterprise."

I had more trouble than in M. Defeu's case, to induce the first consul to exercise his clemency. However, I pressed him so much, I laboured so hard to convince him of the happy effect of such indulgence, that at length I obtained an order to suspend the judgment. What a lesson I then experienced of the evils which may result from the loss of time! Not sup-

* M. Defeu, thus snatched from death, is now the father of three children, and living in happiness and tranquillity at Sens.

posing that matters were so far advanced as they were, I did not immediately send off the courier with the order for the suspension of the judgment. Besides, the minister of police had marked his victim, and he never lost time when evil was to be done. Having, therefore, I know not for what motive, resolved on the destruction of M. de Frotte, he sent an order to hasten his trial.

Count Louis de Frotte was brought to trial on the 28th Pluviose, condemned the same day, and executed the next morning, the day before we entered the Tuileries. The cruel precipitation of the minister rendered the result of my solicitations abortive. I had reason to think that after the day on which the first consul granted me the order for delay, he had received some new accusation against M. de Frotte; for when he heard of his death, he appeared to me very indifferent about the tardy arrival of the order for suspending judgment. He merely said to me, with unusual insensibility, "You should take your measures better. You see it is not my fault."

Though Bonaparte put no faith in the virtue of men, he had confidence in their honour. I had proof of this in a matter which deserves to be recorded in history. When, during the first period of our abode at the Tuileries, he had summoned the principal chiefs of La Vendée to endeavour to bring about the pacification of that unhappy country, he received Georges Cadoudal in a private audience. The disposition in which I beheld him the evening before the day appointed for this audience, inspired me with the most flattering hopes. Rapp introduced Georges into the grand saloon looking into the garden. Rapp left him alone with the first consul, but on returning to the cabinet where I was, he did not close either of the two doors of the state bedchamber, which separated the cabinet from the saloon. We saw the first consul and Georges walk from the window to the bottom of the saloon—then return—then go back again. This lasted for a long time. The conversation appeared very animated, and we heard several things, but without any connexion. There was occasionally a good deal of ill-humour displayed in their tone and gestures. The interview ended in nothing. The first consul perceiving that Georges entertained some apprehensions for his personal safety, gave him assurances of security in the most noble manner, saying, "You take a wrong view of things, and are wrong in not coming to some understanding; but if you persist in wishing to return to your country, you shall depart as freely as you came to Paris." When Bonaparte returned to his cabinet, he said to Rapp, "Tell me, Rapp, why you left these doors open, and stopped with Bourrienne?" Rapp replied, "If you had closed the doors, I would have opened them again. Do you think I would have left you alone with a man like that? There would have been danger in it."—"No, Rapp," said Bonaparte, "you cannot

think so." When we were alone, the first consul appeared pleased with Rapp's attachment, but very vexed at Georges's refusal. He said, "He does not take a correct view of things; but the extravagance of his principles has its source in noble sentiments, which must give him great influence over his countrymen. It is necessary, however, to bring this business soon to an end."

Of all the actions of Louis XIV. that which Bonaparte most admired was his having made the Doge of Venice send ambassadors to Paris to apologize to him. The slightest insult offered in a foreign country to the rights and dignity of France, put Napoleon beside himself. This anxiety to have the French government respected, exhibited itself in an affair which made much noise at the period, but which was amicably arranged by the soothing influence of gold.

Two Irishmen, Napper Tandy and Blackwell, who had been educated in France, and whose names and rank as officers appeared in the French army list, had retired to Hamburg. The British government claimed them as traitors to their country, and they were given up; but, as the French government held them to be subjects of France, the transaction gave rise to bitter complaints against the senate of Hamburg.

Blackwell had been one of the leaders of the United Irishmen. He had procured his naturalization in France, and had attained the rank of chef d'escadron. Being sent on a secret mission to Norway, the ship in which he was embarked was wrecked on the coast of that kingdom. He then repaired to Hamburg, where the senate placed him under arrest on the demand of Mr. Crawford, the English minister. After being detained in prison a whole year, he was conveyed to England to be tried. The French government interfered, and preserved, if not his liberty, at least his life.

Napper Tandy was also an Irishman. To escape the search made after him, on account of the sentiments of independence which had induced him to engage in the contest for the liberty of his country, he got on board a French brig, intending to land at Hamburg and pass into Sweden. Being exempted from the amnesty by the Irish parliament, he was claimed by the British government, and the senators of Hamburg forgot honour and humanity, in their alarm at the danger which at that moment menaced their little republic, both from England and France. The senate delivered up Napper Tandy; he was carried to Ireland, and condemned to death, but owed the suspension of his execution to the interference of France. He remained two years in prison, when M. Otto, who negotiated with Lord Hawkesbury the preliminaries of peace, obtained the enlargement of Napper Tandy, who was sent back to France.

The first consul spoke at first of signal vengeance; but the

senate of Hamburg sent him a memorial, justificatory of its conduct, and backed the apology with a sum of four millions and a half, which mollified him considerably.* This was in some sort a recollection of Egypt—one of those little contributions with which the general had familiarized the pashas; with this difference, that on the present occasion not a single sous went into the national treasury. The sum was paid to the first consul, through the hands of M. Chappeau Rouge.

I kept the four millions and a half in Dutch bonds, in a secretaire, for a week. Bonaparte then determined to distribute them; after paying Josephine's debts, and the whole of the great expenses incurred at Malmaison, he dictated to me a list of persons to whom he wished to make presents. My name did not escape his lips, and consequently I had not the trouble to transcribe it; but, some time after, he said to me, with the most engaging kindness, "Bourrienne, I have given you none of the money which came from Hamburg, but I will make you amends

* Bonaparte, in dictating his own memoirs to General Gourgaud at St. Helena, makes no mention of the "golden negotiators." In other respects his account of the affair agrees with Bourrienne's.

"The English government did not show equal generosity towards Napper Tandy, Blackwell, and other Irishmen, who, after being shipwrecked on the coast of Norway, were crossing the territory of Hamburg to return to Paris. They had been naturalized as Frenchmen, and were officers in the service of the republic. The British minister at Hamburg compelled the senate to arrest them on their passage; and—who would credit it?—all Europe rose up against these unfortunate people! The Russian and Austrian governments seconded the demands of that of England, to have them given up. The citizens of Hamburg resisted for some time; but, seeing France sinking in importance, and crippled by reverses, in Germany as well as in Italy, they at last yielded.

France had the greater reason to feel herself offended at this conduct, inasmuch as the city of Hamburg had long been the refuge of 20,000 French emigrants, who had there organized armies, and concerted plots against the republic; while two unfortunate officers in the service of that republic, sacred on account of their misfortunes and shipwreck, were delivered up to the executioner.

"In consequence of this, the consuls laid an embargo upon all shipping belonging to Hamburg in the ports of France; recalled from Hamburg the French agents, both commercial and diplomatic; and dismissed those of Hamburg back to that place.

"Shortly after all this, the French arms having been successful, and the happy changes of the 18th Brumaire being daily more generally felt, the senate of Hamburg lost no time in addressing a long letter to Napoleon, to testify its repentance to him. Napoleon replied thus:

"'I have received your letter, gentlemen; it does not justify you. Courage and virtue are the preservers of states: cowardice and crime are their ruin. You have violated the laws of hospitality—a thing which never happened among the most savage hordes of the desert. Your fellow-citizens will for ever reproach you with it. The two unfortunate men whom you have given up, die with glory; but their blood will bring more evil upon their persecutors than it will be in the power of an army to do.'

"A solemn deputation from the senate arrived at the Tuileries to make public apologies to Napoleon. He again testified his indignation: and when the envoys urged their weakness, he said to them. 'Well! and had you not the resource of weak states? was it not in your power to let them escape?"—*Napoleon's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

for it." He took from his drawer a large and broad sheet of printed paper, with blanks filled up in his own handwriting, and said to me, "Here is a bill for three hundred thousand Italian liri, on the Cisalpine republic, for the price of cannon furnished. It is endorsed Haller and Collot—I give it you." To make this understood, I ought to state that cannon had been sold to the Cisalpine republic, for the value of which the administrator-general of the Italian finances drew on the republic, and the bills were paid over to M. Collot, a provision contractor, and other persons. M. Collot had given one of these bills for three hundred thousand livres to Bonaparte, in quittance of a debt; but the latter had allowed the bill to run out without troubling himself about it. The Cisalpine republic kept the cannons and the money, and the first consul kept his bill. When I had examined it, I said, "General, it has been due for a long time; why have you not got it paid? The endorsers are no longer liable."—"France is bound to discharge debts of this kind," said he; "send the paper to De Fermont: he will discount it for three per cent. You will not have in ready money more than about nine thousand francs of rentes, because the Italian livre is not equal to the franc." I thanked him, and sent the bill to M. de Fermont. He replied that the claim was bad, and that the bill would not be liquidated, because it did not come within the classifications made by the laws passed in the months, the names of which terminated in *aire*, *ose*, *al*, and *or*.

I showed M. de Fermont's answer to the first consul, who said, "Ah, bah! He understands nothing about it—he is wrong: write." He then dictated a letter, which promised very favourably for the discounting of the bill; but the answer was a fresh refusal. I said, "General, M. de Fermont does not attend to you any more than to myself." Bonaparte took the letter, read it, and said, in the tone of a man who knew beforehand what he was about to be informed of, "Well, what the devil would you have me do, since the laws are opposed to it? Persevere; follow the usual modes of liquidation, and something will come of it!" What finally happened was, that by a regular decree this bill was cancelled, torn, and deposited in the archives. These three hundred thousand livres formed part of the money which Bonaparte brought from Italy. If the bill was useless to me, it was also useless to him. This scrap of paper merely proves that he brought more than twenty-five thousand francs from Italy.

I never had, from the general-in-chief of the army of Italy, nor from the general-in-chief of the army of Egypt, nor from the first consul for ten years, nor from the consul for life, any fixed salary. I took from his drawer what was necessary for my expenses as well as his own. He never asked me for any account. After the transaction of the bill on the insolvent Cisalpine republic, he said to me, at the beginning of the winter of 1800,

" Bourrienne, the weather is becoming very bad; I will go but seldom to Malmaison. Whilst I am at council, get my papers and little articles from Malmaison; here is the key of my secretaire, take out every thing that is there." I got into the carriage at two o'clock, and returned at six. When he had dined, I placed upon the table of his cabinet the various articles which I had found in his secretaire, including fifteen thousand francs in bank-notes, which were in the corner of a little drawer. When he looked at them he said, " Here is money—what is the meaning of this?"—I replied, " I know nothing about it, except that it was in your secretaire."—" Oh, yes; I had forgotten it. It was for my trifling expenses. Here, take it." I remembered well, that one summer morning he had given me his key, to bring him two notes of a thousand francs for some incidental expense, but I had no idea that he had not drawn further on his little treasure.

I have stated the appropriation of the four millions and a half, the result of the extortion inflicted on the senate of Hamburg, in the affair of Napper Tandy and Blackwell. The whole, however, was not disposed of in presents. A considerable portion was reserved for paying Josephine's debts, and this business appears to me to deserve some observation.

The estate of Malmaison had cost a hundred and sixty thousand francs. Josephine had purchased it of M. Lecouteux, while we were in Egypt. Many embellishments, and some new buildings, had been made there; and a park had been added, which had now become beautiful. All this could not be done for nothing, and besides, it was very necessary that what was due for the original purchase should be entirely discharged; and this considerable item was not the only debt of Josephine. The creditors murmured, which had a bad effect in Paris; and I confess I was so well convinced that the first consul would be extremely displeased, that I constantly delayed the moment of speaking to him on the subject. It was, therefore, with extreme satisfaction I learned that M. de Talleyrand had anticipated me. No person was more capable than himself of gilding the pill, as one may say, for Bonaparte. Endowed with as much independence of character as of mind, he did him the service, at the risk of offending him, to tell him that a great number of creditors expressed their discontent in bitter complaints respecting the debts contracted by Madame Bonaparte during his expedition to the east. Bonaparte felt that his situation required him promptly to remove the cause of such complaints. It was one night, about half-past eleven o'clock, that M. Talleyrand introduced this delicate subject. As soon as he was gone, I entered the little cabinet; Bonaparte said to me, " Bourrienne, Talleyrand has been speaking to me about the debts of my wife. I have the money from Hamburg—ask her the exact amount of her debts: let her confess all. I wish to finish, and not begin

again. But do not pay without showing me the bills of those rascals: they are a gang of robbers."

Hitherto the apprehension of an unpleasant scene, the very idea of which made Josephine tremble, had always prevented me from broaching this subject to the first consul; but, well pleased that Talleyrand had first touched upon it, I resolved to do all in my power to put an end to the disagreeable affair.

The next morning I saw Josephine. She was at first delighted with her husband's intentions; but this feeling did not last long. When I asked her for an exact account of what she owed, she entreated me not to press it, but content myself with what she should confess. I said to her, "Madame, I cannot deceive you respecting the disposition of the first consul. He believes that you owe a considerable sum, and is willing to discharge it. You will, I doubt not, have to endure some bitter reproaches, and a violent scene; but the scene will be just the same for the whole, as for a part. If you conceal a large proportion of your debts, at the end of some time murmurs will recommence, they will reach the ears of the first consul, and his anger will display itself still more strikingly. Trust to me—state all; the result will be the same; you will hear but once the disagreeable things he will say to you: by reservations you will renew them incessantly." Josephine said, "I can never tell all; it is impossible. Do me the service to keep secret what I say to you. I owe, I believe, about twelve hundred thousand francs, but I wish to confess only six: I will contract no more debts, and will pay the rest little by little out of my savings."—"Here, Madame, my first observations recur. As I do not believe he estimates your debts at so high a sum as six hundred thousand francs, I can warrant that you will not experience more displeasure for acknowledging to twelve hundred thousand than to six; and, by going so far you will get rid of them for ever."—"I can never do it, Bourrienne; I know him; I can never support his violence." After a quarter of an hour's further discussion on the subject, I was obliged to yield to her earnest solicitation, and promise to mention only the six hundred thousand francs to the first consul.

The anger and ill-humour of the first consul may be imagined. He strongly suspected that his wife was dissembling in some respect; but he said, "Well, take six hundred thousand francs, but liquidate the debts for that sum, and let me hear nothing more on the subject. I authorize you to threaten these tradesmen with paying nothing, if they do not reduce their enormous charges. They ought to be taught not to be so ready in giving credit." Madame Bonaparte gave me all her bills. The extent to which the articles had been overcharged, owing to the fear of not being paid for a long period, and of deductions being made from the amount, was inconceivable. It appeared to me also, that there must be some exaggeration in the number of the arti-

cles supplied. I observed in the milliner's bill thirty-eight new hats, of great price, in one month. There was likewise a charge of one thousand eight hundred francs for heron plumes, and eight hundred francs for perfumes. I asked Josephine whether she wore out two hats in one day? She objected to this charge for the hats, which she merely called a mistake. The impositions which the saddler attempted, both in the extravagance of his prices, and in charging for articles which he had not furnished, were astonishing. I need say nothing of the other tradesmen, it was the same system of plunder throughout.

I availed myself fully of the first consul's permission, and spared neither reproaches nor menaces. I am ashamed to say that the greater part of the tradesmen were contented with the half of what they demanded. One of them received thirty-five thousand francs for a bill of eighty thousand; and he had the impudence to tell me that he made a good profit nevertheless. Finally, I was fortunate enough, after the most vehement disputes, to settle every thing for six hundred thousand francs. Madame Bonaparte, however, soon fell again into the same excesses, but fortunately money became more plentiful. This inconceivable mania of spending money was almost the sole cause of her unhappiness. Her thoughtless profusion occasioned permanent disorder in her household, until the period of Bonaparte's second marriage, when, I am informed, she became regular in her expenditure. I could not say so of her when she was empress, in 1804.

The amiable Josephine had not less ambition in little things, than her husband had in great. She felt pleasure in acquiring, and not in possessing. Who would suppose it? She grew tired of the beauty of the park of Malmaison, and was always asking me to take her out on the high road, either on the side of Nanterre, or on that of Marly, in the midst of the dust occasioned by the passing of carriages. The noise of the high road appeared to her preferable to the calm silence of the beautiful avenues of the park, and in this respect Hortense had the same taste as her mother. This whimsical fancy astonished Bonaparte, and he was sometimes vexed at it. My intercourse with Josephine was delightful, for I never saw a woman who so constantly entered society with such an equable disposition, or with so much of the spirit of kindness, which is the first principle of amiability. She was so obligingly attentive as to cause a pretty suite of apartments to be prepared at Malmaison for me and my family. She pressed me earnestly, and with all her known grace, to accept it; but almost as much a captive at Paris as a prisoner of state, I wished to have to myself in the country the moments of liberty I was permitted to enjoy. Yet what was this liberty? I had bought a little house at Ruel, which I had kept during two years and a half. If I had seen my friends there, it must have been at midnight, or at five o'clock in the

morning; and the first consul would often send for me in the night when couriers arrived. It was for this sort of liberty I refused Josephine's kind offer. Bonaparte came once to see me in my retreat at Ruel, but Josephine and Hortense came often. It was a favourite walk with these ladies.

At Paris I was less frequently absent from Bonaparte than at Malmaison. We sometimes in the evening walked together in the garden of the Tuileries, after the gates were closed. In these evening walks he always wore a gray great-coat, and a round hat. I was directed to answer, "The first consul," to the sentinel's challenge of "Who goes there?" These promenades, which were of much benefit to Bonaparte, and me also, as a relaxation from our labours, resembled those which we had at Malmaison. As to our promenades in the city, they were often very amusing.

At the period of our first inhabiting the Tuileries, when I saw Bonaparte enter the cabinet at eight o'clock in the evening in his gray coat, I knew he would say, "Bourrienne, come and take a turn." Sometimes, then, instead of going out by the garden arcade, we would take the little gate which leads from the court to the apartments of the Duke d'Angoulême. He would take my arm, and we would go to buy articles of trifling value in the shops of the Rue St. Honoré; but we did not extend our excursions further than Rue de l'Arbre Sec. Whilst I made the shopkeeper exhibit before us the articles which I appeared anxious to buy, he played his part in asking questions. Nothing was more amusing than to see him endeavouring to imitate the careless and jocular tone of the young men of fashion. How awkward was he in the attempt to put on dandy airs, when, pulling up the corners of his cravat, he would say, "Well, Madame, is there any thing new to-day? Citizen, what say they of Bonaparte? Your shop appears to be well supplied. You surely have a great deal of custom. What do people say of that buffoon, Bonaparte?" He was made quite happy one day, when we were obliged to retire hastily from a shop, to avoid the attacks drawn upon us by the irreverent tone in which Bonaparte spoke of the first consul.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### 1800.

War and monuments—Influence of the recollections of Egypt—First improvements in Paris—Malmaison too little—Saint Cloud taken—The Pont des Arts—Business prescribed for me by Bonaparte—Pecuniary remuneration—The first consul's visit to the Pritanée—His examination of the pupils—Consular pensions—Tragical death of Miackzinski—Introduction of vaccination—Recal of the members of the constituent assembly—The Canary volunteers—Tronchet and Target—Liberation of the Austrian prisoners—Longchamps and the spiritual concerts.

The destruction of men, and the construction of monuments, were two things perfectly in unison in the mind of Bonaparte. It may be said that his passion for monuments almost equalled his passion for war; but as in all things he disliked what was little and mean, so he liked vast constructions and great battles. The sight of the colossal ruins of the monuments of Egypt had not a little contributed to augment his natural taste for great structures. It was not so much the monuments themselves that he admired, but the historical recollections they perpetuate, the great names they consecrate, the important events they attest. What should he have cared for the column which we beheld on our arrival in Alexandria, had it not been Pompey's pillar? It is for artists to admire or censure its proportions and ornaments, for men of learning to explain its inscriptions; but the name of Pompey renders it an object of interest to all.

When endeavouring to sketch the character of Bonaparte. I ought to have noticed his taste for monuments, for without this characteristic trait something essential is wanting to the completion of the portrait. This taste, or, as it may more properly be called, this passion, for monuments, exercised no small influence on his thoughts and projects of glory; yet it did not deter him from directing attention to public improvements of a less ostentatious kind. He wished for great monuments to perpetuate the recollection of his glory; but, at the same time, he knew how to appreciate all that was truly useful. He could very rarely be reproached for rejecting any plan without exami-

nation; and this examination was a speedy affair, for his natural tact enabled him immediately to see things in their proper light.

Though most of the monuments and embellishments of Paris are executed from the plans of men of talent, yet some owe their origin to circumstances merely accidental. Of this I can mention an example.

I was standing at the window of Bonaparte's cabinet, which looked into the garden of the Tuileries. He had gone out, and I took advantage of his absence to rise from my chair, for I was tired of sitting. He had scarcely been gone a minute, when he unexpectedly returned to ask me for a paper. "What are you doing there, Bourrienne? I'll wager any thing you are admiring the ladies walking on the terrace."—"Why, I must confess, I do sometimes amuse myself in that way," replied I; "but I assure you, general, I was now thinking of something else. I was looking at that villanous left bank of the Seine, which always annoys me with its dirty quay, and the floodings which almost every winter prevent communication with the Faubourg St. Germain, and I was thinking I would speak to you on the subject." He approached the window, and, looking out, said, "You are right, it is very ugly; and very offensive to see dirty linen washed before our windows. Here, write immediately, 'the quay of the *Ecole de Natation** is to be finished during next campaign.' Send that order to the minister of the interior." The quay was finished the year following.

As an instance of the enormous difference which frequently appears between the original estimates of architects and their subsequent accounts, I may mention what occurred in relation to the palace of St. Cloud. But I must first say a word about the manner in which Bonaparte originally refused and afterwards took possession of the queen's pleasure-house. Malmaison was a suitable country residence for Bonaparte, as long as he remained content with his town apartments in the little Luxembourg; but that consular *bagatelle* was too confined, in comparison with the spacious apartments in the Tuileries. The inhabitants of St. Cloud, acting upon instructions to that effect, addressed a petition to the legislative body, praying that their deserted chateau might be made the summer residence of the first consul. The petition was referred to the government; but Bonaparte, who was not yet consul for life, proudly declared, that so long as he was at the head of affairs, and, indeed, for a year afterwards, he would accept no national recompence. Some time after, we went to visit the palace of the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte liked it exceedingly, but all was in a state of complete dilapidation. It bore evident marks of the revolution. The first consul did not wish, as yet, to burden the budget of the

* Swimming school. There are regular professors, and swimming is taught by rule, like dancing, &c.—*Editor.*

state with his personal expenses, and he was alarmed at the enormous sum required to render St. Cloud habitable. Flattery had not yet arrived at the degree of proficiency which it subsequently attained; but even then his flatterers boldly assured him he might take possession of St. Cloud for twenty-five thousand francs. I told the first consul, that, considering the ruinous state of the place, I could venture to say, that the expense would amount to more than twelve hundred thousand francs. Bonaparte determined to have a regular estimate of the expense, and it amounted to nearly three millions. He thought it a great sum; but, as he had resolved to make St. Cloud his residence, he gave orders for commencing the repairs, the expense of which, independently of the furniture, amounted to six millions. So much for the three millions of the architect, and the twenty-five thousand francs of the flatterers.

When the first consul contemplated the building of the Pont des Arts, we had a long conversation on the subject. I observed that it would be much better to build the bridge of stone. "The first object of monuments of this kind," said I, "is public utility. They require solidity of appearance, and their principal merit is duration. I cannot conceive, general, why, in a country where there is abundance of fine stone of every quality, the use of iron should be preferred."—"Write," said Bonaparte, "to Fontaine and Percier, the architects, and ask what they think of it."—I wrote, and they stated in their answer that "bridges were intended for public utility, and the embellishment of cities. The projected bridge between the Louvre and the Quatre-Nations, would unquestionably fulfil the first of these objects, as was proved by the great number of persons who daily crossed the Seine at that point, in boats; that the site fixed upon between the Pont-Neuf and the Tuileries appeared to be the best that could be chosen for the purpose; and that on the score of ornament, Paris would gain little by the construction of an iron bridge, which would be very narrow, and which, from its light form, would not correspond with the grandeur of the two bridges between which it would be placed."

When we had received the answer of MM. Percier and Fontaine, we again had a conversation on the subject of the bridge. I told the first consul that I perfectly concurred in the opinion of MM. Fontaine and Percier; however, he would have his own way, and thus was authorized the construction of the toy which formed a communication between the Louvre and the Institute. But no sooner was the Pont des Arts finished, than Bonaparte pronounced it to be mean, and out of keeping with the other bridges above and below it. One day, when visiting the Louvre, he stopped at one of the windows looking towards the Pont des Arts, and said, "There is no solidity, no grandeur about that bridge. In England, where stone is scarce, it is very natural that iron should be used, for arches of large dimensions.

But the case is different in France, where the requisite material is abundant."

The infernal machine, of the 3d Nivose, of which I shall presently speak more at length, was the signal for vast changes in the quarter of the Tuileries. That horrible attempt was at least so far attended by happy results, that it contributed to the embellishment of Paris. It was thought more advisable for the government to buy and pull down the houses which had been injured by the machine, than to let them be put under repair. As an example of Bonaparte's grand schemes in building, I may mention that being one day at the Louvre, he pointed towards Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, and said to me, "That is where I will build an imperial street. It shall run from here to the barrier of the throne. It shall have arcades and plantations. The imperial street shall be the finest in the world."

The palace of the King of Rome, which was to face the Pont de Jena, and the Champ de Mars, would have been in some measure out of Paris, with which, however, it was to be connected by a line of palaces. These were to extend along the quay, and were destined as splendid residences for the ambassadors of foreign sovereigns, at least as long as there should be any sovereigns in Europe except Napoleon. The Temple of Glory, too, which was to occupy the site of the church of La Madelaine, was never finished. If the plan of this monument proved the necessity which Bonaparte felt, of constantly holding out stimulants to his soldiers, its relinquishment was at least a proof of his wisdom. He who had re-established religious worship in France, and had restored to its destination the church of the Invalids, which was for a time metamorphosed into the Temple of Mars, foresaw that a Temple of Glory would give birth to a sort of paganism, incompatible with the ideas of the age.

The recollection of the magnificent Necropolis of Cairo frequently recurred to Bonaparte's mind. He had admired that city of the dead, which he had partly contributed to people; and his design was to make, at the four cardinal points of Paris, four vast cemeteries, on the plan of that which had fixed his attention at Cairo.

Bonaparte determined that all the new streets of Paris should be forty feet wide, and be provided with foot-pavements: in short, he thought nothing too grand for the embellishment of the capital of a country, which he wished to make the first in the world. Next to war, he regarded the embellishment of Paris as the source of his glory; and he never considered a victory fully achieved until he had raised a monument to transmit its memory to posterity. He wanted glory, uninterrupted glory, for France, as well as for himself. How often, when talking over his schemes, has he not said, "Bourrienne, it is for France I am doing all this! All I wish, all I desire, the end of all my labours is, that my name should be indissolubly connected with that of France!"

Paris is not the only city, nor is France the only kingdom, which bears traces of Napoleon's passion for great and useful monuments. In Belgium, in Holland, in Piedmont, in all Italy, he executed great improvements. At Turin, a splendid bridge was built over the Po, in lieu of an old bridge, which was falling in ruins.

How many things were undertaken and executed in Napoleon's short and eventful reign! To obviate the difficulty of communication between Metz and Mentz, a magnificent road was made, as if by magic, across impracticable marshes and vast forests: mountains were cut, and ravines filled up. He would not allow nature, more than man, to resist him. One day, when he was proceeding to Belgium, by the way of Givet, he was detained for a short time at Little Givet, on the right bank of the Meuse, in consequence of an accident which happened to the ferry-boat. He was within a gun-shot of the fortress of Charlemont, on the left bank, and in the vexation which the delay occasioned, he dictated the following decree: "A bridge shall be built over the Meuse, to join Little Givet to Great Givet. It shall be terminated during the ensuing campaign." It was completed within the prescribed time.

In the great work of bridges and highways, Bonaparte's chief object was to remove the obstacles and barriers which nature had raised up as the limits of old France, so as to form a junction with the provinces which he successively annexed to the empire. Thus, in Savoy, a road, smooth as a garden-walk, superseded the dangerous risings and fallings of the wood of Bramant; thus was the passage of Mount Cenis a pleasant promenade at almost every season of the year; thus did the Simplon bow his head, and Bonaparte might have said, "There are now no Alps," with more reason than Louis XIV. said, "There are now no Pyrenees."

Such was the implicit confidence which Bonaparte reposed in me, that I was often alarmed at the responsibility it obliged me to incur.* Official business was not the only labour that de-

* Of this confidence, the following instructions for me, which he dictated to Duroc, afford sufficient proof:

"1st. Citizen Bourrienne shall open all the letters addressed to the first consul, and present them to him three times a day, or oftener in case of urgent business. The letters shall be deposited in the cabinet when they are opened. Bourrienne is to analyze all those which are of secondary interest, and write the first consul's decision on each letter. The hours for presenting the letters shall be, first, when the consul rises; second, a quarter of an hour before dinner; and third, at eleven at night.

"2d. He is to have the superintendence of the Topographical office, and of an office of Translation, in which there shall be a German and an English clerk. Every day he shall present to the first consul, at the hours above mentioned, the German and English journals, together with a translation. With respect to the Italian journals, it will only be necessary to mark what the first consul is to read.

"3d. He shall keep a register of appointments to offices under government;

volved upon me. I had to write to the dictation of the first consul, during a great part of the day, or to decipher his writing, which was always the most laborious part of my duty. I was so closely employed, that I scarcely ever went out; and when, by chance, I dined in town, I could not arrive until the very moment of dinner, and I was obliged to run away immediately after it. Once a month, at most, I went without Bonaparte to the Comédie Française; but I was obliged to return at nine o'clock, that being the hour at which we resumed business. Corvisart, with whom I was intimately acquainted, constantly expressed his apprehensions about my health; but my zeal carried me through every difficulty, and during our stay at the Tuileries, I cannot express how happy I was in enjoying the unreserved confidence of the man, on whom the eyes of all Europe were fixed. So perfect was this confidence, that Bonaparte, neither as general, consul, or emperor, ever gave me any fixed salary. In money matters we were still *comrades:* I took from his funds what was necessary to maintain my expenses, and of this Bonaparte never once asked me for any account.

He often mentioned his wish to regenerete public education, which he thought was ill-managed. The central schools did not please him; but he could not withhold his admiration from the polytechnic school, the finest establishment of education that was ever founded, but which he afterwards destroyed, by giving it a military organization. In only one college of Paris the old system of study was preserved: this was the Louis-le-Grand, which had received the name of Pritanée. The first consul directed the minister of the interior to draw up a report on that establishment; and he himself went to pay an unexpected visit to the Pritanée, accompanied by M. Lebrun and Duroc. He remained there upwards of an hour, and in the evening, he spoke to me with much interest on the subject of his visit. "Do you know, Bourrienne," said he, "that I have been performing the duties of professor?"—"You, general!"—"Yes! and I did not

a second, for appointments to official posts; a third, for appointments to places abroad; and a fourth, for the situations of receivers and great financial posts, where he is to inscribe the names of all the individuals whom the first consul may refer to him. These registers must be written by his own hand, and must be kept entirely private.

"4th. Secret correspondence, and the different reports of inspection, are to be addressed directly to Bourrienne, and transmitted by him to the hand of the first consul, by whom they will be returned without the intervention of any third party.

"5th. There shall be a register for all that relates to secret extraordinary expenditure. Bourrienne shall write the whole with his own hand, in order that the business may be kept from the knowledge of any one.

"6th. He shall despatch all the business which may be referred to him, either from citizen Duroc, or from the cabinet of the first consul, taking care to arrange every thing so as to secure secrecy.

"BONAPARTE, First Consul.

"Paris, 13th Germinal, year VIII."

acquit myself badly. I examined the pupils in the mathematical class; and I recollected enough of my Bezout, to make some demonstrations before them. I went every where, into the bedrooms, and the dining-room. I tasted the soup, which is better than we used to have at Brienne. I must devote serious attention to public education, and the management of the colleges. The pupils must have a uniform. I observed some well, and others ill dressed. That will not do. At college, above all places, there should be equality. But I was much pleased with the pupils of the Pritanée. I wish to know the names of those I examined, and I have desired Duroc to report them to me. I will give them rewards; that stimulates young people. I will provide for some of them."

On this subject, Bonaparte did not confine himself to an empty scheme. After consulting with the head master of the Pritanée, he granted pensions of two hundred francs to seven or eight of the most distinguished pupils of the establishment, and he placed three of them in the department of foreign affairs, under the title of diplomatic pupils.*

What I have just said, respecting the first consul's visit to the Pritanée, reminds me of a very extraordinary circumstance, which arose out of it. Among the pupils at the Pritanée, there was a son of General Miackzinski, who died fighting under the banners of the republic. Young Miackzinski was then sixteen or seventeen years of age. He soon quitted the college, entered the army as a volunteer, and was one of a corps reviewed by Bonaparte in the Plain of Sablons. He was pointed out to the first consul, who said to him, "I knew your father. Follow his example, and in six months you shall be an officer." Six months elapsed, and Miackzinski wrote to the first consul, reminding him of his promise. No answer was returned, and the young man then wrote a second letter, as follows:

You desired me to prove myself worthy of my father; I have done so. You promised that I should be an officer in six months: seven have elapsed since that promise was made. When you receive this letter, I shall be no more. I cannot live under a government, the head of which breaks his word.

Poor Miackzinski kept his word but too faithfully. After writing the above letter to the first consul, he retired to his chamber, and blew out his brains with a pistol. A few days after this tragical event, Miackzinski's commission was transmitted to his corps; for Bonaparte had not forgotten him. A delay in the War-office had caused the death of this promising young man. Bonaparte was much affected at the circumstance, and he said to me, "These Poles have such refined notions of

* This institution of diplomatic pupils was originally suggested by M. de Talleyrand.

honour..... Poor Sulkowski, I am sure, would have done the same."

At the commencement of the consulate, it was gratifying to see how actively Bonaparte was seconded in the execution of plans for the social regeneration of France: all seemed animated with new life, and every one strove to do good, as if it were a matter of competition. Every circumstance concurred to favour the good intentions of the first consul. Vaccination, which, perhaps, has saved as many lives as war has sacrificed, was introduced into France by M. de Liancourt; and Bonaparte, immediately appreciating the value of such a discovery, gave it his decided approbation. At the same time, a council of Prizes was established, and the old members of the Constituent Assembly were invited to return to France. It was for their sake, and that of the royalists, that the first consul recalled them, but it was to please the jacobins, whom he was endeavouring to conciliate, that their return was subject to restrictions. At first, the invitation to return to France extended only to those who could prove that they had voted in favour of the abolition of nobility. The lists of emigrants were closed, and committees were appointed to investigate their claims to the privilege of returning.

From the commencement of the month of Germinal, the reorganization of the army of Italy had proceeded with renewed activity. The presence, in Paris, of the fine corps of the Consular Guard, added to the desire of showing themselves off in gay uniforms, had stimulated the military ardour of many respectable young men of the capital. Taking advantage of this circumstance, the first consul created a corps of volunteers, destined for the army of reserve, which was to remain at Dijon. He saw the advantage of connecting a great number of families with his cause, and imbuing them with the spirit of the army. This volunteer corps wore a yellow uniform, which, in some of the saloons of Paris, where it was still the custom to ridicule every thing, obtained for them the nickname of canaries. Bonaparte, who did not always relish a joke, took this in very ill part, and often expressed to me his vexation at it. However, he was gratified to observe in the composition of this corps, a first specimen of privileged soldiers; an idea which he acted upon when he created the orderly gendarmes in the campaign of Jena, and when he organized the guards of honour after the disasters of Moscow.

In every action of his life, Bonaparte had some particular object in view. I recollect his saying to me one day, "Bourrienne, I cannot yet venture to do any thing against the regicides; but I will let them see what I think of them. To-morrow I shall have some business with Abrial respecting the organization of the court of Cassation. Target, who is the president of that court, would not defend Louis XVI. Well, whom do you

think I mean to appoint in his place?....Tronchet, who did defend the king. They may say what they please; *I care not.*"* Tronchet was appointed.

Nearly about the same time, the first consul, being informed of the escape of General Mack, said to me, "Mack may go where he pleases; I am not afraid of him. But I will tell you what I have been thinking. There are some other Austrian officers who were prisoners with Mack: among the number is a Count Dietrichstein, who belongs to a great family in Vienna. I will liberate them all. At the moment of opening a campaign, this will have a good effect. They will see that I fear nothing; and who knows but this may procure me some admirers in Austria." The order for liberating the Austrian prisoners was immediately despatched. Thus Bonaparte's acts of generosity, as well as his acts of severity, and his choice of individuals, were all the result of deep calculation.

This unvarying attention to the affairs of the government was manifest in all he did. I have already mentioned the almost simultaneous suppression of the horrible commemoration of the month of January, and the permission for the revival of the opera balls. A measure something similar to this was the authorization of the festivals of Longchamps, which had been forgotten since the revolution. He, at the same time, gave permission for spiritual concerts at the opera. Thus, while in public acts he maintained the observance of the republican calendar, he was gradually reviving the old calendar by seasons of festivity. Shrove-Tuesday was marked by a ball, and Passion-week by promenades and concerts.

* On this, as on many other occasions, the cynicism of Bonaparte's language does not admit of a literal translation.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### 1800.

The Memorial of St. Helena—Louis XVIII.'s first letter to Bonaparte—Josephine, Hortense, and the Faubourg Saint-Germain—Madame Bonaparte and the fortune-teller—Louis XVIII.'s second letter—Bonaparte's answer—Conversation respecting the recal of Louis XVIII.—Peace and war—A battle fought with pins—Genoa and Mélas—Realization of Bonaparte's military plans—Ironical letter to Berthier—Departure from Paris—Instructions to Lucien and Cambacérès—Joseph Bonaparte appointed councillor of state—Travelling conversation—Alexander and Cæsar judged by Bonaparte.

It sometimes happens that an event which passes away unnoticed at the time of its occurrence, acquires importance from events which subsequently ensue. This reflection naturally occurs to my mind now that I am about to notice the correspondence which passed between Louis XVIII. and the first consul. This is certainly not one of the least interesting passages in the life of Bonaparte.

But I must first beg leave to make another observation on the Memorial of St. Helena. That publication relates what Bonaparte said respecting the negotiations between Louis XVIII. and himself; and I find it necessary to quote a few lines on the subject, in order to show how far the statements contained in the Memorial differ from the autograph letters in my possession.

At St. Helena, Napoleon said that he never thought of the princes of the house of Bourbon. This is true to a certain point. He did not think of the princes of the house of Bourbon with the view of restoring them to their throne; but it has been shown, in several parts of these memoirs, that he thought of them very often, and that, on more than one occasion, their very names alarmed him. * The substance of the two letters given in

* The Memorial states, that "A letter was delivered to the firs consul by Lebrun, who received it from the Abbé de Montesquieu, the secret agent of the Bourbons in Paris." This letter, which was very cautiously written, said—

"You are long delaying the restoration of my throne. It is to be feared you are suffering favourable moments to escape. You cannot secure the happiness of France without me, and I can do nothing for France without you. Hasten then to name the offices which you would choose for your friends."

the Memorial of St. Helena is correct. The ideas are nearly the same as those of the original letters. But it is not surprising that, after the lapse of so long an interval, Napoleon's memory should somewhat have failed him. However, it will not, I presume, be deemed unimportant if I present to the reader literal copies of this correspondence, together with the explanation of some curious circumstances connected with it.

The following is Louis XVIII.'s letter:

February 20th, 1800.

Sir,

Whatever may be their apparent conduct, men like you never inspire alarm. You have accepted an eminent station, and I thank you for having done so. You know better than any one how much strength and power are requisite to secure the happiness of a great nation. Save France from her own violence, and you will fulfil the first wish of my heart. Restore her king to her, and future generations will bless your memory. You will always be too necessary to the state for me ever to be able to discharge by important appointments, the debt of my family and myself,

Louis.

The first consul was much agitated on the reception of this letter. Though he every day declared his determination to have nothing to do with the princes, yet he hesitated whether or no he should reply to this overture. The numerous affairs which then occupied his mind favoured this hesitation. Josephine and Hortense conjured him to hold out hope to the king, as, by so doing, he would in no way pledge himself, and would gain time to ascertain whether he could not ultimately play a far greater part than that of Monk. Their entreaties became so urgent, that he said to me, "These devils of women are mad! The Faubourg St. Germain has turned their heads! They make the Faubourg the guardian angel of the royalists; but I care not; I will have nothing to do with them."

Madame Bonaparte said she was anxious he should adopt the step she proposed, in order to banish from his mind all thought of making himself king. This idea always gave rise to a painful foreboding which she could never overcome.*

The answer, Napoleon said, was as follows:

"I have received your Royal Highness's letter. I have always taken a lively interest in your misfortunes, and those of your family. You must not think of appearing in France: you could only return here by trampling over a hundred thousand dead bodies. I shall always be happy to do any thing that can alieviate your fate, and help to banish the recollection of your misfortunes."

* A strong impression of the fate that awaited her had been made on her mind during Bonaparte's absence in Egypt. She, like many other ladies of Paris, went at that time to consult a celebrated fortune-teller, a Madame Villeneuve, who lived in the Rue de Lancry. This woman had revealed her destiny as follows: "You are," said she, "the wife of a great general, who will become still greater. He will cross the seas which separate him from you, and you will occupy the first station in France; but it will be only for a short time."

In the first consul's numerous conversations with me, he discussed with admirable sagacity Louis XVIII.'s proposition and its consequences. "The partisans of the Bourbons," said he, "are deceived if they suppose I am the man to play Monk's part." Here the matter rested, and the king's letter remained on the table. In the interim, Louis XVIII. wrote a second letter, without any date. It was as follows:

You must have long since been convinced, general, that you possess my esteem. If you doubt my gratitude, fix your reward and mark out the fortune of your friends. As to my principles, I am a Frenchman, merciful by character, and also by the dictates of reason.

No, the conqueror of Lodi, Castiglione, and Arcole, the conqueror of Italy and Egypt, cannot prefer vain celebrity to real glory. But you are losing precious time. We may ensure the glory of France. I say *we*, because I require the aid of Bonaparte, and he can do nothing without me.

General, Europe observes you. Glory awaits you, and I am impatient to restore peace to my people.

(Signed) Louis.

This dignified letter the first consul suffered to remain unanswered for several weeks: at length he proposed to dictate an answer to me. I observed, that as the king's letters were autographs, it would be more proper that he should write himself. He then wrote with his own hand the following:

Sir,

I have received your letter, and I thank you for the compliments you address to me.

You must not seek to return to France. To do so, you must trample over a hundred thousand dead bodies.

Sacrifice your interest to the repose and happiness of France, and history will render you justice.

I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family. I shall learn with pleasure, and shall willingly contribute to ensure the tranquillity of your retirement.

Bonaparte.

He showed me this letter, saying, "What do you think of it? is it not good?" He was never offended when I pointed out to him an error of grammar or style, and I therefore replied, "As to the substance, if such be your resolution, I have nothing to say against it; but," added I, "I must make one observation on the style. You cannot say that *you shall learn with pleasure to ensure*, &c." On reading the passage over again, he thought he had pledged himself too far, in saying that he *would willingly contribute*, &c. He therefore scored out the last sentence, and interlined, *I shall contribute with pleasure to the happiness and tranquillity of your retirement.*

The answer thus scored and interlined could not be sent off and it lay on the table, with Bonaparte's signature affixed to it.

Some time after he wrote another answer, the three first paragraphs of which were exactly like that first quoted; but for the last paragraph he substituted the following: *I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family; and I shall learn with pleasure that you are surrounded with all that can contribute to the tranquillity of your retirement.* By this means he did not pledge himself in any way, not even in words, for he himself made no offer of contributing to the tranquillity of the retirement. Every day which augmented his power, and consolidated his position, diminished, he thought, the chances of the Bourbons; and seven months were suffered to intervene between the date of the king's first letter and the answer of the first consul, which was written on the 2d Vendémiaire, year IX. (14th of September, 1800), just when the congress of Luneville was on the point of opening.

Some days after the receipt of Louis XVIII.'s letter, we were walking in the gardens of Malmaison: he was in good humour, for every thing was going on to his mind. "Has my wife been saying any thing more to you about the Bourbons?" said he.—"No, general."—"But, when you converse with her you concur a little in her opinions. Tell me why you wish the Bourbons back? You have no interest in their return, nothing to expect from them. Your family rank is not high enough to enable you to obtain any great post. You would be nothing under them. Through the patronage of M. de Chambonas you got the appointment of secretary of legation at Stuttgard; but, had it not been for the change, you would have remained all your life in that or some inferior post. Did you ever know men rise by their own merit under kings? Every thing depends on birth, connexion, fortune, and intrigue. Judge things more accurately; reflect more maturely on the future."—"General," replied I, "I am quite of your opinion on one point. I never received gift, place, or favour from the Bourbons; and I have not the vanity to believe that I should ever have attained any important appointment. But you must not forget that my nomination as secretary of legation at Stuttgard preceded the overthrow of the throne only by a few days; and I cannot infer, from what took place under circumstances unfortunately too certain, what might have happened in the reverse case. Besides, I am not actuated by personal feelings; I consider not my own interests, but those of France. I wish you to hold the reins of government as long as you live; but you have no children, and it is tolerably certain that you will have none by Josephine. What will become of us when you are gone? You talk of the future; but what will be the future fate of France? I have often heard you say that your brothers are not....."—"You are right," said he, abruptly interrupting me. "If I

do not live thirty years to complete my work, you will have a long series of civil wars after my death. My brothers will not govern France; you know what they are. A violent conflict will therefore arise among the most distinguished generals, each of whom will think himself entitled to succeed me."—"Well, general, why not take means to obviate the mischief you foresee?"—"Do you imagine I do not think of it? But look at the difficulties that stand in my way. How are so many acquired rights and material results to be secured against the efforts of a family restored to power, and returning with eighty thousand emigrants and the influence of fanaticism? What would become of those who voted for the death of the king—the men who acted a conspicuous part in the revolution—the national domains, and a multitude of things that have been done during twelve years? Can you see how far reaction would extend?"—"General, need I remind you that Louis, in his letter, guarantees the contrary of all you apprehend? I know what will be your answer; but are you not able to impose whatever conditions you may think fit? Grant what is asked of you only at that price. Take three or four years; in that time you may ensure the happiness of France by institutions conformable to her wants. Custom and habit would give them a power which it would not be easy to destroy; and even supposing such a design were entertained, it could not be accomplished. I have heard you say it is wished you should act the part of Monk; but you well know the difference between a general opposing the usurper of a crown, and one whom victory and peace have raised above the ruins of a subverted throne, and who restores it voluntarily to those who have long occupied it. You are well aware what you call ideology will not again be revived; and....."—"I know what you are going to say; but it all amounts to nothing. Depend upon it, the Bourbons will think they have reconquered their inheritance, and will dispose of it as they please. The most sacred pledges, the most positive promises, will be violated. None but fools will trust them. My resolution is formed; therefore let us say no more on the subject. But I know how these women torment you. Let them mind their knitting, and leave me to do what I think right."

Every one knows the adage, *Si vis pacem para bellum.* Had Bonaparte been a Latin scholar, he would probably have reversed it, and said, *Si vis bellum para pacem.*

While seeking to establish pacific relations with the powers of Europe, the first consul was preparing to strike a great blow in Italy. As long as Genoa held out, and Massena continued there, Bonaparte did not despair of meeting the Austrians in those fields which, not four years before, had been the scenes of his success. He resolved to assemble an army of reserve at Dijon. Where there was previously nothing, he created every

thing. At that period of his life, the fertility of his imagination and the vigour of his genius must have commanded the admiration of even his bitterest enemies. I was astonished at the details into which he entered. While every moment was engrossed by the most important occupations, he sent four hundred thousand francs to the hospital of Mount St. Bernard. When he saw that his army of reserve was forming, and every thing was going on to his mind, he said to me, "I hope to fall on the rear of Melas before he is aware I am in Italy . . . . . that is to say, provided Genoa holds out. But Massena is defending it."

On the 17th of March, in a moment of gaiety and good humour, he desired me to unrol Chauchard's great map of Italy. He lay down upon it, and desired me to do so likewise. He then stuck into it pins, the heads of which were tipped with wax, some red and some black. I silently observed him, and awaited with no little curiosity the result of this plan of campaign. When he had stationed the enemy's corps, and drawn up the pins with red heads on the points where he hoped to bring his own troops, he said to me, "Where do you think I shall beat Melas?"—"How the devil should I know?"—"Why, look here, you fool! Melas is at Alessandria with his head-quarters. There he will remain until Genoa surrender. He has in Alessandria his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, and reserves. Crossing the Alps here (pointing to the Great Mount St. Bernard), I shall fall upon Melas, cut off his communications with Austria, and meet him here in the plains of Scrivia" (placing a red pin at San Giuliano). Finding that I looked on this manœuvre of pins as mere pastime, he addressed to me some of his usual compliments, such as fool, ninny, &c., and then proceeded to demonstrate his plans more clearly on the map. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, we rose; I folded up the map, and thought no more of the matter.

Four months after this, when I was at San Giuliano with Bonaparte's portfolio and despatches which I had saved from the rout which had taken place during the day, and when, that very evening, I was writing, at Torre-di-Garafolo, the bulletin of the battle, to Napoleon's dictation, I frankly avowed my admiration of his military plans. He himself smiled at the accuracy of his own foresight.

The first consul was not satisfied with General Berthier as war-minister, and he superseded him by Carnot, who had given great proofs of firmness and integrity; but who, nevertheless, was no favourite of Bonaparte, on account of his decided republican principles. Carnot's appointment took place on the 2d of April, 1800; and to console Berthier, who, he knew, was more at home in the camp than in the office, he dictated to me the following letter for him:

Paris, April 2, 1800

Citizen General,

The military talents, of which you have given so many proofs, and the confidence of the government, call you to the command of an

army. During the winter you have *reorganized* the war department, and you have provided, as far as circumstances would permit, for the wants of our armies. During the spring and summer it must be your task to lead our troops to victory, which is the effectual means of obtaining peace, and consolidating the republic.

Bonaparte laughed heartily while he dictated this epistle, especially when he uttered the word which I have marked in italics. Berthier set out for Dijon, where he commenced the formation of the army of reserve.

The consular constitution did not empower the first consul to command an army out of the territory of France. Bonaparte therefore wished to keep secret his long-projected plan of placing himself at the head of the army of Italy, which he then for the first time called the grand army. I observed that by his choice of Berthier, nobody could be deceived; because it must be evident that he would have made another selection, had he not intended to command in person. He laughed at my observation.

Our departure from Paris was fixed for the 6th of May, or, according to the republican calendar, the 16th Floréal. Bonaparte had made all his arrangements, and issued all his orders; but still he did not wish it to be known that he was going to take the command of the army. On the eve of our departure, being in conference with the two other consuls and the ministers, he said to Lucien, "Prepare, to-morrow morning, a circular to the prefects, and you, Fouché, will publish it in the journals. Say I am gone to Dijon, to inspect the army of reserve. You may add that I shall, perhaps, go as far as Geneva; but you must affirm positively that I shall not be absent longer than a fortnight. You, Cambacérès, will preside to-morrow at the council of state. In my absence, you are the head of the government. State that my absence will be but of short duration, but specify nothing. Express my satisfaction of the council of state: it has already rendered great services, and I shall be happy to see it continue in the course it has hitherto pursued. Oh! I had nearly forgotten—you will at the same time announce that I have appointed Joseph a councillor of state. Should any thing happen, I shall be back again like a thunderbolt. I recommend to you all the great interests of France, and I trust that I shall shortly be talked of in Vienna and in London."

We set out at two in the morning, taking the Burgundy road, which we had already so often travelled under very different circumstances.

On the journey Bonaparte conversed about the warriors of antiquity, especially Alexander, Cæsar, Scipio, and Hannibal. I asked him which he preferred, Alexander or Cæsar? "I place Alexander in the first rank," said he, "yet I admire Cæsar's fine campaign in Africa. But the ground of my preference for the King of Macedonia is the plan, and above all, the execution, of his campaign in Asia. Only those who are utterly

ignorant of war can blame Alexander for having spent seven months at the siege of Tyre. For my part, I would have staid there seven years, had it been necessary. This is a great subject of dispute; but I look upon the siege of Tyre, the conquest of Egypt. and the journey to the Oasis of Ammon, as a decided proof of the genius of that great captain. His object was to give the King of Persia (of whose force he had only beaten a feeble advance-guard at the Granicus and Issus) time to reassemble his troops, so that he might overthrow, at a blow, the colossus which he had as yet only shaken. By pursuing Darius into his states, Alexander would have separated himself from his reinforcements, and would have met only scattered parties of troops who would have drawn him into deserts where his army would have been sacrificed. By persevering in the taking of Tyre, he secured his communications with Greece, the country he loved as dearly as I love France, and in whose glory he placed his own. By taking possession of the rich province of Egypt, he forced Darius to come to defend or deliver it, and, in so doing, to march halfway to meet him. By representing himself as the son of Jupiter, he worked upon the ardent feelings of the orientals in a way that powerfully seconded his designs. Though he died at thirty-three, what a name he has left behind him!"

Though an utter stranger to the noble profession of arms, yet I could admire Bonaparte's clever military plans, and his shrewd remarks on the great captains of ancient and modern times. I could not refrain from saying, "General, you often reproach me for being no flatterer, but now I tell you plainly I admire you."

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### 1800.

Bonaparte's confidence in the army—*Ma belle France*—The convent of Bernardine—Passage of Mount St. Bernard—Arrival at the convent—Refreshments distributed to the soldiers—Mount Albaredo—Artillery dismounted—The fort of Bard—Fortunate temerity—Bonaparte and Melas—The spy—Bonaparte's opinion of M. Necker—Capitulation of Genoa—Intercepted despatch—Lannes at Montebello—Boudet succeeded by Desaix—Coolness of the first consul to M. Collot—Conversation and recollections—The battle of Marengo—General Kellerman—Supper sent from the convent *del Bosco*——Particulars respecting the death of Desaix—The Prince of Lichtenstein—Return to Milan—Savary and Rapp.

The army which the first consul was preparing to attack was numerous, well disciplined, and victorious. His, with the exception of a very small number of troops, was composed of conscripts; but these conscripts were commanded by officers whose ardour was unparalleled. Bonaparte's fortune was now to depend on the winning or losing of a battle. A battle lost would have dispelled all the dreams of his imagination, and with them would have vanished all his schemes for the future welfare of France. He saw the danger, but was not intimidated by it; and trusting to his accustomed good fortune, and to the courage and fidelity of his troops, he said, "I have, it is true, many conscripts in my army, but they are Frenchmen. Four years ago, did I not with a feeble army drive before me hordes of Sardinians and Austrians, and scour the face of Italy? We shall do so again, The sun which now shines on us is the same that shone at Arcole and Lodi. I rely on Massena. I hope he will hold out in Genoa. But should famine oblige him to surrender, I will retake Genoa in the plains of the Scrivia. With what pleasure shall I then return to my dear France! *Ma belle France!*"

At this moment, when a possible, nay, a probable chance, might for ever have blasted his ambitious hopes, he for the first time spoke of France as his. Considering the circumstances in which we then stood, this use of the possessive pronoun *my*, describes more forcibly than any thing that can be said the

flashes of alienation which crossed Bonaparte's brain when he was wrapped up in his chimerical ideas of glory and fortune.

In this favourable disposition of mind, the first consul arrived at Martigny on the 20th of May. Martigny is a convent of Bernardins, situated in a valley where the rays of the sun scarcely ever penetrate.* The army was in full march to the Great Saint Bernard. In this gloomy solitude did Bonaparte wait three days, expecting the fort of Bard, situated beyond the mountain and the road to Yvrée, to surrender. The town was carried on the 21st of May, and on the third day he learned that the fort still held out, and that there were no indications of its surrender. He launched into complaints against the commander of the siege, and said, " I am weary of staying here ; those fools will never take Bard; I must go myself and see what can be done. How vexatious to be tormented by so contemptible an affair ! " He immediately gave orders for our departure.

The grand idea of the invasion of Italy by crossing Mount St. Bernard emanated exclusively from the first consul. This miraculous achievement justly excited the admiration of the world. The incredible difficulties it presented did not daunt the courage of Bonaparte's troops. His generals, accustomed as they had been to brave fatigue and danger, regarded without concern the gigantic enterprise of the modern Hannibal.

A convent or hospital, which had been established on the mountain for the purpose of affording assistance to solitary travellers, sufficiently bespeaks the dangers of these stormy regions. But St. Bernard was now to be crossed, not by solitary travellers, but by an army. Cavalry, baggage, cassoons, and artillery, were now to wend their way along those narrow paths where the goatherd cautiously picks his footsteps. On the one hand, masses of snow, suspended above our heads, every moment threatened to break in avalanches, and sweep us away in their descent. On the other, a false step was death. We all passed, men and horse, one by one, along the paths. The artillery was dismounted, and the guns, put into excavated trunks of trees, were drawn by ropes.

I have already mentioned that the first consul had transmitted funds to the hospital of the Great St. Bernard. The good fathers had procured from the two valleys a considerable supply of cheese, bread, and wine. Tables were laid out in front of the hospital, and each soldier, as he defiled, took a glass of wine and a piece of bread and cheese, and then resigned his place to the next. The fathers served, and renewed the portions with admirable order and activity.

The first consul ascended St. Bernard with that calm self-possession, and that air of indifference, for which he was always remarkable when he felt the necessity of setting an example and exposing himself to danger. He asked his guide many ques-

* There is a small posting-town near the spot called Martigny.—*Editor.*

tions about the two valleys, inquired what were the resources of the inhabitants, and whether accidents were as frequent as they were said to be. The guide informed him that the experience of ages enabled the inhabitants to foresee good or bad weather, and that they were seldom deceived.*

Bonaparte, who wore his gray great-coat, and had his whip in his hand, appeared somewhat disappointed at not seeing any one come from the valley of Aosta to inform him of the taking of the fort of Bard. I never left him for a moment during the ascent. We encountered no personal danger, and escaped with no other inconvenience than excessive fatigue.

On his arrival at the convent, the first consul visited the chapel and the three little libraries. He stayed to read a few pages of an old book, of which I have forgotten the title.

At a little distance from the convent are two pointed rocks of ice, about eighty feet high. The fathers mentioned to us the death of several travellers, who, in spite of their advice, had ascended to the summits of those icy peaks, without the precaution of having iron guards for their feet and hands.

We partook of a frugal repast at the convent. The little garden was still covered with snow, and I said to one of the fathers, "You can have but few vegetables here."—"We get our vegetables from the valleys," he replied; "but in the month of August, in warm seasons, we have a few lettuces of our own growing."

When we reached the summit of the mountain we seated ourselves on the snow and slid down. Those who went first smoothed the way for those who came behind them. This rapid descent greatly amused us, and we were only stopped by the mud which succeeded the snow, at the distance of five or six hundred toises down the declivity.

We crossed, or rather climbed up, Mount Albaredo, to avoid passing under the fort of Bard, which closes the valley of Aosta. As it was impossible to get the artillery up this mountain, it was resolved to convey it through the town of Bard, which was not fortified. For this operation we made choice of night, and the wheels of the cannon and cassoons, and even the horses' feet, being wrapped in straw, the whole passed quietly through the little town. They were, indeed, under the fire of the fort; however, it did not so completely command the street but that the houses would have protected us against any very fatal consequences. A great part of the army had passed before the surrender of the fort, which so completely commands the narrow valley leading to Aosta, that it is difficult to comprehend the negligence of the Austrians; by very simple precautions, they might have rendered the passage of St. Bernard unavailing.

On the 23d we came within sight of the fort of Bard, which commands the road bounded by the Doria Baltea on the right,

* This guide was alive a few years ago, and retained a strong recollection of Bonaparte's rapid and most varied interrogatories.—(*Editor.*)

The Passage of Mount St. Bernard.

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and Mount Albaredo on the left. The Doria Baltea is a small torrent, which separates the town of Bard from the fort. Bonaparte, whose retinue was not very numerous, crossed the torrent. On arriving within gun-shot of the fort, he ordered us to quicken our pace, to gain a little path on the left, leading to the summit of Mount Albaredo, and turning the town and fort of Bard. We ascended this path on foot, with some difficulty. On reaching the summit of the mountain, which commands the fort, Bonaparte levelled his telescope on the grass, and stationing himself behind some bushes, which served at once to shelter and conceal him, he attentively reconnoitred the fort. After addressing several questions to the persons who had come to give him information, he mentioned, in a tone of dissatisfaction, the faults that had been committed, and ordered the erection of a new battery to attack a point which he marked out, and from whence, he said, the firing of a few guns would oblige the fort to surrender. Having given these orders, he descended the mountain, and went to sleep that night at Yvrée. On the 2d of June we learned that the fort had surrendered the day before.

The passage of Mount St. Bernard must occupy a great place in the annals of successful temerity. The boldness of the first consul seemed, as it were, to have fascinated the enemy, and his enterprise was so unexpected that not a single Austrian corps defended the approaches of the fort of Bard. The country was entirely exposed, and we only encountered here and there a few feeble parties, who were incapable of checking our march upon Milan. Bonaparte's advance astonished and confounded the enemy, who thought of nothing but marching back the way he came, and renouncing the invasion of France. The bold genius which actuated Bonaparte did not inspire General Melas, the commander-in-chief of the Austrian forces. If Melas had had the firmness which ought to belong to the leader of an army—if he had compared the respective positions of the two parties—if he had considered that there was no longer time to regain his line of operations, and recover his communication with the hereditary states—that he was master of all the strong places in Italy—that he had nothing to fear from Massena;—if, then, following Bonaparte's example, he had marched upon Lyons, what would have become of the first consul? Melas would have found few obstacles, and almost every where undefended towns, while the French army would have been exhausted, without having an enemy to fight. This is, doubtless, what Bonaparte would have done, had he been Melas; but, fortunately for us, Melas was not a Bonaparte.

We arrived at Milan on the 2d of June, the day on which the first consul heard that the fort of Bard was taken. But little resistance was opposed to our entrance into the capital of Lombardy, and the term "engagements" can scarcely be applied to a few affairs of advance posts, in which success could not be for

a moment doubtful. The fort of Milan was immediately blockaded. Murat was sent to Piacenza, of which he took possession without difficulty, and Lannes beat General Ott at Montebello. He was far from imagining that by that exploit he conquered for himself a future duchy.

The first consul passed six days at Milan. On the day after our arrival there, a spy, who had served us very well in the first campaign in Italy, was announced. The first consul recollected him, and ordered him to be shown into his cabinet. "What, are you here?" he exclaimed; "so, you are not shot yet!"—"General," replied the spy, "when the war recommenced, I determined to serve the Austrians, because you were far from Europe. I always follow the fortunate; but the truth is, I am tired of the trade. I wish to have done with it, and to get enough to enable me to retire. I have been sent to your lines by General Melas, and I can render you an important service. I will give an exact account of the force and the position of all the enemy's corps, and the names of their commanders. I can tell you the situation in which Alessandria now is. You know me: I will not deceive you; but, I must carry back some report to my general. You need not care for giving me some true particulars, which I can communicate to him."—"Oh! as to that," resumed the first consul, "the enemy is welcome to know my forces and my positions, provided I know his, and he be ignorant of my plans. You shall be satisfied; but do not deceive me: I will give you a thousand louis if you serve me well." I then wrote down, from the dictation of the spy, the names of the corps, their amount, their positions, and the names of the generals commanding them. The first consul stuck pins in the map to mark his plans on places, respecting which he received information from the spy. We also learned that Alessandria was without provisions, that Melas was far from expecting a siege, that many of his troops were sick, and that he wanted medicines. Berthier was ordered to draw up for the spy a nearly accurate statement of our positions. The information given by this man proved so accurate and useful, that on his return from Marengo, Bonaparte ordered me to pay him the thousand louis. The spy afterwards informed him, that Melas was delighted with the way in which he had served him in this affair, and had rewarded him handsomely. He assured us that he had bidden farewell to his odious profession. The first consul regarded this little event as one of the favours of fortune.

In passing through Geneva the first consul had an interview with M. Necker.* I know not how it happened, but at the

* Madame de Staël briefly mentions this interview in her "Considérations su la Révolution Française:—"M. Necker," she says, "had an interview with Bonaparte, when he was on his way to Italy by the passage of Mount Saint Bernard, a few days before the battle of Marengo. During this conversation, which lasted two hours, the first consul made a very favourable impression on my father, by the confident way he spoke of his future projects."

time he did not speak to me of this interview. However, I was curious to know what he thought of a man who had acquired so much celebrity in France. One evening, when we were talking of one thing and another, I managed to turn the conversation on that subject. "M. Necker," said he, "appears to me very far below his reputation. He did not equal the idea I had formed of him. I tried all I could to get him to talk; but he said nothing remarkable. He is an ideologist*—a banker. It is impossible that such a man can have any but narrow views; and, besides, all celebrated people lose on a close view."—"Not always, general," observed I.—"Ah!" said he, smiling, "that is not bad, Bourrienne. You are improving. I see I shall make something of you in time."

The day was approaching when all was to be lost or won. The first consul made all his arrangements, and sent off the different corps to occupy the points he had marked out. I have already mentioned that Murat's task was the occupation of Placenza. As soon as he was in possession of that town, he intercepted a courier of General Melas. The despatch, which was addressed to the Aulic Council of Vienna, was delivered to us on the night of the 8th of June. It announced the capitulation of Genoa, which took place on the 4th, after the long and memorable defence, which reflected so much honour on Massena. Melas in his despatch spoke of what he called our pretended army of reserve, with inconceivable contempt, and alluded to the presence of Bonaparte in Italy as a mere fabrication. He declared he was still in Paris. It was past three in the morning when Murat's courier arrived. I immediately translated the despatch, which was in German. About four o'clock I entered the chamber of the first consul, whom I was obliged to shake by the arm in order to wake him. He had desired me, as I have already mentioned, never to respect his repose on the arrival of bad news; but on the receipt of good news to let him sleep. I read to him the despatch, and so much was he confounded by this unexpected event, that his first exclamation was, "Bah! you do not understand German." He immediately rose, and by eight o'clock in the morning orders were despatched for repairing the possible consequences of this disaster, and countermanding the march of the troops on the Scrivia. He himself proceeded the same day to Stradella.

I have seen it mentioned in some accounts, that the first consul in person gained the battle of Montebello. This is a mistake. He did not leave Milan until the 9th of June, and that very day Lannes was engaged with the enemy. The conflict was so terrible, that Lannes, a few days after, describing it in my presence to M. Collot, used these remarkable words, which I well re-

* This was a constant term of reproach with Bonaparte. He set all the metaphysicians of the continent against him by exclaiming, "Je ne veux point d'idéologues."—*Editor.*

member: "Bones were cracking in my division like a shower of hail falling on a skylight."

By a singular chance, Desaix, who contributed to the victory and stopped the rout of Marengo, arrived from Egypt at Toulon, on the very day on which we departed from Paris. He was enabled to leave Egypt in consequence of the capitulation of El-Arish, which happened on the 4th of January, 1800. He wrote me a letter, dated 16th Floréal, year VIII. (6th of May, 1800), announcing his arrival. This letter I did not receive until we reached Martigny. I showed it to the first consul. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "Desaix in Paris!" and he immediately despatched an order for him to repair to the head-quarters of the army of Italy, wherever they might be. Desaix arrived at Stradella on the morning of the 11th of June. The first consul received him with the warmest cordiality, as a man for whom he had a high esteem, and whose talents and character afforded the fairest promise of what might one day be expected of him. Bonaparte was jealous of some generals, the rivalry of whose ambition he feared: but on this subject Desaix gave him no uneasiness; equally remarkable for his unassuming disposition, his talent, and information, he proved by his conduct that he loved glory for her own sake, and that every wish for the possession of political power was foreign from his mind. Bonaparte's friendship for him was enthusiastic. At this interview at Stradella, Desaix was closeted with the first consul for upwards of three hours. On the day after his arrival, an order of the day communicated to the army that Desaix was appointed to the command of Boudet's division.*

I expressed to Bonaparte my surprise at his long interview with Desaix.—"Yes," replied he, "he has been a long time with me; but you know what a favourite he is. As soon as I return to Paris I will make him war-minister. I would make him a prince, if I could. He is quite an antique character." Desaix died two days after he had completed his thirty-third year.

About this time M. Collot came to Italy, and saw Bonaparte at Milan. The latter received him coldly, though he had not yet gained the battle of Marengo M. Collot had been on the most intimate footing with Bonaparte, and had rendered him many valuable services. These circumstances sufficiently accounted for Bonaparte's coolness; for he would never acknowledge himself under obligations to any one, and he did not like those who were initiated into certain family secrets, which he had resolved to conceal.

The day after this cool interview, I had a long conversation with M. Collot, while Bonaparte was gone to review some corps

* Boudet was on terms of great intimacy with Bonaparte, who, no doubt, was much affected at his death. However, the only remark he made on receiving the intelligence, was, "Who the devil shall I get to supply Boudet's place?'

stationed at Milan. M. Collot perfectly understood the cause of the unkind treatment he had experienced, and of which he gave me the following explanation:

Some days before the consulate, that is to say, two or three days after our return from Egypt,—Bonaparte, during his jealous fit, spoke to M. Collot about his wife, her levities, and their publicity. "Henceforth," said Bonaparte, "I will have nothing to do with her."—"What, would you part from her?"—"Does not her conduct justify me in so doing?"—"I do not know; but is this the time to think of such a thing, when the eyes of all France are fixed upon you? These domestic squabbles will degrade you in the eyes of the people, who expect you to be wholly devoted to their interests; and you will be laughed at, like one of Molière's husbands. If you are displeased with your wife's conduct, you can call her to account when you have nothing better to do. Begin, by raising up the state. After that you may find a thousand reasons for your resentment, when now you would not find one. You know the French people well enough, to see how important it is that you should not commence with this absurdity."

By these and other similar remarks, M. Collot thought he had produced some impression, when Bonaparte suddenly exclaimed, "No, my determination is fixed; she shall never again enter my house. I care not what people say. They will gossip about the affair for two days, and on the third it will be forgotten. She shall go to Malmaison, and I will live here. The public know enough, not to be mistaken as to the reasons of her removal."

M. Collot vainly endeavoured to calm his irritation. Bonaparte vented a torrent of reproaches upon Josephine. "All this violence," observed M. Collot, "proves that you still love her. Do but see her; she will explain the business to your satisfaction, and you will forgive her."—"I forgive her! Never! Collot, you know me. If I were not sure of my own resolution, *I would tear out this heart, and cast it into the fire.*" Here anger almost choked his utterance, and he made a motion with his hand, as if tearing his breast.

When this violent paroxysm had somewhat subsided, M. Collot withdrew; but before he went away, Bonaparte engaged him to breakfast on the following morning.

At ten o'clock M. Collot was there, and as he was passing through the courtyard, he was informed that Madame Bonaparte, who, as I have already mentioned, had gone to Lyons, without meeting the general, had returned during the night. On M. Collot's entrance, Bonaparte appeared considerably embarrassed. He led him into a little closet, not wishing to bring him into the room where I was writing. "Well," said Bonaparte to M. Collot, "she is here."—"I rejoice to hear it. You have done well for yourself, as well as for us."—"But do not imagine I

have forgiven her. As long as I live I shall suspect. The fact is, that on her arrival, I desired her to be gone; but that fool Joseph was there. What could I do, Collot? I saw her descend the staircase, followed by Eugène and Hortense. They were all weeping; and I have not a heart to resist tears. Eugène was with me in Egypt. I have been accustomed to look upon him as my adopted son. He is a fine, brave lad. Hortense is just about to be introduced into society, and she is admired by all who know her. I confess, Collot, I was deeply moved; I could not endure the distress of the two poor children. 'Should they,' thought I, 'suffer for their mother's faults?' I called back Eugène and Hortense, and their mother followed them. What could I say, what could I do? I should not be a man, without some weakness."—"Be assured they will reward you for this."—"They ought Collot, they ought; for it has cost me a hard struggle." After this dialogue, Bonaparte and M. Collot entered the breakfast-parlour, where I was then sitting. Eugène breakfasted with us, bnt neither Josephine nor Hortense. I have already related how I acted the part of mediator in this affair. Next day nothing was wanting to complete the reconciliation between the conqueror of Egypt and the charming woman who conquered Bonaparte.

On the 13th the first consul slept at Torre di Garofolo. During the evening he ordered a staff-officer to ascertain whether they had a bridge across the Bormida. A report arrived very late that there was none. This information set Bonaparte's mind at rest, and he went to bed, very well satisfied; but, early next morning, when a firing was heard, and he learned that the Austrians had debouched on the plain, where the troops were engaged, he flew into a furious passion, called the staff-officer a coward, and said he had not advanced far enough. He even spoke of bringing the matter to an investigation. From motives of delicacy, I refrain from mentioning the name of the officer here alluded to.

Bonaparte mounted his horse, and proceeded immediately to the scene of action. I did not see him again until six in the evening. In obedience to his instructions, I repaired to San Giuliano, which is not above two leagues from the place where the engagement commenced. In the course of the afternoon I saw a great many wounded passing through the village, and shortly afterwards a multitude of fugitives. At San Giuliano nothing was talked of but a retreat, which, it was said, Bonaparte alone firmly opposed. I was then advised to leave San Giuliano, where I had just received a courier for the general-in-chief. On the morning of the 14th, General Desaix was sent upon Novi, to observe the road to Genoa, which city had fallen several days before, in spite of the efforts of its illustrious defender, Massena. I returned with this division to San Giuliano. I was struck with the numerical weakness of the

The Battle of Marengo.

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corps, which was marching to aid an army, already much reduced and dispersed. The battle was looked upon as lost, and so, indeed, it was. The first consul having asked Desaix what he thought of it, that brave general bluntly replied, "The battle is completely lost; but it is only two o'clock, we have time to gain another to-day." I heard this from Bonaparte himself. Who could have imagined that Desaix's little corps, together with the few heavy cavalry, commanded by General Kellerman, would, about five o'clock, have changed the fortune of the day? It cannot be denied, that it was the instantaneous inspiration of Kellerman that converted a defeat into a victory, and decided the battle of Marengo.

That memorable battle, of which the results were incalculable, has been described in various ways. Bonaparte had an account of it commenced no less than three times; and I must confess that none of the narratives are more correct than that contained in the Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo. The Emperor Napoleon became dissatisfied with what had been said by the First Consul Bonaparte. For my part, not having had the honour to bear a sword, I cannot say that I saw any particular movement executed this or that way; but I may mention here what I heard on the evening of the battle of Marengo, respecting the probable chances of that event. As to the part which the first consul took in it, the reader, perhaps, is sufficiently acquainted with his character, to account for it. He did not choose that a result so decisive should be attributed to any other cause than the combinations of his genius; and if I had not known his insatiable thirst for glory, I should have been surprised at the sort of half satisfaction evinced at the cause of the success, amidst the joy manifested for the success itself. It must be confessed, that in this he was very unlike Jourdan, Hoche, Kleber and Moreau, who were ever ready to acknowledge the services of those who had fought under their orders.

Within two hours of the time when the divisions commanded by Desaix left San Giuliano, I was joyfully surprised by the triumphant return of the army, whose fate, since the morning, had caused me so much anxiety. Never did fortune, within so short a time, show herself under two such various faces. At two o'clock, all denoted the desolation of a defeat, with all its fatal consequences; at five, victory was again faithful to the flag of Arcole. Italy was reconquered by a single blow; and the crown of France appeared in the perspective.

At seven in the evening, when I returned with the first consul to head-quarters, he expressed to me his sincere regret for the loss of Desaix, and then he added, "Little Kellerman made a lucky charge. It was made just at the right moment. We are much indebted to him. You see what trifling circumstances decide these affairs."

These few words show that Bonaparte sufficiently appreciated the services of Kellerman. However, when that officer ap-

proached the table, at which were seated the first consul and a number of his generals, Bonaparte merely said, "You made a pretty good charge." By way of counterbalancing this cool compliment, he turned towards Bessières, who commanded the horse grenadiers of the guard, and said, "Bessières, the guard has covered itself with glory." Yet the fact is, that the guard took no part in the charge of Kellerman, who could assemble only five hundred heavy cavalry; and with this handful of brave men, he cut in two the Austrian column, which had overwhelmed Desaix's division, and had made six thousand prisoners. The guard did not charge at Marengo until nightfall.

Next day it was reported that Kellerman, in his first feeling of dissatisfaction at the dry congratulation he had received, said to the first consul, "I have placed the crown on your head." I did not hear this, and I cannot vouch for the truth of its having been said. I could only have ascertained that fact through Bonaparte, and of course I could not, with propriety, remind him of a thing which must have been very offensive to him. However, whether true or not, the observation was circulated about, verbally and in writing, and Bonaparte knew it. Hence the small degree of favour shown to Kellerman, who was not made a general of division on the field of battle, as a reward for his charge at Marengo.*

* It may here be mentioned that Savary, in his account of the battle, expressly states, that he carried the order from Bonaparte to Kellerman to make this charge. He also makes the following observations on the subject:

"After the fall of the Imperial government, some pretended friends of General Kellerman have presumed to claim for him the merit of originating the charge of cavalry. That general, whose share of glory is sufficiently brilliant to gratify his most sanguine wishes, can have no knowledge of so presumptuous a pretension. I the more readily acquit him, from the circumstance that, as we were conversing one day respecting that battle, I called to his mind my having brought to him the first consul's orders, and he appeared not to have forgotten that fact. I am far from suspecting his friends of the design of lessening the glory of either General Bonaparte or General Desaix: they know, as well as myself, that their's are names so respected that they can never be affected by such detractions; and that it would be as vain to dispute the praise due to the chief who planned the battle, as to attempt to depreciate the brilliant share which General Kellerman had in its successful result. I will add to the above a few reflections.

"From the position which he occupied, General Desaix could not see General Kellerman: he had even desired me to request the first consul to afford him the support of some cavalry. Neither could General Kellerman, from the point where he was stationed, perceive General Desaix's division: it is even probable that he was not aware of the arrival of that general, who had only joined the army two days before. Both were ignorant of each other's position, which the first consul was alone acquainted with; he alone could introduce harmony into their movements; he alone could make their efforts respectively conduce to the same object.

"The fate of the battle was decided by Kellerman's bold charge: had it, however, been made previously to General Desaix's attack, in all probability it would have had a quite different result. Kellerman appears to have been convinced of it, since he allowed the Austrian column to cross our field of battle, and extend its front beyond that of the troops we had still in line, without making the least attempt to impede its progress. The reason of Kellerman's not

M. Delaforest, the post-master-general, sometimes *transacted business* with the first consul. The nature of this secret business may easily be guessed at. On the occasion of one of their interviews, the first consul saw a letter from Kellerman to Lasalle, which contained the following passage: "Would you believe, my friend, that Bonaparte has not made me a general of division, though I have just placed the crown on his head?" The letter was sealed again, and sent to its address; but Bonaparte never forgot its contents.

Whether Kellerman did or did not give the crown of France to the first consul, it is very certain that, on the evening of the battle of Marengo, he gave him a supper, of which his famishing staff and the rest of us partook. This was no inconsiderable service in the destitute condition in which we were. We thought ourselves exceedingly fortunate in profiting by the precaution of Kellerman, who had procured provisions from one of those pious retreats which are always well supplied, and which soldiers are very glad to fall in with when campaigning. It was the Convent del Bosco which, on this occasion, was laid under contribution; and in return for the abundance of good provisions and wine with which they supplied the commander of the heavy cavalry, the holy fathers were allowed a guard to protect them against pillage and the other disastrous concomitants of war.

After supper, the first consul dictated to me the bulletin of the battle. When we were alone, I said to him, "General, here is a fine victory! You recollect what you said the other day about the pleasure with which you would return to France after striking a grand blow in Italy; surely you must be satisfied now?"—"Yes, Bourrienne, I am satisfied. But Desaix!....Ah, what a triumph would this have been, if I could have embraced him to-night on the field of battle!" As he uttered these words, I saw that Bonaparte was on the point of shedding tears, so sincere and profound was his grief for the death of Desaix. He certainly never loved, esteemed, or regretted any man so much.

The death of Desaix has been variously related, and I need not now state that the words attributed to him in the bulletin were imaginary. Neither did he die in the arms of his aide-de-camp, Lebrun, as I wrote from the dictation of the first consul. The following facts are more correct, or at all events, more probable:—The death of Desaix was not perceived at the moment it took place. He fell without saying a word, at a little distance from Lefebvre-Desnouettes. A battalion-sergeant of the ninth brigade of light infantry, commanded by Barrois, seeing him extended on the ground, asked permission to pick up his cloak. It was found to be perforated behind; and this circumstance leaves

charging it sooner was, that it was too serious a movement, and the consequences of failure would have been irretrievable; that charge, therefore, could only enter into a general combination of plans, to which he was necessarily a stranger."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo (Editor)*.

it doubtful whether Desaix was killed by some unlucky inadvertency, while advancing at the head of his troops, or by the enemy, when turning towards his men to encourage them. However, the event was so instantaneous, the disorder so complete, and the change of fortune so sudden, that it is not surprising there should be no positive account of the circumstances which attended his death.*

Early next morning, the Prince of Lichtenstein came from General Melas with negotiations to the first consul. The propositions of the general did not suit Bonaparte, and he declared to the prince that the army shut up in Alessandria should evacuate freely, and with the honours of war; but on those conditions, which are well known, and by which Italy was to be fully restored to the French domination. That day were repaired the faults of Scherer, whose inertness and imbecility had paralyzed every thing, and who had fled, and been constantly beaten, from the Adriatic to Mount Cenis. The Prince of Lichtenstein begged to return to render an account of his mission to General Melas. He came back in the evening, and made many observations on the hard nature of the conditions. "Sir," replied the first consul, in a tone of marked impatience, "carry my final determination to your general, and return quickly. It is irrevocable! Know that I am as well acquainted with your position as you are yourselves. I did not begin to learn the art of war yesterday. You are blocked up in Alessandria: you have many sick and wounded: you are in want of provisions and medicines. I occupy the whole of your rear. Your finest troops are among the killed and wounded. I might insist on harder conditions: my position would warrant me in so doing; but I moderate my demands in consideration of the grey hairs of your general, whom I respect."

This reply was delivered with considerable dignity and energy. I showed the prince out, and he said to me, "These conditions are very hard, especially that of giving up Genoa, which surrendered to us only a fortnight ago, after so long a siege." It is a curious fact, that the Emperor of Austria received intelligence of the capitulation and restitution of Genoa at the same time.

When the first consul returned to Milan, he made Savary and Rapp his aides-de-camp. They had previously served in the same rank under Desaix. The first consul was at first not much

* Savary, though Desaix's aide-de-camp, throws no light on the cause of that general's death. He says—

"As soon as the Austrian column was dispersed, I quitted General Kellerman's cavalry, and was returning to meet General Desaix, whose troops were debouching in my view, when the colonel of the 9th regiment informed me that he had been killed. I was at the distance of only a hundred paces from the spot where I had left him. I hastened to it, and found the general stretched upon the ground completely stripped of his clothes, and surrounded by other naked bodies. I recognised him, notwithstanding the darkness, owing to the thickness of his hair, which still retained its tie."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.* (*Editor*).

DESAIX.

Desaix

disposed to take them, alleging that he had aides-de-camp enough. But his respect for the choice of Desaix, added to a little solicitation on my part, soon removed every obstacle. These two officers served him to the last hour of his political career with unfailing zeal and fidelity.*

* The following is Napoleon's own account of the battle of Marengo, as dictated at St. Helena to General Gourgaud:

"During the battle of the 11th, Desaix, who had returned from Egypt, and had been performing quarantine at Toulon, arrived at the head-quarters, at Montebello, with his aides-de-camp, Rapp and Savary. The whole night was spent in conferences between the first consul and Desaix, on all that had passed in Egypt since the former had quitted that country—the details of the campaign of Upper Egypt—of the negotiations of El-Arish, and the composition of the grand vizier's grand Turkish army—lastly, on the battle of Heliopolis, and the present situation of the French army, 'How,' said the first consul, 'could you, Desaix, put your name to the capitulation of El-Arish?'—'I did it,' replied Desaix, 'and I would do it again, because the commander-in-chief was not willing to remain in Egypt; and because, in an army at a distance from home, and beyond the influence of government, the inclinations of the commander-in-chief are equivalent to those of five-sixths of the army. I always had the greatest contempt for the grand vizier's army, which I have observed closely. I wrote to Kleber that I would undertake to repulse it with my division alone. If you had left me the command of the army in Egypt, and taken Kleber away with you, I would have preserved that fine province for you, and you should never have heard a word about capitulation; but, however, things turned out well; and Kleber made up at Heliopolis for the mistakes he had been committing for six months.'

"Desaix burned to signalize himself. He thirsted to avenge the ill-treatment he had received from Admiral Keith, at Leghorn; this lay at his heart. The first consul immediately gave him the command of the division of Boudet.

"Melas's head-quarters were at Alessandria: all his army had been two days assembled there: his position was critical, because he had lost his line of operation. The longer he delayed determining what to do, the worse his position became; for on one side, Suchet's corps was advancing upon his rear, and on the other, the first consul's army was daily increasing its fortifications and intrenchments in its position of Stradella.

"General Melas, however, made no movement. In the situation in which he was, he had three courses to choose: the first was, to cut his way through the first consul's army, the Austrian army being superior to it in number, to gain Piacenza, and resume his line of operations upon Mantua.

"The second plan was, to cross the Po at Turin, or between that city and the mouth of the Sesia, to advance afterwards, by forced marches, to the Ticino, to cross it, and reaching Milan before the first consul's army, to intersect his line, and force him back behind the Adda.

" The third course was, to fall back from Alessandria upon Novi to rest upon Genoa, and upon Admiral Keith's English squadron; not to assume offensive operations until the arrival of the English army, already collected at Mahon. The Austrian army was certain not to want provisions or ammunition, or even reinforcement, since by its right it could have communicated with Florence and Bologna; in Tuscany it had a Neapolitan division, and besides, the communications by sea were in its power. From this position General Melas might regain Mantua when he pleased, transporting a great part of his heavy artillery into Tuscany by sea.

" General Lapoype, who was on the banks of the Po, was ordered to fall back upon the Ticino, in case the enemy should occupy the left bank; he would there be joined by five or six thousand men, which could be got together by General Moncey, who commanded at Milan. He would then have ten thousand men; more than sufficient to delay the passage, and give the first consul time to return by the two bridges behind the Ticino.

" On the 12th, in the afternoon, the first consul, surprised at the inaction of General Melas, became uneasy, and began to fear that the Austrian army had moved on Genoa, or upon the Ticino, or else had marched against Suchet to crush him, with the intention of afterwards returning against the first consul; the latter determined to quit Stradella, and advance upon Scrivia, in the form of a strong reconnoitring party, in order to be able to act according to the course adopted by the enemy. In the evening the French army* took up a position upon the Scrivia, Tortona was surrounded, the head-quarters were stationed at Voghera. During this movement no intelligence of the enemy was obtained; only some few cavalry scouts were perceived, which did not indicate the presence of an army in the plains of Marengo. The first consul no longer doubted that the Austrian army had escaped him.

" On the 13th, at daybreak, he passed the Scrivia, and marched to San Giuliano, in the midst of the immense plain of Marengo. The light cavalry discovered no enemy; there was no longer room to doubt that he was in full manœuvre, since, if he had thought proper to wait for the French army, he would not have neglected the fine field of battle presented to him by the plain of Marengo, advantageous as it was for the development of his immense cavalry: it appeared probable that the enemy was marching on Genoa.

" Under this impression, the first consul, with all expedition, despatched Desaix's corps in the form of a vanguard, upon his extreme left, with orders to observe the high-road leading from Novi to Alessandria; he ordered Victor's division to enter the village of Marengo, and to send scouts upon the Bormida, to ascertain whether

* French army, 12th and 13th of June.
Divisions Vatrin and Mainoni, Lannes; right wing at Castel-nuovo di Scrivia
Divisions Boudet and Monnier. Desaix; centre. Ponte-Curone.
Division Lapoype; order to join Desaix.
The cavalry under Murat, between Ponte-Curone and Tortona, having a vanguard beyond Tortona, under Kellerman
Divisions Gardanne and Chambarlhac. Victor, left wing in advance of Tortona, and supporting the vanguard under Kellerman.

the enemy had any bridge there. Victor arrived at Marengo; he there found a rear-guard of three or four thousand Austrians, attacked and routed them, and made himself master of the village. His scouts arrived upon the Bormida at nightfall; they gave information that the enemy had no bridge there, and that there was only an ordinary garrison in Alessandria; they gave no intelligence of the army of Melas.

"Lannes corps bivouacked diagonally in the rear of Marengo, upon the right.

"The first consul was very uneasy; during the night he determined to visit his head-quarters of the preceding day, in order to meet intelligence from General Moncey, General Lapoype, and the agents who had been sent towards Genoa, and who were to rendezvous upon those head-quarters; but the Scrivia had overflowed its banks. This stream swells considerably in the course of a few hours, and a few hours also are sufficient for its return to its usual state. This circumstance determined the first consul to fix his head-quarters at Torre-di-Garafola, between Tortona and Alessandria. In this situation was the night spent.

"Meanwhile the most dreadful confusion had prevailed in Alessandria, since the battle of Montebello. The Austrian council was agitated by the most sinister presentiments: they beheld the Austrian army cut off from its line of operation and depots, and placed between the army of the first consul and that of General Suchet, whose advanced posts had passed the mountains, and began to be felt upon the rear of the right flank of the Austrians. The greatest irresolution pervaded their minds.

"After much hesitation, Melas, on the 11th, resolved to send a strong detachment against Suchet, the remainder of the Austrian army continuing covered by the Bormida and the citadel of Alessandria; but, during the night of the 11th and 12th, Melas heard of the first consul's movement upon the Scrivia. On the 12th, he recalled his detachment, and passed the whole day and night of the 13th in deliberation; at last, after some sharp and stormy discussions, the council of Melas pronounced that the existence of the army of reserve had been unknown to him; that the orders and instructions of the Aulic Council had mentioned only the army of Massena; that the unfortunate position in which they found themselves ought, therefore, to be attributed to the ministry, and not to the general; that, in this unforeseen situation, brave soldiers ought to do their duty; that they were then called upon to cut their way through the army of the first consul, and thus reopen the communications with Vienna; that, in case of success, every thing was gained, since they were masters of Genoa, and, by returning promptly upon Nice, they could execute the plan of operations fixed at Vienna; and, lastly, that if they failed and lost the battle, their position would, no doubt, be dreadful; but that the whole responsibility of it would fall upon the ministry.

"This train of reasoning settled all opinions; there was but one cry—To arms! to arms! and every one began to make his dispositions for the next day's battle.

"The chances of victory were wholly in favour of the Austrian army, which was very numerous. It had, at least, three times as

many cavalry as the French army. The strength of the latter was not exactly known; but the Austrian army, notwithstanding its losses at the battle of Montebello, and those it had experienced in the neighbourhood of Genoa and Nice, after the retreat, was still very superior to the army of reserve.

"On the 14th, at break of day, the Austrians defiled by the three bridges of the Bormida, and made a furious attack on the village of Marengo. The resistance was obstinately kept up for a long time. The first consul, finding, from the briskness of the cannonade, that the Austrians had commenced the attack, immediately despatched orders to General Desaix to return with his troops upon San Giuliano; he was half a day's march off, to the left. The first consul arrived on the field of battle at ten o'clock in the morning, between San Giuliano and Marengo. The enemy had at length carried Marengo; and the division under Victor having been forced to give way after a firm resistance, was thrown into the utmost disorder. The plain on the left was covered with our fugitives, who spread alarm wherever they went, and many were even exclaiming in dismay, *All is lost!*

"The corps of General Lannes, a little in the rear of the right of Marengo, was engaged with the enemy, who, after taking that place, deployed upon its left, and formed its line opposite our right, beyond which it already extended. The first consul immediately despatched his battalion of the cavalry guard, consisting of eight hundred grenadiers, the best troops in the army, to station themselves at five hundred toises distance from Lannes, on the right, in a good position, in order to keep the enemy in check. Napoleon himself, with the seventy-second demi-brigade, hastened to the support of Lannes, and directed the division of reserve of Cara Saint-Cyr, upon the extreme right, to Castel-Ceriolo, to flank the entire left of the enemy.

"In the mean time the army perceived, in the middle of this immense plain, the first consul surrounded by his staff, and two hundred horse grenadiers with their fur caps: this sight proved sufficient to inspire the troops with hopes of victory; their confidence revived, and the fugitives rallied upon San Giuliano, in the rear of the left of General Lannes. The latter, though attacked by a large proportion of the enemy's army, was effecting his retreat through the midst of this vast plain with admirable order and coolness. This corps occupied three hours in retiring three-quarters of a league, entirely exposed to the grape-shot of eighty pieces of cannon; at the same time that by an inverse movement Cara Saint-Cyr advanced upon the extreme right, and turned the left of the enemy.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon the corps of Desaix arrived: the first consul made him take a position on the road in advance of San Giuliano. Melas, who believed the victory decided, being overcome with fatigue, repast the bridges, and entered Alessandria, leaving to General Zach, the head of his staff, the care of pursuing the French army. The latter, thinking that this army was effecting its retreat by the road from Tortona, endeavoured to reach this road behind San Giuliano; but the first consul had altered his line of retreat at the commencement of the action, and had directed it between Sala and Tortona, so that the high-road from Tortona was of no consequence to the French army.

"Lannes's corps in its retreat constantly refused its left, thus directing its course towards the new point of retreat; and Cara Saint-Cyr, who was at the extremity of the right, found himself almost upon the line of retreat, at the very time that General Zach imagined the two corps were intersected.

"The division of Victor had, in the mean time, rallied, and burned with impatience to recommence the contest. All the cavalry of the army was concentrated in the advance of San Giuliano, on the right of Desaix, and in the rear of the left of General Lannes. Balls and shells fell upon San Giuliano; its left was already gained by a column of 6000 of Zach's grenadiers. The first consul sent orders to General Desaix to charge with his fresh division this column of the enemy. Desaix immediately prepared to execute these orders accordingly: but, as he advanced at the head of two hundred troopers of the ninth light demi-brigade, he was shot through the heart by a ball, and fell dead at the very moment that he had given the word to charge: by this stroke the emperor was deprived of the man whom he esteemed most worthy of being his lieutenant.

"This misfortune by no means disconcerted the movement, and General Boudet easily inspired the soldiers with the same lively desire of instant revenge for so beloved a chief, which actuated his own breast. The ninth light demi-brigade, who did, indeed, on this occasion, deserve the title of *Incomparable*, covered themselves with glory. General Kellerman, with 800 heavy horse, at the same time charged intrepidly the middle of the left flank of the column; in less than half an hour these 6000 grenadiers were broken, overthrown, dispersed, and put to flight. General Zach and all his staff were made prisoners.

"General Lannes immediately charged forward. Cara Saint-Cyr, who was on our right, and *en potence* with the left flank of the enemy, was much nearer than the enemy to the bridges upon the Bormida: The Austrian army was thrown into the most dreadful confusion in a moment. From 8000 to 10,000 cavalry, which were spread over the field, fearing that Saint-Cyr's infantry might reach the bridge before them, retreated at full gallop, and overturned all they met with in their way. Victor's division made all imaginable haste to resume its former field of battle, at the village of Marengo. The enemy's army was in the most horrible disorder. No one thought of any thing but flight. The pressure and confusion became extreme on the bridges of the Bormida, where the masses of fugitives were obliged to crowd together: and at night, all who remained upon the left bank fell into the power of the republic.

"It would be difficult to describe the confusion and despair of the Austrian army. On one side the French army was on the bank of the Bormida, and was expected to pass it at daybreak. On the other, they had General Suchet with his army on their rear, in the direction of their right.

"Which way could they effect their retreat? Behind they would be driven to the Alps, and the frontiers of France; they might have moved towards Genoa on the right, before the battle; but they could not hope to do so after their defeat, and closely followed by the victorious army. In this desperate situation, General Melas resolved to give his troops the whole night to rally and repose themselves, availing himself

of the screen of the Bormida and the protection of the citadel of Alessandria for this purpose; and afterwards to repass the Tanaro, if necessary, and thus maintain himself in that position, and endeavour at any rate, by entering into negotiations, to save his army by capitulating. On the 15th, at daybreak, the Austrians sent a flag of truce with proposals for an armistice, which produced, the same day, the convention, by which Genoa and all the fortified places in Piedmont, Lombardy, and the Legations, were given up to the French army; and by which the Austrian army obtained leave to retire behind Mantua, without being made prisoners of war. Thus was the conquest of all Italy secured."—*Editor.*

# NOTES

ON

# NAPOLEON'S FIRST ITALIAN CAMPAIGNS.

The most brilliant part of the career of this extraordinary man was his first campaigns beyond the Alps, and his genius seems to have required the sun of Italy to develope all its inspiration and resources. He was then young, vigorous, and full of hope, and the undefined hopes of millions were fixed upon him, for he had not yet betrayed the secret of his enormous ambition, and men looked up to him as their liberator from old despotisms, and as the founder of a wiser and more liberal system of government. In spite of the evils this country suffered from being converted into one great battle-field, on which the French and Austrians tried their strength, a very large portion of the Italians hailed all Bonaparte's victories with enthusiastic joy. The rapidity—the suddenness with which these victories were achieved, seemed almost preternatural. All the young and ardent minds, from the foot of the Alps to the straits of Messina, absolutely worshipped the young republican general: and hosts of Italians of mature age and experience—literary, scientific, and professional men in particular—embraced his cause as their own. They looked upon Bonaparte, a native of Corsica, as their own countryman: they thought him destined to rescue their beautiful land from the grasp of Austria, and to unite it into one great and independent state, in alliance with, but not subjected to France. How these expectations were deluded in the event is well known, but they

were once most confidently entertained ; and the disaffection to their old governments, and the political intrigues of the Italians, facilitated some of his victories in the field, and prepared the country for the dominion of Napoleon. It was therefore unfair in the fortunate general to style himself the conqueror of Italy —he was only the conqueror of the Austrians and Russians in Italy, seeing that the hearts and, in a short time, the arms of the Italian people went with him.

A few notes, selected from some of the best historians and memoir writers of the period, may be advantageously introduced here, to fill up a space which M. Bourrienne has left almost void.

It was in the twenty-seventh year of his age that Napoleon assumed the separate command of the army of Italy. He was confident of success, or at least determined (if we are to believe his own words) to conquer or perish. To one of the directors of the republic, who objected to the appointment on the score of his youth, he replied, "In a year I shall be either old or dead." To his soldiers he promised the immediate possession of the richest plains in the world, of fertile provinces, and opulent cities. They were miserably poor—nay, hungry and almost naked, but the spoils of the enemy in Italy would feed and clothe them, and pay the arrears which the impoverished republic could not. The army was indeed in a wretched condition. It consisted of about 50,000 men, but was very deficient in cavalry and stores of all kinds. The discipline was very bad, and many eyewitnesses assure us that the force seemed scarcely to merit the name of a regular army. But the courage of those ragged, reckless soldiers was indisputable—the men had soon a full confidence in their commander, and their most distinguished officers, as Augereau, Massena, Serrurier, Joubert, Lannes, did homage to the superior genius of Napoleon, obeying his orders without jealousy or any kind of discontent.

The plan of operations was simple and daring. It was to strike a blow somewhere and at once—to bring the whole of the French force against some detached portion of the allied armies in Italy, which collectively amounted to 70,000 men, and to beat that portion before it could concentrate with the left. This, like Nelson's tactics of breaking the line, was the system that Napoleon acted upon all through life; but on the present occasion, to make it effective, the utmost celerity of marching was indispensable. Accordingly, every thing that tended to impede their rapid progress was abandoned. Tents, baggage, and all the accommodations that had generally been considered essential even by hardy soldiers, were left on the French side of the Alps. Never, perhaps, was there a more lightly-equipped army! The soldiers carried nothing but the clothes on their backs, and their arms, and many of the superior officers had merely one change of linen with them. Even after

they had been for some time as conquerors in Italy, the troops presented a most motley appearance. Nearly every variety of uniform was seen in the same regiment, and many of the young republican soldiers had no uniform at all, but wore whatever dress they could pick up. "They had nothing bright or smart about them," says an old Italian, "but their arms, and these were generally taken from the enemy."

Turning the mighty shoulders of the Alps, instead of taking either of the usual passes across that chain, and keeping close to the shores of the Mediterranean, in the direction of Nice and Genoa, Bonaparte resolved to cut his way into Italy by the Col di Cadibona and Mount St. Jaques, which is the point where the Alps may be said to finish, and the much less formidable chain of the Apennines to begin. This route was equally good for marching on Turin, the head-quarters of the King of Sardinia's army, or for advancing on Milan against the Austrians, but Bonaparte's object was to throw himself between them so as to prevent the junction of these allies. As soon as he began to concentrate his troops, the Austrian commander-in-chief, Beaulieu, prepared to defend these passes, and to *protect* the weak and tottering republic of Genoa at the same time. The French minister in that city had demanded of the senate of Genoa the keys of their mountain fortress of Gavi, and a free passage by the Bocchetta, by which the invading army could penetrate to Novi and the very heart of the plains of Piedmont. The crippled republic, if left to itself, could not have resisted these demands, and though the brilliant series of his successes had yet to begin, Napoleon had even then his partisans or admirers in Genoa. In order to cover the city, Beaulieu marched on Voltri, where, within ten miles of Genoa, he encountered a part of the French army commanded by Cervoni, who was obliged to retreat. Simultaneously with his own movement, he despatched another Austrian column, under d'Argenteau, to hold a strong position at Montenotte, and Colli, with some Sardinian troops, posted himself at Ceva, thus leaving a dangerous distance between the centre and wings of the allies. This was playing into Bonaparte's hands. This was one of those mistakes on which he calculated to build his triumph.

Without caring for Colli on his right flank, or Beaulieu on the left, he kept his eye steadily fixed on the centre, under d'Argenteau, who boldly advanced to meet him, and on the 10th of April attacked three redoubts the French had thrown up at Montelegino in front of Montenotte. Colonel Rampon, who commanded in the redoubts, made an heroic defence, and succeeded in maintaining the works during two whole days. On the 11th, the columns of Cervoni and Laharpe, which had retreated before Beaulieu, came up with Napoleon's head-quarters, and were marched up to Montelegino during the night

to support Colonel Rampon, while other bodies of troops, under Augereau and Massena, and with Bonaparte at their head, proceeded with the same silence and secrecy to post themselves on the flanks and rear of the Austrians, which they skilfully effected by debouching by Cadibona and Castellazzo, behind Montenotte.

On the morning of the 12th, after a comfortable night's rest, d'Argenteau, fancying he was only going to attack Rampon, drew up his men once more in front of the three redoubts. But those redoubts were then crowded with fresh troops, battalions were drawn up in the rear of the works, and before the Austrians could recover from their astonishment, they saw the heads of French columns showing themselves on their rear, and on both their flanks. But though thus surprised and surrounded, the Austrian troops fought most obstinately, nor is it easily conceived what addition to their own fame the French contemplated in denying the gallantry of the enemy. There is little honour in beating cowards : the glory of victory is proportionate to the bravery of the party vanquished. That d'Argenteau was thoroughly beaten is quite certain. He left all his artillery, which was not considerable, some of his colours, and about 2000 prisoners behind him ; nearly 1000 of his men were killed ; and yet, in spite of all this, and of his being hemmed in on all sides, he fought his way to the loftier mountains in his rear. According to the notes dictated by Napoleon at St. Helena to Count Montholon, d'Argenteau's whole force at the fatal battle of Montenotte amounted to 18,000 men, of whom 5000, belonging to the King of Sardinia, were Piedmontese and Sardinians. The French force is not stated.

As the first of Bonaparte's fields—as the first affair in which he exercised a supreme command, the battle of Montenotte will always attract an extraordinary degree of attention. But in its immediate results it was a brilliant and great operation. To recover their communications with one another, the two wings of the allied army, which had now no centre, fell back, Beaulieu retreating upon Dego, and Colli upon Milesimo. These positions were strong, and if they could have maintained them, d'Argenteau would have brought up his troops, and reinforcements would have come in both from Lombardy and Piedmont. The least hesitation,—the delay of a few hours, might have been fatal to Bonaparte, but he had made his calculations, and allowed the allies no breathing-time. On the morning after the stern contest at Montenotte he dashed on to attack the whole line, a brigade of Piedmontese having taken up a position on the height of Biestro, and established to a certain degree the communications between Beaulieu and Colli. When the French deployed for this purpose they occupied four leagues of ground from their right to their left wing; but again acting on his confirmed plan, Bonaparte made one part of that line so strong that it outnumbered the division of the allies immediately opposed

to it. Augereau, whose troops had scarcely been engaged at Montenotte, was sent on the right to charge Colli at Milesimo, and to cut off the Austrian general, Provera, who supported Colli on the natural mamelon of Cossaria. The impetuosity of his charge soon left Augereau in possession of the gorges of Milesimo, and then a rapid movement sufficed to surround Provera, with his 2000 Austrians on the detached hill he had chosen. Provera threw himself into the old ruinous castle of Cossaria, resolved to defend himself there till Colli and Beaulieu should relieve him by a general engagement. Bonaparte, on seeing the successful disseverment of Provera, which was the advantage he had proposed to himself in ordering Augereau's charge, presently rode up to the spot, and did all that he could to make himself master of the old castle. But the repeated and obstinate attacks of the French were repelled with loss; the closing night left the Austrians in possession of the miserable old walls. On the following day, the 14th of April, the action became general all along the line. Massena and Laharpe drove Beaulieu from Dego after a sanguinary engagement, and Joubert and Menard carried the heights of Biestro, and put the Piedmontese brigade to flight. On the other wing, Colli, left almost to himself, could not decline the combat, and in trying to release Provera from his prison on the hill, he was beaten, broken, and pursued. All hope being thus lost, Provera came out of the old castle and surrendered with his 2000 men. According to Montholon the army of the king of Sardinia left 30 pieces of artillery, 60 caissons, 15 colours, and 6000 prisoners behind them at Milesimo. During this battle Bonaparte displayed the most enthusiastic courage, as well as masterly skill. The effect of the victory was to produce a marked separation between the Austrian and Sardinian forces. Beaulieu fell back to Aqui on the Milan road, and Colli hastened to Ceva to cover Turin, the now threatened capital of his royal master. By a want of concert, and a blundering that almost looks like a fatality, a splendid division of Austrian grenadiers, commanded by Wukassovich, arrived to support Beaulieu only a few hours after he and Colli had been defeated. Had they been there in time the defeat of the allies would have been prevented, but even as it was these grenadiers put Bonaparte's victory in jeopardy, and caused him a heavy loss. They arrived at Dego (Beaulieu's recent position) at three o'clock in the morning of the 15th of April, and there they drove in the outposts, and took the village which was occupied by some French battalions. On learning this most unexpected attack, the greatest alarm was felt at head-quarters, nor could the French conceive how the enemy they had driven before them on the route to Aqui could have fallen on their rear at Dego. Napoleon marched to the spot with an overpowering force, but so obstinately did the grenadiers defend themselves in the position they had surprised, that it took him more than two

hours to recover possession of the village of Dego. But at the end of that time more than half of the grenadiers lay killed or wounded on the spot, and nearly all the rest were taken prisoners. Among these brave soldiers some battalions of Hungarians particularly distinguished themselves.

Having detached Laharpe to keep Beaulieu in check, Bonaparte directed all his future operations against the unsupported Piedmontese or Sardinian army, and marched at once on Ceva, whither Colli had retired. "On this march," says Montholon, "the arrival of our army on the heights of Montezamoto was a sublime spectacle! From that point they discovered the immense and fertile plains of Piedmont; the Po, the Tanaro, and a multitude of other rivers, were seen in the distance; the girdle of the Alps, white with snow and ice, and of a prodigious elevation, hemmed in that rich basin of the *promised land*. Those gigantic barriers which looked like the limbs of another world, which nature had rendered so formidable and which the art of man had done so much to strengthen, seemed to be laid prostrate by enchantment. "Hannibal crossed the Alps," said Napoleon, fixing his eyes on those mountains; "we, my comrades, have turned them."

On the approach of the French, Colli abandoned Ceva, and withdrew towards Mondovi. On his way he surprised and defeated General Serrurier, who with an inferior force attempted to keep possession of San Michele. He succeeded in reaching Mondovi, a formidable position, where he began to throw up some redoubts, but the rapid movements of the enemy did not allow him time: on the 22d of April, three columns led by Bonaparte, Massena, and Serrurier fell upon him from three different quarters, and defeated him after a well disputed battle, in which Colli, according to the French accounts, lost 3000 men, eight cannons, ten colours, 1500 prisoners, and nearly all his provisions and ammunition. In following up the retreating enemy with too much confidence, the French, however, suffered a severe rebuff. Their cavalry was in a wretched state—the cavalry of the Piedmontese was in excellent condition and brave, and when the French horse followed the Italians to the plain, the latter wheeled suddenly round, attacked and drove back the enemy's squadrons, and from being pursued became the pursuers. Murat, who was then a colonel of dragoons, restored the fortune of the field by bringing up three fresh regiments of horse, but the French suffered severely by this check, and lost their cavalry general Stengel, who was killed in a charge.

Beaulieu, on learning the critical position of Colli, broke up from Aqui and advanced with half of his army to make a diversion in his favour, but, as usual, the Austrians came too late, and when the news of the disasters at Mondovi reached them they were fain to retire to the Po.

The Piedmontese army had no longer an existence, and when

Bonaparte's victorious columns marched to Cerasco, within ten miles of his capital, the King of Sardinia (Vittorio Amadeo III., had nothing better to do than to listen to the harsh terms of a humiliating treaty. Coni and Tortona, "the Keys of the Alps," Alessandria, and with the exception of Turin, nearly every fortress and place of importance were to be ceded to the French. The unfortunate sovereign could scarcely hold the pen to sign this treaty of Cerasco, and a few weeks afterwards he died broken-hearted. The joyous shouts of the victors drowned the grief of those who mourned his death, but in those days and countries it was not the fashion to grieve much for kings.

The brilliant military genius displayed by Bonaparte in this campaign is unquestionable. In less than a month he had laid a large portion of Upper Italy prostrate at his feet, had won three pitched battles, had caused a loss to the enemy, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of 25,000 men, and had taken fifty-five guns and twenty-one standards. This was glory and blood enough, but the French are never satisfied with the simple truth, and in his address to his army at Cerasco, Bonaparte diminished the time, and increased the number of his battles.

The few words already said may explain Napoleon's system of warfare, which, as he showed in after years to the companions of his exile at St. Helena, consisted mainly in the art of always attacking on one point with a force equal, if not superior, in number to that of the enemy. In this manner, though for a long time his army as a whole was very inferior in number to his enemy's he contrived to beat it in parts with divisions as strong as theirs. Of course this could not be done with such invariable success without the exercise of a wonderful foresight, calculation, and skill, but in proportion as we raise the genius of Bonaparte, we must deduct from the marvellous stories about the incomparable valour and the invincibility of his troops, who were brave, active, and enthusiastic, but still only men and not demigods.

The French found themselves in such good quarters at Piedmont, that they seemed very well disposed to make a long halt there. But this did not enter into Bonaparte's calculation, who, after receiving considerable reinforcements set out in pursuit of Beaulieu and the Austrians, now beyond the Po. Before starting he sternly lectured some of his troops who had committed horrid excesses among the defenceless peasantry and townspeople of Piedmont, and he swore he would shoot the first man among them that was detected in the commission of robbery or any other crime. He had announced to the people of Italy that the armies of the French republic came as their best friends, and as champions for the rights of man; it was highly necessary to keep them in good humour; but as yet Bonaparte's heart was not hardened, his fame was almost spotless, and apart from mere motives of policy, he was probably anxious to save the

Italians from the scourge of a licentious soldiery. Milan was the goal he aimed at. There were two roads, and two favourable points at which to cross the Po—the one at Valenza, the other, nearly fifty miles lower down the river at Piacenza. Having with admirable art made old Beaulieu firmly believe he had decided on crossing at Valenza, he made a forced march, and on the 7th of May, suddenly appeared at the Piacenza passage. At Valenza the Austrians had thrown up formidable works, and concentrated their forces; at Piacenza they had nothing but two weak squadrons of cavalry that fled on the approach of the French vanguard of 5000 grenadiers, and 15,000 horse. The rest of the French army soon came up, but it occupied all the 7th of May and the following night to ferry over the troops. But long, and most difficult as was this operation, and easily as it might have been interrupted, seeing that the French had to cross a broad and rapid river in small, crazy punts, and in small detachments at a time, nothing was seen or heard of the Austrians. At last, in the afternoon of the 8th, some six or eight hours after Bonaparte had established himself on the left bank, the division of Liptay, bewildered and numerically too weak to offer any valid resistance, showed itself a little above Piacenza, at Fombio, where the Austrians tried to fortify the dwelling-houses and the towers of the churches. They were almost instantly attacked in their centre, and both wings, by three columns simultaneously—by Lannes, Lanusse, and Dallemagne, who in one short hour carried the village of Fombio, and took 500 prisoners, with all the artillery collected there. Bonaparte then advanced to Codogno, where he arrived at nightfall. Beaulieu was by this time aware of his fatal mistake, and he now struck a blind, hap-hazard, but somewhat serious blow. Five thousand of his best troops marching out from Casal Pusterlengo, took the road to Codogno, where they fell upon the French in the dead of night. Bonaparte, it appears, had returned in the interval to Piacenza, and in his absence his over-confident and tired troops had let themselves be surprised. Many were killed before they could arm and form. General Laharpe, who ran to place himself at the head of a regiment, and check the disorder, was shot through the heart, and if Berthier had not arrived at this juncture to supply his place, Codogno would have become a melancholy name in the history of the wars of the republicans. When day began to dawn the Austrians lost heart at seeing that the French were so superior in number, and that Boileau had sent no fresh divisions to support them. They presently began to retire—the retreat soon became a flight, and but for some Neapolitan cavalry which protected their rear, they would have been all cut to pieces or made prisoners. No attempt was made by Beaulieu to renew the combat. His army was dispirited, and throwing himself into Pizzighettone, he retired there beyond the Adda, a considerable river of Lombardy, which rises in the

Rhætian Alps, above the town of Bormio, and after watering the Valteline, runs through the lake of Como, and passing by Cassano and the memorable Lodi, falls into the Po a little below Pizzighettone. It was behind the Adda that the Austrians once more concentrated their forces to resist that Corsican boy, whom they had at first laughed at, but whose name now struck terror to their hearts.

For once Beaulieu was right: Bonaparte *did* march for the Lodi passage across the Adda. The town of Lodi, a large straggling place, famous for its manufacture of Parmesan cheese, is on the right bank of the river, and there Beaulieu left his rear-guard, under the command of his relative, Colonel Melcalm, who was to keep the French in check as long as possible, while the main body of the Austrians on the left bank fortified the end of the bridge. The rear-guard was attacked by a superior force, and soon driven out of the town, the old walls and houses of which then served as a shelter to the French from the artillery that played upon them from the left bank. It now remained to cross the river, but 30 pieces of cannon placed in battery, some at the further end of the old bridge, and some a little above, and others a little below it, on the left bank, in order to produce a cross-fire, seemed to render such an enterprise next to impossible. More than one brave republican general recommended a pause, which must have ended in a retreat, but Bonaparte, keeping his eyes fixed, and his hand pointing at the bridge, said, "That is the way to Milan—to Rome—to the possession of all Italy,—we must cross, let it cost what it may. It must not be said that the tributary Adda stopped those heroes of the republic who have forced the Po!" On this occasion the French were pretty well supplied with artillery, and their first operation was to open a heavy fire across the river on the enemy's guns. General Beaumont, who commanded their cavalry, was sent to pass the Adda at a ford about a league above the bridge, and he took with him some flying artillery, with which he was to cannonade the right flank of the Austrians. By an inconceivable imbecility, the ford was not sufficiently guarded, and Beaumont, though not without difficulty, passed through it with his horses and guns. As soon as Bonaparte saw that the heads of the French cavalry were forming on the left bank of the Adda, and that this manœuvre gave great uneasiness to the Austrians, he pointed his sword at the bridge and sounded the charge. It was on the 10th of May, and about six o'clock in the evening, when 4000 picked men, shouting "Vive la République," advanced on the bridge, which was literally swept by the enemy's guns The first effect was tremendous; the French were involved in a murderous hail-storm of cannon-balls, grape-shot, and musket-balls;—they stopped—for a moment they wavered. Then Bonaparte, and Lannes, and Berthier, and Massena, and Cervoni, and Dallemagne, and Dupas, threw themselves at the head of the

columns, which dashed across the bridge, and up to the mouths of the enemy's guns. Lannes was the first to reach the left bank of the Adda, Napoleon the second. The Austrian artillerymen were bayoneted at their guns before Beaulieu could get to their rescue, for this doomed old general had kept his infantry too far in the rear of the bridge. By this means also the French infantry was allowed time to debouch from the *tête-du-pont*, and form in pretty good order. The battle, however, was not over. Though stupid, Beaulieu was brave, and the Austrian troops had not yet lost their dogged obstinacy. They concentrated a little behind the river—they put their remaining artillery in battery, and for some minutes it seemed doubtful whether they would not drive their foes back to the blood-covered bridge, or into the waters of the Adda. But, in addition to Beaumont, who acted with his cavalry on their right flank, Augereau now came up from Borghetto to the opportune assistance of his comrades. Then Beaulieu retreated, but in such good order that the French made few prisoners. The shades of night closed over a scene of horror;—between the town and the bridge of Lodi, and the scene of the prolonged action on the left bank, 2500 men and 400 horses on the part of the Austrians lay dead or wounded, and the French could not have left fewer than 2000 men in the same condition, although Bonaparte owned only to the loss of 400.

This battle, which he used to call "the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi," carried his fame to the highest pitch, while the great personal bravery he displayed in it endeared him to the troops. The men, who cannot always appreciate military genius and science, know perfectly well how to estimate courage, and they soon idolize the commander that shows himself ready to share in their greatest dangers. It was on this occasion that the soldiers gave Bonaparte the honorary and affectionate nickname of "The little Corporal." He was then slight in figure, and had almost an effeminate appearance. "It was a strange sight," says a French veteran, "to see him on that day on foot on the bridge, under a *feu-d'enfer*, and mixed up with our tall grenadiers—he looked like a little boy!" Those men of routine and prescription, the Austrian officers, who adhered to the old system of warfare, could not comprehend his new conceptions and innovations. "This beardless youth ought to have been beaten over and over again," said poor Beaulieu,—"for who ever saw such tactics!" A day or two after the battle of Lodi, an old Hungarian officer, who did not know his person, was brought prisoner to the French commander-in-chief. "Well," said Bonaparte, "What do you think of the state of the war now?"—"Nothing can be worse on your side," replied the old martinet, "Here you have a youth who absolutely knows nothing of the rules of war; to-day he is in our rear, to-morrow

on our flank, next day again in our front. Such gross violations of the principles of the art of war are not to be supported!"

Having lost the two lines of the Po and Adda, Beaulieu retreated behind the Mincio, while Bonaparte marched on triumphantly to Milan, where, on the 14th of May, he was received with honours, and welcomed by a large part of the inhabitants, who had already mounted the tri-coloured cockade of the republic. He only allowed himself a rest of five days in the luxurious capital of Lombardy, and then began to look after Beaulieu, who had taken up another formidable position, having Mantua, the best citadel in Italy, on his left, the fortress of Peschiera on his right, and the Mincio before him. But he had learned nothing from former misfortune: thinking that the French *must* attempt the passage *there*, he disposed his army at Peschiera, while Bonaparte darted down to Borghetto, and there forced his way over a badly defended bridge. Broken and confounded, Beaulieu again retreated, and took up a line behind the Adige, on the edge of the Tyrol. By this time the Emperor of Austria had scarcely any thing in the plains of Italy he could call his own, save only Mantua. Leaving Serrurier to blockade that mighty fortress, Bonaparte returned to Milan, to republicanize the Lombard states, and despatch other political matters that were almost as important as the winning of battles. At the news of the astonishingly rapid victories of the French, the King of Naples and the Pope sent to beg a peace, which they obtained on hard conditions. The pontiff was obliged to give up the cities of Ancona, Ferrara, and Bologna, to supply military stores, to pay a sum of money nearly equivalent to a million sterling, and to send a hundred of his finest pictures and statues to decorate the galleries of his enemies at Paris;—for on arriving at Piacenza, Bonaparte had adopted this novel species of military contribution, and begun to ransack Italy of her works of art. Success and impunity had produced their usual effects. The Italians might have perceived by this time that "Liberator" was not the proper style and title for the republican general, who had done worse things than pillage them of their statues and pictures; but they were divided into factions, and the Austrian government had rendered itself so odious that many of them thought any dominion would be preferable to theirs, and not a few of the Lombards dreamed on to the last, that their ephemeral, puny republics would be respected by their great and ambitious type on the other side of the Alps.

The comparatively well-governed and happy country of Tuscany lay between Lombardy and the states of the Pope and the King of Naples. The Grand Duke had not joined the coalition against the French, but he was brother to the Emperor of Austria—he was defenceless. Bonaparte, therefore, seized his great seaport of Leghorn, and confiscated all the British goods found there to his own use. A few days after he proposed

to the Directory at Paris, that they should instruct or authorize him to take possession of all Tuscany—because, the reigning prince was of the hateful house of Austria; and he hinted at the same time that they ought to be very quiet, and not say a word to excite suspicion, until the moment was arrived in which to drive out the Grand Duke Ferdinand.

But at the end of July, the approach from the valleys and mountains of the Tyrol, of a new Austrian army, commanded by the veteran Wurmser, called the attention of Bonaparte to a different and much more dangerous quarter. This army, when it reached head-quarters at Trent, on the threshold of Lombardy, amounted altogether to nearly 70,000 men. The disposable force of Bonaparte did not exceed 35,000, and as their armies on the Rhine had been very unsuccessful, the Directors could not forward him the reinforcements he eagerly requested. The Austrians, who were about to resume the offensive, came on full of hope, and their partisans began to say that before the end of August, they would be driven out of Milan, that they would never reach the Alps, and that the old French proverb, "Italy is the tomb of the French," would be again verified in the course of the year.

Bonaparte, however, calculated that old Wurmser might make the same mistakes Beaulieu had done; nor was he deceived. Instead of pouring from the pass of Trent in one compact body, which the French could not have resisted, the Austrians divided themselves into three separate columns, which took different routes, and positively lost their communications with one another. From this moment the confidence of Napoleon revived, "We will beat these blunderers in detail," and so saying, he gave up, for the time, the blockade of Mantua, buried the artillery he had there in the trenches, and marched with his usual rapidity against the right column of the enemy, which was commanded by Quasdonowich, and had reached the lower end of the Lago di Garda. But even this column was subdivided, and when the French met two of its weak divisions at Lonato they easily overwhelmed them. In consequence of this check, and the skilful marches of Augereau and Massena, who had nearly taken him in flank, Quasdonowich ran back into the Tyrol, and thus one of the three columns was disposed of. In attempting to renew, at the point of the bayonet, his communication with the shattered column of Quasdonowich, Wurmser, after obtaining some success, was led into a desperate fight at Lonato, and defeated, because he extended his line too much—a fault which allowed Bonaparte to cut his army in two.

After this battle, the conqueror had a narrow escape from being made prisoner by a body of Austrians he had defeated three days before, and who were then fugitives, bewildered and lost from not knowing where the columns of their active foe were stationed. Bonaparte had just ridden into the town of Lonato,

where there were only some 1200 French soldiers, when about 4000 Austrians, instructed by the peasantry, marched up, in the hopes of opening their way through the town, if not of making every man there a prisoner. An officer presented himself to demand the surrender, but Bonaparte, guessing the real state of the unexpected body of Austrians, ordered his numerous staff to mount their horses, and when the bearer of the flag of truce was introduced, and had the bandage removed from his eyes, the poor fellow saw himself in the midst of the life and splendour of what he thought must be the head-quarters of the enemy. "Go, and tell your general," said Bonaparte, "that I allow him eight minutes to lay down his arms; he has stumbled into the very heart of the French army: if he lets that time pass, he can have nothing to hope." The simple Austrians, believing they had been betrayed and brought into a trap by the Italian peasants, laid down their arms instantly. Bonaparte had more than one strange escape during the campaign, but this was the strangest of all.

Though broken and beaten, Wurmser contrived to collect the whole of his remaining forces, with which he advanced again on Lonato to give the French battle. Bonaparte, who was now numerically as strong as his opponent, had no motive for declining the combat, although this time the Austrians marched in one compact body. They met between Lonato and Castiglione, and there Wurmser was totally defeated. In this campaign, in which nothing was done for his cause beyond the reinforcing and revictualling of Mantua, the Emperor of Austria lost 40,000 men.

The campaign only lasted thirteen days, or from the 29th of July to the 12th of August; and when it was over, the French returned to invest Mantua, where they soon began to lose a good many of their men by malaria fevers. It is said, that during seven days of this extraordinary campaign, Bonaparte never took off his boots, nor lay down on a bed.

Austria sent on more sheep for the slaughter. By the end of August Wurmser again found himself at the head of a powerful army, but he again divided it, and the quick eye of Bonaparte again took happy advantage of the division. Leaving the old general to march towards Mantua with his 30,000 men, the French, by a few almost incredible marches, fell upon Davidowich, whom Wurmser had left in his rear, at Roveredo, with 20,000 men, to guard the entrance into the Tyrol.

The important battle of Roveredo was fought on the 4th of September, and ended in the entire defeat of the Austrians, who were forced to leave some of the chief defiles of the Tyrolese Alps in the hands of the French, who could thus prevent any supplies or communications with Germany from reaching Wurmser. Leaving Massena at Trent, which had recently been Wurmser's head quarters, and Vaubois at Levisa, Bonaparte,

marching sixty miles in two days, surprised and destroyed Wurmser's vanguard at Primolano. The next day (September 8th), he fell upon the main body of the army at Bassano, and with his usual success. Six thousand Austrians surrendered: one division of 4000 escaped into the Friuli, and the old marshal, retreating to Vicenza, could only collect 16,000 disheartened soldiers. After several hard marches and countermarches, and some bloody skirmishes, in one of which the Austrians nearly took Bonaparte, Wurmser succeeded in throwing himself and his skeleton of an army into Mantua, where he hoped to hold out till Austria could succour him. The emperor was preparing to do so, and to make another tremendous effort for the recovery of Lombardy, at the very moment Wurmser shut himself up in that fortress. By the end of September a fourth army was set in motion for Italy, the supreme command of which was given to Marshal Alvinzi, an excellent officer of artillery, a brave and experienced soldier, but as usual rather too old and punctilious. It should be mentioned, however, in alleviation of the faults of the Austrian commanders-in-chief generally, that their plans of campaign were laid down for them at Vienna, and that in the face of an enemy flushed with success, and ever active, they had frequently to wait for their instructions from the Aulic Council sitting at Vienna.

Alvinzi advanced himself by the mountains of Carniola and the Friuli, and having passed the river Tagliamento, came, at the end of October, to the banks of the Piave, with about 30,000 men. Davidowich, his second in command, had to cross the Tyrol, and to drive Vaubois and Massena from the strong passes leading into Italy, which those two generals occupied. Among the 20,000 men, led on by Davidowich, were some thousands of the hardy mountaineers of the Tyrol, whose feelings and prejudices the French soldiery had much outraged. In some places even the women and children fought for the Austrians. The beginning of this part of the campaign was very successful. The French were severely beaten at Segonzano; they were driven down towards Lombardy at all points, and on the 4th of November, Davidowich entered Trent. Vaubois fell back to a formidable position, with redoubts and intrenchments at Calliano, where, for the first time for many months, the French cry of "*sauve qui peut*," was heard, and the men, after some slaughter, ran away in a panic. Massena, who had retired down the valley of the Adige, was obliged even to abandon the position of Bassano. Bonaparte, dreading the junction of Davidowich with Alvinzi, hurried to sustain Massena, and to put one of the two Austrian armies, *hors de combat*, before the other should be able to assist it. In conjunction with Massena he attacked Davidowich at Vicenza, but this time Bonaparte himself was beaten, and obliged to retreat to Verona. Had Davidowich gone on as well as he had begun, his junction with Alvinzi, and

the ruin of the French army, were alike certain. But after some brilliant actions the old Tudesque slowness and indecision fell upon him, and Bonaparte's genius profited wonderfully by the delays of some five or six days. The position of the French was, however, most critical. Alvinzi occupied the whole of the country between the Brenta and the Adige, and the strong Austrian garrison of Mantua, in Bonaparte's rear, obliged *him* to divide his forces. A portion of his army, moreover, that had been assailed and driven in by Davidowich, was sadly dispirited, as, indeed, with all their known bravery, the French soldiery are very apt to be in the face of reverses. The great excellence of these troops also lies rather in making brisk, gallant attacks, than in standing steadily on the defensive. Nobody knew this so well as Bonaparte, as nobody was so capable of handling the susceptible character of the nation, and touching the soldiers to the quick. He drew up on the plateau of Rivoli, which was soon to be the scene of one of his most splendid victories, the whole division of Vaubois, and fixing his stern eyes on the men who had abandoned the redoubts at Calliano, thus addressed them:

"Soldiers, I am not satisfied with you; you have shown neither bravery, discipline, nor perseverance: no position could rally you; you abandoned yourselves to a panic-terror; you suffered yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of brave men might have stopped an army. Soldiers of the 39th and 85th, you are not French soldiers. Quartermaster-general, let it be written on their colours, *They no longer form part of the Army of Italy!*" This harangue, pronounced in a severe tone, drew tears from these old soldiers: the rules of discipline could not restrain their grief; several grenadiers, who had received former marks of distinction, cried out, "General, we have been calumniated; place us in the van, and you shall see whether the 39th and 85th belong to the army of Italy." Napoleon having produced the effect he wished, then addressed a few words of consolation to them. These two regiments a few days after covered themselves with glory.

He then led his men to the attack, having first concentrated his columns on the right bank of the Adige, while Alvinzi, now close at hand, had been taking up a position on the heights of Caldiero, on the left bank of the Adige, and nearly opposite to Verona. On the afternoon of the 11th of November, Bonaparte crossed the Adige by the bridge of Verona. His foremost brigade overthrew Alvinzi's van, made some prisoners, and bivouacked that night on the roots of the Caldiero hill. The fires of the Austrian bivouacs stretching along the heights, and the reports of spies, which the French were singularly fortunate in obtaining, left no doubt in Bonaparte's mind that his redoubtable foe would firmly wait him there. In this fine position, Alvinzi's left rested on the dreadful marsh of Arcole, his right on Mont

Oliveto and the village of Colognole. The fight began at day break—the weather was horrible—the rain wetted the powder in the soldier's cartouche-boxes and muskets; and the ground was so soaked that the French could hardly move their artillery. After being engaged nearly the whole day, Bonaparte judged it expedient to return into his camp before Verona. The Austrians threw forward their advanced posts to St. Michael's in the intention, and with the evident hope of hemming in their enemies, whose situation was now truly hazardous. They knew not which way to turn themselves; they were checked on one side by the strong position of Caldiero, on the other by the well furnished defiles of the Tyrol, and in their rear the garrison of Mantua had begun to make murderous sorties upon them. Alvinzi looked confidently to the reconquest of the whole of Upper Italy. The way in which Bonaparte delivered himself is one of the most wonderful things in military history. On this point all are agreed. The great modern historian of Italy, Carlo Botta, who is very far from being a general eulogist of Napoleon says, "His movements and tactics on this critical occasion were those of a consummate master of the art of war; and among all those ordered by the most renowned captains, both of ancient and modern times, I can find none more worthy of praise and admiration. They were conceived and executed with the rapidity of lightning, nor had the Austrians any notion of what he was doing, until Bonaparte had chosen his own ground and entirely changed the state of the campaign."

The country behind Caldiero lay open to Davidowich, who might awake from his lethargy and still concentrate with Alvinzi. Bonaparte, therefore, resolved to place himself on the same side of the river as the enemy, and to throw himself in the rear of Caldiero. To encourage his men, who had begun to murmur, and not without reason, seeing that their reinforcements came on very slowly from France, and that (without counting the dead) a vast number of the bravest among them had been wounded two or three times since their arrival in Italy, Bonaparte again made a short oration: "We have but one more effort to make, and Italy is our own. The enemy is, no doubt, more numerous than we are, but half his troops are recruits: if we beat him, Mantua must fall, and we shall remain masters of every thing; our labours will be at an end; for not only Italy, but a general peace is in Mantua. You talk of returning to the Alps, but you are no longer capable of doing so. From the dry and frozen bivouacs of those steril rocks, you could very well conquer the delicious plains of Lombardy; but from the smiling flowery bivouacs of Italy you cannot return to the snows. Reinforcements have reached us; there are more on the road; let not those who are unwilling to fight seek vain pretences; for only beat Alvinzi, and I will answer for your future welfare." "These words," says Montholon, "repeated from mouth to

mouth, revived the spirits of the troops, and brought them over to an opposite way of thinking. Those who before talked of retreating, were now eager to advance. "Shall the soldiers of Italy," they said, "patiently endure the taunts and provocations of these slaves?" When it became known at Brescia, Bergamo, Milan, Cremona, Lodi, Pavia, and Bologna, that the army had sustained a check, the wounded and sick left the hospitals before they were well cured, to place themselves in their ranks: the wounds of many of these brave men were still bleeding.

On the 14th of November, at nightfall, he broke up from Verona with all the demonstrations of a hasty retreat; but, after a short march, which deceived every body, he turned suddenly back again, in the darkness of night, and following the course of the Adige, arrived, before daylight, at Ronco, where Andreossy speedily laid down a wooden bridge, already prepared and carried with the train. Ronco is on the right side of the then swollen mountain torrent, the Alpone, and about half a mile from its junction with the Adige. When the officers and men, who knew the country from having pursued Wurmser through it, saw the bridge at Ronco, as the day broke, they understood for the first time the plan their general had adopted. "The little corporal is going to turn Caldiero, and lead us to certain victory," cried the men, as they hurried over the temporary bridge which shook and creaked beneath their feet and the weight of the artillery and waggons.

Three roads branched off from the bridge of Ronco; the first, on the left hand, led up the Adige towards Verona, passing the village of Porcile, where it opened on a plain, on which Alvinzi's cavalry was quartered; the second road led to the village of Arcole, in front of which was a small stone bridge (the memorable bridge of Arcole!) over the Alpone, which torrent the French had again to cross; the third road, to the right, led down the Adige to Albaredo. These three roads, in nearly their whole extent, are narrow causeways, having deep bogs and swamps on either side of them. A flanking fire would have mowed the men down, but there was nothing of the sort, and only the heads of the attacking columns could be exposed. We shall chiefly take our account of the battle from that dictated to Count Montholon by Bonaparte himself, adding, however, some information gathered from other quarters.

Three columns entered upon these three roads; the left one marched up the Adige as far as the extremity of the marshes at the village of Porcile, whence the soldiers saw plainly the steeples of Verona: it was thenceforth impossible for the Austrians to march upon that city. The centre column proceeded direct to Arcole, where the French skirmishers got as far as the bridge unperceived. Two battalions of Croats, with two pieces of cannon, had bivouacs there for the purpose of guarding the rear of the army, and watching any parties which might be sent in that direction. The ground between Arcole and the Adige

Passage of the Bridge of Arcole.

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was not guarded, Alvinzi having contented himself with ordering out patroles of hussars, who visited the causeways thrice every day. The Croats were stationed on the opposite bank of the little river Alpone, along which the French had to pass before reaching the bridge, which turns at right angles into Arcole. By firing in front, they therefore at that particular point, took the column which was advancing on Arcole in flank: the French soldiers fell back precipitately as far as the point in the road, where they ceased to be exposed to this dangerous fire. Augereau, indignant at this retrograde movement of his troops, rushed towards the bridge at the head of two battalions of grenadiers, but was received by a brisk flank fire, and driven back on his division. Alvinzi being informed of this attack, could not at first comprehend it; but he was soon after enabled to observe the movements of the French from the neighbouring steeples: he then plainly saw that they had passed the Adige, and were in his rear. But he still believed it impossible that a whole army could have been thus thrown into impassable marshes, whence, in case of a defeat, there was no escaping; and he continued to think, that it could be only some light troops which had been sent in this direction to alarm him, and to mask a real attack on the Verona side. His reconnoitring parties, however, having brought him word that all was quiet towards Verona, he thought it important to drive these light troops from the marshes. He therefore ordered a division commanded by Metrouski on the dyke of Arcole, and another commanded by Provera on the left dyke. Towards nine o'clock in the morning, they attacked with impetuosity. Massena, who was intrusted with the defence of the left dyke, having allowed the enemy to get fairly upon it, made a desperate charge, broke his columns, repulsed him with great loss, and took a number of prisoners. The same thing happened on the dyke of Arcole. As soon as the enemy had passed the elbow of the road, he was charged and routed by Augereau, leaving prisoners and cannon in the victor's hands: the marsh was covered with dead. It became of the utmost importance to gain possession of Arcole; for by debouching thence in the enemy's rear, the French would be able to seize the bridge of Villa-Nuova over the Alpone, which was his only retreat. But Arcole withstood several attacks. Napoleon resolved to try a last effort in person: he seized a flag, rushed on the bridge, and there planted it: the column he commanded had reached the middle of the bridge, when the flanking fire, and the arrival of a division of the enemy, frustrated the attack. The grenadiers at the head of the columns, finding themselves abandoned by the rear, hesitated at first; but being hurried away in the confusion, they still persisted in keeping possession of their general. They seized him by his arms and clothes, and dragged him along with them amidst the dead, the dying, and the smoke; he was precipitated into a morass, into which he sunk

up to the middle, surrounded by the enemy. The grenadiers perceiving the danger of their general, a cry was raised, "*Forward, soldiers, to save the general!*" They immediately turned back, rushed upon the enemy, drove them beyond the bridge, and Napoleon was rescued.

The soldier who carefully marked where Bonaparte had fallen, and who was the first to drag him from the bog, was a poor Venetian, who had volunteered into the French service, and who thus, as Botta remarks, saved the life of the man who a few months later destroyed Venice.

The loss sustained by the French was frightful! With the exception of Bonaparte there was scarcely an officer of distinction escaped wounds or death; for on all such occasions it is in the nature of the French troops to require their superiors' presence in their front. Lannes, who had already two uncured wounds, received a third at the bridge of Arcole, as he covered Bonaparte with his own body; Generals Vignolles, Belliard, and Robert were all killed in the act of rallying their troops; Muiron, one of the commander-in-chief's favourite aides-de-camp, with whom he had lived like a brother ever since the siege of Toulon, seeing a shell about to burst, threw himself between it and his chief, and fell a horrid corpse almost at Bonaparte's feet. There were other examples of the like devotedness and heroic friendship, which ought to have kept alive in the breast of Napoleon a better opinion of human nature than he entertained in later years.

At last, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Bonaparte did what he ought to have done at first: he sent General Guyeux with 2000 to cross at the ferry of Alberedo, lower down, and advance by the opposite bank of the Alpone to the bridge and village of Arcole. This manœuvre was ably executed, and the Croats, Hungarians, and Tyrolese, who had made an heroic defence of the bridge, with a very weak force, were obliged to retire both from the bridge and village, which were taken possession of by the French from either side of the Alpone. This possession, however, was of short duration, for during the evening Alvinzi poured down such a force that the village was retaken, and Bonaparte forced across the bridge. This was on the 15th of November, and the French soldiery had to pass a cold, rainy night among the morasses in front of Arcole. On the next day Alvinzi changed his positions, and the battle became general. The bridge and village, where the dead already lay in heaps, were again the centre of the terrific contest. The French again attempted to carry the bridge, and were repulsed as they had been the day before, over and over again. At each attempt some officer of distinction and crowds of men were swept away by the Austrian artillery, or picked out by the Tyrolese riflemen. Alvinzi had prudently covered the ford, where Guyeux had crossed the Alpone the preceding

Horse killed under Napoleon at the Battle of Rivoli.

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Death of General Desaix.

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day, with a strong body of cavalry, and he had thrown out his excellent riflemen all along the bank of that river; so that when General Vial attempted to ford the stream with a battalion of grenadiers, he was driven back with dreadful loss. This attempt was astonishing even for the French at Arcole. The water reached to the very necks of the grenadiers, who could only resist the force of the rapid current by locking arm within arm, and moving in one mass. The Austrians lost a vast number of men by deploying in an unfavourable position, but they kept possession of Arcole for that night. On the morning of the 17th, Bonaparte, who had thrown a bridge over the Alpone, just above its confluence with the Adige, during the night, sent Augereau with a strong column to cross that bridge and march on the reverse of Arcole, while another column should advance in front by the same causeway on which so many unsuccessful experiments had been tried on the bridge of Arcole. The latter column was repulsed as before, but Augereau succeeding in crossing the temporary bridge, and advancing along the opposite bank, carried the village after a sanguinary struggle. Bonaparte then rushed into Arcole, for which he had sacrificed many thousands of lives, and then Alvinzi retreated upon Montebello and Vicenza. The loss on both sides was immense, but the French gained every advantage proposed by their wonderful leader, who remained for two months the undisturbed possessor of Lombardy; while he had struck the Austrians with an idea of his invincibility that they could not recover from for years. This was the hardest fought battle in all the war, and the one in which Bonaparte showed most personal courage. Lodi was nothing to Arcole!

On January 7th of the following year (1797) the Marshal Alvinzi found himself on the confines of the Tyrol with another army of 60,000 men. This fifth Austrian army was almost annihilated, within a week, at the battle of Rivoli, where Bonaparte had three horses killed under him. Old Wurmser, almost starved out of Mantua, surrendered on the 2d of February, when the fortunate Corsican remained absolute master of all upper, and a dictator to all lower Italy. But a sixth Austrian army was sent across the Tyrolese frontier and the hills of Friuli, under the supreme command of the famed Archduke Charles. This was beaten and utterly disorganized on the banks of the Tagliamento, on the 12th of March, and *then*, only eleven months after his first entrance into Italy, Bonaparte could almost call the whole of that beautiful peninsula his own.

# TREATY OF CAMPO FORMIO.

M. DE BOURRIENNE having, in the foregoing pages, often called the attention of his readers to this celebrated treaty, the present editor has determined to subjoin it as a valuable illustration to the narrative of Bonaparte's First Italian Campaign.

*Definitive Treaty of Peace, concluded between the French Republic and the Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia.*

HIS Majesty the Emperor of the Romans, king of Hungary and Bohemia, and the French Republic, being desirous to consolidate the peace, the basis of which has been laid down by the preliminaries signed at the Chateau of Eckenwald, near Leoben, in Styria, on the 18th of April, 1797, (29th Germinal, fifth year of the French Republic, one and indivisible), have named for their plenipotentiaries the following persons: his Majesty the Emperor and King, the Sieur D. Martius Mastrilly, noble Neapolitan Patrician; Marquis of Gallo, knight of the royal order of St. Januarius, gentleman of the chamber to his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies, and his ambassador extraordinary at the court of Vienna; the Sieur Louis, Cobentzel, count of the holy Roman Empire, grand cross of the royal order of St. Stephen, chamberlain and actual privy councillor of state to his said imperial, royal and apostolic Majesty, and his ambassador extraordinary to his imperial Majesty of all the Russias; the Sieur Maximilian, Count of Merveldt, knight of the Teutonic and military order of Maria Theresa, chamberlain and major-general of cavalry in the armies of his said Majesty the Emperor and King; and the Sieur Ignatius, Baron Degelmann, minister plenipotentiary of his said Majesty to the Helvetic Republic; and the French Republic has named Bonaparte, general-in-chief of the French army in Italy; which persons, after the exchange of their respective powers, have resolved upon he following articles:

Art. 1. There shall be in future, and for ever, a solid and inviolable peace between his Majesty the Emperor of the Romans, King of Hungary and Bohemia, his heirs and successors, and the French Republic. The contracting parties shall give the greatest attention to the maintenance of a perfect intelligence between themselves and their states, without permitting, for the future, any sort of hostilities on either side, for whatever cause, or under whatsoever pretext, and shall carefully avoid whatever may hereafter affect the union thus happily established. No assistance shall be given, either directly or indirectly, to those who would attempt any thing to the prejudice of one or other of the contracting parties.

2. Soon after the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty, the contracting parties shall remove all sequestrations imposed upon the effects, rights and revenues of individuals residing in their respective territories, and the countries re-united to them, as well as upon the public establishments; they shall be bound to pay all debts for funds supplied to them by the said individuals or public establishments, and to repay all rents settled for their profit.

The present article is declared common to the Cisalpine republic.

3. His Majesty the Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia, renounces for himself and his successors, in favour of the French republic, all his rights and titles to the ci-devant Belgic provinces, known by the name of the Austrian Pays Bas. The French republic shall possess these countries in perpetuity, in entire sovereignty and property, and with all the territorial effects which belong to them.

4. All the debts for which the soil of the said countries shall have been mortgaged before the war, and the contracts for which shall subsist in the customary forms, shall be adopted by the French republic. The plenipotentiaries of his Majesty the Emperor shall give an account of them as soon as possible, and before the exchange of the ratifications, in order that, previous to the exchange, the plenipotentiaries of the two powers may agree upon the additional articles explanatory of the present, and may sign them.

5. His Majesty the Emperor and King consents that the French republic shall possess, in entire sovereignty, the ci-devant Venetian isles in the Levant, called Corfou, Zante, Cephalonia, St. Maure, Cerigo and the other isles depending

upon them, as well as Batrinto, Larta, Vonizza, and in general all the ci-devant Venetian establishments in Albany, which are situated lower than the Gulf of Lodrino.

6. The French republic consents that his Majesty the Emperor and King shall possess, in entire sovereignty and property, the countries hereafter mentioned: Istria, Dalmatia, the ci-devant Venetian isles in the Adriatic, the mouths of Cattaro, the city of Venice, the channels and the countries comprised between the hereditary states of his Majesty the Emperor and King, the Adriatic Sea, and a line which, issuing from the Tyrol, shall follow the torrent in front of Gardola, and traverse the lake of Garda, as far as Lacise, whence a military line, offering equal advantages to both parties, shall be marked out by officers of engineers, named on both sides, before the exchange of the ratification of the present treaty. The line of limitation shall afterwards pass the Adige at Langiacomo, and follow the left bank of that river to the mouth of the Canal-Blanc, comprising that part of Porto-Legnago which is on the left bank of the Adige, with a circular district of three thousand toises diameter. The line shall proceed by the left bank of the Canal-Blanc, by the left bank of the Tartaro, by the left bank of the canal called Polisella, as far as its entrance into the Po, and by the left bank of the Great Po, as far as the sea.

7. His Majesty the Emperor and King renounces for ever, with respect to himself and his successors, all the rights, and titles arising out of those rights, which his said Majesty might assert over the countries possessed by him before the war, that now make part of the Cisalpine republic, which republic shall possess them in entire sovereignty, with all the territorial effects belonging to them.

8. His Majesty the Emperor and King acknowledges the Cisalpine republic as an independent power. This republic comprehends the ci-devant Austrian Lombardy, the Bergamasque, the Bressan, the Cremasque, the city and fortress of Mantua, Peschiera, that part of the ci-devant Venetian states which is to the west and south of the line pointed out in article 6, for the frontier of the states of his Majesty the Emperor in Italy; the Modenois, the principality of Massa and Carara, and the three legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna.

9. In all the countries ceded, acquired, or exchanged by the present treaty, there shall be granted to all the inhabitants and proprietors of every sort a removal of the sequestrations laid upon their property, effects, and revenues, on account of the war between his Imperial and Royal Majesty and the French republic, and they shall not be disturbed, with respect to it, in their effects or persons. Those who may wish to quit, for the future, the said countries, shall be obliged to make a declaration to that effect three months after the publication of the said treaty. They shall then have the term of three years to sell their effects, moveable or immoveable, or to dispose of them at their pleasure.

10. Debts for which the soil of the countries ceded, acquired, or exchanged by this treaty shall be mortgaged, are the debts of those to whom the countries remain.

11. The navigation of those parts of the rivers and canals which serve as limits between the territories of his Majesty and those of the Cisalpine republic shall be free, so that neither party can establish any toll, or maintain any vessel armed for war; but this article does not exclude the precautions necessary to the safety of the fortress of Porto-Legnago.

12. All sales and alienations made, and all engagements contracted, either by the cities or by the government, or by the civil and administrative authorities, of the ci-devant Venetian countries, for the maintenance of the German and French armies, up to the date of the signing of the present treaty, shall be confirmed and regarded as valid.

13. The titles and archives of the different countries ceded and exchanged by the present treaty, shall be delivered within three months from the exchange of the ratifications, to the powers which have acquired the property of them. The plans and charts of the fortresses, cities, and countries, which the contracting parties acquire by the present treaty, shall be also faithfully delivered to them. The military papers and registers taken in the present war, shall be delivered to the etat-majors of the respective armies.

14. The two contracting parties equally animated with the desire of removing whatsoever might injure the good intelligence happily established between

them, engage themselves, in the most solemn manner, to contribute every thing in their power to maintain the interior tranquillity of their respective states.

15. A treaty of commerce shall be speedily concluded upon an equitable basis, and such as shall assure to his Majesty and the French republic, advantages equal to those enjoyed in their respective states by the most favoured nations. In the mean time all the communications and commercial relations shall be re-established upon the footing on which they were before the war.

16. No inhabitant of the countries occupied by the Austrian or French armies can be prosecuted, either in his person or his property, for his opinions, or his civil, military, or commercial actions, during the war between the two powers.

17. His Majesty the Emperor and King cannot, consistently with the principles of neutrality, receive in any of his ports, during the present war, more than six vessels of war belonging to either of the belligerent powers.

18. His Majesty the Emperor and King obliges himself to cede to the Duke of Modena, as an indemnity for the countries hitherto belonging to that prince and his heirs in Italy, the Brisgaw, which he shall possess under the same conditions as those in virtue of which he possessed the Modenois.

19. The landed and personal property of their royal highnesses the Archduke Charles and the Archduchess Christina, not previously alienated, and which are situate in the territory ceded to the Republic, shall be restored to them, on the condition that they shall be sold within three years.

The same terms shall be observed with respect to the landed and personal property of his royal highnesss the Archduke Ferdinand, in the territory of the Cisalpine republic.

20. A congress shall be held at Rastadt, composed solely of the plenipotentiaries of the Germanic empire, and of the French republic, to conclude a pacification between those powers. This congress shall be opened within one month after the conclusion of the present treaty, or sooner, if possible

21. All the prisoners of war made on either side, and the hostages taken or given during the war, and which have not yet been restored, shall be given up within forty days from the signature of the present treaty.

22. The contributions, deliveries, furnishments, and seizures of every hostile description, which have taken place in the respective states of the contracting powers, shall cease from the day the ratifications of the present treaty shall be exchanged.

23. His Majesty the Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia, and the French republic, shall preserve between them the same ceremonial, as to rank and other etiquettes, as was constantly observed before the war. His aforesaid Majesty, and the Cisalpine republic, shall observe the same ceremonial as prevailed between his Majesty aforesaid and the republic of Venice.

24. The present treaty of peace is declared to be in common with, and to be extended to the Batavian republic.

25. The present treaty shall be ratified by his Majesty the Emperor and the French republic, within the space of thirty days from the present day, or sooner, if possible, and the acts of ratification, in due form, shall be exchanged at Rastadt.

Concluded and signed at Campo Formio, near Udina, on the 17th of October, 1797, (the 26th Vendemiaire) in the sixth year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

(Signed) Bonaparte, The Marquis Di Gallo, Louis Compte Gobenzel, the Compte De Merveldt, General Major; and the Baron De Degelmann.

The Executive Directory decrees and signs the present treaty of peace made with his Majesty the Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia, negotiated in the name of the French republic by the Citizen Bonaparte, commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, provided with powers by the Executive Directory and charged with their instructions for this purpose.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### 1800.

Suspension of hostilities—Letter to the consuls—Second occupation of Milan—Bonaparte and Massena—My conversation with M. Collot—Recollections of the 18th and 19th Brumaire.

WHAT little time, and how few events sometimes suffice to change the destiny of nations! We left Milan on the 13th of June, Marengo on the 14th, and on the 15th Italy was ours. A suspension of hostilities between the French and Austrian armies was the immediate result of a single battle; and by virtue of a convention, concluded between Berthier and Melas, we resumed possession of all the fortified places of any importance, with the exception of Mantua. As soon as this convention was signed, Bonaparte dictated to me at Torre di Garafolo the following letter to his colleagues:

The day after the battle of Marengo, Citizens Consuls, General Melas transmitted a message to our advance posts, requesting permission to send General Skal to me. During the day, the convention, of which I send you a copy, was drawn up, and at night it was signed by Generals Berthier and Melas. I hope the French people will be satisfied with the conduct of their army.

BONAPARTE.

The only thing worthy of remark in this letter, would be the concluding sentence, in which the first consul still affected to acknowledge the sovereignty of the people, were it not that the words "Citizens Consuls," were evidently foisted in with a particular design.* The battle was gained; and even in a trifling matter like this, it was necessary that the two other consuls

* The contempt with which Napoleon regarded the imbeciles of the republican government, could only be exceeded by his abhorrence of the sanguinary and atrocious deeds of the reign of terror. He seems to have formed a just estimate of the dominant powers which, at different periods, from the destruction of monarchy, to the moment when he became supreme, ruled or misruled the destinies of France. The sans-culottes, and their leaders—the vile and worthless *canaille*—were, in his view, the very scum of France, who, taking advantage of the overthrow of monarchical power, seized upon the executive, and, like ferocious wolves, sought only diabolical revenge on those classes of society which were the friends of law and order. Cowardly in nature, brutalized in disposition, and steeped in utter infamy, they were both, in aspect and action a terrible satire on the human race—a living evidence of the depth to which mankind can sink, when loaded with ignorance and moral pollution, and emancipated from all restraining power. And when, at length, the rule was placed in others' hands, it was only an exchange of brute force and violence, for the low cunning and intrigue of men who brought the trickery of the shop and counter into legislative councils, and displayed their dishonest artifices on a large and national scale. Squabbling for petty supremacy, clamouring for individual aggrandisement; worthless themselves, and therefore suspicious of others, their time and efforts were devoted to each others' defeat, and to thwarting any movement that promised more wholesome government, and threatened their own abasement. To such men Napoleon was a terror; and he regarded them as despicable and imbecile traitors to their country.

should feel that they were not so much the colleagues as the inferiors of the first consul.

We returned to Milan, and our second occupation of that city was marked by continued acclamations, wherever the first consul showed himself. At Milan, the first consul now saw Massena for the first time since our departure for Egypt. Bonaparte lavished upon him the highest praises, but not higher than he deserved, for his admirable defence of Genoa. He marked him out as his successor in the command of the army of Italy. Moreau was on the Rhine, and therefore none but the conqueror of Zurich could properly have succeeded the first consul in that command. The first blow was struck; but there might still occur an emergency, requiring the presence of a skilful, experienced general, well acquainted with the country. And, besides, we could not be perfectly at ease, until it was ascertained what conditions would be adhered to by the cabinet of Vienna, which was then entirely under the influence of the cabinet of London.

On the eve of our departure from Milan, I had, with M. Collot, a conversation, which may conveniently be related here. In again bringing before the reader the events of the 18th Brumaire, I may observe, that M. Collot saw these events in a nearer and different point of view than that in which I observed them. I made notes of the conversation which I am now about to describe. Did I not mention this fact, M. Collot might naturally be surprised at the supposed fidelity of my memory.

On the day of our conversation, M. Collot had been on an excursion with Joseph Bonaparte to the Borromean Islands, and I recollect his telling me, that when he called for the new counsellor of state, he found him in very bad company. Be this as it may, the following are some facts I collected from the mouth of M. Collot, and which have not hitherto been related in the course of these memoirs.

On his return to Paris from Egypt, Bonaparte repaired to the Directory so precipitately, that the directors had not made up their minds as to the way in which they would receive him. He was announced by an usher. The directors, hesitating about what they should do, allowed him to remain a few minutes in the waiting-room. He became impatient, and went out for the purpose of getting into his carriage, to drive home again.* The directors being informed of this, sent after him. He returned, and in his way met one of the five sovereigns who was going in pursuit of him. On being introduced to their presence, he addressed them with the confidence of a man who had come to demand an account of their conduct, rather than to justify his own.

In the evening, M. Collot, who went a great deal into com-

* I did not accompany Bonaparte in this first visit to the Directory, and I was rather astonished that he did not relate to me what passed, as he was then in the habit of doing whenever he went any where without me.

pany, saw several persons who were of opinion that the Directory should have punished the insolence of the general; that they should have tried him by a court-martial, and have shot him as a deserter, and a violator of the quarantine laws of the country. But all this clamour was vain. Bonaparte had formed too accurate an estimate of the weakness of the government, to fear the adoption of any authoritative measure. Could he be mistaken as to the sentiments of France, when the acclamations, of which he was the object, were mingled with well-merited reproaches on the Directory?

On the day after Bonaparte's visit to the Directory, all the influential men eagerly thronged to congratulate him on his return. He could easily perceive that their wishes directed him to the helm of government. On this occasion, one thing which struck the general as very remarkable, was the absence of M. Collot. He directed Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély to write a letter to M. Collot, as if it were his own voluntary act. In this letter, Bonaparte instructed Regnault to say, "You would have been glad to have been in my pocket yesterday. You would, for the space of an hour, have received compliments that must have gratified you. You would have heard it affirmed, that you were a good, feeling, and benevolent man, and that you were the object of interest and esteem. All this was said by Bonaparte to Arnaud and me. Go then, and see him; he will receive you with pleasure."

Next day M. Collot called on Bonaparte. He found him in his drawing-room, standing with his back to the fireplace, surrounded by all the retinue who had been, on the preceding day, to pay their court to him, and sound his projects. Bonaparte listened, and spoke little, confining himself merely to such remarks as were calculated to keep up the conversation, and give it the direction he wished. It lasted three hours, and concluded with these remarkable words: "My situation is very peculiar. Many persons come to offer me power, as if it were at their disposal. If it were, they would have already seized it; *but that is no easy matter, particularly now.*"—"These last words," said M. Collot, "were pronounced in something like a tone of defiance, and yet with an air of simplicity which prevented them from giving offence." The circle withdrew, and Bonaparte detained M. Collot. It may, perhaps, be matter of surprise that he took so little pains to conciliate the deputies, generals, and magistrates who then ruled France. The fact was, he conceived that under a rotten government nobody can possess any real power, or be of any real utility; and he would not accept the services of any party, to avoid being afterwards importuned by their demands. By accepting the support of any particular party, he feared he should appear, in the eyes of France, as the head of a faction, while he then sincerely aspired to be regarded as the peaceful restorer of the state which was sinking beneath a weight of disgrace.

When we set out on the Egyptian expedition, M. Collot accompanied us; but he stopped at Malta on account of some little differences between him and the general-in-chief. If, on Bonaparte's return to Paris, M. Collot had called upon him, he feared he should be set down as one of the mean worshippers of fortune's favourite; and for that reason he waited for a letter of invitation; he explained himself in the same way to Bonaparte. "You had no such fear," said the general, "you had too well proved to me that you were neither hunting after money nor favours. Say, rather, that you were deterred by a feeling of embarrassment, or rather by pride; it was that which separated us at Malta. But for that, you would have gone with me to Egypt. You remember the letter you wrote on leaving me?"—"Yes, general."—"There was something rather pointed in it."—"If I had thought so, I would have thrown down my pen. It was the sincere effusion of my feelings."—"Oh! but it was rather sharp, I assure you. However, let us forget the past."

Bonaparte certainly did forget the past, as long as M. Collot could be of use to him; and he only recollected it when he found he could dispense with him. M. Collot saw the general every day, and the following is a proof of the confidence Bonaparte reposed in him: on the 16th Brumaire he said to him, "Collot, hire a house at Saint Cloud, and get it ready as soon as possible for a supper-party of five-and-twenty or thirty persons." M. Collot immediately sent a confidential person to Saint Cloud; the house was hired and got ready; and on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte said to Collot, "We shall sup there to-morrow."

M. Collot was acquainted with all the plots and intrigues that were hatched in Paris, as well by Bonaparte and his adherents, as by the men who acted in opposition to them. It has already been seen that, at the period to which my conversation with M. Collot refers, Bonaparte had formed the resolute determination of overthrowing the Directory; but, at the same time, he wished it to fall quietly. I knew this well; but being always confined to the cabinet of Bonaparte, if I understood better than any one his secret projects, I was not so intimately acquainted with what was going on elsewhere. It is therefore with no small degree of satisfaction that I find in my Milan notes, many interesting particulars. I there find it stated, that MM. de Talleyrand and Fouché were the first to testify by the reports which they circulated in Paris, that they were ready to enter into Bonaparte's plan, and that they could gain over Siéyès without difficulty. I also find that attempts were made to negotiate with Moreau; and, though his language indicated that he would take no part in the affair, yet his character afforded ground for believing that he would raise no obstacle to it. Nothing was said on the subject to Jourdan, Bernadotte, or Augereau. They were known to be too closely connected with the party of Saliceti, Garreau, Aréna, Destrem, and some other deputies. To-

wards them a certain degree of reserve was maintained, because it was known that they would be difficult to manage, and because it was also known that they were anxiously watching every motion of Bonaparte, and the persons who frequented his house. They foresaw that something was brewing against the government; but that government was sunk so low, that no one could venture to defend it, or even to acknowledge it; so that Bonaparte's antagonists, without a leader or rallying-point, were reduced to the necessity of looking to their own safety, under the vain pretence of fidelity to a constitution already violated, and to a Directory, which they were the first to despise. Against the projects of Bonaparte, they could not do more than they did; that is to say, make a noise; and in politics, nothing is more absurd than resistance, when accompanied by the conviction of its inutility.

Sebastiani, the commander of a regiment of dragoons, garrisoned in Paris, and Jubé, who commanded the guard of the Directory, assured Bonaparte of the favourable sentiments of those two corps. On the 15th Brumaire, every thing was finally arranged, for it was then ascertained that Bonaparte had no obstacle to fear. It was then that he directed M. Collot to hire the house at Saint Cloud. On the 17th, it was determined that Bonaparte should repair to the Tuileries at daybreak, and the troops, for whom the two commanders had become responsible, were to be stationed in the neighbourhood.

On the 18th, Bonaparte accordingly proceeded to the Tuileries on horseback, as I have already mentioned; and it is curious, that while all Paris was informed of this movement, the Directory alone was ignorant of it. Ouvrard, and Madame Tallien hastened to convey the intelligence to Barras, whom they roused out of his sleep.* They informed him that his guard had deserted the Luxembourg, and was obeying the orders of Bonaparte. Barras immediately rose, and despatched his secretary, Bottot, to the Tuileries, to learn from Bonaparte himself what was going on.

Bottot arrived, said Collot, at the very moment when the general was alighting from his horse. Here I will let M. Collot speak for himself:—"You cannot imagine, my dear Bourrienne," said he, "how Bonaparte looked when he saw Bottot. He went straight up to him, and apostrophizing him as if he constituted the whole Directory in his own person, said, 'What have you done with France? You know Bonaparte is not always eloquent. But I know not what genius inspired him at that moment. Sublime expressions and images flowed from his lips, in a torrent of eloquence. He described the state of France when he left the country; her arsenals full, her territory extended, her troops well clothed, well fed, every where victorious;

* The visit which I made to Barras on the night of the 17th in Bonaparte's stead, and by his direction, may account for Barras being in bed at this time.

he exhibited her adorned with triumphs, peaceable at home and respected abroad, powerful in every direction. Then suddenly transporting himself to our recent fields of battle, he pictured the soldiers, who, under him, were acquainted only with victory, lying dead on the scenes of their defeat. He painted in glowing colours the humiliated survivors of those disasters, returning to France covered with wretched rags;—our laurels tarnished—our frontiers invaded—our arsenals deserted—our fortresses dismantled—our magazines empty—our finances exhausted—the citizens discontented—disorder, licence, and oppression prevailing every where—finally, infamy and opprobrium resting on the palace of the Directory. All this was described in language so forcible and impressive, and pronounced in so imposing a tone of authority and grief, that every individual who heard him was filled with indignation against the Directory. Bottot was paralyzed, and did not open his mouth. He saw that from that moment the Directory ceased to exist, and he hastened to announce its fall to Barras, and the rest of his colleagues.

"You know better than I do," continued M. Collot, "what passed on his return to the house in the Rue Chantereine; but I regret that you were not able, like myself, to see the general in the council of Five Hundred. Assuredly, after the reception he met with on the 18th, he could not have anticipated the scene at St. Cloud on the day after. He entered, and was instantly saluted with the name of the saviour of his country. Such of the representatives as had been initiated the preceding evening, the creatures of Fouché, who had been sent beforehand to take possession of the saloon, hailed his arrival with unprecedented acclamations. The rest, surprised or intimidated, led away by example, joined in the acclamations, and then the decree was passed which filled us with joy, giving the general the command of the armed force. Had you been present at this spectacle; had you beheld Napoleon coming out triumphant, clothed in his new title, and certain of the removal of the national representation to St. Cloud; had you seen the chamber of the Ancients, and the chamber of the Five Hundred instantly abandoned, you would have felt yourself carried back to the period of the decay of the Roman empire, when the senators of Rome, compelled to acknowledge a prince whom they had not chosen, eagerly saluted him with the titles of liberator, friend of the people, father of the country, the divine, in short with all those titles which adulation invents, and fear repeats. You would have seen before you a living and animated translatiou of the most beautiful passages of Tacitus.

"It is necessary, however, to render justice to truth. All the praises bestowed on Bonaparte were not dictated by flattery. Many were the result of gratitude and admiration. Still more sprang from hope. France entertained no doubt of his genius, and was disposed to believe in his virtue."

This was the tenour of M. Collot's communication to me; but on looking over my notes made at Milan, I recollected a circumstance which I learned at the time from Regnauld St.-Jean-d'Angély, but which I had forgotten, namely, that on the evening of the day when Bonaparte gave so energetic a reprimand to Bottot, several persons who were powerfully excited by Bonaparte's language, assembled at Regnauld's, and endeavoured to reduce what he had said to writing, in order to send it to the journalists. After long efforts, every one was dissatisfied with his performance, and it was agreed that Rœderer's edition of the mass of ideas, which were possessed amongst them in common, should be adopted. M. Collot, to whom I spoke respecting the account which appeared in the Moniteur, told me that it was vapid and faint compared with the colossal, energetic, and majestic picture which Bonaparte had exhibited at the Tuileries. However, I speak of Bonaparte's eloquence on the authority of M. Collot. I have already stated that his eloquence fell far below mediocrity on the following day in his presence.

Fouché's lynx eyes were constantly fixed upon the proceedings of the opposite party. He got information of their meeting, and hastened at ten o'clock at night to Bonaparte. He instantly convoked the principal actors in the enterprise commenced under such happy auspices. After having described the actual state of affairs, Fouché proposed that at the assembly of the next day, in which a new constitution was to be promulgated, only those representatives should be admitted who had already given pledges of their concurrence. "We will," said he, "issue tickets of admission. All who present themselves without these tickets, shall be excluded." This proposition was strongly supported.

But Bonaparte, who flattered himself with the idea of attaining power without any obstacle; who had been told till he was tired of hearing it repeated, that France wished to invest him with supreme authority; who felt that France had every thing to gain by bestowing it on him; and who, above all, aspired to be elected with a great appearance of liberty, declared that he would not be otherwise elected, and rejected Fouché's proposition, which appeared to him of too timid a character. Neither Moreau nor Lannes were present at this meeting. The former had been appointed chief of the staff, and specially charged with the care of the Directory, and Lannes had received from Bonaparte the command of Paris.

Fouché and several other iufluential persons, vainly endeavoured to overcome the general's scruples. They told him his scruples were puerile, and that he would endanger the success of an enterprise on which the safety of France depended.

Notwithstanding the force of their reasoning, Bonaparte remained firm in his opinion. Blinded by the success of the

morning, he believed himself certain of a triumph the next day, and put an end to the meeting by this short and solemn declaration: "I do not wish for power, unless I am legally invested with it by the two bodies appointed to delegate it." But night brought better counsel, or rather the events arose of themselves.

The members of the opposition, according to an agreement they had entered into on the preceding night, took care to assemble before their colleagues in the room appropriated to the council of Five Hundred, on the 19th Brumaire. The orangery was the place chosen for the purpose. As the weather was cool, stoves were lighted, and a kind of porch, lined with wadded tapestry, sufficiently large to contain about forty or fifty persons, had been constructed to serve as an antechamber, or lobby.

It is well known that at the opening of the sitting, it was proposed to take a new oath to the constitution; but I need not repeat what has already been stated. The reader probably has not forgotten that I was with Bonaparte when he made his stammering speech before the Ancients; but that being desired to forward information to Madame Bonaparte of what was going on, I did not accompany him to the council of Five Hundred. M. Collot was there, and it is impossible to describe the pleasure which Collot and I took, when, in a long conversation at Milan five days after the victory of Marengo, we exchanged recollections, then still fresh, respecting the strange and complicated destinies which had presided at the birth of a government already powerful, although it had not been in existence more than eight months.

I return to my notes. Fouché had great influence on Bonaparte's conduct, on the day of the 19th Brumaire. In fact, Fouché had discovered, by his agents, that the members of the opposition, imboldened by their first clamour, had despatched expresses to Paris, to strengthen the belief of their success, and to stimulate the zeal of their partisans. He informed Bonaparte of it, and urged him to precipitate the crisis.

What occurred in the council of Ancients has already been stated. The following is M. Collot's description of what afterwards took place: "On leaving the council of Ancients, Bonaparte proceeded to the Five Hundred, accompanied by his grenadiers, marching three abreast. He no sooner appeared, than all who were in the antechamber hastened to open a passage for him. He entered, but his escort, less favoured, could not follow; and Bonaparte, turning round, after having for a long time listened to cries of 'Outlaw him!' and other exclamations which resounded through the hall, saw that he was accompanied by only two or three soldiers, who alone had succeeded in introducing themselves with him. Astonished at finding himself thus alone, he regained the door, and descended

into the court, where you rejoined him. If a single representative had seized Bonaparte, in the saloon of the Five Hundred, his party was not strong enough to save him; and if, the instant after, his bloody head had been exhibited at the balcony, and himself pronounced a traitor to the country, the soldiers, little affected at this punishment, would neither have demanded nor executed vengeance; but the opposition members lost half an hour in clamour, dispute, and abuse, and Lucien was dexterous enough to encourage and prolong this tumult.

"When at last Murat charged into the hall, at the head of the grenadiers, taking it by storm, as it were, Bonaparte's adherents, among the representatives, in order to accelerate the dispersion of the members, cried, 'The soldiers are going to fire! Let us fly!' At these words, the assembly, which just before was so bold, was instantly intimidated, and the members all fled precipitately. Those who could not get out at the doors escaped through the windows, which were not very high from the ground; and those men whose language had been so fierce and threatening, availed themselves of the darkness of night, and fled to the thickets of the park, or wherever they could conceal themselves.

"Among these prudent legislators a great many were attached to Bonaparte's party, but alarmed at the consequences of such an act of violence, they did not venture to return and range themselves under his banner. The members of the council of Five Hundred bore no slight resemblance to pigeons returning one by one to a dove-cot after being scared from it by the firing of a gun."

I related to M. Collot what passed at the meeting of the conspirators, and he completed the picture of the night of the 19th Brumaire, by giving me the following details, respecting the nocturnal sitting at which the consular government was riveted.

"You know," said he, "what noise and tumult accompanied the flight of the deputies, and what an ominous calm succeeded it. You, doubtless, are aware of all the difficulties which were experienced in forming even the shadow of an assembly. About twenty-four deputies, I think, of both chambers, were got together. That was the utmost. I recollect Bonaparte's anxiety during this time. His usual confidence deserted him for some moments, and he was much indebted to the presence of M. Talleyrand, who encouraged him. At ten o'clock, according to his wish, the sitting was opened. I was there. What a spectacle did this nocturnal sitting present in the place which had been so lately polluted by the presence of armed men! From this legislative outhouse proceeded the consular government.

"Picture to yourself a long, wide place, like a barn, filled with overturned benches, and the president's chair placed close against the bare wall. A little in front of the chair stood a table and two seats. There were two candles on the table, and

one on each side of the chair; but neither chandelier, nor lamp, nor indeed any light but these four candles. Imagine the pale countenance of Lucien, who was sitting in the chair, reading the new constitution, and at the table two deputies taking notes. On the opposite side was a group of representatives, indifferent to all that was going on. Most of them were reclining on three benches; one of which served as a seat, another as a footstool, and a third as a pillow. Amongst them, in the same position, were mingled indiscriminately some private individuals, who took an interested part in the business of the day. At a little distance behind were some servants, who had come in to shelter themselves from the cold, and were sleeping while they waited for their masters. Such was the strange Areopagus which gave a new government to France.

"I must, however, acknowledge that amongst these ephemeral senators who disposed of the destiny of France, if some followed the dictates of ambition, cupidity, or perhaps fear, most of those with whom I had occasion to converse during the day, and since, were influenced by a more noble motive—the desire of preserving the state from a fatal crisis, and by meeting together to give at least an appearance of legality to the consular committee.

"Be this as it may, you know to what a state of disorganization, contempt, and wretchedness France was reduced. She required a powerful hand to rescue her from the abyss into which she had fallen. No other hand than Bonaparte's could have raised her up.

"I stayed till the conclusion of the sitting, which lasted till midnight. I then retired to the house which I had hired, by Bonaparte's direction, and, as you may suppose, there were little thoughts of the supper which I had ordered. However, eight or ten persons came in, amongst whom were M. de Talleyrand, M. de Semonville, Regnauld de St.-Jean-d'Angély, and Arnaud. The others who had been invited hastened back to Paris, harassed with fatigue, and impatiently looking forward to the following day.

"The morning was ushered in more calmly than could have been hoped for. The vanquished party, not daring to rally, remained in quiet and timid retirement. Indeed, as you know, some members of that party greeted Bonaparte with the title of consul. I recollect that the man whom Bonaparte saw return to him with most satisfaction was Augereau; and that Bernadotte was the one whom he was most vexed not to see among his adherents. I never could imagine why Bonaparte, who had the power of choosing his colleagues, should have selected Siéyès and Roger-Ducos, for they enjoyed no share of public favour. Siéyès, however, was not for a moment deceived as to what would be the result. On quitting the first consul, he said, in a tone of simplicity, 'Really, I believe that this man

is working for himself,' and on parting from the second consul, he observed, ' We have given ourselves a master.' Two months after the master dismissed them both with a little gold, tainted by corruption.

" Do you think," asked M. Collot, " that the first consul and Fouché will agree long ?"—" I don't know, but I fear they will; for Fouché exercises an ascendancy over him which I cannot understand. But then it must be acknowledged, he is of great use to him, and informs him accurately of all that is said of him." —" And, perhaps, of some things that are not said of him. I suspect Fouché has had some share in the coolness which Bonaparte now shows to me. You remember how alarmed he was, on his return from Egypt, at finding Fouché at the head of the police. To Bonaparte's imagination, Fouché always appeared accompanied by a train of terrors. Some friends of Bonaparte, astonished that he afterwards chose Fouché, and aware of the sinister impression that such a choice would produce in Paris, spoke to him on the subject. I was one of those persons, and I perceived, from the indifference with which he listened to my representations, without making any reply, that he was already the dupe of the fox's wiles."

The foregoing is, if not the literal text, at least the faithful import of my conversation with M. Collot at Milan.*

* At this crisis of his fortunes Napoleon owed almost every thing to his brother Lucien and Murat. Some fourteen years later when the *Emperor* quarrelled with the *King of Naples*, Murat wrote a stinging letter to Bonaparte, in which he reminded him that he (Murat) had kept up his flagging courage on the 19th Brumaire, when a want of confidence and decision must have proved fatal. We shall introduce a version of this letter, which is in every way a remarkable production, at a future stage of our labours. The letter is given by General Colletta in his excellent history of the kingdom of Naples.—*Editor.*

## CHAPTER XL.

### 1800.

Letter from Lucien to Joseph Bonaparte—The first consul's return to Paris—Accidents on the road—Difficulty of gaining lasting fame—Assassination of Kleber—Situation of the terrace on which Kleber was stabbed—Odious rumours—Arrival of a courier—A night scene—Bonaparte's distress on perusing the despatches from Egypt.

WHILST victory confirmed, in Italy, the destinies of the first consul, his brothers were more concerned about their own interests than the affairs of France.

They loved money, as much as Bonaparte loved glory. A letter from Lucien, to his brother Joseph, which I shall subjoin,

shows how ready they always were to turn to their own advantage the glory and fortune of him to whom they were indebted for all their importance. I found this letter among my papers, but I cannot tell why and how I preserved it. It is interesting, inasmuch as it shows the opinion that family of future kings entertained of their own situation, and of what their fate would have been had Bonaparte, like Desaix, fallen on the field of Marengo. It is, besides, curious to observe the philosopher Lucien causing *Te Deum* to be chanted, with the view of influencing the public funds. At all events I copy Lucien's letter as he wrote it, giving the words marked in italics, and the numerous notes of exclamation which distinguish the original.

June 24th.

I send you a courier; I particularly wish that the first consul would give me notice of his arrival twenty-four hours beforehand, and that he would inform *me alone* of the barrier by which he will enter. The people wish to prepare triumphal arches for him, and he must not disappoint them.

*At my request Te Deum* was chanted yesterday. There were sixty thousand persons present.

The intrigues at Auteuil continue. It has been found difficult to decide between C—— and La F——. The latter has proposed his daughter in marriage to me. Intrigue has been carried to the last extreme. I do not know yet whether the high priest* has decided for one party or the other. I believe that he would cheat them both for an Orleans, and your friend of Auteuil was at the bottom of it all. The news of the battle of Marengo petrified them, and yet next day the high priest certainly spent three hours with your friend of Auteuil. As to us, had the victory of Marengo closed the first consul's career, we should now have been in banishment.

Your letters say nothing of what I expected to hear. I hope at least to be informed of the answer from Vienna before any one. I am sorry you have not paid me back for the battle of Marengo.

The festival of the 14th of July will be very gratifying. We expect peace as a certainty, and the triumphant return of the first consul. The family is all well. Your wife and all her family are at Morfontaine. Why do you return with the first consul? Peace! and Italy!! Think of our last interview. Ever yours.

On the margin is written—

Read the letter addressed to the consul, and give it to him after you have *carefully closed it.*

Forward the enclosed. Madame Murat never lodged in my house. Her husband is a fool, whom his wife ought to punish by not writing to him for a month.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

The first consul, confirmed in his power by the victory of

* The Prince de Talleyrand is alluded to here.

Marengo, remained some days longer at Milan, to settle the affairs of Italy. He directed me to furnish Madame Grassini with money to pay her expenses to Paris.* We departed amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, and took the road to Turin. In passing over Mount Cenis we observed the carriage of Madame Kellerman, who was going to meet her husband. The first consul, on recognising the lady, stopped his carriage and congratulated her on the gallant conduct of her husband at the battle of Marengo. The first consul stopped at Turin for some hours, and inspected the citadel which had been surrendered to us in pursuance of the capitulations of Alessandria.

On our arrival at Lyons, we alighted at the *Hôtel des Célestins*, and the loud acclamations of a numerous multitude assembled round the hotel, obliged Bonaparte to show himself on the balcony. Next day he proceeded to the square of Bellecour, where, amidst the plaudits of the people, he laid the first stone of some new buildings destined to efface one of the disasters of the revolution.

Previous to the performance of this ceremony he dictated the following letter to the consuls

CITIZEN CONSULS,

I have arrived at Lyons, and intend to stop here to lay the first stone of the square of Bellecour, which is about to be rebuilt. This circumstance alone delays my arrival in Paris; but I could not withstand the desire of hastening the restoration of a place which I have seen so beautiful, and which now presents so melancholy an aspect. They give me hopes that it will be entirely finished in two years.

I trust that before that time the commerce of this city, which was the pride of Europe, will have resumed its original prosperity.

BONAPARTE.

We left Lyons that evening, and continued our journey by the way of Dijon. On our arrival in that town, the inhabitants gave way to frantic demonstrations of joy. I never saw a more captivating sight than that which was presented by a group of beautiful young females, crowned with flowers, who accompanied Bonaparte's carriage, and which at that period, when the revolution had renewed all the republican recollections of Greece and Rome, looked like the chorus of females dancing around the victor at the Olympic games.

But all our journey was not so agreeable. Some accidents awaited us. The first consul's carriage broke down between Villeneuve-le-Roi and Sens. He sent a courier to inform my mother that he would stop at her house till his carriage was re-

* The first consul saw Madame Grassini at a concert at Milan, and was struck with her beauty. He was introduced to her, and at the expiration of a few weeks the conqueror of Italy counted one conquest more. Madame Grassini proceeded to Paris, where she subsequently became one of the singers of the court concerts.—*Mémoires de Constant.* (*Editor.*)

paired. He dined there, and we started again at seven in the evening.

But we had other disasters to encounter. One of our off-wheels came off, and as we were driving at a very rapid pace, the carriage was overturned on the bridge, at a short distance from Montreau-Faut-Yonne. The first consul, who sat on my left, fell upon me, and sustained no injury. My head was slightly hurt, by striking against some things which were in the pocket of the carriage; but this accident was not worth stopping for, and we arrived at Paris on the same night, the 2d of July.

I have already mentioned that Bonaparte was rather talkative when travelling; and as we were passing through Burgundy, on our return to Paris, from Marengo, he said exultingly, "Well, a few more events like this campaign, and I may go down to posterity."—"I think," replied I, "that you have already, done enough to secure great and lasting fame."—"Yes," resumed he, "I have done enough, it is true. In less than two years I have won Cairo, Paris, and Milan; but, for all that, my dear fellow, were I to die to-morrow, I should not, at the end of ten centuries, occupy half a page of general history." He was right. Many ages pass before the eye in the course of half an hour's reading, and the duration of a reign or of a life, is but the affair of a moment. In an historical summary, a page suffices to describe all the conquests of Alexander and Cæsar, and all the devastations of Timur and Genghis Khan. We are, indeed, acquainted with only the least portion of past events. Is it worth while to desolate the world for so slight a memorial?

On the very day when Desaix fell on the field of Marengo, Kleber was assassinated by a fanatical Mussulman, named Soleyman Haleby, who stabbed him with a dagger, and by that blow decided the fate of Egypt. Thus was France, on the same day, and almost at the same hour, deprived of two of her most distinguished generals. Menou, as senior in command, succeeded Kleber, and the first consul confirmed the appointment. From that moment the loss of Egypt was inevitable. I have a few words to say, respecting the tragical death of Kleber. The house of Elfy Bey, which Bonaparte occupied at Cairo, and in which Kleber lived after his departure, had a terrace leading from a saloon to an old reservoir or cistern, from which, down a few steps, there was an entrance into the garden. This terrace commanded a view of the grand square of El Beguyeh, which was to the right on coming out of the saloon, while the garden was on the left. This terrace was Bonaparte's favourite promenade, especially in the evenings, when he used to walk up and down and converse with the persons about him. I often advised him to fill up the reservoir, and to make it level with the terrace. I even showed him, by concealing myself in it, and coming suddenly behind him, how easy it would be for any person to at-

tempt his life, and then escape, either by jumping into the square, or passing through the garden. He told me I was a coward, and was always in fear of death; and he determined not to make the alteration I suggested, which, however, he acknowledged to be advisable. Kleber's assassin availed himself of the facility which I so often apprehended might be fatal to Bonaparte.*

I shall not stop to refute all the infamous rumours which were circulated respecting Kleber's death. When the first consul received the unexpected intelligence, he could scarcely believe it. He was deeply affected; and, on reading the particulars of the assassination, he instantly called to mind how often he had been in the same situation as that in which Kleber was killed, and all I had said respecting the danger of the reservoir —a danger from which it is inconceivable he should have escaped, especially after his Syrian expedition had excited the fury of the natives. Bonaparte's knowledge of Kleber's talents —the fact of his having confided to him the command of the army, and the aid which he constantly endeavoured to transmit to him, repel at once the horrible suspicion of his having had the least participation in the crime, and the thought that he was gratified to hear of it.

It is very certain that Bonaparte's dislike of Kleber was as decided as the friendship he cherished for Desaix. Kleber's fame annoyed him, for he was weak enough to be annoyed at it. He knew the manner in which Kleber spoke of him, which

* The Duke of Rovigo, in his Memoirs, gives a more minute account of the assassination of Kleber. It is as follows:

"Kleber was walking one morning upon the terrace of his garden, and in conversation with an architect respecting certain plans of improvements which he contemplated for his residence, when his attention was drawn to a wretched fellah (a peasant), who had just issued from a group of fig-trees almost in a state of nudity, and who handed, on his knees, a folded paper to the general; the architect had turned his head to the other side of the terrace whilst Kleber was unfolding the paper. The wretch availed himself of this moment to stab Kleber to the heart with a dagger which he had kept concealed under his cloak, and repeated the blows until Kleber fell to the ground. The architect, Protain, ran up with the measure he held in his hand; but having also received a wound, was unable to lay hold of the assassin: his cries, however, drew people to the spot; but it was too late; Kleber was expiring. The fellah was found concealed in the garden, and arrested: he was interrogated, brought to trial, and condemned to death. He met the punishment of having his right hand cut off, and of being empaled, with the same indifference which he had displayed in the perpetration of the crime. This fellah was, at most, eighteen or twenty years of age: he was a native of Damascus, and declared that he had quitted his native city by command of the grand vizier, who had intrusted him with the commission of repairing to Egypt, and killing the grand sultan of the French; that for this purpose alone he had left his family, and performed the whole journey on foot, and had received from the grand vizier no other money than what was absolutely requisite for the exigences of the journey. On arriving at Cairo, he had gone forthwith to perform his devotions in the great mosque, and it was only on the eve of executing his project that he confided it to one of the scherifs of the mosque."—*Editor.*

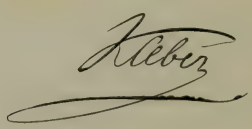
was certainly not the most respectful. During the long and sanguinary siege of St. Jean d'Acre, Kleber said to me, "That little scoundrel, Bonaparte, who is no higher than my boot, will enslave France. See what a villanous expedition he has involved us in." Kleber often made the same remark to others, as well as to me. I am not certain that it was ever reported to Bonaparte; but there is reason to believe that those who found it their interest to accuse others, did not spare Kleber.

Kleber, who was a sincere republican, saw and dreaded, for his country's sake, the secret views and inordinate ambition of Bonaparte. He was what might be called a grumbler by nature; yet he never evinced discontent in the discharge of his duties as a soldier. He swore and stormed, but marched bravely to the cannon's mouth: he was indeed courage personified. One day, when he was in the trench at St. Jean d'Acre, standing up, and by his tall stature exposed to every shot, Bonaparte called to him, "Stoop down, Kleber, stoop down!"—"Why," replied he, "your confounded trench does not reach to my knees." He never regarded the Egyptian expedition with a favourable eye. He thought it too expensive, and utterly useless to France. He was convinced, that in the situation in which we stood, without a navy, or a powerful government, it would have been better to have confined our attention to Europe, than to have wasted French blood and money on the banks of the Nile, and before the ruins of Syria. Kleber, who was a cool, reflecting man, judged Bonaparte without enthusiasm, a thing somewhat rare at that time, and he was not blind to any of his faults.

Bonaparte alleged that Kleber said to him, *General, you are as great as the world!* Such a remark is in direct opposition to Kleber's character. He was too sincere to say any thing against his conviction. Bonaparte, always anxious to keep Egypt, of which the preservation alone could justify the conquest, allowed Kleber to *speak,* because he *acted* at the same time. He knew that Kleber's sense of military duty would always triumph over any opposition he might cherish to his views and plans. Thus, the death of his lieutenant, far from causing Bonaparte any feeling of satisfaction, afflicted him the more, because it almost totally deprived him of the hope of preserving a conquest which had cost France so dear, and which was his work.

The news of the death of Kleber arrived shortly after our return to Paris. Bonaparte was anxiously expecting accounts from Egypt, none having been received for a considerable time. The arrival of the courier who brought the fatal intelligence, gave rise to a scene which I may relate here. It was two o'clock in the morning when the courier arrived at the Tuileries. In his hurry, the first consul could not wait to rouse a servant to call me up. I had informed him, some days before, that if he should want me during the night, he must send for me to the

KLEBER.



corridor, as I had changed my bedchamber, on account of my wife's accouchement. He came up himself, and instead of knocking at my door, knocked at that of my secretary. The latter immediately rose, and opening the door, to his surprise beheld the first consul, in his gray great-coat, and holding a candle in his hand. There was a little step leading into the room, and Bonaparte, not being aware of it, slipped, and nearly fell. "Where is Bourrienne?" exclaimed he. My secretary, amazed at this unexpected apparition, stammered out, "How!—General!—Is it you?"—"Where is Bourrienne, I say?" The secretary pointed out my door, and Bonaparte, having apologized for disturbing him, I speedily dressed myself, and we went down stairs. The first consul threw on the table the immense packet of despatches which he had just received. They had been fumigated, and steeped in vinegar. When he read the announcement of the death of Kleber, the expression of his countenance sufficiently denoted the painful feelings which arose in his mind. I read in his face, *Egypt is lost!*

## CHAPTER XLI.

### 1800—1801.

Bonaparte's wish to negotiate with England and Austria—An emigrant's letter—Domestic details—The bell—Conspiracy of Céracchi, Aréna, Harrel, and others—Bonaparte's visit to the opera—Arrests—Harrel appointed commandant of Vincennes—The Duke d'Enghien's foster-sister—The 3d Nivose—First performance of Haydn's Creation—The infernal machine—Congratulatory addresses—Arbitrary condemnations—M. Tissot erased from the list of the banished—M. Truguet—Bonaparte's hatred of the jacobins explained—The real criminals discovered—Justification of Fouché—Execution of St. Regent and Carbon.

The happy events of the campaign of Italy had been crowned by an armistice, concluded on the 5th of July. This armistice was broken on the 1st of September, and renewed after the battle of Hohenlinden. On his return from Marengo, Bonaparte was received with more enthusiasm than ever. The rapidity with which, in a campaign of less than two months, he had restored the triumph of the French standard, excited universal astonishment. He then actively endeavoured to open negotiations with England and Austria; but difficulties opposed him in every direction. He frequently visited the theatre, where his presence attracted prodigious throngs of persons, all eager to see and applaud him.

The immense number of letters which were at this time addressed to the first consul, is scarcely conceivable. They contained requests for places, protestations of fidelity, and, in short, they were those petitionary circulars that are addressed to all persons in power. These letters were often exceedingly curious, and I have preserved many of them; among the rest, was one from Durosel Beaumanoir, an emigrant, who had fled to Jersey. This letter contains some interesting particulars, relative to Bonaparte's family. It is dated Jersey, 12th of July, 1800, and the following are the most remarkable passages it contains:

I trust, general, that I may, without indiscretion, intrude upon your notice, to remind you of what, I flatter myself, you have not totally forgotten, after having lived eighteen or nineteen years at Ajaccio. But you will, perhaps, be surprised that so trifling an affair should be the subject of the letter which I have the honour to address to you. You cannot have forgotten, general, that when your late father was obliged to take your brothers from the college of Autun, from whence he went to see you at Brienne, he was unprovided with money, and he asked me for twenty-five louis, which I lent him with pleasure. After his return he had no opportunity of paying me, and when I left Ajaccio your mother offered to dispose of some plate, in order to pay the debt. To this I objected, and told her that I would wait until she could pay me at her convenience, and, previous to the breaking out of the revolution, I believe it was not in her power to fulfil her wish of discharging the debt.

I am sorry, general, to be obliged to trouble you about such a trifle. But, such is my unfortunate situation, that even this trifle is of some importance to me. Driven from my country, and obliged to take refuge in this island, where every thing is exceedingly expensive, the little sum I have mentioned, which was formerly a matter of indifference, would now be of great service to me.

At the age of eighty-six, general, after having served my country for sixty years, without interruption, I am compelled to take refuge here, and to subsist on the scanty allowance granted by the English government to French emigrants; I say emigrants, for I am obliged to be one against my will.

I read this letter to the first consul, who immediately said, "Bourrienne, this is sacred! Do not lose a minute. Send the old man ten times the sum. Write to General Durosel, that he shall be immediately erased from the list of emigrants. What mischief those brigands of the convention have done! I can never repair it all." Bonaparte uttered these words with a degree of emotion which I rarely saw him evince. In the evening he asked me whether I had executed his orders, which I had done immediately.

Availing myself of the privilege I have already frequently taken, of making abrupt transitions from one subject to another, according as the recollection of past circumstances occurs to my mind, I shall here note down a few details, which may not

improperly be called *domestic*, and afterwards describe a conspiracy, which was protected by the very man against whom it was hatched.

At the Tuileries, where the first consul always resided during the winter, and sometimes a part of the summer, the grand saloon was situated between his cabinet and the room in which he received the persons with whom he had appointed audiences. When in this audience-chamber, if he wanted any thing, or had occasion to speak to any body, he pulled a bell, which was answered by a confidential servant named Landoire, who was the messenger of the first consul's cabinet. When Bonaparte's bell rang, it was usually for the purpose of making some inquiry of me, respecting a paper, a name, a date, or some matter of that sort; and then Landoire had to pass through the cabinet and saloon to answer the bell, and afterwards to return and to tell me I was wanted. Impatient at the delay occasioned by this running about, Bonaparte, without saying any thing to me, ordered the bell to be altered, so that it should ring within the cabinet, and exactly above my table. Next morning, when I entered the cabinet, I saw a man mounted upon a ladder. "What are you doing there?" said I. "I am hanging a bell, sir." I called Landoire, and asked him who had given the order. "The first consul," he replied. I immediately ordered the man to come down and remove the ladder, which he accordingly did. When I went, according to custom, to call the first consul, and read the papers to him, I said, "General, I found a man this morning hanging a bell in your cabinet. I was told it was by your orders; but being convinced there must be some mistake, I sent him away. Surely the bell was not intended for you, and I cannot imagine it was intended for me: who then could it be for?"—"What a stupid fellow that Landoire is!" said Bonaparte. "Yesterday, when Cambacérès was with me, I wanted you. Landoire did not come when I touched the bell. I thought it was broken, and ordered him to get it repaired. I suppose the bell-hanger was doing it when you saw him, for you know the wire passes through the cabinet." I was satisfied with this explanation, though I was not deceived by it. For the sake of appearance he reproved Landoire, who, however, had done nothing more than execute the order he had received. How could he imagine I would submit to such treatment, considering that we had been friends since our boyhood, and that I was now living on full terms of confidence and familiarity with him?

Before I speak of the conspiracy of Céracchi, Aréna, Topino-Lebrun, and others, I must notice a remark made by Napoleon at St. Helena. He said, or is alleged to have said, "The two attempts which placed me in the greatest danger, were those of the sculptor Céracchi, and of the fanatic of Schœnbrun." I was not at Schœnbrun at the time; but I am convinced that

Bonaparte was in the most imminent danger. I have been informed, on unquestionable authority, that Staps set out from Erfurth with the intention of assassinating the emperor; but he wanted the necessary courage for executing the design. He was armed with a large dagger, and was twice sufficiently near Napoleon to have struck him. I heard this from Rapp, who seized Staps, and felt the hilt of the dagger under his cloak. On that occasion Bonaparte owed his life only to the irresolution of the young illuminato, who wished to sacrifice him to his fanatical fury. It is equally certain, that, on another occasion, respecting which the author of the St. Helena Narrative observes complete silence, another fanatic, more dangerous than Staps, attempted the life of Napoleon.*

The following is a correct statement of the facts relative to Cérachi's conspiracy.

The plot itself was a mere shadow; but it was deemed advisable to give it substance, to exaggerate, at least in appearance, the danger to which the first consul had been exposed.

There was at that time in Paris an idle fellow, called Harrel; he had been a *chef de bataillon*, but he had been dismissed the service, and was consequently dissatisfied. He became connected with Céracchi, Aréna, Topino-Lebrun, and Demerville. From different motives all these individuals were violently hostile to the first consul, who, on his part, was no friend to Céracchi and Aréna, but scarcely knew the two others. These four individuals formed, in conjunction with Harrel, the design of assassinating the first consul, and the time fixed for the perpetration of the deed was one evening when Bonaparte intended to visit the opera.

On the 20th of September, 1800, Harrel came to me at the Tuileries. He revealed to me the plot in which he was engaged, and promised that his accomplices should be apprehended in the very act, if I would supply him with money to bring the plot to maturity. I knew not how to act upon this disclosure, which I however could not reject, without incurring too great a responsibility. I immediately communicated the business to the first consul, who ordered me to supply Harrel with money; but not to mention the affair to Fouché, to whom he wished to prove that he knew better how to manage the police than he did.

Harrel came every evening at eleven o'clock to inform me of the progress of the conspiracy, which I immediately communicated to the first consul, who was not sorry to find Aréna and Céracchi deeply committed. But the time passed on, and nothing was done. The first consul began to grow impatient. At length Harrel came to say that he had no money to purchase

* At the time of this second attempt I was not with Napoleon; but he directed me to see the madman who had formed the design of assassinating him. It will be seen, in the course of these Memoirs, what were his plans, and what was the result of them.

arms. Money was given him. He, however, returned next day to say, that the gunsmith refused to sell them arms without authority. It was now found necessary to communicate the business to Fouché, in order that he might grant the necessary permission to the gunsmith, which I was not empowered to do.

On the evening of the 10th of October, the consuls, after the breaking up of the council, assembled in the cabinet of their colleague. Bonaparte asked them, in my presence, whether they thought he ought to go to the opera. They observed, that, as every precaution was taken, no danger could be apprehended; and that it was desirable to show the futility of attempts against the first consul's life. After dinner Bonaparte put on a great-coat over his green uniform, and got into his carriage, accompanied by me and Duroc. He seated himself in front of his box, which at that time was on the left of the theatre, between the two columns which separated the front and side boxes. When we had been in the theatre about half an hour, the first consul directed me to go and see what was doing in the lobby. Scarcely had I left the box than I heard a great uproar, and soon discovered that a number of persons, whose names I could not learn, had been arrested. I informed the first consul of what I had heard, and we immediately returned to the Tuileries. Harrel's name was again restored to the army-list, and he was appointed commandant of Vincennes. This post he held at the time of the Duke d'Enghien's assassination. I was afterwards told that his wife was foster-sister to the unfortunate prince, and that she recognised him when he entered the prison, which in a few short hours was to prove his grave.

With regard to the conspiracy of Céracchi and Aréna, it is certain that its object was to take the first consul's life, and that the conspirators neglected nothing which could further the accomplishment of their atrocious design. The plot, however, was known through the disclosures of Harrel; and it would have been easy to avert instead of conjuring up the storm. Such was, and such still is, my opinion.

Carbonneau, one of the individuals condemned, candidly confessed the part he had taken in the plot, which he said was brought to maturity solely by the agents of the police, who were always eager to prove their zeal to their employers by some new discovery.

Although three months intervened between the machinations of Céracchi and Aréna, and the horrible attempt of the 3d Nivose, I shall relate these two events in immediate succession; for if they had no other points of resemblance, they were, at least, alike in their object. The conspirators in the first affair were of the revolutionary faction. They sought Bonaparte's life, as if with the view of rendering his resemblance to Cæsar so complete, that not even a Brutus should be wanting. The latter, it must with regret be confessed, were of the royalist

party, and, in their wish to destroy the first consul, they were not deterred by the fear of sacrificing a great number of citizens.

The police knew nothing of the plot of the 3d Nivose, for two reasons; first, because they were no parties to it, and secondly, because conspirators do not betray and sell each other when they are resolute in their purpose. In such cases, confession can arise only from two causes, the one excusable, the other infamous; viz., the dread of punishment, and the hope of reward. But neither of these causes influenced the conspirators of the 3d Nivose, the inventors and constructors of that machine which has so justly been denominated *infernal!*

On the 3d Nivose, the first performance of Haydn's magnificent oratorio of the Creation took place at the opera, and the first consul had expressed his intention of being present. I did not dine with him that day; but as he left me, he said, "Bourrienne, you know I am going to the opera to-night, and you may go too; but I cannot take you in the carriage, as Lannes, Berthier, and Lauriston are going with me." I was very glad of this, for I much wished to hear one of the masterpieces of the German school of composition. I got to the opera before Bonaparte, who, on his entrance, seated himself, according to custom, in front of the box. The eyes of all present were fixed upon him, and he was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Lauriston, as soon as he saw me, came to my box, and told me that the first consul, on his way to the opera, had narrowly escaped being assassinated, in the Rue St. Nicaise, by the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder, the concussion of which had shattered the windows of his carriage. "Within ten seconds after our escape, added Lauriston, "the coachman, having turned the corner of the Rue St. Honoré, stopped to take the first consul's orders; and he coolly said, 'Drive to the opera.'"*

* The following particulars respecting the affair of the infernal machine are related by Rapp, who attended Madame Bonaparte to the opera. He differs from Bourrienne as to the total ignorance of the police:

"The affair of the infernal machine has never been properly understood by the public. The police had intimated to Napoleon that an attempt would be made against his life, and cautioned him not to go out. Madame Bonaparte, Mademoiselle Beauharnais, Madame Murat, Lannes, Bessières, the aide-de-camp on duty, and Lieutenant Lebrun, now Duke of Placenza, were all assembled in the saloons, while the first consul was writing in his closet. Haydn's oratorio was to be performed that evening; the ladies were anxious to hear the music, and we also expressed a wish to that effect. The escort piquet was ordered out; and Lannes requested that Napoleon would join the party. He consented; his carriage was ready, and he took along with him Bessières and the aide-de-camp on duty. I was directed to attend the ladies. Josephine had received a magnificent shawl from Constantinople, and she that evening wore it for the first time. 'Allow me to observe, Madame,' said I, 'that your shawl is not thrown on with your usual elegance.' She good humouredly begged that I would fold it after the fashion of the Egyptian ladies. While I was engaged in this operation, we heard Napoleon depart. 'Come, sister,' said Madame Murat, who was impatint to get to the theatre; 'Bonaparte is going.' We stepped into the carriage: the first consul's equipage had already reached the middle of the Place Carrousel.

On hearing this, I immediately left the theatre, and returned to the place, under the expectation that I should speedily be wanted. Bonaparte soon returned home, and as intelligence of the affair had spread through Paris, the grand saloon, on the ground floor, was filled with a crowd of functionaries, eager to read in the eye of their master what they were to think and say on the occasion. He did not keep them long in suspense. 'This," exclaimed he, vehemently, "is the work of the jacobins: they have attempted my life!... There are neither nobles, priests, nor Chouans in this affair!..... I know what I am about, and they need not think to impose on me. These are the Septembrizers, who have been in open revolt and conspiracy, and arrayed against every succeeding government. It is scarce three months since my life was attempted by Céracchi, Aréna, Topino-Lebrun, and Demerville. They all belong to one gang! The cut-throats of September, the assassins of Versailles, the brigands of the 31st of May, the conspirators of Prairial, are the authors of all the crimes committed against established governments! If they cannot be checked, they must be crushed! France must be purged of these ruffians!" It is impossible to form any idea of the bitterness with which Bonaparte pronounced these words. In vain did some of the councillors of state, and Fouché in particular, endeavour to point out to him that there was no evidence against any one, and that before he pronounced people to be guilty, it would be right to ascertain the fact. Bonaparte repeated, with increased violence, what he had before said of the jacobins; thus adding, not without some ground of suspicion, one crime more to the long catalogue for which they had already to answer.

Fouché had many enemies, and I was not, therefore, surprised to find some of the ministers endeavouring to take advantage of the difference between his opinion and that of the first consul; and it must be owned that the utter ignorance of the police respecting this event, was a circumstance not very favour-

We drove after it; but we had scarcely entered the Place when the machine exploded. Napoleon escaped by a singular chance. Saint-Regent, or his French servant, had stationed himself in the middle of the Rue Nicaise. A grenadier of the escort, supposing he was really what he appeared to be, a water-carrier, gave him a few blows with the flat of his sabre, and drove him off. The cart was turned round, and the machine exploded between the carriages of Napoleon and Josephine. The ladies shrieked on hearing the report; the carriage windows were broken, and Mademoiselle Beauharnais received a slight hurt on her hand. I alighted, and crossed the Rue Nicaise, which was strewed with the bodies of those who had been thrown down, and the fragments of the walls that had been shattered by the explosion. Neither the consul nor any individual of his suite sustained any serious injury. When I entered the theatre, Napoleon was seated in his box, calm and composed, and looking at the audience through his opera-glass. Fouché was beside him. 'Josephine,' said he, as soon as he observed me. She entered at that moment, and he did not finish his question. 'The rascals,' said he, very coolly, 'wanted to blow me up. Bring me a book of the oratorio.'"—*Memoirs of General Count Rapp.* (*Editor.*)

able to Fouché. He, however, was like the reed in the fable; he bent with the wind, but was soon erect again. The most skilful actor could scarcely imitate the inflexible calmness he maintained during Bonaparte's paroxysm of rage, and the patience with which he allowed himself to be accosted.

Fouché, when afterwards conversing with me, gave me clearly to understand, that he did not think the jacobins guilty. I mentioned this to the first consul, but nothing could make him retract his opinion. "Fouché," said he, "has good reason for his silence. He is serving his own party. It is very natural that he should seek to screen a set of men who are polluted with blood and crimes! He was one of their leaders. Do not I know what he did at Lyons and the Loire? That explains Fouché's conduct now."

On the day after the explosion of the infernal machine, a considerable concourse assembled at the Tuileries. There was absolutely a torrent of congratulations. The prefect of the Seine convoked the twelve mayors of Paris, and came at their head to wait on the first consul. In his reply to their address, Bonaparte said, "As long as this gang of assassins confined their attacks to me, personally, I left the law to take its course; but since, by an unparalleled crime, they have endangered the lives of a portion of the population of Paris, their punishment must be as prompt as exemplary. Some of these wretches, who have libelled liberty, by perpetrating crimes in her name, must be effectually prevented from renewing their atrocities." He then conversed with the ministers, the councillors of state, &c., on the event of the preceding day: and as all knew the first consul's opinion of the authors of the crime, each was eager to confirm it. The council was several times assembled, when the senate was consulted, and the adroit Fouché, whose conscience yielded to the delicacy of his situation, addressed to the first consul a report worthy of a Mazarin. At the same time, the journals were filled with recollections of the revolution, raked up for the purpose of connecting with past crimes, the individuals on whom it was now wished to cast odium. It was decreed, that a hundred persons should be banished; and the senate established its character for complaisance by passing a *senatus consultum*, conformable to the wishes of the first consul.

A list was drawn up of the persons styled jacobins, who were condemned to transportation. I was fortunate enough to obtain the erasure of the names of several, whose opinions had, perhaps, been violent, but whose education and private character presented claims to recommendation. Some of my readers may probably recollect them without my naming them, and I shall only mention M. Tissot, for the purpose of recording, not the service I rendered him, but an instance of grateful acknowledgment.

When, in 1815, Napoleon was on the point of entering Paris,

M. Tissot came to the prefecture of police, where I then was, and offered me his house as a safe asylum, assuring me I should there run no risk of being discovered. Though I did not accept the offer, yet I gladly seize on this opportunity of making it known. It is gratifying to find that difference of political opinion does not always exclude sentiments of generosity and honour! I shall never forget the way in which the author of the "Essays on Virgil" uttered the words *Domus mea.*

But to return to the fatal list. Even while I write this, I shudder to think of the way in which men, utterly innocent, were accused of a revolting crime without even the shadow of a proof. The name of an individual, his opinions, perhaps, only assumed, were sufficient grounds for his banishment. A decree of the consuls, dated 4th of January, 1801, confirmed by a *senatus consultum* on the next day, banished from the territory of the republic, and placed under special inspectors, one hundred and thirty individuals, nine of whom were merely designated by the qualification of Septembrizers.

The exiles, who, in the reports and in the public acts, were so unjustly accused of being the authors of the infernal machine, were received at Nantes with so much indignation, that the military were compelled to interfere, to save them from being massacred.

In the discussions which preceded the decree of the consuls, few persons had the courage to express a doubt respecting the guilt of the accused. Truguet was the first to mount the breach. He observed, that without denying the government the extraordinary means for getting rid of its enemies, he could not but acknowledge that the emigrants threatened the purchasers of national domains, that the public mind was corrupted by pamphlets, and that——— Here the first consul, interrupting him, exclaimed, "To what pamphlets do you allude?"—"To pamphlets which are publicly circulated."—"Name them!"—"You know them as well as I do."*

After a long and angry ebullition, the first consul abruptly dismissed the council. He observed that he would not be duped; that the villains were known; that they were Septembrizers, the hatchers of every mischief. He had said at a sitting, three days before, "If proof should fail, we must take advantage of the public excitement. The event is, to me, merely the opportunity. They shall be banished for the 2d September for the 31st May, for Babœuf's conspiracy—or any thing else."

On leaving one of the sittings of the council, at which the question of a special tribunal had been discussed, he told me, that he had been a little ruffled; that he had said, a violent blow must be struck; that blood must be spilt; and that as many of the guilty should be shot, as there had been victims

* The *parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte*, of which I shall speak in the ensuing chapter, is here alluded to.

of the explosion (from fifteen to twenty); that two hundred should be banished, and the republic purged of these scoundrels.

The illegality of the proceeding was so evident, that the *senatus consultum* contained no mention of the transactions of the 3d Nivose, which was very remarkable. It was, however, declared, that the measure of the previous day had been adopted with a view to the preservation of the constitution. This was promising.

The first consul manifested the most violent hatred of the jacobins; for this he could not have been blamed, if, under the title of jacobins, he had not comprised every devoted advocate of public liberty. Their opposition annoyed him, and he could never pardon them for having presumed to condemn his tyrannical acts, and to resist the destruction of the freedom which he had himself sworn to defend, but which he was incessantly labouring to overturn. These were the true motives of his conduct; and conscious of his own faults, he regarded with dislike those who saw and disapproved of them. For this reason, he was more afraid of those whom he called jacobins, than of the royalists.

I am here recording the faults of Bonaparte, but I excuse him; situated as he was, any other person would have acted in the same way. Truth now reached him with difficulty, and when it was not agreeable he had no disposition to hear it. He was surrounded by flatterers; and the greater number of those who approached him, far from telling him what they really thought, only repeated what he had himself been thinking. Hence he admired the wisdom of his counsellors. Thus Fouché, to maintain himself in favour, was obliged to deliver up to his master one hundred and thirty names, chosen from among his own most intimate friends, as objects of proscription.

Meanwhile, Fouché, still believing that he was not deceived as to the real authors of the attempt of the 3d Nivose, set in motion, with his usual dexterity, all the springs of the police. His efforts, however, were for some time unsuccessful; but at length, on Saturday, the 31st January, 1801, about two hours after our arrival at Malmaison, Fouché presented himself, and produced authentic proofs of the accuracy of his conjectures. There was no longer any doubt on the subject; and Bonaparte saw clearly that the attempt of the 3d Nivose was the result of a plot hatched by the partisans of royalty. But as the act of proscription against those who were jumbled together under the title of *the jacobins*, had been executed, it was not to be revoked.

Thus, the consequence of the 3d Nivose was, that both the innocent and guilty were punished; with this difference, however, that the guilty, at least, had the benefit of a trial. When the jacobins, as they were called, were accused, Fouché had no positive proofs of their innocence; and therefore their illegal

condemnation ought not to be attributed to him. A sufficient load of guilt presses his memory, without his being charged with a crime he never committed. Still, I must say, that had he boldly opposed the opinion of Bonaparte, in the first burst of his fury, he might have averted the blow. Every time he came to the Tuileries, even before he had acquired any traces of the truth, Fouché always declared to me his conviction of the innocence of the persons first accused. But he was afraid to make the same observation to Bonaparte. I often mentioned to him the opinion of the minister of police; but as proof was wanting, he replied to me with a triumphant air, "Bah! bah! This is always the way with Fouché. Besides, it is of little consequence. At any rate, I shall get rid of them. Should the guilty be discovered among the royalists, they also shall be punished."

The real criminals being at length discovered, St. Regent and Carbon expiated their crimes by the forfeit of their heads. Thus the first consul gained his point, and justice gained hers.

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## CHAPTER XLII.

### 1800—1801.

Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte—Conversation between Bonaparte and Fouche—Pretended anger—Fouché's dissimulation—Lucien's resignation—His embassy to Spain—War between Spain and Portugal—Dinner at Fouché's—Treachery of Joseph Bonaparte—A trick upon the first consul—A three day's coolness—Reconciliation—Public acclamations, and the voice of Josephine—Stray recollections—Organization of Piedmont—Sabres of honour—Rewards to the army of the Rhine—Pretended army of reserve—General Zach—Anniversary of the 14th of July—Monument to Desaix—Desaix and Foy—Bonaparte's speech in the Temple of Mars—Arrival of the consular guard—The bones of Marshal Turenne—Lucien's successful speech.

I HAVE often had occasion to notice the multifarious means employed by Bonaparte to arrive at the possession of supreme power, and to prepare men's minds for so great a change. Those who have observed his life, must have also remarked how entirely he was convinced of the truth, that public opinion wastes itself on the rumour of a project, and possesses no energy at the moment of its execution. In order, therefore, to direct public attention to the question of hereditary power, a pamphlet was circulated about Paris, and the following is the history of it:

In the month of December, 1800, while Fouché was searching after the real authors of the attempt of the 3d Nivose, a small pamphlet, entitled "Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell,

and Bonaparte," was sent to the first consul. He was absent when it came. I read it, and perceived that it openly advocated hereditary monarchy. I then knew nothing about the origin of this pamphlet, but I soon learned that it issued from the office of the minister of the interior, and that it had been largely circulated. After reading it, I laid it on the table. In a few minutes Bonaparte entered, and, taking up the pamphlet, pretended to look through it: "Have you read this?" said he.—"Yes, general."—"Well! what is your opinion of it?"—"I think it is calculated to produce an unfavourable effect on the public mind: it is ill-timed, for it prematurely reveals your views." The first consul took the pamphlet, and threw it on the ground, as he did all the stupid publications of the day, after having slightly glanced over them. I was not singular in my opinion of the pamphlet, for next day the prefects in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris sent a copy of it to the first consul, complaining of its mischievous effect; and I recollect that in one of their letters, it was stated that such a work was calculated to direct against him the poniards of new assassins. After reading this correspondence, he said to me, "Bourrienne, send for Fouché; he must come directly, and give an account of this matter." In half an hour, Fouché was in the first consul's cabinet. No sooner had he entered, than the following dialogue took place, in which the impetuous warmth of the one party was strangely contrasted with the phlegmatic composure of the other.

"What pamphlet is this? What is said about it in Paris?"—"General, there is but one opinion of its dangerous tendency."—"Well, then, why did you allow it to appear?"—"General, I was obliged to show some consideration for the author!"—"Consideration for the author! What do you mean? You should have sent him to the Temple."—"But, general, your brother Lucien patronises this pamphlet. It has been printed and published by his order. In short, it comes from the office of the minister of the interior."—"No matter for that! Your duty, as minister of police, was to have arrested Lucien, and sent him to the Temple. The fool does nothing but contrive how he can commit me?"

With these words the first consul left the cabinet, shutting the door violently behind him. Being now alone with Fouché, I was eager to get an explanation of the suppressed smile, which had, more than once, curled his lips, during Bonaparte's angry expostulation. I easily perceived that there was something in reserve. "Send the author to the Temple!" said Fouché; "that would be no easy matter! Alarmed at the effect which this parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte, was likely to produce, I went to Lucien to point out to him his imprudence. He made me no answer, but went and got a manuscript, which he showed me, and which contained corrections and annotations in the first consul's handwriting."

When Lucien heard how Bonaparte had expressed his displeasure of the pamphlet, he also came to the Tuileries, to reproach his brother with having thrust him forward and then abandoned him. "'Tis your own fault," said the first consul. "You have allowed yourself to be caught. So much the worse for you. Fouché is too cunning for you. You are a mere fool compared with him." Lucien tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and he departed for Spain. This diplomatic mission turned to his advantage. It was necessary that time should veil the Machiavelian invention of the *Parallel*. Lucien, among other instructions, was directed to use all his endeavours to induce Spain to declare against Portugal, in order to compel that power to separate herself from England.

The first consul had always regarded Portugal as an English colony, and he conceived that to attack it was to assail England. He wished that Portugal should no longer favour England in her commercial relations, but that, like Spain, she should become dependent on him. Lucien was therefore sent as ambassador to Madrid, to second the ministers of Charles the Fourth in prevailing on the king to invade Portugal. The king declared war, but it was not of long duration, and terminated almost without a blow being struck, by the taking of Olivenza. On the 6th of June, 1801, Portugal signed the treaty of Badajoz, by which she promised to cede Olivenza, Almeida, and some other fortresses, to Spain, and to close her ports against England. The first consul, who was dissatisfied with the treaty, at first refused to ratify it. He still kept his army in Spain, and this proceeding determined Portugal to accede to some slight alterations in the first treaty. This business proved very advantageous to Lucien and Godoy.

The cabinet of the Tuileries was not the only place in which the question of hereditary succession was discussed. It was the constant subject of conversation in the saloons of Paris, where a new dynasty was already spoken of. This was by no means displeasing to the first consul; but he saw clearly that he had committed a mistake in agitating the question prematurely; for this reason he waged war against the *Parallel*, as he would not be suspected of having had any share in a design that had failed. One day he said to me, "I believe I have been a little too precipitate. The pear is not yet ripe." The consulate for life was accordingly postponed till 1802, and the hereditary empire till 1804.

After the failure of the artful publication of the pamphlet, Fouché invited me to dine with him. As the first consul wished me to dine out as seldom as possible, I informed him of the invitation I had received. He was, however, aware of it before, and he very readily gave me leave to go. At dinner Joseph sat on the right of Fouché, and I next to Joseph, who talked of nothing but his brother, his designs, the pamphlet, and the bad

effect produced by it. In all that fell from him, there was a tone of blame and disapproval. I told him my opinion, but with greater reserve than I had used towards his brother. He seemed to approve of what I said; his confidence encouraged me, and I saw with pleasure that he entertained sentiments entirely similar to my own. His unreserved manner so imposed upon me, that, notwithstanding the experience I had acquired, I was far from suspecting myself to be in the company of a spy. Next day, the first consul said to me very coolly, "Leave my letters in the basket, I will open them myself." This unexpected direction surprised me exceedingly, and I determined to play him a trick in revenge for his unfounded distrust. For three mornings I laid at the bottom of the basket all the letters which I knew came from the ministers, and all the reports which were addressed to me for the first consul. I then covered them over with those which, judging from their envelopes and seals, appeared to be of that trifling kind with which the first consul was daily overwhelmed: these usually consisted of requests that he would name the number of a lottery ticket, so that the writer might have the benefit of *his* good luck—solicitations that he would stand godfather to a child—petitions for places—announcements of marriages and births—absurd eulogies, &c. &c.

The opening of all these letters, which he was not at other times in the habit of looking at, annoyed him extremely; but as I neither wished to carry the joke too far, nor to remain in the disagreeable position in which Joseph's treachery had placed me, I determined to bring the matter to a conclusion. After the third day, when the business of the night, which had been interrupted by little fits of ill-humour, was concluded, Bonaparte retired to bed. Half an hour after, I went to his chamber, to which I was admitted at all hours. I had a candle in my hand, and, taking a chair, I sat down on the right side of the bed, and placed the candle on the table. Both he and Josephine awoke. "What is the matter?" he asked with surprise. "General, I have come to tell you that I can no longer remain here, since I have lost your confidence. You know how sincerely I am devoted to you; if you have, then, any thing to reproach me with, let me at least know it; for my situation during the last three days has been very painful."—"What has Bourrienne done?" inquired Josephine, earnestly. "That does not concern you," he replied. Then turning to me, he said, "'Tis true, I have cause to complain of you. I have been informed that you have spoken of important affairs in a very improper manner."—"I can assure you that I spoke to none but your brother. It was he who led me into the conversation, and he was too well versed in the business for me to tell him any secret. He may have reported to you what he pleased, but could not I do the same by him? I could accuse and betray him as he has accused and betrayed me. When I spoke in confidence to your brother,

could I regard him as an inquisitor?"—"I must confess," replied Bonaparte, "that after what I heard from Joseph, I thought it right to put my confidence in quarantine."—"The quarantine has lasted three days, general; surely that is long enough."—"Well, Bourrienne, let us say no more about it. Open my letters as usual; you will find the answers a good deal in arrear, which has much vexed me; and, besides, I was always stumbling on some stupid nonsense or other."

I fancy I still hear the amiable Josephine saying, in her gentle way, "What! Bonaparte, is it possible you could suspect Bourrienne, who is so attached to you, and who is your only friend? How could you suffer such a snare to be laid for him? What! a dinner got up on purpose! How I hate these odious police manœuvres!"—"Go to sleep," said Bonaparte; "let women mind their gewgaws, and not interfere with politics." It was near two in the morning before I retired.

When, after a few hours' sleep, I again saw the first consul, he was more kind to me than ever, and I perceived that for the present every cloud had dispersed.

I am frequently led to violate the chronological order of the events I describe, by the wish to pick up any stray recollections which have been left behind on the road. Having omitted the mention of some circumstances which succeeded the battle of Marengo, I here subjoin them.

After our return from that battle, the popular joy was general and heartfelt, not only among the higher and middle ranks of society, but in all classes; and the affection evinced from all quarters to the first consul was unfeigned. In what a tone of sincerity did he say to me one day, when returning from the parade, "Bourrienne, do you hear the acclamations still resounding? That noise is as sweet to me as the sound of Josephine's voice. How happy and proud I am to be loved by such a people!"

During our last stay at Milan, Bonaparte had arranged a new government for Piedmont; he had ever since cherished the wish to unite that rich and fertile country to the French territory, because some Piedmontese provinces had been possessed by Louis XIV. That monarch was the only king whom the first consul really admired. "If," said he one day, "Louis XIV. had not been born a king, he would have been a great man. But he did not know mankind; he could not know them, for he never knew misfortune." He admired the resolution of the old king, who would rather bury himself under the ruins of the monarchy, than submit to degrading conditions, after having commanded the sovereigns of Europe. I recollect that the first consul was extremely pleased to see in the reports which he ordered to be made, that in Casal, and in the valleys of Pignerol, Latour, and Luzerne, there still existed many traces of the period when those countries belonged to France; and that

the French language was yet preserved there. He already began to identify himself with the past; and abusing the old kings of France was not the way to conciliate his favour.

The first consul appointed for the government of Piedmont a senate, which, as may naturally be imagined, he composed of those Piedmontese who were the declared partisans of France. He stated, as the grounds of this arrangement, that it was to give to Piedmont a new proof of the affection and attachment of the French people. He afterwards appointed General Dupont president of the senate, with the title of minister extraordinary of the French government. I will here mention a secret step taken by Bonaparte towards the overthrowing of the republic. In making the first draught of General Dupont's appointment, I had mechanically written, "Minister extraordinary of the French republic."—"No! no!" said Bonaparte, "not of the republic; say of the government."

On his return to Paris, the first consul gave almost incredible proofs of his activity. The day after his arrival he promulgated a great number of decrees, and afterwards allotted the rewards to his soldiers. He appointed Kellerman a general of division, which, on every principle of justice, he ought to have done on the field of battle. He distributed sabres of honour, with the following inscription, highly complimentary to himself: "Battle of Marengo, commanded in person by the first consul.—Given by the government of the republic to General Lannes." Similar sabres were presented to Generals Victor, Watrin, Gardanne, and Murat; and sabres of less value to other officers: and also muskets and drumsticks of honour to the soldiers and drummers who had distinguished themselves at Marengo, or in the army of the Rhine; for Bonaparte took care that the officers and men, who had fought under Moreau, should be included among those to whom the national rewards were presented. He also had a medal struck, to perpetuate the memory of the entry of the French army into Munich. It is worthy of remark, that while official fabrications and exaggerated details of facts were published respecting Marengo and the short campaign of Italy, by a feigned modesty the victorious army of Marengo received the unambitious title of *army of reserve*. By this artifice the honour of the constitution was saved. The first consul had not violated it. If he had marched to the field, and staked every thing on a chance, it was merely accidentally, for he commanded only an army of reserve, which nevertheless he had greeted with the title of *grand army*, before he entered upon the campaign. It is scarcely conceivable that Bonaparte, possessing as he did an extraordinary mind, should have descended to such pitiful artifices.

Even foreigners and prisoners were objects of Bonaparte's designing attentions. I recollect, one evening, his saying to me, "Bourrienne, write to the minister of war, and tell him to select

a fine brace of pistols, of the Versailles manufacture, and send them, in my name, to General Zach. He dined with me to-day, and highly praised our manufacture of arms. I should like to give him a token of remembrance; besides, the matter will be talked of at Vienna, and may, perhaps, do good."

As soon as the news of the battle of Marengo reached Paris, Lucien Bonaparte, minister of the interior, ordered preparations for the festival, fixed for the 14th of July, in commemoration of the first Federation. This festival, and that of the 1st Vendémiaire, were the only ones preserved by the consular government. Indeed, in those memorable days, when the revolution appeared in its fairest point of view, France had never known such joy as that to which the battle of Marengo gave rise. Still, amidst all this popular transport, there was a feeling of regret. The fate of Desaix, his heroic character, his death, the words attributed to him, and believed to be true, caused mourning to be mingled with joy. It was agreed to open a subscription for erecting a national monument to his memory. A reflection naturally arises here, upon the difference between the period referred to and the present time. France has endowed with nearly a million the children of one of her greatest orators, and most eloquent defenders of public liberty, yet, for the monument to the memory of Desaix, scarcely 20,000 francs were subscribed. Does not this form a singular contrast with the patriotic munificence displayed at the death of General Foy? The pitiful monument to Desaix, on the place Dauphine, sufficiently attests the want of spirit on the part of the subscribers. Bonaparte, who was much dissatisfied with it, gave the name of Desaix to a new quay, the first stone of which was laid with great solemnity on the 14th of July.

On that day the crowd was immense in the Champ-de-Mars, and in the Temple of Mars, the name which, at that time, the church of the Invalids still preserved. Lucien delivered a speech on the encouraging prospects of France, and Lannes made an appropriate address on presenting to the government the flags taken at Marengo. Two more speeches followed; one from an aide-de-camp of Massena, and the other from an aide-de-camp of Lecourbe; and after the distribution of some medals, the first consul then delivered the following address:

The flags presented to the government, in the presence of the people of this immense capital, attest at once the genius of the commanders-in-chief, Moreau, Massena, and Berthier; the military talents of the generals, their lieutenants; and the bravery of French soldiers.

On your return to the camp, tell your comrades, that for the 1st Vendémiaire, when we shall celebrate the anniversary of the republic, the French people expect either peace, or, if the enemy obstinately refuse it, other flags, the fruit of fresh victories.

After this harangue of the first consul, in which he addressed

the military in the name of the people, and ascribed to Berthier the glory of Marengo, a hymn was chanted, the words of which were written by M. de Fontanes, and the music composed by Méhul. But the most remarkable circumstance in the whole solemnity was, the arrival of the consular guard from Marengo, in the Champ-de-Mars. These troops defiled before the first consul, not clothed in the gay uniform of a parade-day, but wearing the same dress in which they had left the field of battle, and marched over Lombardy, Piedmont, Mount Cenis, Savoy, and France. Their faces, tanned by the summer sun of Italy, their tattered clothes and battered arms, bore witness to the fatigues and conflicts they had encountered.

At the time of this fête, that is to say, in the middle of the month of July, the first consul could not have imagined that the moderate conditions he had proposed, after the victory, would not be accepted by Austria. In the hope, therefore, of a peace, which could not but be considered probable, he, for the first time since the establishment of the consular government, convoked the deputies of the departments, and appointed their time of assembling in Paris, for the 1st Vendémiaire, a day which formed the close of one remarkable century, and marked the commencement of another.

The remains of Marshal Turenne, to which Louis XIV. had awarded the honours of annihilation, by giving them a place among the royal tombs, in the vaults of Saint Denis, had been torn from their grave, at the time of the sacrilegious violation of the tombs. His bones, mingled indiscriminately with others, had long lain in obscurity in a garret of the College of Medicine, when M. Lenoir collected and restored them to the ancient tomb of Turenne, in the Musée des Petits Augustines. Bonaparte resolved to enshrine these relics in that sculptured marble with which the glory of Turenne could so well dispense. This was, however, intended as a connecting link between the past days of France, and the future, to which he looked forward. He thought that the sentiments inspired by the solemn honours rendered to the memory of Turenne, would dispose the deputies of the departments to receive with greater enthusiasm the pacific communications he hoped to be able to make.*

* "After the violation of the tombs in the abbey of Saint Denis, where the remains of the marshal were reposing amongst kings, his coffin had been carried away, and deposited in the upper part of the surgical amphitheatre at the Jardin des Plantes, where it was still remaining on General Bonaparte's departure for Egypt. I recollect seeing it there at that time, when General Desaix was visiting the establishment; it was shown with great veneration, though having no mark to distinguish it from the other skeletons in the room. At a later period, a respectable citizen, having obtained leave to collect in the convent of the Grands Augustins, which he had transformed into a museum of French monuments, the mausoleums that had escaped the outrages committed at Saint Denis, had caused the body of Marshal de Turenne to be transported to this spot. The government removed it thence for the purpose of transferring it to the Invalids. The

However, the negotiations did not take the favourable turn which the first consul had expected; and, notwithstanding all the address of Lucien, the communication was not heard without much uneasiness. But Lucien had prepared a speech, quite to the taste of the first consul. After dilating for some time on the efforts of the government to obtain peace, he deplored the tergiversations of Austria, accused the fatal influence of England, and added, in a more elevated and solemn tone, "At the very moment, when the consuls were leaving the palace of the government, a courier arrived, bearing despatches, which the first consul has directed me to communicate to you." He then read a note declaring that the Austrian government consented to surrender to France the three fortresses of Ulm, Philipsburg, and Ingolstadt. This was considered as a certainty of the preliminaries of peace being speedily signed. The news was received with enthusiasm, and that anxious day closed in a way highly gratifying to the first consul.

church had been decorated for the ceremony. The deputies from the departments, who had been invited, were already in their places when the body of the marshal was brought in. The clergy had not yet reappeared in France: there was no celebration of the divine office nor any other religious duty performed: the ceremony was purely one of oratorical speeches and pageantry."—*Rovigo's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### 1800—1801.

Austria bribed by England—M. de St. Julien in Paris—Duroc's mission—Rupture of the armistice—Surrender of three garrisons—M. Otto in London—Battle of Hohenlinden—Madame Moreau and Madame Hulot—Bonaparte's ill-treatment of the latter—Congress of Luneville—General Clarke—M. Maret—Peace between France and Austria—Joseph Bonaparte's speculations in the funds—M. de Talleyrand's advice—Post-office regulation—Cambacérès—Importance of good dinners in the affairs of government—*Edouard en Ecosse*—*l'Antichambre*—Steam-boats and intriguers—Death of Paul I.—New thoughts of the re-establishment of Poland—Duroc at St. Petersburg—Bribe rejected—Death of Abercrombie.

The armistice concluded after the battle of Marengo, which had been first broken and then resumed, continued to be observed for some time between the armies of the Rhine and Italy, and the Imperial armies. But Austria, bribed by a subsidy of two millions sterling, would not treat for peace without the participation of England. She did not despair of recommencing the war successfully.

M. de Saint Julien had signed preliminaries at Paris; but the

court of Vienna disavowed them, and Duroc, whom Bonaparte sent to convey the preliminaries to Vienna, for the imperial ratification, was not permitted to pass the Austrian advance-posts. This unexpected proceeding, the result of the all-powerful influence of England, justly incensed the first consul, who had given decided proofs of moderation, and a wish for peace. "I want peace," said he, "to enable me to organize the interior; the people also want it. You see the conditions I offer. Austria, though beaten, obtains all she got at Campo-Formio. What can she want more? I could make further exactions; but, without fearing the reverses of 1799, I must think of the future. Besides, I want tranquillity, to enable me to settle the affairs of the interior, and to send aid to Malta and Egypt. But I will not be trifled with. I will form my determination."

In his irritation the first consul despatched orders to Moreau, directing him to break the armistice, and resume hostilities, unless he regained possession of the bridges of the Rhine and the Danube, by the surrender of Philipsburg, Ulm, and Ingolstadt. The Austrians then offered to treat with France on new bases. England insisted on taking part in the congress, but to this the first consul would not consent until she should sign a separate armistice, and cease to make common cause with Austria.

The first consul received intelligence of the occupation of the three garrisons on the 23d of September, the day he had fixed in his ultimatum to England, for the renewal of hostilities. But for the meanwhile, he was satisfied with the condescension of Austria: that power, in the expectation of being supported by England, asked her on what terms she was to treat?

During these communications with Austria, M. Otto was in London negotiating for the exchange of prisoners.* England

* The following particulars, given by Napoleon himself, of these negotiations are interesting:

"A courier was despatched to M. Otto, who resided in London, as French commissioner for the exchange of prisoners. On the 24th of August, he addressed a note to Lord Grenville, informing him that Lord Minto having declared the intention of the English government to take part in the negotiations about to be opened with Austria, for the conclusion of a definitive peace between Austria and France, the first consul was willing to admit the English minister to the negotiations: but that this measure would make the work of pacification more difficult; that the interests to be discussed being rendered more numerous and complicated, the negotiations would unavoidably be prolonged; and that it was not consistent with the interest of the republic, that the armistices concluded at Marengo and Bayarsdorf should be further continued, unless a naval armistice should also be established by way of compensation.

"Lord Minto's despatches had not reached London; and Lord Grenville, much surprised at the receipt of this note, sent the principal of the transport-office to request M. Otto to furnish the documents on which it was founded; who immediately complied with this request. But the courier of the cabinet of St. James's soon afterwards arrived from Vienna. Lord Grenville replied to M. Otto, that the idea of an armistice applicable to naval operations was new in the history of nations. He declared, however, that he was ready to send a plenipotentiary to the place which should be specified for holding the congress; and

would not hear of an armistice by sea, like that which France had concluded with Austria by land. She alleged that in case

intimating that this plenipotentiary was to be his brother, Thomas Grenville, requested passports to enable him to proceed to France. This was evading the question; but M. Otto, on the 30th of August, demanded a positive answer before the 3d of September; considering that hostilities were to recommence in Germany and Italy on the 10th. Lord Grenville, on the 4th, requested to have a proposal in writing, because he did not perfectly understand what was meant by an armistice applicable to naval operations. M. Otto sent the proposal of the French government formally drawn up. The principal stipulations were the following: 1st, ships of war and merchant-vessels of both nations shall enjoy free navigation, without being subject to any kind of visitation; 2dly, the squadrons now blockading the ports of Toulon, Brest, Rochefort and Cadiz, shall return to their respective ports; 3dly, the maritime fortresses of Malta, Alexandria, and Belle-Isle, shall be placed on a footing with the fortresses of Ulm, Philipsburg, and Ingolstadt; and all French and neutral vessels shall accordingly be at liberty to enter freely into those ports.

"On the 7th of September, Lord Grenville replied, that his Britannic Majesty admitted the principle of a naval armistice, although contrary to the interest of England; that it would be a sacrifice on the part of his Majesty, made for the sake of peace, and for the advantage of Austria, his ally; but that none of the articles in the French proposals were admissible; and he wished the negotiations to be founded on a counter-proposal, which he sent. This counter-proposal specified: 1st, hostilities shall cease by sea; 2dly, the fortresses of Malta, Alexandria, and Belle-Isle, shall be allowed to be supplied with provisions for fourteen days at a time, according to the number of men of which their respective garrisons may consist; 3dly, the blockade of Brest and the other ports of the French and allies shall be raised; but none of the ships of war therein shall sail therefrom during the continuance of the armistice; and the English squadrons shall remain in sight of those ports.

"The French commissioner, on the 16th of September, replied, that his government left it to the option of his Britannic Majesty, either to let negotiations be opened at Luneville, and the English and Austrian plenipotentiaries be admitted to treat together, the war continuing by land and sea during their negotiations; or to establish an armistice by land and sea; or, finally, to let an armistice be concluded with Austria, and the negotiations at Luneville be carried on with that power only; whilst a peace with England might be treated for at Paris or London, and the maritime war be continued at the same time. He observed that the naval armistice was requisite to indemnify France for what she was losing by the prolongation of the armistice on the continent, during which Austria was recruiting her armies and providing her stores, whilst the impression of the defeats of Marengo and Moeskirch was at the same time wearing off from the minds of her soldiers; that during this prolongation, the kingdom of Naples, lately a prey to every species of dissension and calamity, was recovering itself and raising an army; and, lastly, that it was under the protection of the armistice that levies of men were making in Tuscany, and in the marquisate of Ancona.

"The victor had conceded all these advantages to the vanquished, only on their formal promise to conclude a separate peace without delay. The benefit France was to derive from a naval armistice, could not consist in supplying the ports of the republic, which was by no means deficient in internal channels of intercourse, but in the restoration of her communications with Egypt, Malta, and the Isle of France. On the 20th of September, Lord Grenville required fresh explanations; and M. Otto informed him, on the following day, that the first consul consented to modify his first proposal; that the French and allied squadrons should not be allowed to change their positions during the continuance of the armistice; that, with respect to Malta, no further communications should be authorized than would be necessary to furnish fifteen days' supply of provision at a time, at the rate of ten thousand rations per diem; and that Alexandria, not being blockaded

of a rupture, France would derive from that armistice greater advantage than Austria would gain by that already concluded. The difficulty and delay attending the necessary communications, rendered these reasons plausible. The first consul consented to accept other propositions from England, and to allow her to take part in the discussions of Luneville, but on condition that she should sign a treaty with him without the intervention of Austria. This England refused to do. Weary of this uncertainty, and the tergiversation of Austria, which was still under the influence of England, and feeling that the prolongation of such a state of things could only turn to his disadvantage, Bonaparte broke the armistice. He had already consented to sacrifices which his successes in Italy did not justify. The hope of an immediate peace had alone made him lose sight of the immense advantages which victory had given him.

Far from appearing sensible to the many proofs of moderation which the first consul evinced, the combined insolence of England and Austria seemed only to increase. Orders were immediately given for resuming the offensive in Germany and Italy, and hostilities then recommenced.

The chances of fortune were long doubtful. After a reverse Austria made promises, and after an advantage she evaded them; but finally, fortune proved favourable to France. The French armies in Italy and Germany crossed the Mincio and the Danube, and the celebrated battle of Hohenlinden brought the French advanced posts within ten leagues of Vienna. This victory secured peace; for, profiting by past experience, the first consul would not hear of any suspension of arms until Austria should consent to a separate treaty. Driven into her last in-

by land, and having provisions in sufficient abundance even to send them to England, France should be at liberty to despatch six frigates from Toulon to Alexandria, which should sail and return without examination, having on board an English officer with a flag of truce.

"These were the only two advantages which the republic could derive from a maritime suspension of arms. These six frigates armed, *en flute*, would have been able to carry a reinforcement of 3600 men: no more sailors than were absolutely necessary would have been put on board, and they might even have carried some thousands of muskets, and a great quantity of ammunition and other stores, for the army of Egypt.

"The negotiation being thus entered into, Lord Grenville thought proper to authorize Mr. Hammond, under-secretary of state, to confer with M. Otto, in order to ascertain whether any opening for conciliation existed. Mr. Hammond saw M. Otto, and proposed to him that the French army should evacuate Egypt, as a consequence of the treaty of El-Arish, concluded on the 24th of January, and broken on the 18th of March, on reception of the decision of the English government refusing to recognise this convention. Such a proposal required no answer; nor did Mr. Hammond urge it. After a few days discussion, the two commissioners agreed on every point, except the sending of the six French frigates to Alexandria. On the 25th of September, M. Otto declared the sending of these six frigates to be the *sine qua non*; and on the 9th of October, Mr. Hammond wrote to apprize him of the rupture of the negotiations."—*Napoleon's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

trenchments, Austria was obliged to yield. She abandoned England; and the English cabinet, in spite of the subsidy of two millions sterling, consented to the separation.

Great Britain was forced to come to this arrangement in consequence of the situation in which the successes of the army of Moreau had reduced Austria, which, it was certain, would be ruined by longer resistance.

England wished to enter into negotiations at Luneville. To this the first consul acceded; but as he saw that England was seeking to deceive him, he required that she should suspend hostilities with France, as Austria had done. Bonaparte very reasonably alleged that an indefinite armistice on the continent would be more to the disadvantage of France, than a long armistice by sea would be unfavourable to England. All this adjourned the preliminaries to 1801, and the peace to 1802.

The impatience and indignation of the first consul had been highly excited by the evasions of Austria and the plots of England; for he knew all the intrigues that were carrying on for the restoration of the Bourbons. His joy may be therefore conceived, when the battle of Hohenlinden balanced the scale of fortune in his favour.

On the 3d of December, 1800, Moreau gained that memorable victory, which at length put an end to the hesitations of the cabinet of Vienna.*

On the 6th of December, the first consul received intelligence of the battle of Hohenlinden. It was on a Saturday, and he had just returned from the theatre when I delivered the despatches to him. He literally leaped for joy. I must say that he did not expect so important a result from the movements of the army of the Rhine. This victory gave a new face to his negotiations for peace, and determined the opening of the congress of Luneville, which took place on the 1st of January following.†

On receiving information of the battle of Hohenlinden, Madame Moreau came to the Tuileries to call on the first consul and Madame Bonaparte. She did not see them, and repeated her call several times with no better success. The last time she came, she was accompanied by her mother, Madame Hulot. She waited for a considerable time in vain, and when she was going away, her mother, who could no longer restrain her feelings, said aloud before me and several persons of the household, that "it ill became the wife of the conqueror of

* On the eve of the battle of Hohenlinden, Moreau was at supper with a party of officers, when a despatch was delivered to him. After he had read it, he said to his guests, though he was far from being in the habit of boasting, "I am here made acquainted with Baron Kray's movements. They are all I could wish. To-morrow we will take from him ten thousand prisoners." Moreau took forty thousand, besides a great many flags.

† As M. de Bourrienne gives no details of the memorable battle of Hohenlinden, the reader will find, at the conclusion of the present chapter, an animated account of it extracted from Napoleon's Memoirs.—*Editor.*

Hohenlinden to dance attendance in this way." This remark reached the ears of those to whom it was directed. Madame Moreau shortly after rejoined her husband in Germany; and sometime after her departure, Madame Hulot came to Malmaison to solicit promotion for her eldest son, who was in the navy. Josephine received Madame Hulot very kindly, and requested her to stay to dinner. She accepted the invitation. The first consul, who did not see her until the hour of dinner, treated her very coolly: he said little to her, and retired as soon as dinner was over. His rudeness was so marked and offensive, that Josephine, who was always kind and amiable, thought it necessary to apologise, by observing that his mind was disturbed by the non-arrival of a courier whom he expected.

Bonaparte entertained no dislike of Moreau, because he did not fear him; and after the battle of Hohenlinden he spoke of him in the highest terms, and frankly acknowledged the services he had rendered on that important occasion: but he could not endure his wife's family, who, he said, were a set of intriguers.

Luneville having been fixed upon for the congress, the first consul sent his brother Joseph to treat with Count Louis Cobentzel. On his way, Joseph met M. Cobentzel, who had passed Luneville, and was coming to Paris to sound the sentiments of the French government. Joseph returned to Paris with him. After some conversation with the first consul, they set out next day for Luneville, of which place Bonaparte appointed general Clarke governor. This appeared to satisfy Clarke, who was very anxious to be something, and had long been importuning Bonaparte for an appointment.

A day or two after the news of the battle of Hohenlinden, M. Maret came to present for Bonaparte's signature some decrees made in council. While affixing the signatures, and without looking up, the first consul said to M. Maret, who was a favourite with him, and who was standing at his right-hand, "Are you rich, Maret?"—"No, general."—"So much the worse: a man should be independent."—"General, I will never be dependent on any one but you." The first consul then raised his eyes to Maret, and said, "Hem! that is not bad!" and when the secretary-general was gone, he said to me, "Maret is a clever fellow: he made me a very good answer."

On the 9th of February, 1801, six weeks after the opening of the congress of Luneville, peace was signed between Austria and France. Thus was France restored to that honourable position which had been put in jeopardy by the feeble government of the pentarchy and the reverses of 1799. This peace, which in the treaty, according to custom, was called perpetual, lasted four years.

Joseph Bonaparte, while treating for France, at Luneville, was speculating on the rise of the funds, which he thought the

peace would produce. Persons more wise, who were, like him, in the secret, sold out their stock, at the moment when the certainty of the peace became known. But Joseph purchased to a great extent, in the hope of selling to advantage, on the signature of peace. However, the news had its effect, and a fall took place. Joseph's loss was considerable, and he could not satisfy the engagements in which his greedy and silly speculations had involved him. He applied to his brother, who was unable to advance him the necessary sum. Bonaparte was exceedingly sorry to see his elder brother in this embarrassment. He asked me what was to be done. I told him I did not know; but I advised him to consult M. de Talleyrand, from whom he had often received good advice. He did so, and M. de Talleyrand replied, with that air of coolness which is so peculiar to him, "What! is that all? Oh! that is nothing. It is easily settled. You have only to raise the funds."—"But the money."—"Oh, the money may be easily obtained. Make some deposits in the Mont-de-Piété, or the sinking fund. That will give you the necessary money to raise the funds; and then Joseph may sell out, and recover his losses." M. de Talleyrand's advice was adopted, and all succeeded as he had foretold. None but those who have heard M. de Talleyrand converse, can form an accurate idea of his easy manner of expressing himself, his inflexible coolness, the fixed, unvarying expression of his countenance, and his vast fund of wit.

During the sitting of the congress, the first consul learned that the government couriers conveyed to favoured individuals, in Paris, various things, but especially the delicacies of the table, and he ordered that this practice should be discontinued. On the very evening on which this order was issued, Cambacérès entered the saloon, where I was alone with the first consul, who had already been laughing at the mortification which he knew this regulation would occasion to his colleague: "Well, Cambacérès, what brings you here at this time of night?"—"I come to solicit an exception to the order which you have just given to the post-masters. How do you think a man can make friends, unless he keeps a good table? You know very well how much good dinners assist the business of government." The first consul laughed, called him a gourmand, and, patting him on the shoulder, said, "Do not distress yourself, my dear Cambacérès, the couriers shall continue to bring you your *dindes aux truffles*, your Strasburg *pâtés*, your Mentz hams, and your other titbits."

Those who recollect the magnificent dinners given by Cambacérès and others, which were a general topic of conversation at the time, and who knew the ingenious calculation which was observed in the invitation of the guests, must be convinced of the vast influence of a good dinner in political affairs. As to Cambacérès, he did not believe that a good government could exist

without good dinners: and his glory (for every man has his own particular glory) was to know that the luxuries of his table were the subject of eulogy throughout Paris, and even Europe. A banquet which commanded general suffrage, was to him a Marengo or a Friedland.

About the end of February, M. Duval's play of "Edouard en Ecosse" was performed at the Théâtre Français. The royalists and emigrants went in crowds to see it. It contained numerous allusions to the Bourbons. The play was highly successful, as it deserved to be. After it was accepted at the theatre, some thought that the censorship would not allow it to be performed. The minister of the interior at first made some objection to it. M. Chaptal was applied to on the subject, through the medium of M. Maret and Mademoiselle Contat. The latter was an enthusiastic admirer of the piece; and, indeed, no one could venture to speak ill of it without being looked upon as devoid of taste and feeling. Whilst these green-room negotiations were pending, the first consul had gone to Saint-Quentin, to examine the canal which bears that name. The piece was performed during his absence. I had occasion to write to him twice every day, and I sent him very contradictory reports about it. Some, I told him, were of opinion that the performance of the piece should be prohibited, because they regarded as dangerous the applications to which it gave rise. Others, and I was of that number, advised him to let the piece go on; because it was right to accustom the public to comparisons, with which many of our tragedies and comedies abound: and because the system of suppression and mutilation would banish all our dramatic masterpieces from the stage. The first consul, on his return, at first inclined to this latter opinion. He ordered a second performance of "Edouard en Ecosse," and I accompanied him to the theatre to witness it. He was dissatisfied at the repeated plaudits excited by several allusions. These plaudits were, indeed, prolonged in a marked way. I assured him that the same thing had happened on the first performance, at which I was also present. He was quite out of humour, and said, "This is too much; I will not allow it to be played;" and, as we were driving home, he said, "How silly of the censorship to approve of such a play! Why allow political pieces to be performed without consulting me? I would not suffer the performance of the 'Partie de Chasse de Henri IV.' which you must confess was not half so bad as this." All remonstrance was in vain, and I believe that the result of the business was, that M. Duval was obliged to absent himself.

A short time after this, a piece was brought out at the Opéra Comique, entitled "L'Antichambre." This was supposed to contain allusions to the three consuls. In one scene, a lackey said, "I am on duty," to which another replied, "And I also, *we are colleagues.*" It was alleged that the manners of the first

consul were mimicked, and that the dresses worn by the servants in the piece were a burlesque imitation of the consular costume. "This," said the first consul, "is a pendant to Edouard. Was there ever such a censor? This is not to be endured."

Chaptal affirmed that he had no knowledge of the piece, which had been examined by one of his clerks. M. Arnault, now so eminently distinguished, then held a situation in the office of the minister of the interior. Reproach fell upon him; but the influence of his brother-in-law, Regnault de St. Jean-d'Angély, averted the little persecutions which Cambacérès endeavoured to excite against him. The first consul ordered the dresses of the valets in "L'Antichambre" to be examined. "If there be any truth in the alleged imitation," said he, "they shall be taken to the Place de Grève, and torn to pieces by the hand of the executioner."

M. Dupaty would, no doubt, have suffered some punishment; but, fortunately for him, it was discovered that the piece was written before the consulate, and that the dresses bore no resemblance to the costume of the consuls. "L'Antichambre" is the same piece which was performed a long time after, under the title of "Picaros et Diego."

These two successive events induced Bonaparte's flatterers to solicit the prohibition of many of our finest dramatic productions. On the condemned list were inscribed, "Mérope," "Tancrède," "Le Tartufe," "La Mort de César," and, above all, the opening lines of the tragedy of "Héraclius." The works of our great poets were, without mercy, subjected to the mutilation of hired writers. To interest the public, in behalf of exiles, was displeasing to the first consul; and to expose and satirize hypocrisy was offensive to the clergy who had been restored. The play which Bonaparte liked best to see performed was "Cinna," on account of its long tirade against popular power.

At the commencement of 1801, Fulton presented to Bonaparte his memorial on steam-boats. I urged a serious examination of the subject. "Bah," said he, "these projectors are all either intriguers or visionaries. Don't trouble me about the business." I observed that the man whom he called an intriguer was only reviving an invention already known, and that it was wrong to reject the scheme without examination. He would not listen to me; and thus was adjourned, for some time, the practical application of a discovery which has given such an important impulse to trade and navigation.

Paul the First fell by the hands of assassins on the night of the 24th of March, 1801. The first consul was much shocked on receiving the intelligence. In the excitement caused by this unexpected event, which had so important an influence on his policy, he directed me to send the following note to the Moniteur:

Paul the First died on the night of the 24th of March, and the English squadron passed the Sound on the 30th. History will reveal the connexion which probably exists between these two events.

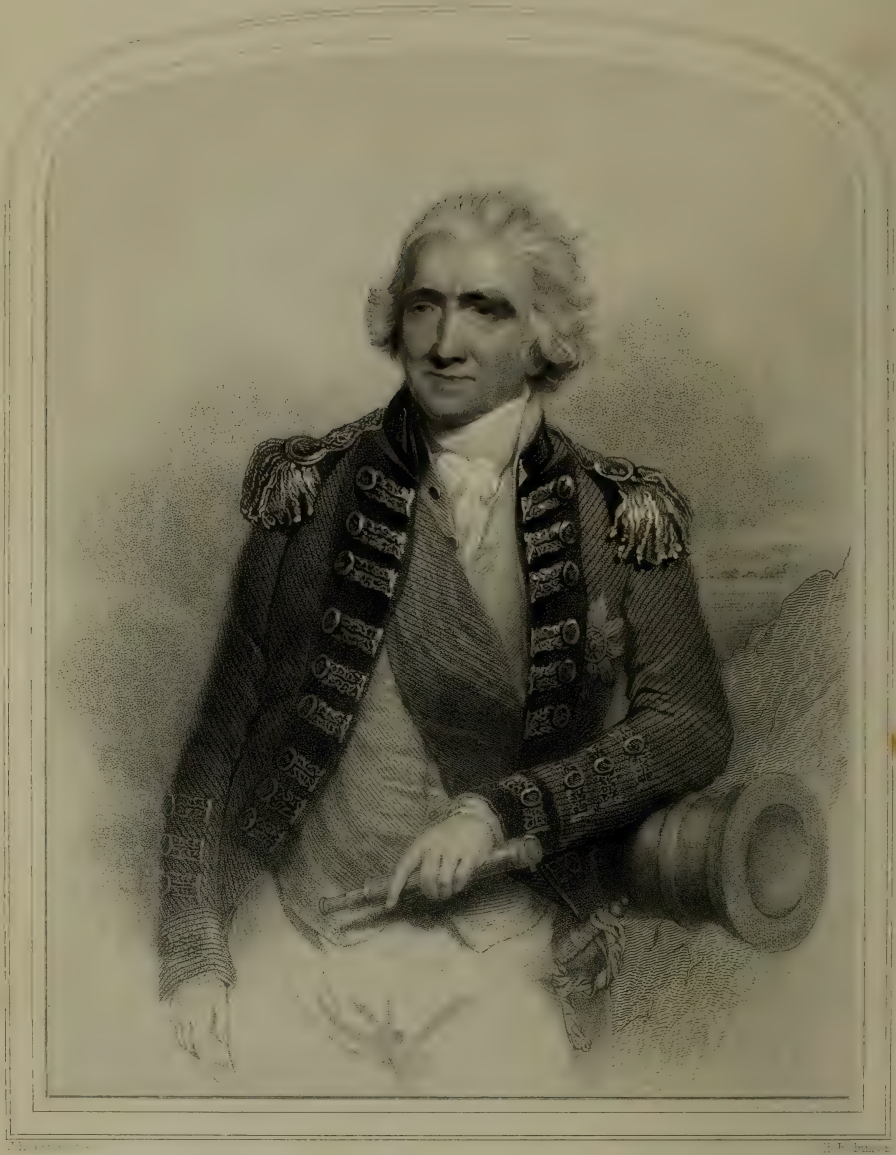
Thus were announced the crime of the 24th of March, and the not ill-founded suspicion of its authors.*

The amicable relations of Paul and Bonaparte had been daily strengthened. "In concert with the czar," said Bonaparte, "I was sure of striking a mortal blow at the English power in India. A palace revolution has overthrown all my projects." This resolution, and the admiration of the autocrat of Russia for the head of the French Republic, may certainly be numbered among the causes of Paul's death. The individuals generally accused at the time, were those who were violently and perseveringly threatened, and who had the strongest interest in the succession of a new emperor. I have seen a letter from a northern sovereign, which, in my mind, leaves no doubt on this subject, and which specified the reward of the crime, and the part to be performed by each actor. But it must also be confessed, that the conduct and character of Paul the First, his tyrannical acts, his violent caprices, and his frequent excesses of despotism, had rendered him the object of accumulated hatred, for patience has its limit. These circumstances did not probably create the conspiracy, but they considerably facilitated the execution of the plot, which deprived the czar of his throne and his life.

As soon as Alexander ascended the throne, the ideas of the first consul respecting the dismemberment of Poland were cevived, and almost wholly engrossed his mind. During his first campaign in Italy, and several times when in Egypt, he told Sulkowsky that it was his ardent wish to re-establish Poland, to avenge the iniquity of her dismemberment, and, by that grand reparatory act, to restore the equilibrium of Europe. He often dictated to me for the Moniteur articles tending to prove, by various arguments, that Europe would never enjoy repose until those great spoliations were avenged and repaired; but he frequently destroyed these articles, instead of sending them to press. His system of policy towards Russia changed shortly after the death of Paul. The thought of a war against that empire unceasingly occupied his mind, and gave birth to the idea of that fatal campaign which took place eleven years afterwards, and which had other causes than the re-establishment of Poland. That object was merely set forward as a pretext.

Duroc was sent to St. Petersburg to congratulate the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne. He arrived in the Russian capital on the 24th of May. Duroc, who was at this time very young, was a great favourite of the first consul. He

* We do not attempt to rescue the fair fame of our country. This is one among many instances in which Bourrienne was misled.—*Editor.*



never importuned Bonaparte by his solicitations, and was never troublesome in recommending any one, or busying himself as an agent for favour; yet he warmly advocated the cause of those whom he thought injured, and honestly repelled accusations which he knew to be false. These moral qualities, joined to an agreeable person and elegant manners, rendered him a very superior man.

The year 1801 was, moreover, marked by the fatal creation of special tribunals, which were in no way justified by the urgency of circumstances. This year also saw dated the re-establishment of the African Company, the treaty of Luneville, which augmented the advantages France had obtained by the treaty of Campo-Formio, and the peace concluded between Spain and Portugal by means of Lucien. On the subject of this peace, I may mention, that Portugal, to obtain the cession of Olivenza, secretly offered Bonaparte, through me, eight millions of francs if he would contribute his influence towards the acquisition of that town by Portugal. He rejected this offer indignantly, declaring that he would never sell honour for money. He has been accused of having listened to a similar proposition at Passeriano, though, in fact, no such proposition was ever made to him. Those who bring forward such accusations, little know the inflexibility of his principles on this point.

One evening in April, 1801, an English paper—the London Gazette—arrived at Malmaison. It announced the landing in Egypt of the army commanded by Abercromby, the battle given by the English, and the death of the general. I immediately translated the article, and presented it to the first consul, with the conviction that the news would be very painful to him. He doubted its truth, or, at least, pretended to do so. Several officers and aides-de-camp, who were in the saloon, coincided in his opinion, especially Lannes, Bessières, and Duroc. They thought by so doing to please the first consul, who then said to me, in a jeering tone, "Bah! you do not understand English. This is the way with you: you are always inclined to believe bad news rather than good." These words, and the approving smiles of the gentlemen present, ruffled me, and I said, with some warmth, "How, general, can you believe that the English government would publish officially so important an event if it were not true? Do you think that a government that has any self-respect would, in the face of Europe, state a falsehood respecting an affair, the truth of which cannot long remain unknown? Did you ever know an instance of so important an announcement proving untrue, after it had been published in the London Gazette? I believe it to be true, and the jeering smiles of these gentlemen will not alter my opinion." On these observations, the first consul rose and said, "Come, Bourrienne, I want you in the library." After we had left the saloon, he added, "This is always the way with you. Why are you vexed

at such trifles? I assure you I believe the news but too confidently, and I feared it before it came, But they think they please me by thus appearing to doubt it. Never mind them."—"I ask your pardon," said I, "but I conceive the best way of proving my attachment to you is to tell you what I believe to be true. You desire me not to delay a moment in announcing bad news to you. It would be far worse to disguise than to conceal it."

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## THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

"On the 1st of December, at break of day, the archduke deployed 60,000 men before the heights of Ampfingen, and attacked Lieutenant-general Grenier, who had only 25,000 men, in front; whilst another of his columns, debouching by the bridge of Crayburg, marched to the heights of Achau, in the rear and on the right flank of Grenier. General Ney was at first obliged to yield to the superior numbers of the enemy, but rallied, returned to the attack, and broke eight battalions; but the enemy continuing to deploy his numerous forces, and debouching by the valleys of the Issen, Lieutenant-general Grenier was compelled to retreat. Grandjean's division of reserve advanced to his support; at night, Grenier took up a position on the heights of Haag. Great alarm prevailed in the French army; the general-in-chief was disconcerted. The enemy, in a powerful mass, was attacking his separate scattered divisions. General Legrand, after sustaining a very brisk action in the valley of the Issen, had evacuated Dorfen.

"The manœuvre of the Austrian army was a very fine one, and this first success augured others of great importance. But the archduke did not know how to profit by these circumstances; he did not make a vigorous attack on the corps of Grenier, who only lost a few hundred prisoners and two pieces of cannon. On the following day, the 2d of December, he made only petty movements, did not pass Haag, and gave the French army time to rally and recover from its first surprise. He paid dearly for this error, which was the principal cause of the catastrophe of the following day.

"Moreau, having had the whole of the 2d to reconnoitre his forces, began to hope that he should have sufficient time for all his divisions to join. He sent orders to Sainte-Suzanne, whom he had unluckily left on the Danube, to proceed with his three divisions on Freisingen; where they could not arrive before the 5th: to Lecourbe, to march all day on the 3d, to approach him on the right, and take up the positions which Richepanse occupied at Ebersberg, in order to mask the debouché of Wasserburg; he could only reach his destination in the course of the 4th: to Richepanse and Decaen, to proceed to the debouché of the forest of Hohenlinden, at the village of Altenpot; they were to effect this movement in the night, in order to anticipate the enemy; the former had only two leagues to march, the latter four. Grenier's corps took up a position on the left of Hohenlinden: Ney's division supported its right on the road, Hardy's division was

in the centre, Legrand's division observed Lendorf and the debouchés of the Issen; Grandjean's division of which General Grouchy had taken the command, intersected the road, supporting the left on Hohenlinden, and refusing the right along the outskirts of the wood. According to these dispositions, General Moreau would have had, on the 4th, eight divisions in line; on the 5th he would have had ten. But the Archduke John, although he had committed the capital error of losing the whole of the 2d, did not fall into that of losing the 3d also. At break of day he began to move, and the dispositions made by the French general to effect the junction of his army became useless; neither Lecourbe's corps nor that of Sainte-Suzanne could take part in the battle; the divisions of Richepanse and Decaen fought separately; they arrived too late on the 3d to defend the forest of Hohenlinden.

"The Austrian army came on in three columns; that of the left, consisting of 10,000 men, between the Inn and the Munich road, directing its march on Albichengen and Saint Christopher; that of the centre, 40,000 strong, proceeded by the road leading from Mühldorf to Munich, by Haag, towards Hohenlinden; the grand park, the waggons and baggage, took this road, the only one which was firm. The column of the right, 25,000 strong, commanded by General Latour, was to march on Bruckrain; Kienmayer, who, with his flankers of the right, constituted part of this corps, was to proceed from Dorfen on Schauben, to turn all the defiles, and place himself in a situation to debouch in the plain of Amzing, where the archduke expected to encamp that evening, and to wait for Klenan's corps, which was proceeding thither up the right bank of the Iser.

"The roads were much cut up, as is usual in the month of December; the columns of the right and left marched by almost impracticable cross-roads; the snow fell heavily. The column of the centre, followed by the parks and baggage, having the advantage of the high-road, soon distanced the others; its head penetrated into the forest without impediment. Richepanse, who was to have defended it at Altenpot, had not arrived; but this column was stopped at the village of Hohenlinden, which was the *appui* of Ney's left, and the station of Grouchy's division. The French line, which had thought itself covered, was at first surprised; several battalions were broken, and some disorder prevailed. Ney hastened up; a terrible charge carried death and consternation into the head of a column of Austrian grenadiers; General Spanochi was taken prisoner. At that moment the vanguard of the Austrian right debouched from the heights of Bruckrain. Ney was obliged to gallop to his left in order to face them; his efforts would have been insufficient had Latour supported the Austrian vanguard; but he was two leagues distant from it. In the mean time the divisions of Richepanse and Decaen, which ought to have arrived before daybreak at the debouché of the forest, at the village of Altenpot, being embarrassed in the midst of the night in dreadful roads, and the weather being tremendous, were wandering a great part of the night on the edge of the forest. Richepanse, who marched at their head, did not reach Saint Christopher's till seven o'clock in the morning, where he was still two leagues from Altenpot. Convinced of the importance of the movement he was operating, he accelerated his

march with his first brigade, leaving the second considerably in the rear. When the Austrian column of the left reached the village of Saint Christopher's, it cut him off from his second brigade; General Drouet, who commanded it, deployed. Richepanse's situation became frightful; he was half-way between Saint Christopher's and Altenpot; he resolved to continue his movement in order to occupy the debouché of the forest, if it should not be in the possession of the enemy; or to retard his march, and to concur in the general attack by throwing himself on his flank if the archduke should have already penetrated into the forest, as every thing seemed to indicate that he had. On arriving at the village of Altenpot, with the 8th, the 48th of the line, and the 1st chasseurs, he found himself in the rear of the enemy's parks, and of all his artillery which had defiled. He passed through the village, and drew up in line on the heights. Eight squadrons of the enemy's cavalry, which formed the rear-guard, deployed; the cannonade commenced; the 1st chasseurs charged, and were repulsed. The situation of General Richepanse became more and more critical; he was speedily informed that he was not to depend on Drouet, whose progress had been arrested by considerable forces; and of Decaen he had no intelligence. In this dreadful predicament he took a desperate resolution; leaving General Walter with the cavalry, to keep the cuirassiers of the enemy in check, he entered the forest of Hohenlinden at the head of the 48th and 8th of the line. Three battalions of Hungarian grenadiers, forming the escort of the parks, formed; they advanced on Richepanse with the bayonet, taking his soldiers for an irregular force. The 48th overthrew them. This petty engagement decided the fortune of the day. Disorder and alarm spread through the convoy: the drivers cut their traces and fled, abandoning eighty-seven pieces of cannon and three hundred waggons. The confusion of the rear spread to the van. Those columns which were far advanced in the defiles fell into disorder; they were struck with the recollection of the disastrous campaign of the summer; besides all which they were in a great measure composed of recruits. Ney and Richepanse joined. The Archduke John retreated with the utmost confusion and precipitation on Haag, with the wreck of his corps.

"General Decaen had extricated General Drouet. He had kept the left column of the enemy in check at Saint-Christopher's with one of his brigades, whilst with the second he had advanced into the forest to complete the rout of the battalions which had taken refuge there. Of the whole Austrian army, only the column of the right, commanded by General Latour, now remained entire; it had joined Kienmayer, who had debouched on his right by the valley of the Issen, ignorant of what had passed in the centre. This column marched against Lieutenant-general Grenier, who had with him the divisions of Legrand and Bastoul, and General d'Hautpoult's cavalry. The action was extremely obstinate; General Legrand drove Kienmayer's corps into the defile of Lendorf, on the Issen; General Latour was repulsed, and lost some cannon; he commenced his retreat, and abandoned the field of battle as soon as he was informed of the disasters which had befallen the principal corps of his army. The left of the Austrian army repassed the Inn over the bridge of Wasserburg, the

centre over the bridges of Crayburg and Mühldorf, the right over the bridge of Oetting. General Klenan, who had put his troops in motion to approach the Inn, fell back to the Danube to cover Bohemia, and to threaten and engage the Gallo-Batavian army. The evening after the battle, the head-quarters of the French army were transferred to Haag. In this battle, which decided the success of the campaign, six French divisions, composing half the army, alone engaged almost the whole of the Austrian army. The forces on the field of battle were nearly equal, being about 70,000 men on each side. *But the Archduke John could not possibly have assembled a greater number, whilst Moreau might have brought twice as many into the field.* The loss of the French army was 10,000 men, killed, wounded, and taken, either at the actions of Dorfen and Ampfingen, or at the battle of Hohenlinden. That of the enemy amounted to 25,000 men, exclusively of deserters. Seven thousand prisoners, amongst whom were two generals, one hundred pieces of cannon, and an immense number of waggons, were the trophies of this day."—*Napoleon's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

## CHAPTER XLIV

### 1801—1802.

Royal experiment—Louis de Bourbon and Maria Louisa of Spain—Creation of the kingdom of Etruria—The Count of Leghorn in Paris—Entertainments given him—Bonaparte's opinion of the King of Etruria—His departure for Florence, and bad reception there—Negotiations with the Pope—Bonaparte's opinion on Religion—Te Deum at Notre Dame—Behaviour of the people in the church—Irreligion of the consular court—Augereau's remark on the Te Deum — First Mass at St. Cloud — Mass in Bonaparte's apartments — Talleyrand relieved from his clerical vows—My appointment to the council of state.

Before he placed two crowns on his own head, Bonaparte thought it would promote the interests of his policy to place one on the head of a prince, and even a prince of the house of Bourbon. He wished to accustom the French to the sight of a king. It will hereafter be seen, that he gave sceptres, like his confidence, conditionally, and that he was always ready to undo his own work, when it became an obstacle to his ambitious designs.

In May, 1801, the Infanta of Spain, Maria Louisa, third daughter of Charles IV., visited Paris. The Infante Louis de Bourbon, eldest son of the Duke of Parma, had gone to Madrid in 1798, to contract a marriage with Maria Amelia, the sister of Maria Louisa; but he fell in love with the latter. Godoy favoured the attachment, and employed all his influence to bring

about the marriage. The son who, six years later, was born of this union, was named Charles Louis, after the King of Spain. France occupied the Duchy of Parma, which in fulfilment of the conventions signed by Lucien Bonaparte, was to belong to her after the death of the reigning duke. On the other hand, France was to cede the Grand Duchy of Tuscany to the son of the Duke of Parma; and Spain paid to France, according to stipulation, a considerable sum of money. Soon after the treaty was communicated to Don Louis and his wife, they left Madrid, and travelled through France. The prince took the title of Count of Leghorn. All accounts are unanimous as to the attentions which the prince and princess received on their journey. Among the fêtes, in honour of the illustrious couple, that given by M. de Talleyrand, at Neuilly, was remarkable for magnificence.

When the Count of Leghorn was coming to pay his first visit to Malmaison, Bonaparte went into the drawing-room to see that every thing was suitably prepared for his reception. In a few minutes he returned to his cabinet, and said to me, somewhat out of humour, "Bourrienne, only think of their stupidity; they had not taken down the picture representing me on the summit of the Alps, pointing to Lombardy, and commanding the conquest of it. I have ordered its removal. How mortifying it would have been if the prince had seen it."

Another picture in the drawing-room at Malmaison, represented the first consul sleeping on the snow on the summit of the Alps, before the battle of Marengo.

The Count of Leghorn's visit to Paris imparted brilliancy to the first years of the reign of Bonaparte, of whom it was at that time said, "He made kings, but would not be one!"

At the representation of "Œdipus," the following expression of Philactetes was received with transport:

"J'ai fait des Souverains, et n'ai pas voulu l'être."

Monarchs I've made, but one I would not be.

The first consul, on leaving the theatre, did not conceal his satisfaction. He judged, from the applause with which that verse had been received, that his pamphlet was forgotten. The manner, moreover, in which a king, crowned by his hands, had been received by the public, was no indifferent matter to him, as he expected that the people would thus again become familiar with what had been so long proscribed.

This king, who, though well received, and well entertained, was in all respects a very ordinary man, departed for Italy. I say very ordinary, not that I had an opportunity of judging of his character myself, but the first consul told me that his capabilities were extremely limited; that he even felt repugnance to

take a pen in his hand; that he never cast a thought on any thing but his pleasures; in a word that he was a fool.

One day, after the first consul had spent several hours in company with him and his consort, he said to me, "I am quite tired. He is a mere automaton. I put a number of questions to him, but he can answer none. He is obliged to consult his wife, who makes him understand, as well as she is able, what he ought to say." The first consul added, "The poor prince will set off to-morrow, without knowing what he is going to do." I observed, that it was a pity to see the happiness of the people of Tuscany intrusted to such a prince. Bonaparte replied, "Policy requires it. Besides, the young man is not worse than the usual run of kings." The prince fully justified, in Tuscany, the opinion which the first consul formed of him.*

In order to show still further attention to the King of Etruria, after his three weeks' visit to Paris, the first consul directed him to be escorted to Italy by a French guard, and selected his brother-in-law, Murat, for that purpose.

The new king of a new kingdom entered Florence on the 12th

* "This unfortunate prince was very ill-calculated to recommend, by his personal character, the institutions to which the nobility clung with so much fondness. Nature had endowed him with an excellent heart, but with very limited talents; and his mind had imbibed the false impress consequent upon his monastic education. He resided at Malmaison nearly the whole time of his visit to Paris. Madame Bonaparte used to lead the queen to her own apartments; and as the first consul never left his closet except to sit down to meals, the aides-de-camp were under the necessity of keeping the king company, and of endeavouring to entertain him, so wholly was he devoid of intellectual resources. It required, indeed, a great share of patience to listen to the frivolities which engrossed his attention. His turn of mind being thus laid open to view, care was taken to supply him with the playthings usually placed in the hands of children; he was, therefore, never at a loss for occupation. His nonentity was a source of regret to us; we lamented to see a tall, handsome youth, destined to rule over his fellow men, trembling at the sight of a horse, and wasting his time in the game of hide and seek, or at leapfrog, and whose whole information consisted in knowing his prayers, and in saying grace before and after meals. Such, nevertheless, was the man to whom the destinies of a nation were about to be committed.

"When he left France to repair to his kingdom, 'Rome need not be uneasy,' said the first consul to us, after the farewell audience, 'there is no danger of *his* crossing the Rubicon."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.*

"I once heard the first consul, in a conversation with his colleague, Cambacérès, treat his royal protégé, the king of Etruria, very severely. Of course his majesty was not present. 'This good king,' said he, 'evinces no great concern for his dear and well-beloved subjects. He spends his time in gossiping with old women, to whom he is very lavish of his praise to me, though in secret he murmurs bitterly at the thought of owing his elevation to the hateful French republic.'—'It is alleged,' observed M. Cambacérès, 'that you wished to disgust the French people with kings, by showing them this fine specimen of royalty, as the Spartans used to disgust their children with intoxication, by showing them a drunken slave.'—'Not at all, not at all,' resumed the first consul, 'I have no wish to excite a distaste for royalty: but the presence of his Majesty, the King of Etruria, will vex a good many worthy folks, who are striving hard to revive a taste for the Bourbons.'"—*Mémoires de Constant.*

of April, 1801; but the reception given him by the Tuscans was not at all similar to what he had experienced at Paris. The people received the royal pair as sovereigns imposed on them by France. The ephemeral kingdom of Etruria lasted scarcely six years. The king died in 1803, in the flower of his age, and in 1807 the queen was expelled from her throne by him who had constructed it for her.

At this period a powerful party urged Bonaparte to break with the pope, and to establish a Gallican church, the head of which should reside in France. They thought to flatter his ambition by indicating to him a new source of power, which might establish a point of comparison between him and the first Roman emperors. But his ideas did not coincide with theirs on this subject. "I am convinced," said he, "that a part of France would become Protestant, especially if I were to favour that disposition. I am also certain that the much greater portion would remain Catholic, and would oppose, with the greatest zeal and fervour, the schism of a part of their fellow-citizens. I dread the religious quarrels, the family dissensions, and the public distractions, which such a state of things would inevitably occasion. In reviving a religion which has always prevailed in the country, and which still prevails in the hearts of the people; and in giving the liberty of exercising their worship to the minority, I shall satisfy every one."

The first consul, taking a superior view of the state of France, considered that the re-establishment of religious worship would prove a powerful support to his government: and he had been occupied ever since the commencement of 1801, in preparing a concordate with the pope. It was signed in the month of July, in the same year. It required some time to enable the parties to come to an understanding on the subject.

Cardinal Gonsalvi arrived, in the month of June, at Paris, to arrange matters on the part of the pope. Cardinal Caprara and M. de Spina also formed part of the embassy, sent by the holy father. There were, besides, several able theologians, among whom Doctor C—— was distinguished. He was a member of the pope's chancery; his knowledge gave him so much influence over his colleagues, that affairs advanced only as much as he pleased. However, he was gained over by honours conferred on him, and promises of money. Business then went on a little quicker. The concordate was signed on the 15th of July, 1801, and made a law of the state in April, 1802. The plenipotentiaries on the part of Bonaparte were, Joseph Bonaparte, Creset, and the Abbé Bernier, ex-Bishop of Versailles.

A solemn *Te Deum* was chanted at the cathedral of Notre Dame, on Sunday the 11th of April. The crowd was immense, and the greater part of those present stood, during the ceremony, which was splendid in the extreme; but who would presume to say, that the general feeling was in harmony with all this pomp?

Was, then, the time for this innovation not yet arrived? Was it too abrupt a transition from the habits of the twelve preceding years? It is unquestionably true, that a great number of the persons present at the ceremony expressed, in their countenances and gestures, rather a feeling of impatience and displeasure, than of satisfaction or of reverence, for the place in which they were. Here and there murmurs arose, expressive of discontent. The whispering, which I might more properly call open conversation, often interrupted the divine service, and sometimes observations were made, which were far from being moderate. Some would turn their heads aside, on purpose to take a bit of chocolate-cake, and biscuits were openly eaten by many who seemed to pay no attention to what was passing.

The consular court was, in general, extremely irreligious; nor could it be expected to be otherwise, being composed chiefly of those who had assisted in the annihilation of all religious worship in France, and of men who, having passed their lives in camps, had oftener entered a church in Italy to carry off a painting than to hear the mass. Those who, without being imbued with any religious ideas, possessed that good sense which induces men to pay respect to the belief of others, though it be one in which they do not participate, did not blame the first consul for his conduct, and conducted themselves with some regard to decency. But, on the road from the Tuileries to Notre Dame, Lannes and Augereau wanted to alight from the carriage, as soon as they saw that they were being driven to mass, and it required an order from the first consul to prevent their doing so. They went, therefore, to Notre Dame, and the next day Bonaparte asked Augereau what he thought of the ceremony. "Oh! it was all very fine," replied the general; "there was nothing wanting, except the million of men who have perished in the pulling down of what you are setting up." Bonaparte was much displeased at this remark.*

During the negotiations with the holy father, Bonaparte one day said to me, "In every country religion is useful to the government, and those who govern ought to avail themselves of it to influence mankind. I was a Mahomedan in Egypt; I am a Catholic in France. With relation to the police of the religion of a state, it should be entirely in the hands of the sovereign. Many persons have urged me to found a Gallican church, and make myself its head: but they do not know France. If they did, they would know that the majority of the people would not like a rupture with Rome. Before I can resolve on such a measure,

* According to a gentleman who played a part in this empty pageantry, Lannes, at one moment, did get out of the carriage; and Augereau kept swearing, in no *low whisper*, during the whole of the chanted mass. Most of the military chiefs, who sprung out of the revolution, had no religion at all, but there were some who were Protestants, and who were irritated by the restoration of Catholicism as the national faith.—*Editor.*

the pope must push matters to an extremity; but I believe he will not do so."—"You are right, general, and you recal to my memory what Cardinal Gonsalvi said:—'The pope will do all the first consul desires.'"—"That is the best course for him. Let him not suppose that he has to do with an idiot. What do you think is the point his negotiations put most forward? The salvation of my soul! But, with me, immortality is the recollection one leaves in the memory of man. That idea prompts to great actions. It would be better for a man never to have lived, than to leave behind him no traces of his existence."

Many endeavours were made to persuade the first consul to perform in public the duties imposed by the Catholic religion. An influential example, it was urged, was required. He told me once that he had put an end to that request by the following declaration: "Enough of this. Ask me no more. You will not obtain your object. You shall never make a hypocrite of me. Let us remain where we are."*

I have read in a work, remarkable on many accounts, that it was on the occasion of the concordate of the 15th July, 1801, that the first consul abolished the republican calendar, and re-established the Gregorian. This is an error. He did not make the calendar a religious affair. The *senatus consultum*, which restored the use of the Gregorian calendar, to commence in the French empire from the 11th Nivose, year XIV. (1st January, 1806), was adopted on the 22d Fructidor, year XIII. (9th September, 1805), more than four years after the concordate. The introduction of the ancient calendar had no other object than to bring us into harmony with the rest of Europe, on a point so closely connected with daily transactions, which were much embarrassed by the decadary calendar.

Bonaparte at length, however, consented to hear mass, and St. Cloud was the place where this ancient usage was first re-established. He directed the ceremony to commence sooner than the hour announced, in order that those who would only make a scoff at it, might not arrive until the service was ended.

Whenever the first consul determined to hear mass publicly on Sundays in the chapel of the palace, a small altar was prepared in a room near his cabinet of business. This room had been Ann of Austria's oratory. A small portable altar, placed on a platform one step high, restored it to its original destination. During the rest of the week, this chapel was used as a bathing-room. On Sunday, the door of communication was opened, and we heard mass sitting in our cabinet of business. The number of persons there never exceeded three or four, and the first consul seldom failed to transact some business during the ceremony, which never lasted longer than twelve minutes. Next day all the papers had the news that the first consul had heard mass in his

* Bonaparte was a hypocrite vicariously: his generals, his ministers, &c. affected to be good catholics for him.—*Editor.*

apartments. In the same way Louis XVIII. has often heard it in his.

On the 19th of July, 1802, a papal bull absolved Talleyrand from his vows. He immediately married Madame Grant, and the affair obtained little notice at the time. This statement sufficiently proves how report has perverted the fact. It has been said that Bonaparte, on becoming emperor, wished to restore that decorum which the revolution had destroyed, and therefore resolved to put an end to the improper intimacy which subsisted between Talleyrand and Madame Grant. It is alleged that the minister at first refused to marry the lady; but that he at last found it necessary to obey the peremptory order of his master. This pretended resurrection of morality by Bonaparte is excessively ridiculous. The bull was not registered in the council of state until the 19th of August, 1802.*

I will end this chapter by a story, somewhat foreign to the preceding transactions, but which personally concerns myself. On the 20th of July, 1801, the first consul, *ex proprio motu*, named me a counsellor of state extraordinary. Madame Bonaparte kindly condescended to have an elegant but somewhat ideal costume made for me. It pleased the first consul, however, and he had a similar one made for himself. He wore it a short time, and then left it off. Never had Bonaparte, since his elevation, shown himself so amiable as on this occasion.

* "The first consul had, on several occasions, urged M. de Talleyrand to return to holy orders. He pointed out to him that that course would be most becoming his age and high birth, and promised that he should be made a cardinal; thus raising him to a par with Richelieu, and giving additional lustre to his administration."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.* (*Editor.*)

## CHAPTER XLV.

### 1802.

Last chapter on Egypt—Admiral Gantheaume—Way to please Bonaparte—General Menou's flattery and his reward—Davoust—Bonaparte regrets giving the command to Menou, who is defeated by Abercromby—M. Otto's negotiation in London—Preliminaries of peace.

For the last time in these memoirs, I shall return to the affairs of Egypt—to that episode which embraces so short a space of time, and holds so high a place in the life of Bonaparte. Of all his conquests, he set the highest value on Egypt, because it spread the glory of his name throughout the east. Accord-

ingly, he left nothing unattempted for the preservation of that colony. In a letter to General Kleber, he said, "You are as able as I am to understand how important is the possession of Egypt to France. The Turkish empire, in which the symptoms of decay are every where discernible, is at present falling to pieces, and the evil of the evacuation of Egypt by France would now be the greater, as we should soon see that fine province pass into the possession of some other European power." The selection of Gantheaume, however, to carry assistance to Kleber was not judicious. Gantheaume had brought the first consul back from Egypt, and though the success of the passage could only be attributed to Bonaparte's own plan, his determined character and superior judgment, yet he preserved towards Gantheaume that favourable disposition which is naturally felt for one who has shared a great danger with us, and upon whom the responsibility may be said to have been imposed. This confidence in mediocrity, dictated by an honourable feeling, did not obtain a suitable return. Gantheaume, by his indecision and creeping about in the Mediterranean, had already failed to execute a commission intrusted to him. The first consul, upon finding he did not leave Brest after he had been ordered to the Mediterranean, repeatedly said to me, "What the devil is Gantheaume about?" With one of the daily reports sent to the first consul he received the following quatrain, which made him laugh heartily:

"Vaisseaux lestés, tête sans lest,
Ainsi part l'Amiral Gantheaume;
Il s'en va de Brest à Bertheaume,
Et revient de Bertheaume à Brest!"

With ballast on board, but none in his brain,
Away went our gallant Gantheaume,
On a voyage from Brest to Bertheaume,
And then from Bertheaume—to Brest back again!

Gantheaume's hesitation, his frequent tergiversations, his arrival at Toulon, his tardy departure, and his return to that port on the 19th of February, 1801, only ten days prior to Admiral Keith's appearance with Sir Ralph Abercromby of Alexandria, completely foiled all the plans which Bonaparte had conceived of conveying succour and reinforcements to a colony on the brink of destruction.

Bonaparte was then dreaming that many French families would carry back civilization, science, and art, to that country which was their cradle. But it could not be concealed, that his departure from Egypt in 1799 had prepared the way for the loss of that country, which was hastened by Kleber's death, and the choice of Moreau for his successor.

A sure way of making court to the first consul, and gaining his favour, was to eulogize his views about Egypt, and to appear

zealous for securing the possession of that country. By these means it was that Menou gained his confidence. In the first year of the occupation of that country, he laid before him his dreams respecting Africa. He spoke of the negroes of Senegal, Mozambique, Mehedie, Marabout, and other barbarous countries, which were, all at once, to assume a new aspect, and become civilized, in consequence of the French possession of Egypt. To Menou's adulation is to be attributed the favourable reception given him by the first consul, even after his return from Egypt, of which his foolish conduct had allowed the English to get possession. The first consul appointed him governor of Piedmont, and, at my request, gave my elder brother the situation of commissary-general of police in that country: but I am in candour obliged to confess, that the first consul was obliged to retract this mark of his favour, in consequence of my brother's making an abuse of it.

It was also by flattering the first consul, on the question of the east, that Davoust, on his return from Egypt in 1800, in consequence of the convention of El-Arish, insinuated himself into Bonaparte's good graces, and, if he did not deserve, obtained his favour. At that time, Davoust certainly had no title whatever to the good fortune which he suddenly experienced. He obtained, without first serving in the subordinate ranks, the command-in-chief of the grenadiers of the consular guard, and from that time commenced the deadly hatred which Davoust bore towards me. Astonished at the great length of time that Bonaparte had been one day conversing with him, I said, as soon as he was gone, "How could you talk so long with a man whom you have always called a stupid fellow?"—"Ah! but I did not know him well enough before. He is a better man, I assure you, than he is thought; and you will come over to my opinion."—"I hope so." The first consul, who was often extremely indiscreet, told Davoust my opinion of him, and his hostility against me ceased but with his life.

The first consul could not forget his dear conquest in the east. It was constantly the object of his thoughts. He endeavoured to send reinforcements to his army from Brest and Toulon, but without success. He soon had cause to repent having intrusted to the hands of Menou the command-in-chief, to which he became entitled only by seniority, after the assassination of Kleber by Solyman Haleby. But Bonaparte's indignation was excited when he became acquainted with Menou's neglect and mismanagement, when he saw him giving reins to his passion for reform, altering and destroying every thing, creating nothing good in its stead, and dreaming about forming a land communication with the Hottentots and Congo, instead of studying how to preserve the country. His pitiful plans of defence, which were useless from their want of combination, appeared to the first consul the height of ignorance. Forgetful of all the

principles of strategic science, of which Bonaparte's conduct afforded so many examples, he opposed to the landing of Abercromby a few isolated corps, which were unable to withstand the enemy's attack, while the English army might have been entirely annihilated, had all the disposable troops been sent against it.

The great admiration which Menou expressed at the expedition to Egypt; his excessive fondness for that country, the religion of which he had ridiculously enough embraced, under the name of Abd-Allah; the efforts he made, in his sphere, to preserve the colony; his enthusiasm and blind attachment to Bonaparte; the flattering and encouraging accounts he gave of the situation of the army, at first had the effect of entirely covering Menou's incapacity. This alone can account for the first consul's preference of him. But I am far from concurring in what has been asserted by many persons, that France lost Egypt at the very moment when it seemed most easy of preservation. Egypt was conquered by a genius of vast intelligence, great capacity, and profound military science. Fatuity, stupidity, and incapacity, lost it. What was the result of that memorable expedition? The destruction of one of our finest armies; the loss of some of our best generals; the annihilation of our navy; the surrender of Malta; and the sovereignty of England in the Mediterranean. What is the result at present? A scientific work. The gossiping stories, and mystifications of Herodotus, and the reveries of Rollin, are worth as much, and have not cost so dear.

The first consul had long been apprehensive that the evacuation of Egypt was unavoidable. The last news he had received from that country was not very encouraging, and created a presentiment of the approach of the dreaded catastrophe. He, however, published the contrary; but it was then of great importance that an account of the evacuation should not reach England until the preliminaries of peace were signed, for which purpose M. Otto was exerting all his industry and talent. We made a great merit of abandoning our conquests in Egypt; but the sacrifice would not have been considered great, if the events, which took place at the end of August, had been known in London, before the signing of the preliminaries on the 1st of October. The first consul himself answered M. Otto's last despatch, containing a copy of the preliminaries, ready to be adopted by the English ministry. Neither this despatch, nor the answer, were communicated to M. de Talleyrand, then minister for foreign affairs. The first consul, who highly appreciated the great talents and knowledge of that minister, never closed any diplomatic arrangement without first consulting him; and he was right in so doing. On this occasion, however, I told him that as M. de Talleyrand was, for his health, taking the waters of Bourbon-l'Archambault, four days must elapse before his reply could be received, and that the delay might

cause the face of affairs to change. I reminded him that Egypt was on the point of yielding. He took my advice, and it was well for him that he did; for the news of the compulsory evacuation of Egypt arrived in London the day after the signing of the preliminaries. M. Otto informed the first consul, by letter, that Lord Hawkesbury, in communicating to him the news of the evacuation, told him, he was very glad every thing was settled, for it would have been impossible for him to have treated on the same bases, after the arrival of such news. In reality, we consented at Paris to the voluntary evacuation of Egypt, and that was something for England, while Egypt was at that very time evacuated, by a convention made on the spot. The definitive evacuation of Egypt took place on the 30th of August, 1801; and thus, the conquest of that country, which had cost so dear was rendered useless, or rather injurious.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### 1802.

The most glorious epoch for France—The first consul's desire of peace—Malta ceded and kept—Bonaparte and the English journals—Mr. Addington's letter to the first consul—Bonaparte prosecutes Peltier—Le Clerc's expedition to Saint Domingo—Toussaint Louverture—Death of Le Clerc—Rochambeau, his successor, abandons Saint Domingo—First symptoms of Bonaparte's malady—Josephine's intrigues for the marriage of Hortense—Falsehood contradicted.

The epoch of the peace of Amiens must be considered as the most glorious in the history of France, not excepting the splendid period of Louis the Fourteenth's victories, and the more brilliant era of the empire. The consular glory was then pure, and the opening prospect was full of flattering hope; whereas, those who were but little accustomed to look closely into things, could discern mighty disasters lurking under the laurels of the empire.

The proposals which the first consul made, in order to obtain peace, sufficiently prove his sincere desire for it. He felt that if, in the commencement of his administration, he could couple his name with so hoped-for an act, he should ever experience the affection and gratitude of the French. I want no other proof of his sentiments, than the offer he made to give up Egypt to the grand signior, and to restore all the ports of the Gulf of Venice, and of the Mediterranean, to the states to which they had previously belonged; to surrender Malta to the Order, and even to

raze its fortifications, if England should think such a measure necessary for her interests. In the Indies, Ceylon remained to him, and he required the surrender of the Cape of Good Hope, and all the places taken by the English in the West Indies.

England had firmly resolved to keep Malta, the Gibraltar of the Mediterranean, and the Cape of Good Hope, the caravanserai of the Indies. She was, therefore, unwilling to close with the proposition respecting Malta; and she said, that an arrangement might be made, by which it would be rendered independent both of Great Britain and France. We clearly saw that this was only a lure, and that, whatever arrangements might be entered into, England would keep Malta, because it was not to be expected that the maritime power would willingly surrender an island which commands the Mediterranean. I do not notice the discussions respecting the American islands, for they were, in my opinion, of little consequence to us. They cost more than they produce; and they will escape from us, some time or other, as all colonies ultimately do from the parent country. Our whole colonial system is absurd; it forces us to pay for colonial produce at a rate nearly double that for which it may be purchased from our neighbours.

When Lord Hawkesbury consented to evacuate Malta, on condition that it should be independent of France and Great Britain, he must have been aware that such a condition would never be fulfilled. He cared little for the order of St. John, and he should have put, by way of postscript, at the bottom of his note, "We will keep Malta, in spite of you." I always told the first consul that if he were in the situation of the English, he would act the same part; and it did not require much sagacity to foretel that Malta would be the principal cause of the rupture of peace. He was of my opinion; but at that moment he thought every thing depended on concluding the negotiations, and I entirely agreed with him. It happened, as was foreseen, that Malta caused the renewal of war. The English, on being called upon to surrender the island, eluded the demand, shifted about, and at last ended by demanding that Malta should be placed under the protection of the King of Naples; that is to say, under the protection of a power entirely at their command, and to which they might dictate what they pleased. This was really too cool a piece of irony.

I will here notice the quarrel between the first consul and the English newspapers, and give a new proof of his love of the freedom of the press. However, this liberty of the press did *once* contribute to give him infinite gratification; namely, when all the London journals mentioned the transports of joy manifested in London, on the arrival of General Lauriston, the bearer of the ratification of the preliminaries of peace.

The first consul was, at all times, the declared enemy of the liberty of the press, and, therefore, he ruled the journals with

a hand of iron. I have often heard him say, "Were I to slacken the reins, I should not continue three months in power." He unfortunately held the same opinion respecting every other prerogative of public freedom. The silence he had imposed in France, he wished, if he could, to impose in England. He was irritated by the calumnies and libels so liberally cast upon him by the English journals, and especially by one written in French, called L'Ambigu, conducted by Peltier, who had been the editor of the Actes des Apôtres in Paris. The Ambigu was constantly teeming with the most violent attacks on the first consul and the French nation. Bonaparte could never, like the English, bring himself to despise newspaper libels, and he revenged himself by violent articles which he caused to be inserted in the Moniteur. He directed M. Otto to remonstrate, in an official note, against a system of calumny, which he believed to be authorized by the English government. Besides this official proceeding, he applied, in his own name, to Mr. Addington, the chancellor of the exchequer, requesting him to procure the adoption of legislative measures against the licentious writings complained of; and to take the earliest opportunity of satisfying his hatred against the liberty of the press, the first consul seized the moment of signing the preliminaries to make this request.

Mr. Addington wrote a long answer to the first consul, which I translated for him. The English minister refuted, with great force, all the arguments which Bonaparte had employed against the press. He admitted that its abuse was sometimes a real evil, but the English constitution allowed every man to use his pen, it being at his own risk and peril if he made a bad use of it. Men were punished for offences committed through the instrumentality of the press, in the same way as for offences committed through other means. He confessed, that sometimes libels would elude the severity of the law; but there was no remedy, for it was impossible to touch the liberty of the press, which was ingrafted in the habits of the people. Mr. Addington declared that the English people owed much to the liberty of the press, and that no minister would be so bold as to submit to parliament any measure for its curtailment, as the freedom of the press was most dear to Englishmen. He also informed the first consul, that though a foreigner, it was competent in him to institute a complaint in the courts of law; but that, in such case, he must be content to see all the scandalous statements, of which he complained, republished in the report of the trial. He advised him to treat the libels with profound contempt, and do as he and others did, who attached not the slightest importance to them. I congratulate myself on having, in some degree, prevented a trial taking place at that time.

Things remained in this state for the moment; but after the peace of Amiens, the first consul prosecuted Peltier, whose journal was always full of violence and bitterness against him.

Peltier was defended by the celebrated Mackintosh; yet, in spite of the eloquence of his counsel, he was convicted. The verdict, which public opinion considered in the light of a triumph for the defendant, was not followed up by any judgment, in consequence of the rupture of the peace occurring soon after. It is melancholy to reflect that this nervous susceptibility to the libels of the English papers contributed certainly as much as, and perhaps more than, the consideration of great political interests, to the renewal of hostilities. The public would be astonished at a great many things, if they could only look under the cards.

I have anticipated the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, that I might not interrupt what I had to mention respecting Bonaparte's hatred of the liberty of the press. I now return to the end of the year 1801, the period of the expedition against St. Domingo.

The first consul, after dictating to me during nearly the whole of one night instructions for that expedition, sent for General Le Clerc, and said to him in my presence, "Here, take your instructions; you have a fine opportunity for filling your purse. Go, and no longer tease me with your eternal requests for money." The friendship which Bonaparte felt for his sister Pauline had a good deal of influence in inducing him to take this liberal way of enriching her husband.

The expedition left the ports of France on the 14th of December, 1801, and arrived off the Cape on the 1st of February, 1802. The fatal result of the enterprise is well known, but we are never to be cured of the folly of such absurd expeditions. In the instructions given to Le Clerc, every thing was foreseen; but it was painful to know that the choice of one of the youngest, and least capable, of all the generals of the army, left no hope of a successful result.

This enterprise, planned rashly, and in some degree through ill-humour, occasioned by the vexatious and uncertain character of the preliminaries, appeared to me a great fault. I never met any one who augured well of it. The chances were a hundred to one that the result would be fatal, and that Bonaparte's fortune would on this occasion totally abandon him. This hazardous project cost us a fine army, and large sums of money. It was condemned by all contemporaries, except the most servile flatterers; and it certainly will not escape the censure of posterity, if posterity trouble itself about the matter. The funds belonging to the chest of the Naval Invalids were appropriated to the first expenses of the expedition; and this sacrilege created no favourable foreboding of its success. The colony has at last been sold to the negroes, which was the best thing that could be done, provided they pay. But that they will not do; and it would be absurd and disgraceful to attempt to bring back to the condition of beasts of burden an entire population, which has

The Battle of Hohenlinden.

Vol. i., page 438.

Toussaint L'Ouverture brought to France.

Vol. i., page 455.

been emancipated by the course of events, and which has acquired a rank in the scale of human society.

The expedition to St. Domingo was one of Bonaparte's great errors. Almost every person whom he consulted endeavoured to dissuade him from it. He attempted a justification through the medium of his historians of St. Helena; but does he succeed when he says, "That he was obliged to yield to the advice of his council of state?" He, truly, was a likely man to submit a question of war to the discussion of the council of state, or to be guided in such an affair by any council!

Bonaparte dictated to me a letter for Toussaint, full of sounding words and fine promises, informing him that his two children, who had been educated in Paris, were sent back to him, offering him the title of vice-governor, and stating that he ought readily to assist in an arrangement which would contribute to reconnect the colony with the mother country. Toussaint, who had at first shown a disposition to close with the bargain, yet feeling afraid of being deceived by the French, and probably induced by ambitious motives, resolved on war. He displayed a great deal of talent; but being attacked before the climate had thinned the French ranks, he was unable to oppose a fresh army, numerous and inured to war. He capitulated and retired to a plantation, which he was not to leave without Le Clerc's permission. A feigned conspiracy on the part of the blacks formed a pretence for accusing Toussaint, and he was seized and sent to France.

Toussaint was brought to Paris in the beginning of August. He was sent, in the first instance, to the Temple, whence he was removed to the Château de Joux. His imprisonment was rigorous: few comforts were allowed him. This treatment, his recollection of the past, his separation from the world, and the effects of our climate, accelerated his death, which took place a few months after his arrival in France. The reports which spread concerning his death, the assertion that it was not a natural one, and that it had been caused by poison, obtained no credit. I should add, that Toussaint wrote a letter to Bonaparte; but I never saw in it the expression attributed to him—"The first man of the blacks to the first man of the whites!" Bonaparte acknowledged that the black leader possessed energy, courage, and great skill. I am sure that he would have rejoiced if the result of his relations with St. Domingo had been something else than the kidnapping and transportation of Toussaint.

Le Clerc, after fruitless efforts to conquer the colony, was himself carried off by the yellow fever. Rochambeau succeeded him, and was as unsuccessful as Menou had been in Egypt. The submission of the blacks, which could only have been obtained by conciliation, he endeavoured to compel by violence. At last, in December, 1803, he surrendered to an English squadron, and abandoned the island to Dessalines.

Bonaparte often experienced severe bodily pain, and I have now little doubt that his suffering was occasioned by the commencement of that malady which terminated his life at St. Helena. These pains affected him most acutely on the night when he dictated to me the instructions for General Le Clerc. It was very late when I conducted him to his apartment. We had just been taking a cup of chocolate, a beverage of which we always partook when our business lasted longer than one o'clock in the morning. He never took a light with him when he went up to his bedroom. I gave him my arm, and we had scarcely got beyond the little staircase which leads to the corridor, when he was rudely run against by a man, who was endeavouring to escape as quickly as possible by the staircase. The first consul did not fall, because I supported him. We soon gained his chamber, where we found Josephine, who having heard the noise, awoke greatly alarmed. From the investigations which were immediately made, it appeared that the uproar was occasioned by a fellow who had been keeping an assignation, and had exceeded the usual hour for his departure.

On the 7th of January, 1802, Mademoiselle Hortense was married to Louis Bonaparte. As the custom was not yet resumed of adding the religious ceremony to the civil contract, the nuptial benediction was, on this occasion, privately given by a priest at the house, Rue de la Victoire. Bonaparte also caused the marriage of his sister Caroline,* which had taken place two years before, to be consecrated in the same manner; but he and his wife did not follow the example. Had he then an idea of separating from Josephine, and therefore an unwillingness to render a divorce more difficult by giving his marriage a religious sanction? I am rather inclined to think, from what he said to me, that his neglecting to take a part in the religious ceremony, arose from indifference.

Bonaparte said, at St. Helena, speaking of Louis and Hortense, that "they loved each other when they married: they desired to be united. The marriage was, also, the result of Josephine's intrigues, who found her account in it." One fact is certain, and that is, that they did not love each other at all. Hortense was passionately attached to Duroc, who did not return her affection with equal ardour. The first consul consented to their marriage; but Josephine, who was desirous of obtaining some support against her brothers-in-law, who never ceased to persecute her, wished to have Hortense united to Louis. She acquainted me with her wish, and I told her that she had concealed her intentions too long, as I had promised my services in favour of the young lovers, and had done so the more willingly because I knew the first consul's opinion was favourable to the union with Duroc. I added, that her daughter

* The wife of Murat, and the cleverest of Bonaparte's sisters.

could not restrain her tears when Louis was mentioned to her as a husband. The first consul, in the expectation that Duroc's marriage with Hortense would take place, had sent to him his brevet, as general of division, by an extraordinary courier, who went to Holland, through which Duroc had to pass on his return from St. Petersburg.

During Duroc's absence, the correspondence of the lovers passed, by their consent, through my hands. Every night I used to make one in a party at billiards, at which Hortense played very well. When I told her, in a whisper, that I had got a letter for her, she would immediately leave off playing, and run to her chamber, where I followed, and gave her Duroc's epistle. When she opened it her eyes would fill with tears, and it was some time before she could return to the saloon.

When we were at Malmaison those intrigues continued. At the Tuileries the same conduct was pursued, but then the probability of success was on Duroc's side; I even congratulated him on his prospects, but he received my compliments in a very cold manner. In a few days after, Josephine succeeded in changing the whole face of affairs. Her heart was entirely set on the marriage of Louis with her daughter; and prayers, entreaties, caresses, and all those little arts which she so well knew how to use, were employed to win the first consul to her purpose. On the 4th of January the first consul, after dinner, entered our cabinet, where I was employed. "Where is Duroc?" he inquired.—"He has gone to the opera, I believe."—"Tell him, as soon as he returns, that I have promised Hortense to him, and he shall have her. But I wish the marriage to take place in two days, at the latest. I will give him five hundred thousand francs, and name him commandant of the eighteenth military division; but he must set out the day after his marriage, with his wife, for Toulon. We must live apart; I want no son-in-law at home. As I wish to come to some conclusion, let me know, to-night, whether this plan will satisfy him."—"I think it will not."—"Very well! then she shall marry Louis."—"Will she like that?"—"She must like it."—The first consul gave me these directions in a very abrupt manner, which made me think that some little domestic warfare had been raging, and that to put an end to it he had come to propose his ultimatum. At half-past ten in the evening, Duroc returned; I reported to him, word for word, the proposition of the first consul. "Since it has come to that, my good friend," said he, "tell him he may keep his daughter, for me. I am going to see the ———," and, with an indifference for which I cannot account, he took his hat and went off.* The first consul, before

* Constant mentions that Duroc subsequently married Mademoiselle Hervas d'Alménara, the daughter of a wealthy Spanish banker. The lady was neither handsome nor amiable; but she possessed a vast fortune, and Bonaparte himself solicited her hand for his aide-de-camp.

going to bed, was informed of Duroc's reply, and Josephine received from him the promise that Louis and Hortense should be married. The marriage took place a few days after, to the great regret of Hortense, and probably to the satisfaction of Duroc. Louis submitted to have forced on him as a wife, a woman, who had hitherto avoided him as much as possible. She always manifested as much indifference for him, as he displayed repugnance for her, and those sentiments are not yet effaced.†

Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that he wished to unite Louis with a niece of Talleyrand. I can only say, that I never heard a word of this niece, either from himself, his wife, or his daughter; and I rather think, that at that time the first consul was looking after a royal alliance for Louis. He often expressed regret at the precipitate marriages of his sisters. It should be recollected, that we were now in the year which saw the consulship for life established, and which, consequently, gave presage of the empire. Napoleon said truly to the companions of his exile, that "Louis's marriage was the result of Josephine's intrigues," but I cannot understand how he never mentioned the intention he once had of uniting Hortense to Duroc. Here I am happy to have it in my power to contradict most formally and most positively certain infamous insinuations which have prevailed respecting Bonaparte and Hortense. Those who have asserted that Bonaparte ever entertained towards Hortense any other sentiments than those of a father-in-law for a daughter-in-law, have, as the ancient knights used to say, "lied in their throats."

† "The marriage of Louis Bonaparte took place on the 7th of January. The bride and bridegroom were exceedingly dull, and Mademoiselle Hortense wept during the whole of the ceremony. Josephine, knowing that this union, which commenced so inauspiciously, was her own work, anxiously endeavoured to establish a more cordial feeling between her daughter and son-in-law. But all her efforts were vain, and the marriage proved a very unhappy one."—*Mémoires de Constant.* (*Editor.*)

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### 1802—1803.

Bonaparte president of the Cisalpine republic—Meeting of the Deputation at Lyons—Malta and the English—My immortality—Fête given by Madame Murat—Erasures from the emigrant list—Restitution of property—General Sebastiani—Lord Whitworth—Napoleon's first symptoms of disease—Corvisart—Influence of physical suffering on Napoleon's temper—Articles for the Moniteur—General Andréossi—M. Talleyrand's pun—Jerome Bonaparte—Extravagance of Bonaparte's brothers—M. Collot and the navy contract.

Bonaparte was anxious to place the Cisalpine republic on a footing of harmony with the government of France. It was necessary to select a president who should perfectly agree with Bonaparte's views; and in this respect no one could be so suitable as Bonaparte himself. Not wishing to be long absent from Paris, and anxious to avoid the trouble of the journey to Milan, he appointed to meet the deputation at Lyons. Before our departure I said to him, "Is it possible that you do not wish to revisit Italy, the first scene of your glory, and the beautiful capital of Lombardy, where you were the object of so much homage?"—"I certainly should," replied the first consul, "but the journey to Milan would occupy too much precious time. I prefer that the meeting should take place in France. My influence over the deputies will be more prompt and certain at Lyons than at Milan; and then I should be glad to see the noble wreck of the army of Egypt, which is collected at Lyons."

On the 8th of January, 1802, we set out. Bonaparte, who was now ready to ascend the throne of France, wished to prepare the Italians for one day crowning him King of Italy, in imitation of Charlemagne, of whom in anticipation he considered himself the successor. He saw that the title of President of the Cisalpine Republic was a great advance towards the sovereignty of Lombardy, as he afterwards found that the consulate for life was a decisive step towards the throne of France. He obtained the title of president without much difficulty on the 26th of January, 1802. The journey to Lyons, and the

conferences, were only matters of form; but high-sounding words and solemn proceedings had their effect on the public mind.*

The attempts which had been made on the life of the first consul gave rise to a report that he took extraordinary precautions for his safety during this journey to Lyons. I never saw those precautions, and Bonaparte was at all times averse to adopt any. He often repeated, "That whoever would risk his own life, might take his." He therefore travelled like a private person, and very rarely had arms in his carriage.

On the 25th of March of the same year, England signed, at Amiens, a suspension of arms for fourteen months, which was called a treaty of peace. The clauses of this treaty were not calculated to inspire the hope of a very long peace. It was evident, as I have already said, that England would not evacuate Malta; and that island ultimately proved the chief cause of the rupture of the treaty of Amiens. But England, heretofore so haughty in her bearing to the first consul, had, at length, treated with him as the head of the French government. This, as Bonaparte was aware, boded well for the consolidation of his power.

At that moment, when he saw his glory and power augmenting, he said to me, in one of our walks at Malmaison, "Well, Bourrienne, you also will be immortal!"—"Why, general?"—"Are you not my secretary?"—"Tell me the name of Alexander's,"† said I. Bonaparte then turned to me, and laughing, said, "Hem! that is not bad." There was, to be sure, a little flattery conveyed in my question, but that never displeased him, and I certainly did not, in that instance, deserve the censure he often bestowed on me, for not being enough of a courtier and flatterer.

Madame Murat gave a grand fête in honour of Bonaparte, at her residence at Neuilly. At dinner Bonaparte sat opposite Madame Murat at the principal table, which was appropriated to the ladies. He eat fast, and talked but little. However, when the dessert was served, he put a question to each lady. This question was to inquire their respective ages. When Madame Bourrienne's turn came, he said to her, "Oh! I know yours." This was a great deal for his gallantry, and the other ladies were far from being pleased at it.

Next day, while walking with me at Malmaison, he received one of those stupid reports of the police which were so frequently addressed to him. It mentioned the observations which

* Ugo Foscolo, the author of the "Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis," a work which enjoys great and merited reputation in Italy, was at Lyons at the time of the meeting of the Cisalpine Senate.

† Bonaparte did not know the name of Alexander's secretary, and I forgot at the moment to tell him it was Callisthenes. He wrote Alexander's Memoirs, as I am writing Bonaparte's: but notwithstanding this coincidence, I neither expect nor desire the immortality of my name.

had been made in Paris about a green livery he had lately adopted. Some said that green had been chosen, because it was the colour of the house of Artois. On reading that, a slight sneer was observable in his countenance, and he said, "What are these animals dreaming of? They must be joking, surely. Am I no better than M. d'Artois? They shall soon see the difference."

Until the middle of the year 1801, the erasures from the emigrant list had always been proposed by the minister of police. The first consul having been informed that intrigue and even bribery had been employed to obtain them, determined that in future erasures should be part of the business of his cabinet. But other affairs took up his attention, and a dozen or fifteen erasures a week were the most that were made. After *Te Deum* had been chanted at Malmaison for the concordat and the peace, I took advantage of that moment of general joy to propose to Bonaparte the return of the whole body of emigrants. "You have," said I, in a half-joking way, "reconciled Frenchmen to God—now reconcile them to each other. There have never been any real emigrants, only absentees; and the proof of this is, that erasures from the list have always been, and will always be made, daily." He immediately seized the idea. "We shall see," said he; "but I must except a thousand persons belonging to high families, especially those who are, or have been, connected with royalty or the court."

I said, in the chamber of deputies, and I feel pleasure in repeating here, that the plan of the *senatus consultum*, which Bonaparte dictated to me, excepted from restitution only such mansions as were used for public establishments. These he would neither surrender nor pay rent for. With those exceptions, he was willing to restore almost all that was possessed by the state, and had not been sold.

The first consul, as soon as he had finished this plan of a decree, convoked a grand council to submit it to their consideration. I was in an adjoining room to that in which they met, and as the deliberations were carried on with great warmth, the members talking very loudly, sometimes even vociferating, I heard all that passed. The revolutionary party rejected all propositions of restitution. They were willing to call back their victims, but they would not part with the spoil.

When the first consul returned to his cabinet, dissatisfied with the ill success of his project, I took the liberty of saying to him, "You cannot but perceive, general, that your object has been defeated, and your project unsuccessful. The refusal to restore to the emigrants all that the state possesses, takes from the recal all its generosity and dignity of character. I wonder how you could yield to such an unreasonable and selfish opposition."—"The revolutionary party," replied he, "had the majority in the council. What could I do? Am I strong enough to overcome all those obstacles?"—"General,

you can revive the question again, and oppose the party you speak of."—"That would be difficult," he said; "they still have a high hand in these matters. Time is required. However, nothing is definitively arranged. We shall see what can be done." The *senatus consultum*, published on the 6th Floréal, year X. (26th of April, 1802), a fortnight after the above conversation took place, is well known. Bonaparte was then obliged to yield to the revolutionary party, or he would have adhered to his first proposition.

The royalists, dissatisfied with the state of political affairs, were not better pleased with the illiberal conditions of the recal of the emigrants. The friends of public liberty, on the other hand, were far from being satisfied with the other acts of the first consul, or with the conduct of the different public authorities, who were always ready to make concessions to him. Thus all parties were dissatisfied.

Bonaparte was much pleased with General Sebastiani's conduct, when he was sent to Constantinople, after the peace of Amiens, to induce the grand signior to renew his amicable relations with France.

At the period here alluded to, namely, before the news of the evacuation of Egypt, that country greatly occupied Bonaparte's attention. He thought that to send a man like Sebastiani travelling through Northern Africa, Egypt, and Syria, might inspire the sovereigns of those countries with a more favourable idea of France than they now entertained, and might remove the ill impressions which England was endeavouring to produce. On this mission Sebastiani was accordingly despatched. He visited all the Barbary states, Egypt, Palestine, and the Ionian Isles. Every where he drew a highly-coloured picture of the power of Bonaparte, and depreciated the glory of England.* He strengthened old connexions, and contracted new ones, with the chiefs of each country. He declared to the authorities of the Ionian Isles, that they might rely on the powerful protection of France. Bonaparte, in my opinion, expected too much from the labours of a single individual, furnished with but vague instructions. Still Sebastiani did all that could be done. The interesting details of his proceedings were published in the Moniteur. The secret information, respecting the means of successfully attacking the English establishments in India, was very curious, though not affording the hope of speedy success.

The published abstract of General Sebastiani's report was full of expressions hostile to England. Among other things, it was stated that Egypt might be conquered with six thousand men, and that the Ionian Isles were disposed to throw off the yoke. There can be no doubt that this publication hastened the rupture of the treaty of Amiens.

England suspended all discussions respecting Malta, and de-

* This general, or Count Sebastiani, subsequently became ambassador for Louis Philippe at our court.—*Editor*

clared that she would not resume them till the King of Great Britain should receive satisfaction for what was called an act of hostility. This was always put forward as a justification, good or bad, for breaking the treaty of Amiens, which England had never shown herself very ready to execute.

Bonaparte, waving the usual forms of etiquette, expressed his wish to have a private conference with Lord Whitworth, the ambassador from London to Paris, and who had been the English ambassador at St. Petersburg previously to the rupture which preceded the death of Paul I. Bonaparte counted much on the effect he might produce by that captivating manner which he so well knew how to assume in conversation; but all was in vain. In signing the treaty of Amiens, the British minister was well aware that he would be the first to break it.

About the commencement of the year 1802, Napoleon began to feel acute pains in his right side. I have often seen him at Malmaison, when sitting up at night, lean against the right arm of his chair, and unbuttoning his coat and waistcoat, exclaim, "What pain I feel!" I would then accompany him to his bed-chamber, and have often been obliged to support him on the little staircase which led from his cabinet to the corridor. He frequently used to say at this time, "I fear that when I am forty, I shall become a great eater: I have a foreboding that I shall grow very corpulent." This fear of obesity, though it annoyed him very much, did not appear to have the least foundation, judging from his habitual temperance and spare habit of body. He asked me who was my physician. I told him M. Corvisart, whom his brother Louis had recommended to me. A few days after, he called in Corvisart, who, at a subsequent period, was appointed first physician to the emperor. He appeared to derive much benefit from the prescriptions of Corvisart, whose open and good-humoured countenance at once made favourable impression on him.

The pain Bonaparte suffered augmented his irritability, and influenced many acts of that period of his life. He would often destroy in the morning what he had dictated over-night; and sometimes I would take upon me to keep back articles which he had ordered to be sent to the Moniteur, and which I thought likely to produce a mischievous effect. In the morning he would sometimes express surprise at not seeing in the Moniteur an article he had dictated the night before. After making some excuse for not sending it, I would show it him, that he might look it over again. Having read it and made some observations on it, he usually tore it up, saying it would not do.

After the peace of Amiens, the first consul, wishing to send an ambassador to England, cast his eyes—for what reason I know not—on General Andréossi. I took the liberty of making some observation on a choice which did not appear to me to correspond with the importance of the mission. Bonaparte re-

plied, "I have not determined on it: I will talk to Talleyrand on the subject." When we were at Malmaison in the evening, M. de Talleyrand came to transact business with the first consul. The proposed appointment of an ambassador to England was mentioned. After several persons had been named, the first consul said, "I believe I must send Andréossi." M. de Talleyrand, who was not much pleased with the choice, observed, in a dry sarcastic tone, "You must send André *aussi!** Pray, who is this André?"—"I did not mention any André; I said Andréossi. You know Andréossi, the general of artillery?"—"Ah! true; Andréossi: I did not think of him: I was thinking only of the diplomatic men, and did not recollect any of that name. Yes, yes; Andréossi is in the artillery!" The general was appointed ambassador, and went to London after the treaty of Amiens; but he returned again in a few months. He had nothing of consequence to do, which was very lucky for him.

In 1802, Jerome was at Brest, in the rank of *enseigne de vaisseau.*† He launched into expenses, far beyond what his fortune or his pay could maintain. He often drew upon me for sums of money, which the first consul paid with much unwillingness. One of his letters, in particular, excited Napoleon's anger. The epistle was filled with accounts of the entertainments Jerome was giving and receiving; and ended by stating, that he should draw on me for seventeen thousand francs. To this Bonaparte wrote the following reply.

I have read your letter, Monsieur l'Enseigne de Vaisseau; and I shall be glad to hear that you are studying, on board your corvette, a profession which you ought to consider as your road to glory. Die young, and I shall have some consolatory reflection; but if you live to sixty without having served your country, and without leaving behind you any honourable recollections, you had better not have lived at all.

Jerome never fulfilled the wishes of his brother, who always called him a little profligate. From his earliest years his conduct was often a source of vexation to his brother and his family. Westphalia will not soon forget that he was her king; and his subjects did not without reason surname him Heliogabalus in miniature.

The first consul was harassed by the continual demands of money made on him by his brothers. To get rid of Joseph, who expended large sums at Morfontaine, as Lucien did at Neuilly, he gave M. Collot the contract for victualling the navy, on the condition of his paying Joseph fifteen thousand francs a year out

* Perhaps this witticism may require a little explanation to be rendered intelligible to the merely English reader. *André* (Andrew) is a common French name: *aussi*, means also. The two words pronounced together come near enough to the name of Andreossi; but the double meaning of Talleyrand was "You must send Andrew also; who is this Andrew?"—*Editor.*

† A rank in the navy equivalent to that of our lieutenant.—*Editor.*

of his profits. I believe this arrangement answered Joseph's purpose very well; but it was any thing but advantageous to M. Collot. I think a whole year elapsed without his pocketing a single farthing. He obtained an audience of the first consul, to whom he stated his grievances. His outlays he showed were enormous, and he could get no payment from the navy-office. Upon which the consul angrily interrupted him, saying, "Do you think I am a mere capuchin? Decrés must have one hundred thousand crowns, Duroc one hundred thousand, Bourrienne one hundred thousand; you must make the payments, and don't come here troubling me with your long stories. It is the business of my ministers to give me accounts of such matters; I will hear Decrés, and that's enough. Let me be teased no longer with these complaints; I cannot attend to them." Bonaparte then very unceremoniously dismissed M. Collot. I learned afterwards that he did not get a settlement of the business until after a great deal of trouble. M. Collot once said to me, "If he had asked me for as much money as would have built a frigate, he should have had it. All I want now is, to be paid, and to get rid of the business." M. Collot had reason and honour on his side; but there was nothing but shuffling on the other.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### 1802.

Proverbial falsehood of bulletins—M. Doublet—Creation of the Legion of Honour—Opposition to it in the council, and other authorities of the state—The partisans of an hereditary system—The question of the consulship for life—M. de la Fayette's intercourse with Bonaparte—His letter, and conditional vote.

The historian of these times ought to put no faith in the bulletins, despatches, notes, and proclamations, which have emanated from Bonaparte, or passed through his hands. For my part, I believe that the proverb, "As great a liar as a bulletin," has as much truth in it as the axiom, two and two make four.

The bulletins always announced what Bonaparte wished to be believed true; but to form a proper judgment on any fact, counter bulletins must be sought for and consulted. It is well known, too, that Bonaparte attached great importance to the place whence he dated his bulletins; thus, he dated his decrees respecting the theatres and Hamburg beef, at Moscow.

The official documents were almost always incorrect. There was falsity in the exaggerated descriptions of his victories, and

falsity again in the suppression or palliation of his reverses and losses. A writer, if he took his materials from the bulletins and the official correspondence of the time, would compose a romance rather than a true history. Of this many proofs have been given in the present work.

Another thing, which always appeared to me very remarkable, was, that Bonaparte, notwithstanding his incontestable superiority, studied to depreciate the reputations of his military commanders, and to throw on their shoulders faults which he had committed himself. It is notorious, that complaints and remonstrances, as energetic as they were well founded, were frequently addressed to General Bonaparte, on the subject of his unjust and partial bulletins; which often attributed the success of a day to some one who had very little to do with it, and made no mention of the officer who actually had the command. The complaints made by the officers and soldiers stationed at Damietta, compelled General Lanusse, the commander, to remonstrate against the alteration of a bulletin, by which an engagement with a body of Arabs was represented as an insignificant affair, and the loss trifling; though the general had stated the action to be one of importance, and the loss considerable. The mistatement, in consequence of his spirited and energetic remonstrances, was corrected.

Bonaparte took Malta, as is well known, in forty-eight hours. The empire of the Mediterranean, secured to the English by the battle of Aboukir, and their numerous cruising vessels, gave them the means of starving the garrison, and of thus forcing General Vaubois, the commandant of Malta, who was cut off from all communication with France, to capitulate. Accordingly, on the 4th of September, 1800, he yielded up the Gibraltar of the Mediterranean, after a noble defence of two years. These facts require to be stated, in order the better to understand what follows.

On the 22d February, 1802, a person of the name of Doublet, who was the commissary of the French government at Malta, when we possessed that island, called upon me at the Tuileries. He complained bitterly, that the letter which he had written from Malta to the first consul, on the 2d Ventose, year VIII. (9th February, 1800) had been altered in the Moniteur. "I congratulated him," said M. Doublet, "on the 18th Brumaire, and informed him of the state of Malta, which was very alarming. Quite the contrary was printed in the Moniteur, and that is what I complain of. It placed me in a very disagreeable situation at Malta, where I was accused of having concealed the real situation of the island, in which I was discharging a public function, that gave weight to my words." I observed to him, that as I was not the editor of the Moniteur, it was of no use to apply to me; but I told him to give me a copy of the letter, and I would mention the subject to the first consul, and

communicate the answer to him. Doublet searched his pocket for the letter, but could not find it. He said he would send a copy, and begged me to discover how the error originated. On the same day he sent me the copy of the letter, in which, after congratulating Bonaparte on his return, the following passage occurs: "Hasten to save Malta with men and provisions: no time is to be lost." For this passage these words were substituted in the Moniteur: "His name inspires the brave defenders of Malta with fresh courage; we have men and provisions."

Ignorant of the motives of so strange a perversion, I showed this letter to the first consul. He shrugged up his shoulders, and said, laughing, "Take no notice of him: he is a fool; give yourself no further trouble about it."

It was clear there was nothing more to be done. It was, however, in despite of me that M. Doublet was played this ill turn. I represented to the first consul the inconveniences which M. Doublet might experience from this affair. But I very rarely saw letters or reports published as they were received. I can easily understand how particular motives might be alleged in order to justify such falsifications; for when the path of candour and good faith is departed from, any pretext is put forward to excuse bad conduct. What sort of a history would he write, who should consult only the pages of the Moniteur?

After the vote for adding a second ten years to the duration of Bonaparte's consulship, he created, on the 19th of May, the order of the Legion of Honour. The noblesse were mightily pleased with this institution. Thus, in a short space of time, the concordate to tranquillize consciences and re-establish harmony in the church; the decree to recal the emigrants; the continuance of a consular power for ten years, by way of preparation for the consulship for life, and the possession of the empire; and the creation, in a country which had abolished all distinctions, of an order which was to engender prodigies, followed closely on the heels of each other. The Bourbons, in reviving the abolished orders, were wise enough to preserve along with them the Legion of Honour.

It has already been seen how, in certain circumstances, the first consul always escaped from the consequences of his own precipitation, and got rid of his blunders by throwing the blame on others—as, for example, in the affair of the parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte. He was, indeed, so precipitate, that one might say, had he been a gardener, he would have wished to see the fruits ripen before the blossoms had fallen off. This inconsiderate haste nearly proved fatal to the creation of the Legion of Honour, a project which ripened in his mind as soon as he beheld the orders glittering at the button-holes of the foreign ministers. He would frequently exclaim, "This is well! These are the things for the people!"

I was, I must confess, a decided partisan of the foundation in France of a new chivalric order, because I think, in every well-conducted state, the chief of the government ought to do all in his power to stimulate the honour of the citizens, and to render them more sensible to honorary distinctions than to pecuniary advantages. I tried, however, at the same time, to warn the first consul of his precipitancy. He heard me not; but I must with equal frankness confess, that on this occasion I was soon freed from all apprehension with respect to the consequences of the difficulties he had to encounter in the council, and in the other constituted orders of the state.

On the 4th of May, 1801, he brought forward, for the first time officially, in the council of state, the question of the establishment of the Legion of Honour, which on the 19th following was proclaimed a law of the state. The opposition to this measure was very great, and all the power of the first consul, the force of his arguments, and the immense influence of his position, could procure him no more than fourteen votes out of twenty-four. The same feeling was displayed at the tribunate, where the measure only passed by a majority of fifty-six to thirty-eight. The balance was about the same in the legislative body, where the votes were one hundred and sixty-six to one hundred and ten. It follows, then, that out of the three hundred and ninety-four voters in those three separate bodies, a majority only of seventy-eight was obtained. Surprised at so feeble a majority, the first consul said in the evening, "Ah! I see very clearly the prejudices are still too strong. You were right; I should have waited. It was not a thing of such urgency. But then it must be owned, the speakers for the measure defended it badly. The strong minority has not judged me fairly."—"Be calm," rejoined I: "without doubt it would have been better to wait; but the thing is done, and you will soon find that the taste for these distinctions is not near gone by. It is a taste which belongs to the nature of man. You may expect some extraordinary circumstances from this creation—you will soon see them."

In April, 1802, the first consul employed all his artifice to get himself declared consul for life. It is, perhaps, at this epoch of his career that he most brought into play those principles of duplicity and dissimulation which are commonly called Machiavellian. Never were trickery, falsehood, cunning, and affected moderation, put into play with more talent or success.

In the month of March, hereditary succession and a dynasty were in every body's mouths. Lucien was the most violent propagator of these ideas, and he pursued his vocation of apostle with constancy and address. It has already been mentioned, that, by his brother's confession, he published in 1800 a pamphlet, enforcing the same ideas; which work Bonaparte afterwards condemned as a premature development of his pro-

jects. M. de Talleyrand, whose ideas could not be otherwise than favourable to the monarchical form of government, was ready to enter into explanations with the cabinets of Europe on the subject. The words which now constantly resounded in every ear were "stability and order," under cloak of which the downfall of the people's right was to be concealed. At the same time, Bonaparte, with the view of disparaging the real friends of constitutional liberty, always called them *idéologues*, or terrorists. Madame Bonaparte opposed with fortitude the influence of councils which she believed fatal to her husband. He indeed spoke rarely, and seldom confidentially, with her, on politics or public affairs. "Mind your distaff or your needle," was with him a common phrase. The individuals who applied themselves with most perseverance in support of the hereditary question were, Lucien, Rœderer, Regnault de St.-Jean-d'Angély, and Fontanes. Their efforts were aided by the conclusion of peace with England, which, by re-establishing general tranquillity for a time, afforded the first consul an opportunity of forwarding any plan.

At this period, when the consulate for life was only in embryo, flattering counsels poured in from all quarters, and tended to encourage the first consul in his design of grasping at absolute power.

Liberty rejected an unlimited power, and set bounds to the means he wished and had to employ in order to gratify his excessive love of war and conquest. "The present state of things, this consulate of ten years," said he to me, "does not satisfy me; I consider it calculated to excite unceasing troubles." On the 7th of July, 1801, he observed, "The question whether France will be a republic is still doubtful: it will be decided in less than five or six years." It was clear that he thought this too long a term. Whether he regarded France as his property, or considered himself as the people's delegate, and the defender of their rights, I am convinced the first consul wished the welfare of France; but then that welfare was in his mind inseparable from absolute power. It was with pain I saw him following this course. The friends of liberty, those who sincerely wished to maintain a government constitutionally free, allowed themselves to be prevailed upon to consent to an extension of ten years of power, beyond the ten years originally granted by the constitution. They made this sacrifice to glory and to that power which was its consequence; and they were far from thinking they were lending their support to shameless intrigues. They were firm, but for the moment only, and the nomination for life was rejected by the senate, who voted only ten years more power to Bonaparte.

The first consul dissembled his displeasure with that profound art which, when he could not do otherwise, he exercised to an extreme degree. To a message of the senate on the subject of

that nomination, he returned a calm, but evasive and equivocating answer; in which, nourishing his favourite hope of obtaining more from the people than from the senate, he declared with hypocritical humility, "That he would submit to this new sacrifice if the wish of the people demanded what the senate authorized." Such was the homage he paid to the sovereignty of the people, which was soon to be trampled under his feet.

An extraordinary convocation of the council of state took place on Monday, the 10th of May. A communication was made to them, not merely of the senate's consultation, but also of the first consul's adroit and insidious reply. The council regarded the first merely as a notification, and proceeded to consider on what question the people should be consulted. Not satisfied with granting to the first consul ten years of prerogative, the council thought it best to strike the iron while it was hot, and not to stop short in the middle of so pleasing a work. In fine, they decided that the following question should be put to the people: "Shall the first consul be appointed for life, and shall he have the power of nominating his successor?" The reports of the police had besides much influence on the result of this discussion; for they one and all declared that the whole of Paris demanded a consul for life, with the right of naming a successor. The decisions on these questions were carried as it were by storm. The appointment for life passed unanimously, and the right of naming the successor by a majority. The first consul, however, formally declared that he condemned this second measure, which had not originated with himself. On receiving the decision of the council of state, the first consul, to mask his plan for attaining absolute power, thought it advisable to appear to reject a part of what was offered him. He therefore cancelled that clause which proposed to give him the power of appointing a successor, and which had been carried by a small majority.

An account of the liberation of the prisoners detained at Olmutz has already been given. Bonaparte made great efforts to attain that object, and showed much greatness of character in the course of the negotiation. He confessed himself that of all the demands he ever made in his life, that was the most difficult of accomplishment. M. de La Fayette visited the first consul after the battle of Marengo, and remained above two hours with him. I recollect after he left, the first consul told me, "There is nothing to be done with him: I am tired of him. He will hear nothing I have to say. He is a man whose principles are estimable, but there is a spice of prejudice and exaggeration in them."

Shortly after, in the beginning of September, 1800, M. de La Fayette was invited by Joseph Bonaparte to the entertainment given to the Americans on the occasion of the treaty of commerce and amity just concluded with the United States. The first consul,

whose intrigues were then going on successfully, and who had reasons enough for his satisfaction, offered M. de La Fayette a seat in the senate. M. de La Fayette declined the offer, but continued, nevertheless, to see the consul, and to be with him on terms of reciprocal esteem. The period when Bonaparte wished to become consul for life, put an end to these friendly relations. M. de La Fayette was opposed to the measure, unless a sufficient guarantee was given for political liberty. To justify his opposition, he wrote Bonaparte the following letter:

Lagrange, 1 Prairial, year X.

General,

When an individual, penetrated with the gratitude due to your merits, and too sensible to glory not to admire that which attaches to you, puts restrictions on his suffrage, those reservations will be looked on with little suspicion, since it is known that no one more than myself would desire to see you the first magistrate of a free republic. The 18th Brumaire saved France; and my memory naturally recurs to that period, when I think on the liberal professions with which you identified your name; since that period, all have perceived in the consular power that healing dictatorship, which, under the auspices of your genius, has performed such great things; less great, however, than would be the restoration of liberty. It is impossible that you, general, the first among that class of men, who, to compare or to rank themselves, must look through all ages, can wish that such a revolution, that so many victories, and so much blood, so many sorrows, and so many prodigies, should have for the world, and for you, no other result than an arbitrary government. The French people know their rights too well altogether to forget them; and perhaps they are now in a fitter condition to exercise those rights, than they were during the previous state of effervescence: and you, by the force of your character, and the confidence reposed in you by the public, by the superiority of your talents, by the influence of your life, of your fortune, may, while establishing liberty, control every danger, and dissipate all apprehensions. I should thus have only patriotic and personal motives for wishing, that in the completion of this work you may establish a permanent magistrateship for your glory. But it is due to the principles, the engagements, the actions of my whole life, not to give my vote until I ascertain that it can be founded on bases worthy of the nation and of you.

I trust, general, you will, as you have ever done, see that adherence to my political principles is accompanied with sincere wishes for your welfare, and a deep feeling of my obligations towards you.

Health and respect,

La Fayette.

To this letter was subjoined the following vote:

Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be consul for life?

I cannot vote for such an office until political liberty be sufficiently guaranteed: that done, I shall vote for Napoleon Bonaparte.

The first consul, as may readily be conceived, was by no

means pleased with M. de La Fayette's scruples. He impatiently ran over his letter and said to me, "I told you, truly, M. de La Fayette labours under a political monomania; he is obstinate; he does not understand me. I am sorry for it, as he is an honest man. I wanted to make him a senator, but he refused. Well! so much the worse for him; I can do without his vote."

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### 1802.

General Bernadotte pacifies La Vendée, and suppresses a mutiny at Tours—Bonaparte's injustice towards him—A premeditated scene—Advice given to Bernadotte, and Bonaparte disappointed—The first consul's residence at St. Cloud—His rehearsals for the empire—His contempt of mankind—Mr. Fox and Bonaparte—Information of plans of assassination—A military dinner given by Bonaparte—Moreau not of the party—Effect of the *senatus consulta* on the consulate for life—Journey to Plombières—Previous scene between Lucien and Josephine—Theatrical representations at Neuilly and Malmaison—Loss of a watch, and honesty rewarded—Canova at Saint Cloud—Bonaparte's reluctance to stand for a model.

Having arrived at nearly the middle of the career which I have undertaken to trace, before I advance further, I must go back for a few moments, as I have already frequently done, in order to introduce into this chapter some circumstances which escaped my recollection, or which I purposely reserved, that I might place them amongst facts analogous to them.

It was evident that Bernadotte must necessarily fall into a kind of disgrace, for not having supported Bonaparte's projects at the period of the overthrow of the Directory. The first consul, however, did not dare to revenge himself openly; but he watched for every opportunity to remove Bernadotte from his presence, to place him in difficult situations, and to intrust him with missions for which no precise instructions were given, in the hope that Bernadotte would commit faults, for which the first consul might make him wholly responsible.

At the commencement of the consulate, the deplorable war in La Vendée raged in all its intensity. The organization of the Chouans was complete, and this civil war caused Bonaparte much more uneasiness than that which he was obliged to conduct on the Rhine and in Italy; because, from the success of the Vendeans might arise a question respecting internal government, the solution of which was likely to be contrary to Bonaparte's views. The slightest success of the Vendeans spread alarm amongst the holders of national property; and, besides, there was no hope of reconciliation between France and Eng-

land, her eternal and implacable enemy, as long as the flame of insurrection remained unextinguished.

The task of terminating this unhappy struggle was obviously a difficult one. Bonaparte therefore resolved to impose it on Bernadotte; but this general's conciliatory disposition, his chivalrous manners, his tendency to indulgence, and a happy mixture of prudence and firmness, made him succeed where others would have failed. He finally established good order and submission to the laws.

Some time after the pacification of La Vendée, a rebellious disposition manifested itself at Tours, amongst the soldiers of the fifty-second regiment. The men refused to march until they received their arrears of pay. Bernadotte, as commander-in-chief of the army of the west, without being alarmed at the disturbance, ordered the fifty-second demi-brigade to be drawn up in the square of Tours, where, at the very head of the corps, the leaders of the mutiny were by his orders arrested, without any resistance being offered. Carnot, who was then minister of war, made a report to the first consul on this affair, which, but for the firmness of Bernadotte, might have been attended with disagreeable results. Carnot's report contained a plain statement of the facts, and of General Bernadotte's conduct. Bonaparte was, however, desirous to find in it some pretext for blaming him, and made me write these words on the margin of the report: "General Bernadotte did not act discreetly in adopting such severe measures against the fifty-second demi-brigade, he not having the means of re-establishing order in a town, the garrison of which was not strong enough to subdue the mutineers."

A few days after, the first consul having learned that the result of this affair was quite different from that which he affected to dread, and being convinced that by Bernadotte's firmness alone order had been restored, he found himself in some measure constrained to write to the general, and the dicated the following letter to me:

Paris, 11 Vendémiaire, year XI.

Citizen General,

I have read with interest the account of what you did to re-establish order in the fifty-second demi-brigade, and also the report of General Liebert, dated the 5th Vendémiaire. Tell that officer that the government is satisfied with his conduct. His promotion from the rank of colonel to that of general of brigade is confirmed. I wish that brave officer to come to Paris. He has afforded an example of firmness and energy which does honour to a soldier.

Bonaparte.

Thus in the same affair, Bonaparte, in a few days, from the spontaneous expression of blame, dictated by hate, was reduced to the necessity of declaring his approbation, which he did, as may be seen, with studied coldness, and even taking pains to

make his praises apply to Colonel Liebert, and not to the general-in-chief.

Time only served to augment Bonaparte's dislike of Bernadotte. It might be said that the further he advanced in his rapid march towards absolute power, the more animosity he cherished against the individual who had refused to aid his first steps in his adventurous career. At the same time, the persons about Bonaparte, who practised the art of flattering, failed not to multiply reports and insinuations against Bernadotte. I recollect one day, when there was to be a grand public levee, seeing Bonaparte so much out of temper, that I asked him the cause of it. "I can bear it no longer," he replied, impetuously. "I have resolved to have a scene with Bernadotte to-day. He will probably be here. I will open the fire, let what will come of it. He may do what he pleases. We shall see. It is time there should be an end of this."

I had never before observed the first consul so violently irritated. He was in a terrible passion, and I dreaded the moment when the levee was to open. When he left me to go down to the saloon, I availed myself of the opportunity to get there before him, which I could easily do, as the saloon was not twenty steps from the cabinet. By good luck, Bernadotte was the first person I saw. He was standing in the recess of a window, which looked on the square of the Carrousel. To cross the saloon, and reach the general, was the work of a moment. "General!" said I, "for God's sake retire!—I have good reasons for advising it!" Bernadotte seeing my extreme anxiety, and aware of the sincere sentiments of esteem and friendship which I entertained for him, consented to retire, and I regarded this as a triumph; for, knowing Bernadotte's frankness of character, and his nice sense of honour, I was quite certain that he would not submit to the harsh observations which Bonaparte intended to address to him. My stratagem had all the success I could desire. The first consul suspected nothing, and remarked only one thing, which was that his victim was absent. When the levee was over, he said to me, "What do you think of it, Bourrienne?—Bernadotte did not come."—"So much the better for him, general," was my reply. The first consul, on returning to Josephine, before he went down to the saloon, found me in the cabinet, and consequently could suspect nothing, and my communication with Bernadotte did not occupy five minutes. Bernadotte has always expressed himself much gratified with the proof of friendship I gave him at this delicate conjuncture. The fact is, that from a disposition of my mind, which I could not myself account for, the more Bonaparte's unjust hatred of Bernadotte increased, the more sympathy and admiration I felt for the noble character of the latter.

The event in question occurred in the spring of 1802. It was

at this period that Bonaparte first occupied St. Cloud. He was much pleased with that residence, because he found himself more at liberty there than at the Tuileries. It was at St. Cloud that the first consul made, if I may so express it, his first rehearsals of the grand drama of the empire. It was there he began to introduce, in external forms, the habits and etiquette which brought to mind the ceremonies of sovereignty. He soon perceived the influence which pomp of ceremony, brilliancy of appearance, and richness of costume, exercised over the mass of mankind. "Men," he remarked to me at this period, "well deserve the contempt I feel for them. I have only to put some gold lace on the coats of my virtuous republicans, and they immediately become just what I wish them."

I remember one day, after one of his frequent sallies of contempt for human kind, I observed to him that, although baubles might excite vulgar admiration, there were some distinguished men who did not permit themselves to be fascinated by their allurements; and I mentioned the celebrated Fox, by way of example, who, previously to the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, visited Paris, where he was remarked for his extreme simplicity. The first consul said, "Ah! you are right with respect to him. Mr. Fox is a truly great man, and pleases me much."

In fact, Bonaparte always received Mr. Fox's visits with the greatest satisfaction; and after every conversation they had together, he never failed to express to me the pleasure which he experienced in discoursing with a man every way worthy of the great celebrity he had attained. He considered him a very superior man, and wished he might have to treat with him in his future negotiations with England. It may be supposed that Mr. Fox, on his part, never forgot the terms of intimacy, I may say of confidence, on which he had been with the first consul. In fact, he on several occasions informed him, in time of war, of the plots formed against his life.* Less could not be ex-

* Bonaparte's friendship for Mr. Fox was perfectly sincere. It was a subject on which he often dwelt in his captivity at St. Helena:

"'Fox,' said he, 'was sincere and honest in his intentions; had he lived, there would have been a peace, and England would now be contented and happy. Fox knew the true interests of your country. He was received with a sort of triumph in every city in France through which he passed. Fêtes, and every honour the inhabitants could confer, were spontaneously offered, wherever he was known. It must have been a most gratifying sensation to him to be received in such a manner by a country which had been so long hostile to his own, particularly when he saw that they were the genuine sentiments of the people. Pitt, probably, would have been murdered. I liked Fox, and loved to converse with him. A circumstance occurred, which although accidental, must have been very flattering to him. As I paid him every attention, I gave orders that he should have free admission every where. One day he went with his family to see St. Cloud, in which there was a private cabinet of mine, that had not been opened for some time, and was never shown to strangers. By some accident Fox and his wife opened the door, and entered. There he

pected from a man of so noble a character. I can likewise affirm, having more than once been in possession of proofs of the fact, that the English government constantly rejected with indignation all such projects. I do not mean those which had for their object the overthrow of the consular or imperial government, but all plans of assassination, and secret attacks on the person of Bonaparte, whether first consul or emperor.* I must here request the indulgence of the reader, whilst I relate a circumstance which occurred a year before Mr. Fox's journey to Paris; but as it refers to Moreau, I believe that the transposition will be pardoned more easily than the omission.

During the summer of 1801, the first consul took a fancy to give a grand military dinner at a restaurateur's. The restaurateur he favoured with his company was Veri, whose establishment was situated on the terrace of the Feuillans. Bonaparte did not send an invitation to Moreau, whom I met by chance that day, in the following manner: The ceremony of the dinner at Veri's leaving me at liberty to dispose of my time, I availed myself of it to go and dine at a restaurateur's named Rose, who then enjoyed great celebrity amongst the distinguished gastronomes. I dined in company with M. Carbonnet, a friend of Moreau's family, and two or three other persons. Whilst we were at table in the rotunda, we were informed, by the waiter who attended on us, that General Moreau and his wife, with Lacuée, and two other military men, were in an adjoining apartment. Suchet, who had dined at Veri's, where he said every thing was prodigiously dull, on rising from the table joined Moreau's party. These details we learned from M. Carbonnet, who left us for a few moments to see the general and Madame Moreau.

Bonaparte's affectation in not inviting Moreau at the moment when the latter had returned a conqueror from the army of the Rhine, and at the same time the affectation of Moreau in going

saw the statues of a number of great men, chiefly patriots, such as Sidney, Hampden, Washington, Cicero, &c., Lord Chatham, and amongst the rest, his own, which was first recognised by his wife, who said, 'My dear, this is yours.' This little incident, although trifling and accidental, gained him great honour, and spread directly through Paris. The fact was, that a considerable time before, I had determined upon forming a collection of statues of the greatest men, and the most distinguished for their virtues, of all nations. I did not admire them the less because they were enemies, and had actually procured busts of some of the greatest enemies of France, amongst others, that of Nelson. I was afterwards diverted from this intention by occurrences which did not allow me time to attend to the collecting of statues.'

"Napoleon then recounted the noble manner in which Fox had made known to him the proposal that had been made to assassinate him, which generous act he did not fail to compare with the treatment he now received, and with the attempts made upon his life by wretches paid by * * * * in 1803, and landed in France in British men-of-war."—*Napoleon in Exile.*

* Though this fact is placed beyond the reach of a doubt, many memoir makers, and other French writers continue, even now, to assert that our government hired assassins.—*Editor.*

publicly the same day to dine at another restaurateur's, afforded ground for the supposition that the coolness which existed between them would soon be converted into enmity. The people of Paris naturally thought that the conqueror of Marengo might, without any degradation, have given the conqueror of Hohenlinden a seat at his table.

By the commencement of the year 1802, the republic had ceased to be any thing else than a fiction, or an historical recollection. All that remained of it was a deceptious inscription on the gates of the palace. Even previously to his installation at the Tuileries, Bonaparte had caused the two trees of liberty which were planted in the court to be thrown down; thus removing the outward emblems before he destroyed the reality. But the moment the senatorial decisions of the 2d and 4th of August were published, it was evident to the dullest perceptions that the power of the first consul wanted nothing but a name.

After these consulta, Bonaparte readily accustomed himself to regard the principal authorities of the state merely as necessary instruments for the exercise of his power. Interested advisers then crowded round him. It was seriously proposed that he should restore the ancient titles, as being more in harmony with the new power which the people had confided to him, than the republican forms. He was of opinion, however, according to his phrase, that "the pear was not yet ripe," and would not hear this project spoken of for a moment. "All this," he said to me one day, "will come in good time; but you must see, Bourrienne, that it is necessary I should, in the first place, assume a title, from which the others that I will give to every body will naturally take their origin. The greatest difficulty is surmounted, There is no longer any person to deceive. Every body sees as clear as day that it is only one step which separates the throne from the consulate for life. However, we must be cautious. There are some troublesome fellows in the tribunate, but I will take care of them."

Whilst these serious questions agitated men's minds, the greater part of the residents at Malmaison took a trip to Plombières. Josephine, Bonaparte's mother, Madame Beauharnais-Lavallette, Hortense, and General Rapp, were of this party. It pleased the fancy of the jocund company to address to me a bulletin of the pleasant and unpleasant occurrences of the journey. I insert this letter merely as a proof of the intimacy which existed between the undersigners and myself. It follows, precisely as I have preserved it, with the exception of the *blots* for which it will be seen they apologized.

ACCOUNT OF THE JOURNEY TO PLOMBIÈRES.

*To the Inhabitants of Malmaison.*

The whole party left Malmaison in tears, which brought on such dreadful headaches, that all the amiable persons were quite overcome by the idea of the journey. Madame Bonaparte, *mère*, supported

the fatigues of this memorable day with the greatest courage; but Madame Bonaparte, *consulesse*, did not show any. The two young ladies who sat in the dormeuse, Mademoiselle Hortense and Madame Lavallette, were rival candidates for a bottle of Eau de Cologne; and every now and then, the amiable M. Rapp made the carriage stop for the comfort of his poor little sick heart, which overflowed with bile: in fine, he was obliged to take to bed, on arriving at Epernay, while the rest of the amiable party tried to drown their sorrows in Champagne. The second day was more fortunate, on the score of health and spirits, but provisions were wanting, and great were the sufferings of the stomach. The travellers lived on the hope of a good supper at Toul; but despair was at its height, when, on arriving there, they found only a wretched inn, and nothing in it. We saw some odd-looking folks there, which indemnified us a little for spinage dressed with lamp-oil, and red asparagus, fried with curdled milk. Who would not have been amused to see the Malmaison gourmands seated at a table so shockingly served!

In no record of history is there to be found a day passed in distress so dreadful, as that on which we arrived at Plombières. On departing from Toul, we intended to breakfast at Nancy, for every stomach had been empty for two days; but the civil and military authorities came out to meet us, and prevented us from executing our plan. We continued our route, wasting away, so that you might see us growing thinner every moment. To complete our misfortune, the dormeuse, which seemed to have taken a fancy to embark on the Moselle for Metz, barely escaped an overturn. But at Plombières we have been well compensated for this unlucky journey, for on our arrival, we were received with all kinds of rejoicings. The town was illuminated, the cannon fired, and the faces of handsome women at all the windows, give us reason to hope that we shall bear our absence from Malmaison with the less regret.

With the exception of some anecdotes, which we reserve for chit-chat on our return, you have here a correct account of our journey, which we, the undersigned, hereby certify.

JOSEPHINE BONAPARTE.
BEAUHARNAIS-LAVALLETTE.
HORTENSE BEAUHARNAIS.
RAPP.
BONAPARTE, *mère*.

The company ask pardon for the blots.

21 Messidor.

It is requested that the person who receives this journal, will show it to all who take an interest in the fair travellers.

This journey to Plombières was preceded by a scene, which I should abstain from describing, if I had not undertaken to relate the truth respecting the family of the first consul. Two or three days before her departure, Madame Bonaparte sent for me. I obeyed the summons, and found her in tears. "What a man—what a man is that Lucien!" she exclaimed, in accents of grief. "If you knew, my friend, the shameful proposals he

has dared to make to me! 'You are going to the waters,' said he; 'you must get a child by some other person, since you cannot have one by him.' Imagine the indignation with which I received such advice.—'Well,' he continued, 'if you do not wish it, or cannot help it, Bonaparte must get a child by another woman, and you must adopt it; for it is necessary to secure an hereditary successor. It is for your interest; you must know that.'—'What, sir!' I replied, 'do you imagine the nation will suffer a bastard to govern it? Lucien! Lucien! you would ruin your brother! This is dreadful! Wretched should I be, were any one to suppose me capable of listening, without horror, to your infamous proposal! Your ideas are poisonous; your language horrible!'—'Well, madame,' retorted he, 'all I can say to that, is, that I am really sorry for you!'"

The amiable Josephine was sobbing whilst she described this scene to me, and I was not insensible to the indignation which she felt. The truth is, that at that period, Lucien, though constantly affecting to despise power for himself was incessantly labouring to concentrate it in the hands of his brother; and he considered three things necessary to the success of his views, namely, hereditary succession, divorce, and the imperial government.

Lucien had a delightful house near Neuilly. Some days before the deplorable scene, which I have related, he invited Bonaparte and all the inmates at Malmaison, to witness a theatrical representation. "Alzire" was the piece performed. Eliza played Alzire, and Lucien, Zamore. The warmth of their declarations, the energetic expression of their gestures, the too faithful nudity of costume, disgusted most of the spectators, and Bonaparte more than any other. When the play was over, he was quite indignant. "It is a scandal," he said to me, in an angry tone; "I ought not to suffer such indecencies—I will give Lucien to understand that I will have no more of it." When his brother had resumed his own dress, and came into the saloon, he addressed him publicly, and gave him to understand, that he must, for the future, desist from such representations. When we returned to Malmaison, he again spoke of what had passed with dissatisfaction. "What!" said he, "when I am endeavouring to restore purity of manners, my brother and sister must needs exhibit themselves, upon the boards, almost in a state of nudity! It is an insult!"

Lucien had a strong predilection for theatrical exhibitions, to which he attached great importance. The fact is, he declaimed in a superior style, and might have competed with the best professional actors. It was said, that the turban of Orosmane, the costume of America, the Roman toga, or the robe of the high-priest of Jerusalem, all became him equally well; and I believe that this was the exact truth. Theatrical representations were not confined to Neuilly. We had our theatre and our

company of actors at Malmaison; but there every thing was conducted with the greatest decorum; and now that I have got behind the scenes, I will not quit them until I have let the reader into the secret of our drama.

By the direction of the first consul, a very pretty little theatre was built at Malmaison. Our usual actors were Eugène Beauharnais, Hortense, Madame Murat, Lauriston, M. Didelot, one of the prefects of the palace, some other individuals belonging to the first consul's household, and myself. Freed from the cares of government, which we confined as much as possible to the Tuileries, we were very happy in the colony at Malmaison; and, besides, we were young, and what is there to which youth does not add charms? The pieces which the first consul most liked to see us perform were, "Le Barbier de Seville" and "Défiance et Malice." In "Le Barbier," Lauriston played the part of Count Almaviva; Hortense, Rosina; Eugène, Basil; Didelot, Figaro; I, Bartholo; and Isabey, l'Eveillé. Our other stock pieces were, "Projets de Mariage," "La Gageure," the "Dépit Amoureux," in which I played the part of the valet; and "L'Impromptu de Campagne," in which I enacted the Baron, having for my Baroness the young and handsome Caroline Murat.

Hortense's acting was perfection; Caroline was middling, Eugène played very well, Lauriston was rather heavy, Didelot passable, and I may venture to assert, without vanity, that I was not the worst of the company. If we were not good actors, it was not for want of good instruction and good advice. Talma and Michot came to direct us, and made us rehearse before them, sometimes altogether and sometimes separately. How many lessons have I received from Michot, whilst walking in the beautiful park of Malmaison! And may I be excused for saying, that I now experience pleasure in looking back upon these trifles, which are matters of importance when one is young, and which contrasted so singularly with the great theatre on which we did not represent fictitious characters! We had, to adopt theatrical language, a good supply of property. Bonaparte presented each of us with a collection of dramas, very well bound; and, as the patron of the company, he provided us with rich and elegant dresses.

Bonaparte took great pleasure in our performances. He liked to see plays acted by persons with whom he was familiar. Sometimes he complimented us on our exertions. Although I was as much amused with the thing as others, I was more than once obliged to remind him that my occupations left me but little time to learn my parts. Then he would assume his coaxing manner, and say, "Come, do not vex me! You have such a memory! You know that it amuses me. You see that these performances render Malmaison gay and animated; Josephine takes much pleasure in them. Rise earlier in the morning.—In

fact, I sleep too much; is not that the case?—Come, Bourrienne, do oblige me. You make me laugh so heartily! Do not deprive me of this pleasure. I have not over much amusement, as you well know."—"Ah, truly! I would not deprive you of any pleasure. I am delighted to be able to contribute to your amusement." After a conversation of this sort, I could not do less than set about studying my part.

At this period, during summer, I had half the Sunday to myself. I was, however, obliged to devote a portion of this precious leisure to pleasing Bonaparte, by studying a new part. Occasionally, however, I passed the time at Ruel. I recollect that one day, when I had hurried there from Malmaison, I lost a beautiful watch, made by Breguet. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the road was that day thronged with people. I made my loss publicly known by means of the bellman of Ruel. An hour after, as I was sitting down to table, a young lad, belonging to the village, brought me my watch. He had found it on the high-road, in a wheel-rut. I was pleased with the probity of this young man, and rewarded both him and his father, who accompanied him. I related the circumstance, the same evening, to the first consul, who was so struck with this instance of honesty, that he directed me to procure information respecting the young man and his family. I learned that they were honest peasants. Bonaparte gave employment to three brothers of this family; and, what was most difficult to persuade him to, he exempted the young man who brought me the watch from the conscription.

When a fact of this nature reached Bonaparte's ear, it was seldom that he did not give the principal actor in it some proof of his satisfaction. Two qualities predominated in his character—kindness and impatience. Impatience, when he was under its influence, got the better of him; it was then impossible to control him. I had a remarkable proof of it about this very period.

Canova, having arrived in Paris, came to St. Cloud to model the figure of the first consul, of whom he was about to make a colossal statue. This great artist came often, in the hope of getting his model to stand in the proper attitude; but Bonaparte was so tired, disgusted, and fretted by the process, that he very seldom put himself in the required attitude, and then only for a short time. Bonaparte, notwithstanding, had the highest regard for Canova. Whenever he was announced, the first consul sent me to keep him company until he was at leisure to give him a sitting; but he would shrug up his shoulders, and say, "More modelling! Good Heavens, how vexatious!" Canova expressed great displeasure at not being able to study his model as he wished to do, and the little anxiety of Bonaparte on the subject, damped the ardour of his imagination. Every body agrees in saying that he has not succeeded in the work, and I have shown the cause of it. The Duke of Wellington now possesses this colossal statue.

## CHAPTER L.

### 1802.

Bonaparte's principle as to the change of ministers—Fouché—His influence with the first consul—Fouché's dismissal—The departments of Police and Justice united under Regnier—Madame Bonaparte's regret for the dismissal of Fouché—Family scenes—Madame Louis Bonaparte's pregnancy—False and infamous reports to Josephine—Legitimacy and a Bastard—Rœderer reproached by Josephine—Her visit to Ruel—Long conversation with her—Assertion at St. Helena respecting a great political fraud.

It is a principle particularly applicable to absolute governments, that a prince should change his ministers as seldom as possible, and never, except upon serious grounds. Bonaparte acted on this principle when first consul, and also when he became emperor. He often allowed unjust causes to influence him, but he never dismissed a minister without cause; indeed, he more than once, without any reason, retained ministers longer than he ought to have done in the situations in which he had placed them. Bonaparte's tenacity in this respect, in some instances, produced very opposite results. For instance, it afforded M. Gaudin time to establish a degree of order in the administration of finance, which before his time had never existed; and on the other hand, it enabled M. Decrès to reduce the ministry of marine to an unparalleled state of confusion.

Bonaparte saw nothing in men but helps and obstacles. On the 18th Brumaire, Fouché was a help. The first consul feared that he would become an obstacle: it was necessary, therefore, to think of dismissing him. Bonaparte's most sincere friends had from the beginning been opposed to Fouché's having any share in the government. But their disinterested advice produced no other result than their own disgrace; so influential a person had Fouché become. How could it be otherwise? Fouché was identified with the republic by the death of the king, for which he had voted; with the reign of terror, by his sanguinary missions to Lyons and Nevers; with the consulate, by

his real, though perhaps exaggerated, services; with Bonaparte, by the charm with which he might be said to have fascinated nim; with Josephine, by the enmity of the first consul's brothers. Who would believe it? Fouché ranked the enemies of the revolution amongst his warmest partisans. They overwhelmed him with eulogy, to the disparagement even of the head of the state, because the cunning minister, practising an interested indulgence, set himself up as the protector of individuals belonging to classes which, when he was pro-consul, he had attacked in the mass. Throughout Paris, and indeed throughout all France, Fouché obtained credit for extraordinary ability; and the popular opinion was correct in this respect, namely, that no man ever displayed such ability in making it be supposed that he really possessed talent. Fouché's secret in this particular is the whole secret of the greater part of those persons who are called statesmen.

Be this as it may, the first consul did not behold with pleasure the factitious influence of which Fouché had possessed himself. For some time past, to the repugnance which at bottom he had felt towards Fonché, were added other causes of discontent. In consequence of having been deceived by secret reports and correspondence, Bonaparte began to shrug up his shoulders with an expression of regret when he received them, and said, "Would you believe, Bourrienne, that I have been imposed on by these things? All such denunciations are useless—scandalous. All the reports from prefects and the police, all the intercepted letters, are a tissue of absurdities and lies. I desire to have no more of them." He said so, but he still received them. However, Fouché's dismissal was resolved upon. But though Bonaparte wished to get rid of him, still, under the influence of the charm, he dared not proceed against him without the greatest caution. He first resolved upon the suppression of the office of ministry of police, in order to disguise the motive for the removal of the minister. The first consul told Fouché that this suppression, which he spoke of as being yet remote, was calculated more than any thing else to give strength to the government, since it would afford a proof of the security and internal tranquillity of France. Overpowered by the arguments with which Bonaparte supported his proposition, Fouché could urge no good reasons in opposition to it, but contented himself with recommending that the execution of the design, which was good in intention, should, however, be postponed for two years. Bonaparte appeared to listen favourably to Fouché's recommendation.

Fouché, as has been stated, had been minister of police since the 18th Brumaire. Every body who was acquainted with the first consul's character was unable to explain the ascendancy which he had suffered Fouché to acquire over him, and of which Bonaparte himself was really impatient. He saw in Fouché a

centre around which all the interests of the revolution concentrated themselves, and at this he felt indignant; but subject to a species of magnetism, he could not break the charm which inthralled him. When he spoke of Fouché in his absence, his language was warm, bitter, and hostile. When Fouché was present, Bonaparte's tone was softened, unless some public scene was to be acted like that which occurred after the attempt of the 3d Nivose.

The suppression of the ministry of police being determined on, Bonaparte did not choose to delay the execution of his design, as he had pretended to think necessary. On the evening of the 12th of September, we went to Mortfontaine. We passed the next day, which was Monday, at that place, and it was there, far removed from Fouché, and urged by the combined persuasions of Joseph and Lucien, that the first consul signed the decree of suppression. The next morning we returned to Paris. Fouché came to Malmaison, where we were, in the regular execution of his duties. The first consul transacted business with him as usual, without daring to tell him of his dismissal, and afterwards sent Cambacérès to inform him of it. After this act, respecting which he had hesitated so long, Bonaparte still endeavoured to modify his rigour. Having appointed Fouché a senator, he said in the letter which he wrote to the senate to notify the appointment, "Fouché, as minister of police, in times of difficulty, has by his talent, his activity, and his attachment to the government, done all that circumstances required of him. Placed in the bosom of the senate, if events should again call for a minister of police, the government cannot find one more worthy of its confidence."

From this moment the departments of justice and police united were confided to the hands of Regnier. Bonaparte's aversion for Fouché strangely blinded him with respect to the capabilities of his successor. Besides, how could the administration of justice, which rests on fixed, rigid, and unchangeable bases, proceed hand in hand with another administration placed on the quicksand of instantaneous decisions, and surrounded by stratagems and deceptions? Justice should never have any thing to do with secret police, unless it be to condemn it. What could be expected from Regnier, charged as he was with incompatible functions? What, under such circumstances, could have been expected, even from a man gifted with great talents? Such was the exact history of Fouché's disgrace. No person was more afflicted at it than Madame Bonaparte, who only learned the news when it was announced to the public. Josephine, on all occasions, defended Fouché against her husband's sallies. She believed that he was the only one of his ministers who told him the truth.

I have already spoken of Josephine's troubles, and of the bad conduct of Joseph, but more particularly of Lucien, towards

her; I will, therefore, describe here, as connected with the disgrace of Fouché, whom Madame Bonaparte regretted as a support, some scenes which occurred about this period at Malmaison. Having been the confident of both parties, and an involuntary actor in those scenes, now that twenty-seven years have passed since they occurred, what motive can induce me to disguise the truth in any respect?

Madame Louis Bonaparte was pregnant. Josephine, although she tenderly loved her children, did not seem to behold the approaching event which the situation of her daughter indicated, with the interest natural to the heart of a mother. She had long been aware of the calumnious reports circulated respecting the supposed connexion between Hortense and the first consul, and that base accusation cost her many tears. Poor Josephine paid dearly for the splendour of her station! As I knew how devoid of foundation these atrocious reports were, I endeavoured to console her by telling her, what was true, that I was exerting all my efforts to demonstrate their infamy and falsehood. Bonaparte, however, dazzled by the affection which was manifested towards him from all quarters, aggravated the sorrow of his wife by a silly vanity. He endeavoured to persuade her that these reports had their origin only in the wish of the public that he should have a child; so that these seeming consolations, offered by self-love to Josephine's grief, gave force to existing conjugal alarms, and the fear of divorce returned with all its horrors. Under the foolish illusion of his vanity, Bonaparte imagined that France was desirous of being governed even by a bastard, if supposed to be a child of his—a singular mode, truly, of founding a new legitimacy.

Josephine, whose susceptibility appears to me, even now, excusable, well knew my sentiments on the subject of Bonaparte's founding a dynasty, and she had not forgotten my conduct when, two years before, the question had been agitated on the occasion of Louis XVIII.'s letters to the first consul. I remember that, one day, after the publications of the parallel of Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte, Josephine, having entered our cabinet without being announced, which she sometimes did, when from the good humour exhibited at breakfast, she reckoned upon its continuance, approached Bonaparte softly, seated herself on his knee, passed her hand gently through his hair and over his face, and, thinking the moment favourable, said to him in a burst of tenderness, "I entreat of you, Bonaparte, do not make yourself a king? It is that Lucien who urges you to it. Do not listen to him." Bonaparte replied, without anger, and even smiling as he pronounced the last words, "You are mad, my poor Josephine. It is your old dowagers of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, your Rochefoucaulds, who tell you all these fables!.....Come now, you interrupt me—leave me alone." What Bonaparte said that day good-naturedly to his wife, I often heard him declare

seriously. I have been present at five or six altercations on the subject. That there existed, too, an enmity connected with this question between the family of Beauharnais and the family of Bonaparte, cannot be denied.

Fouché, as I have stated, was in the interest of Josephine, and Lucien was the most bitter of her enemies. One day Rœderer inveighed with so much violence against Fouché in the presence of Madame Bonaparte, that she replied, with extreme warmth, "The real enemies of Bonaparte are those who feed him with notions of hereditary descent, of a dynasty, of divorce, and of marriage!" Josephine could not control this exclamation, as she knew that Rœderer encouraged those ideas, which he spread abroad by Lucien's direction. I recollect, one day, when she had been to see us, at our little house at Ruel: as I walked with her along the high-road to her carriage, which she had sent forward, I acknowledged too unreservedly my fears on account of the ambition of Bonaparte, and of the perfidious advice of his brothers. "Madame," said I, "if we cannot succeed in dissuading the general from making himself a king, I dread the future for his sake. If ever he re-establishes royalty, he will, in all probability, labour for the Bourbons, and enable them one day to re-ascend the throne which he shall erect. No one, doubtless, without passing for a fool, can pretend to say with certainty what series of chances and events such a proceeding will produce; but common sense alone is sufficient to convince any one that unfavourable chances must long be dreaded. The ancient system being re-established, the occupation of the throne will then be only a family question, and not a question of government between liberty and despotic power. Why should not France, if it ceases to be free, prefer the race of her ancient kings? You surely know it. You had not been married two years, when, on returning from Italy, your husband told me that he aspired to royalty. Now he is consul for life. Would he but resolve to stop there! He already possesses every thing but an empty title. No sovereign in Europe has so much power as he has. I am sorry for it, Madame; but I really believe that, in spite of yourself, you will be made queen or empress."

Madame Bonaparte had allowed me to speak without interruption, but when I pronounced the words queen and empress, she exclaimed, "My God! Bourrienne, such ambition is far from my thoughts. That I may always continue the wife of the first consul is all I desire. Say to him all that you have said to me. Try and prevent him from making himself king."—"Madame," I replied, "times are greatly altered. The wisest men, the strongest minds, have resolutely and courageously opposed the tendency to the hereditary system. But advice is now useless. He would not listen to me. In all discussions on the subject he adheres inflexibly to the view he has taken. If he be seriously opposed, his anger knows no bounds; his

language is harsh and abrupt, his tone imperious, and his authority bears down all before him."—"Yet, Bourrienne, he has so much confidence in you, that if you should try once more . . . . . ."—"Madame, I assure you he will not listen to me. Besides, what could I add to the remarks I made upon his receiving the letters of Louis XVIII., when I fearlessly represented to him that, being without children, he would have no one to whom he could bequeath the throne—that, doubtless, from the opinion which he entertained of his brothers, he could not desire to erect it for them?" Here Josephine again interrupted me by exclaiming, "My kind friend, when you spoke of children, did he say any thing to you? Did he talk of a divorce?"—"Not a word, Madame, I assure you."*

Such was the nature of one of the conversations I had with Madame Bonaparte, on a subject to which she often recurred. It may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to endeavour to compare with this, what Napoleon said at St. Helena, speaking of his first wife. According to the memorial, Napoleon there stated, that when Josephine was at last constrained to renounce all hope of having a child, she often let fall allusions to a great political fraud, and at length openly proposed it to him. I make no doubt Bonaparte made use of words to this effect, but I do not believe the assertion. I recollect one day, that Bonaparte, on entering our cabinet, where I was already seated, exclaimed in a transport of joy impossible for me to describe, "Well, Bourrienne, my wife is at last * * *." I sincerely congratulated him, more, I own, out of courtesy, than from any hope I had of seeing him made a father by Josephine; for I well remembered that Corvisart, who had given medicines to Madame Bonaparte, had nevertheless assured me that he expected no result from them. Medicine was really the only *political fraud* to which Josephine had recourse; and in her situation what other woman would not have done as much? Here, then, the husband and the wife are in contradiction, which is nothing uncommon. But on which side is truth? I have no hesitation in referring it to Josephine. There is, indeed, an immense difference between the statements of a woman intrusting her fears and her hopes to the sole confident of her family secrets, and the tardy declaration of a man, who, after seeing the vast edifice of his ambition levelled with the dust, is only anxious, in his compulsory retreat, to preserve intact and spotless the other great edifice of his glory. Bonaparte should have recollected that Cæsar did not like the idea of his wife being even suspected.

* For several imperative reasons, a few short sentences of this most interesting dialogue are omitted. At the end of it all Josephine exclaimed, "My God, how unhappy I am!"—*Editor.*

## CHAPTER LI.

### 1802.

Citizen Fesch created Cardinal Fesch—Arts and Industry—Exhibition in the Louvre—Aspect of Paris in 1802—The Medicean Venus and the Velletrian Pallas—Signs of general prosperity—Rise of the funds—Irresponsible ministers—The Bourbons—Conversation between La Fayette and Bonaparte—The military government—Annoying familiarity of Lannes—Plan laid for his disgrace—Indignation of Lannes—His embassy to Portugal—The delayed despatch—Bonaparte's rage—I resign my situation—Duroc—I breakfast with Bonaparte—Duroc's intercession—Temporary reconciliation.

Citizen Fesch, who, when we were forced to stop at Ajaccio, on our return from Egypt, discounted at rather a high rate the general-in-chief's Egyptian sequins, became again the Abbé Fesch, as Bonaparte by his consular authority re-erected the altars which the revolution had overthrown. On the 15th of August, 1802, he was consecrated bishop, and the following year received the cardinal's hat. Thus Bonaparte took advantage of one of the members of his family being in orders, to elevate him to the highest dignities of the church. He afterwards gave Cardinal Fesch the archbishopric of Lyons, of which place he is still the titular.

The first consul prided himself a good deal on his triumph, at least in appearance, over the scruples which the persons who surrounded him had manifested against the re-establishment of worship. He read with much self-satisfaction the reports made to him, in which it was stated that the churches were well frequented. Indeed, throughout the year 1802, all his attention was directed to the reformation of manners, which had become more dissolute under the Directory, than even during the reign of terror.

In his march of usurpation the first consul let slip no opportunity of endeavouring to obtain, at the same time, the admiration of the multitude, and the approbation of judicious men. He was very fond of the arts, and was esnsible that the promotion of industry ought to be the peculiar care of the head of a government. It must, however, at the same time be owned,

that he rendered the influence of his protection null and void, by the continual violations he committed on that liberty which is the animating principle of all improvement.

During the supplementary days of the year X., that is to say, about the beginning of the autumn of 1802, there was held at the Louvre an exhibition of the products of industry. The first consul visited the exhibition, and as even at that period he had begun to attribute every good result to himself, he seemed proud of the high degree of perfection the manufacturing arts had attained in France. He was, above all, delighted with the admiration this exhibition excited among the numerous foreigners who resorted to Paris during the peace.

In fact, throughout the year 1802, the capital presented an interesting and animating spectacle. The appetite for luxury and pleasure had insinuated itself into manners which were no longer republican, and the vast number of Russians and English, who drove about every where with brilliant equipages, contributed not a little to this metamorphosis. All Paris flocked to the Carrousel on review-days, and regarded with eyes of delight the unusual sight of rich foreign liveries and emblazoned carriages. The parties at the Tuileries were brilliant and numerous, and nothing was wanting but the re-introduction of levees. Count Markoff, who succeeded M. de Kalitscheff as Russian ambassador; the Marquis de Luchesini, the Prussian ambassador; and Lord Whitworth, the minister from England, made numerous presentations of their countrymen to the first consul, who was well pleased that the court he was forming should have examples set by foreign courtiers. Never since the meeting of the States-General had the theatres been so frequented, or fêtes so magnificent; and never since that period had Paris presented so cheering an aspect. The first consul, on his part, spared no exertion to render the capital more and more worthy the admiration of foreigners. The statue of the Venus de Medicis, which had been robbed from the gallery of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, now decorated the gallery of the Louvre, and near it was placed that of the Velletrian Pallas, a more legitimate acquisition, since it was the result of the researches of some French engineers at Velletri. Every where an air of prosperity was perceptible, and Bonaparte proudly put in his claim to be regarded as the author of it all. With what heartfelt satisfaction did he likewise cast his eye upon what he called the grand thermometer of opinion, the price of the funds! For if he saw them doubled in value in consequence of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, rising as they did at that period from seven to sixteen francs, this value was even more than tripled after the vote of consulship for life and the *senatus consultum* of the 4th of August, when they rose to fifty-two francs.

While Paris presented so satisfactory an aspect, the depart-

ments were in a state of perfect tranquillity, and foreign affairs had every appearance of security. The court of Rome which, since the concordate, may be said to have become devoted to the first consul, gave, under all circumstances, examples of submission to the wishes of France. The Vatican was the first court which recognised the erection of Tuscany into the kingdom of Etruria, and the formation of the Helvetic, Cisalpine, and Batavian republics. Prussia soon followed the example of the pope, which was successively imitated by the other powers of Europe.

The whole of these new states, realms, or republics, were under the immediate influence of France. The isle of Elba, which Napoleon's first abdication has rendered so famous, was also united to France, still called a republic. Every thing now seemed to concur in securing his accession to absolute power. We were now at peace with all the world, and every circumstance tended to place in the hands of the first consul that absolute power, which indeed was the only kind of government he was capable of forming any conception of. Indeed, one of the characteristic signs of Napoleon's government, even under the consular system, left no doubt as to his real intentions. Had he wished to found a free government, it is evident that he would have made the ministers responsible to the country; whereas, he took care that there should be no responsibility but to himself. He viewed them, in fact, in the light of instruments, which he might use as he pleased. I found this single index sufficient to disclose all his future designs. In order to make the irresponsibility of his ministers to the public perfectly clear, he had all the acts of his government signed merely by M. Maret, secretary of state. Thus the consulship for life was nothing but an empire in disguise, the usufruct of which could not long satisfy the first consul's ambition. His brothers influenced him, and it was resolved to found a new dynasty.

It was not in the interior of France that difficulties were likely first to arise on Bonaparte's carrying his designs into effect, but there was some reason to apprehend that foreign powers, after recognising and treating with the consular government, might display a different feeling, and entertain scruples with regard to a government which had resumed its monarchical form. The question regarding the Bourbons was in some measure kept in the back ground as long as France remained a republic; but the re-establishment of the throne naturally called to recollection the family which had occupied it for so many ages. Bonaparte fully felt the delicacy of his position, but he knew how to face obstacles, and had been accustomed to overcome them. He, however, always proceeded cautiously, as when obstacles induced him to defer the period of the consulship for life. With regard to that question, I have already noticed the offence given to him by La Fayette's suspensive vote, and the assigned reason. The first consul repeated to me the last

conversation he held with this man, so celebrated in the annals of liberty. Different estimates may be formed of La Fayette's character, but no one can deny him the possession of unchanging principles. Among other topics, the subject of the government of the United States of America had been discussed between him and the first consul. M. de La Fayette told Bonaparte that at the time of the formation of the Union, the question whether a president for life should be elected, had been considered. This question, it is well known, was decided in the negative; but Bonaparte, on the mere knowledge of its having been agitated, argued in support of the nomination for life, contending that the Americans knew not what they were about when they deprived themselves of what he regarded as the sole means of ensuring a country's prosperity. He firmly believed that where there was not a perfect unity of power no good could be done.* Indeed the first consul, being, as he was, opposed to every idea of liberty, could hardly be expected to agree for any length of time with La Fayette, a man bred up and imbued with liberal ideas. The very manner in which he returned to France had highly displeased the first consul. La Fayette, in fact, believing, or feigning to believe, that France was a free country, returned to Paris without a passport, saying, "I left my country when she was deserted by liberty: I return with that goddess, for she surely has returned, since Napoleon is her chief inter-

* "It has already been observed, that as consul and as emperor he always considered himself as holding a dictatorship until a general peace. That peace was, however, retarded, not by him, but by England; and herein rests the whole of this question. Napoleon was too enlightened to be the enemy of the liberty of the age in which he lived. If it is true, as his secretary has freqnently alleged, that his ruling passion was the love of glory, and that he worshipped in anticipation the opinion of posterity, what could he wish for but the welfare of his country and his age? Was not the promotion of that welfare the only title with which he could present himself before that impartial judge, who cannot be deceived as long as the art of printing shall be preserved among mankind, and the liberty of the press exist in any corner of the globe. Is it supposed that Napoleon was an idiot? Does any one believe that he was incapable of carrying on the simplest process of reasoning? If not, then it must be concluded that what he did he believed it his duty to do. He was governed by no mean and sordid passions. He was not rapacious, nor dissolute, nor cruel. He loved glory and immortal renown; and, to merit the fame he so ardently pursued, he acted and thought like Corneille's heroes, who were the objects of his admiration, and often moved him to tears. I recollect that one day at the Théâtre Français, after hearing Monvel in the celebrated tirade 'Soyons amis, Cinna,' he said to me, 'What an instructor is this Corneille! Let us imagine that in a distant future age some great poet shall make us act and speak as we love to see those Romans do, just as Corneille represents to us the great Cæsar, the proud Cornelia, and the impassive Augustus. We ought to endeavour to be such as we love to see them—such as we should wish to see and hear ourselves represented hereafter, if a part of our present selves should survive. But our children remain, and are they not that part of ourselves?'"—*Joseph Bonaparte's Notes on Bourrienne.* We insert this note, but we are inclined to believe that Bourrienne's statement is more correct than the partial picture of Napoleon's brother.—*Editor.*

preter." Napoleon, however, took in very bad part this return of the apostle of American liberty, without a passport.

The government of the United States, the limiting of the term of presidency to two years, and the singular liberty of consular France, were not the only subjects on which La Fayette showed himself opposed in opinion to the first consul. He decried the concordate. He wished that Bonaparte, tolerating every form of worship, had placed all religions on an equal footing, as is the case in the United States. He would have rendered them entirely independent of the government, and have left it to the followers of each creed to agree among themselves in providing for the necessities of their worship and the maintenance of their ministers. I remember on this occasion Bonaparte said to me, "La Fayette may be right in theory; but what is theory after all? An absurdity, when it is endeavoured to apply it to masses of men. And then, he constantly thinks himself in America! As if Frenchmen were Americans. He is not going to teach me what I am to do in this country. The Catholic religion prevails here: besides, I have need of the pope, and he will do as I want him. But I must tell you what a droll expression La Fayette let fall." The first consul added, with a smile, "He told me I wanted to have the little phial spilled upon my head. We shall see—we shall see." * We have indeed seen.

Bonaparte laboured to establish in France, not only an absolute government, but what is still worse, a military one. He considered a decree signed by his hand possessed of a magic virtue capable of transforming his generals into able diplomatists, and so he sent them on embassies, as if to show the sovereigns to whom they were accredited, that he soon meant to take their thrones by assault. The appointment of Lannes to the court of Lisbon originated from causes which probably will be read with some interest, since they serve to place Bonaparte's character in its true light, and to point out, at the same time, the means he disdained not to resort to, if he wished to banish his most faithful friends, when their presence was no longer agreeable to him.

Bonaparte had ceased to address Lannes in the second person

* "Those who know the French and the Americans of the United States, will not find it difficult to agree with Napoleon, that 'the French are not Americans.' As to the little phial, we did not see it used, nor did the pope crown the emperor. He pronounced a benediction on the civil act of the coronation, and was there to testify that the imperial crown came from the people. It was from the hands of the grand elector that the elect of the nation received the crown; and thus was verified the old adage—*Vox populi, vox Dei.* It is well known that the inscription of more than one million five hundred thousand names certified this popular will. We should have to search far back in the annals of the world to find any other title granted and authenticated by an equal number of electors; that of the emperors of Germany was given by the seven electors of the empire."—*Note by Joseph Bonaparte. (Editor.)*

singular; but that general continued the familiarity of *thee* and *thou*, in speaking to Napoleon. It is hardly possible to conceive how much this annoyed the first consul. Aware of the unceremonious candour of his old comrade, whose daring spirit he knew would prompt him to go as great lengths in civil affairs, as on the field of battle, Bonaparte, on the great occasion of the 18th Brumaire, fearing his reproaches, had given him the command of Paris in order to ensure his absence from St. Cloud. After that time, notwithstanding the continually growing greatness of the first consul, which, as it increased, daily exacted more and more deference, Lannes still preserved his freedom of speech, and was the only one who dared to treat Bonaparte as a fellow-soldier, and tell him the truth without ceremony. This was enough to determine Napoleon to rid himself of the presence of Lannes. But under what pretext was the absence of the conqueror of Montebello to be procured? It was necessary to conjure up an excuse; and, in the truly diabolical machination resorted to for that purpose, Bonaparte brought into play that crafty disposition for which he was so remarkable.

Lannes, who never looked forward to the morrow, was as careless of his money as of his blood. Poor officers and soldiers partook largely of his liberality. Thus, he had no fortune, but plenty of debts. When he wanted money, and this was not seldom, he used to come, as if it were a mere matter of course, to ask it of the first consul, who, I must confess, never refused him. Bonaparte, though he well knew the general's circumstances, said to him one day, "My friend, you should attend a little more to appearances. You must have your establishment suitable to your rank. There is the Hôtel de Noailles—why don't you take it, and furnish it in proper style?" Lannes, whose own candour prevented him from suspecting the artful designs of others, followed the advice of the first consul. The Hôtel de Noailles was taken and superbly fitted up. Odiot supplied a service of plate valued at two hundred thousand francs.

General Lannes, having thus conformed to the wishes of Bonaparte, came to him and requested four hundred thousand francs, the amount of the expense incurred, as it were, by his order. "But," said the first consul, "I have no money."—"You have no money! What the devil am I to do then?"—"But is there none in the guards' chest? Take what you require, and we will settle it hereafter."

Mistrusting nothing, Lannes went to the paymaster of the guards, who made some objections, at first, to the advance required, but who soon yielded on learning that the demand was made with the consent of the first consul.

Within twenty-four hours after Lannes had obtained the four hundred thousand francs, the paymaster received from the head commissary an order to balance his accounts. The receipt for

the four hundred thousand francs, advanced to Lannes, was not acknowledged as a voucher. In vain the paymaster alleged the authority of the first consul for the transaction. Napoleon's memory had suddenly failed him; he had entirely forgotten all about it. In a word, it was incumbent on Lannes to refund the four hundred thousand francs to the guards' chest; and, as I have already said, he had no property on earth, but debts in abundance. He repaired to General Lefebvre, who loved him as his son, and to him he related all that had passed. "Simpleton," said Lefebvre, "why did you not come to me? Why did you go and get into debt with that ———? Well, it cannot be helped; here are the four hundred thousand francs, take them to him, and let him go to the devil!"*

Lannes hastened to the first consul. "What!" he exclaimed, "is it possible you can be guilty of such baseness as this? To treat me in such a manner! To lay such a foul snare for me, after all that I have done for you; after all the blood I have shed to promote your ambition! Is this the recompence you had in store for me? You forget the 13th Vendémiaire, to the success of which I contributed more than you! You forget Millesimo: I was colonel before you! For whom did I fight at Bassano? You were witness of what I did at Lodi and at Governolo, where I was wounded; and yet you play me such a foul trick as this! But for me, Paris would have revolted on the 18th Brumaire. But for me, you would have lost the battle of Marengo. I alone, yes, I alone, passed the Po, at Montebello, with my whole division. You gave the credit of that to Berthier, who was not there; and this is my reward—humiliation. This cannot, this shall not, be. I will ———" Bonaparte, pale with anger, listened without stirring, and Lannes was on the point of challenging him, when Junot, who heard the uproar, hastily entered. The unexpected presence of this general somewhat reassured the first consul, and, at the same time, calmed, in some degree, the fury of Lannes. "Well," said Bonaparte, "go to Lisbon. You will get money there; and when you return, you will not want any one to pay your debts for you." Thus was Bonaparte's object gained. Lannes set out for Lisbon, and never afterwards annoyed the first consul by his familiarities; for on his return he ceased to address him with *thee* and *thou*.†

Having described Bonaparte's ill-treatment of Lannes, I may here subjoin a statement of the circumstances which led to a rupture between me and the first consul. So many false stories

* On this occasion, as on many others, our translation gives a very inadequate idea of the fierceness and obscenity of the language used. Even Bonaparte himself frequently employed language that would disgrace a London drayman.

† Joseph Bonaparte asserts that Lannes never did address Napoleon in this familiar style; but says nothing in contradiction of the extraordinary story here related. We have heard Bourrienne's statements confirmed by several unprejudiced contemporaries, and every body knows that poor Lannes was sent, as a sort of exile, to Lisbon.—*Editor.*

have been circulated on the subject, that I am anxious to relate the facts as they really were.

Nine months had now passed since I had tendered my resignation to the first consul. The business of my office had become too great for me, and my health was so much endangered by over-application, that my physician, M. Corvisart, who had for a long time impressed upon me the necessity of relaxation, now formally warned me, that I should not long hold out under the fatigue I underwent. Corvisart had, no doubt, spoken to the same effect to the first consul, for the latter said to me, one day, and in a tone which betrayed but little feeling, "Why, Corvisart says you have not a year to live." This was certainly no very welcome compliment in the mouth of an old college friend, yet I must confess that the doctor risked little by the prediction.

I had resolved, in fact, to follow the advice of Corvisart; my family were urgent in their entreaties that I would do so, but I always put off the decisive step. I was loath to give up a friendship which had subsisted so long, and which had been only once disturbed: on that occasion, when Joseph thought proper to play the spy upon me, at the table of Fouché. I remembered, also, the reception I had met with from the conqueror of Italy; and I experienced, moreover, no slight pain at the thought of quitting one from whom I had received so many proofs of confidence, and to whom I had been attached from early boyhood. These considerations constantly triumphed over the disgust to which I was subjected, by a number of circumstances, and by the increasing vexations occasioned by the conflict between my private sentiments and the nature of the duties I had to perform. I was thus kept in a state of perplexity, from which some unforeseen circumstance alone could extricate me. Such a circumstance at length occurred, and the following is the history of my first rupture with Napoleon:

On the 27th of February, 1802, at ten at night, Bonaparte dictated to me a despatch, of considerable importance and urgency, for M. de Talleyrand, requesting the minister for foreign affairs to come to the Tuileries next morning, at an appointed hour. According to custom, I put the letter into the hands of the office messenger, that it might be forwarded to its destination.

This was Saturday. The following day, Sunday, M. de Talleyrand came about mid-day. The first consul immediately began to confer with him on the subject of the letter sent the previous evening, and was astonished to learn that the minister had not received it until the morning. He immediately rang for the messenger, and ordered me to be sent for. Being in a very bad humour, he pulled the bell with so much fury, that he struck his hand violently against the angle of the chimney-piece. I hurried to his presence. "Why," he said, addressing me hastily, "why was not my letter delivered yesterday evening?"

"I do not know: I put it into the hands of the person whose duty it was to see that it was sent."—"Go, and learn the cause of the delay, and come back quickly." Having rapidly made my inquiries, I returned to the cabinet. "Well?" said the first consul, whose irritation seemed to have increased.—"Well, general, it is not the fault of any body. M. de Talleyrand was not to be found, either at the office, or at his own residence, or at the houses of any of his friends, where he was thought likely to be." Not knowing with whom to be angry, restrained by the coolness of M. de Talleyrand, yet at the same time ready to burst with rage, Bonaparte rose from his seat, and proceeding to the hall, called the messenger, and questioned him sharply. The man, disconcerted by the anger of the first consul, hesitated in his replies, and gave confused answers. Bonaparte returned to his cabinet, still more irritated than he had left it. I had followed him to the hall, and on my way back to the cabinet I attempted to sooth him, and I begged him not to be thus discomposed by a circumstance which, after all, was of no great moment. I do not know whether his anger was increased by the sight of the blood which flowed from his hand, and which he was every moment looking at; but however that might be, a transport of furious passion, such as I had never before witnessed, seized him; and as I was about to enter the cabinet, after him, he threw back the door with so much violence, that had I been two or three inches nearer him, it must infallibly have struck me in the face. He accompanied this action, which was almost convulsive, with an appellation not to be borne; he exclaimed, before M. de Talleyrand, "Leave me alone; you are a —— fool." At an insult so atrocious, I confess, that the anger which had already mastered the first consul, suddenly seized on me. I thrust the door forward, with as much impetuosity as he had used in throwing it back; and, scarcely knowing what I said, exclaimed, "You are a hundred-fold a greater fool than I am." I then went up stairs to my apartment, which was situated over the cabinet.

I was as far from expecting as from wishing such an occasion of separating from the first consul. But what was done could not be undone; and, therefore, without taking time for reflection, and still under the influence of the anger that had got the better of me, I penned the following positive resignation:

GENERAL,

The state of my health no longer permits me to continue in your service. I therefore beg you to accept my resignation.

BOURRIENNE.

Some moments after this note was written, I saw Bonaparte's saddle-horses brought up to the entrance of the palace. It was Sunday morning, and, contrary to his usual custom on

that day, he was going to ride out. Duroc accompanied him. He was no sooner gone, than I went down into his cabinet, and placed my letter on his table. On returning, at four o'clock, with Duroc, Bonaparte read my letter. "Ah! ah!" said he, before opening it, "a letter from Bourrienne." And he almost immediately added, for the note was speedily perused, "He is in the sulks.—*Accepted.*" I had left the Tuileries at the moment he returned; but Duroc sent to me, when I was dining, the following billet:

The first consul desires me, my dear Bourrienne, to inform you, that he accepts your resignation, and to request that you will give me the necessary information respecting your papers.

Yours,

DUROC.

P.S.—I will call on you presently.

Duroc came to me at eight o'clock the same evening. The first consul was in his cabinet when we entered it. I immediately commenced giving my intended successor the necessary explanations to enable him to enter upon his new duties. Piqued at finding that I did not speak to him, and at the coolness with which I instructed Duroc, Bonaparte said to me, in a harsh tone, "Come, I have had enough of this! Leave me." I stepped down from the ladder, on which I had mounted for the purpose of pointing out to Duroc the places in which the various papers were deposited, and hastily withdrew. I, too, had had quite enough of it.

I remained two more days at the Tuileries, until I had suited myself with lodgings. On Monday I went down into the cabinet of the first consul to take my leave of him. We conversed together for a long time, and very amicably. He told me he was very sorry I was going to leave him, and that he would do all he could for me. I pointed out several places to him; at last I mentioned the tribunate:—"That will not do for you," he said, "the members are a set of babblers and phrase-mongers, whom I mean to get rid of. All the troubles of states proceed from such debatings. I am tired of them." He continued to talk in a strain which left me in no doubt as to his uneasiness about the tribunate, which, in fact, reckoned among its members many men of great talent and excellent character.*

The following day, Tuesday, the first consul asked me to breakfast with him. After breakfast, while he was conversing with some other person, Madame Bonaparte and Hortense pressed me to make advances towards obtaining a reinstalment

* In 1802, the first consul made a reduction of fifty members of the tribunate, and subsequently the whole body was suppressed.

in my office, appealing to me on the score of the friendship and kindness they had always shown me. They told me that I had been in the wrong, and that I had forgotten myself. I answered, that I considered the evil beyond remedy, and that, besides, I had really need of repose. The first consul then called me to him, and conversed a considerable time with me, renewing his protestations of goodwill towards me.

At five o'clock I was going down stairs to quit the Tuileries for good, when I was met by the office messenger, who told me that the first consul wished to see me. Duroc, who was in the room leading to the cabinet, stopped me as I passed, and said, "He wishes you to remain. I beg of you, not to refuse; do me this favour. I have assured him that I am incapable of filling your office. It does not suit my habits; and besides, to tell you the truth, the business is too irksome for me." I proceeded to the cabinet without replying to Duroc. The first consul came up to me smiling, and pulling me by the ear, as he did when he was in the best of humours, said to me, "Are you still in the sulks?" and, leading me to my usual seat, he added, "Come, sit down." Only those who knew Bonaparte can judge of my situation at that moment. He had at times, and when he chose, a charm in his manners which it was quite impossible to resist. I could offer no opposition, and I resumed my usual office and my accustomed labours. Five minutes afterwards it was announced that dinner was on table: "You will dine with me?" he said. "I cannot; I am expected at the place where I was going when Duroc called me back. It is an engagement that I cannot break."—"Well, I have nothing to say, then. But give me your word that you will be here at eight o'clock."—"I promise you." Thus I became again the private secretary of the first consul, and I believed in the sincerity of our reconciliation.

## CHAPTER LII.

### 1802—1803.

Acts of the consular government—The house of Perigord—The Faubourg St. Germain and the revolutionary party—The concordate and the Legion of Honour—The council of state and the tribunate—Discussion on the word *subjects*—Chenier—Chabot de l'Allier's proposition to the tribunate—The *marked proof* of national gratitude—Bonaparte's duplicity and self-command—Reply to the *senatus consultum*—The people consulted—Consular decree—The most, or the least—M. de Vaublanc's speech—Bonaparte's reply—The address of the tribunate—Hopes and predictions thwarted.

Let us now take a glance at the most important acts of the consular government, previous to the elevation of Bonaparte to the consulate for life. It may truly be said, that history affords no example of an empire founded like that of France, created in all its parts under the cloak of a republic. Without any shock, and in the short space of four years, there arose above the ruins of the short-lived republic a government more absolute than ever was Louis XIV's. This extraordinary change is to be assigned to many causes; and I had the opportunity of observing the influence which the determined will of one man exercised over his fellow men. It is not length of time, but the events which fill it up, that mark great epochs. We know nothing of the centuries during which insignificant kings have vegetated; and the Pontificate of Leo X., who gave his name to the age he lived in, lasted only eleven years. Bonaparte reigned fourteen years, for the period of the consulate may properly be included in his reign: indeed, in his own imagination, he was sovereign the first night he slept at the Luxembourg.

M. de Talleyrand's name, and the antiquity of the house of Perigord, were great recommendations in the eyes of the first consul; and yet, by one of those singular incongruities which his mind presented, he was an advocate of equality among men, as much as he was an enemy to liberty. Such at least was his turn of mind as long as he continued consul; for, on his elevation to the imperial throne, it is well known how much he was dazzled by the illusion attached to great names.

Bonaparte called the Faubourg St. Germain a power, but it

was one which he would rather have gained over by fair means, than have put down by violence. There was another power of which he stood in far greater dread: this was the revolutionary party; namely, those who were firmly attached to liberty and the institutions which the revolution had created. The reason of this was evident: the men who were reluctant to see the sacrifice of a few dearly-bought ameliorations were precisely those who opposed the consulate for life, and, above all, hereditary power.

The great object which Bonaparte had at heart was to legitimate his usurpations by institutions. The concordate had reconciled him with the court of Rome; the numerous erasures from the emigrant list gathered round him a large body of the old nobility; and the Legion of Honour, though at first but badly received, soon became a general object of ambition. Peace, too, had lent her aid in consolidating the first consul's power, by affording him leisure to engage in measures of internal prosperity.

The council of state, of which Bonaparte had made me a member, but which my other occupations did not allow me to attend, was the soul of the consular government. Bonaparte felt much interest in the discussions of that body, because it was composed of the most eminent men in the different branches of administration; and though the majority evinced a ready compliance with his wishes, yet that disposition was often far from being unanimous. In the council of state the projects of the government were discussed with freedom and sincerity, and when once adopted they were transmitted to the tribunate, and to the legislative body. This latter body might be considered as a supreme legislative tribunal, before which the tribunes pleaded as the advocates of the people, and the counsellors of state, whose business it was to support the law projects, as the advocates of the government. This will at once explain the cause of the first consul's animosity towards the tribunate, and will show to what the constitution was reduced when that body was dissolved by a sudden and arbitrary decision.

During the consulate, the council of state was not only a body politic collectively, but each individual member might be invested with special power; as, for example, when the first consul sent counsellors of state on missions to each of the military divisions, where there was a court of appeal, the instructions given them by the first consul were extensive, and might be said to be unlimited. They were directed to examine all the branches of the administration, so that their reports, collected and compared together, presented a perfect description of the state of France. But this measure, though excellent in itself, proved fatal to the state. The reports never conveyed the truth to the first consul, or at least, if they did, it was in such a disguised form, as to be scarcely recognizable; for the counsellors well knew, that the best way to pay their court to Bonaparte was, not to describe

public feeling as it really was, but as he wished it to be. Thus the reports of the counsellors of state only furnished fresh arguments in favour of his ambition.

I must, however, observe that, in the discussions of the council of state, Bonaparte was not at all averse to the free expression of opinion. He, indeed, often encouraged it; for being fully resolved to do only what he pleased, he wished to gain information: indeed, it is scarcely conceivable how, in the short space of two years, Bonaparte adapted his mind so completely to civil and legislative affairs. But he could not endure in the tribunate the liberty of opinion which he tolerated in the council; and for this reason—that the sittings of the tribunate were public, while those of the council of state were secret, and publicity was what he dreaded above all things. He was very well pleased when he had to transmit to the legislative body, or to the tribunate, any law project of trifling importance; and he used then to say, that he had given them a bone to gnaw.

Among the subjects submitted to the consideration of the council and the tribunate, was one which gave rise to a singular discussion, the ground of which was a particular word, inserted in the third article of the treaty of Russia with France. This word seemed to convey a prophetic allusion to the future condition of the French people, or rather an anticipated designation of what they afterwards became. The treaty spoke of the subjects of the two governments. This term applied to those who still considered themselves citizens, and was highly offensive to the tribunate. Chenier most loudly remonstrated against the introduction of this word into the dictionary of the new government. He said that the armies of France had shed their blood that the French people might be citizens and not subjects. Chenier's arguments, however, had no effect on the decision of the tribunate, and only served to irritate the first consul. The treaty was adopted almost unanimously, there being only fourteen dissentient voices, and the proportion of black balls in the legislative body was even less.

Though this discussion passed off almost unnoticed, yet it greatly displeased the first consul, who expressed his dissatisfaction in the evening. "What is it," said he, "these babblers want? They wish to be citizens—why did they not know how to continue so? My government must treat on an equal footing with Russia. I should appear a mere manikin in the eyes of foreign courts, were I to yield to the stupid demands of the tribunate. Those fellows tease me so, that I have a great mind to end matters at once with them." I endeavoured to sooth his anger, and observed, that one precipitate act might ruin him. "You are right," he continued; "but stay a little, they shall lose nothing by waiting."

The tribunate pleased Bonaparte better in the great question of the consulate for life, because he had taken the precaution of

removing such members as were most opposed to the encroachments of his ambition. The tribunate resolved that a marked proof of the national gratitude should be offered to the first consul, and the resolution was transmitted to the senate. Not a single voice was raised against this proposition, which emanated from Chabot de l'Alliers, the president of the tribunate.

Having described the opening scene of the consulate for life, I will now show how the plot of the drama proceeded, and how the principal character, for whose benefit the whole was got up, kept as much as possible behind the scenes. Judging from the first consul's speeches, it might have been supposed that his intention on the present occasion was to act as he did with respect to his residence at St. Cloud; viz.—first refuse the offer, and afterwards accept it.

The tribunate having adopted the indefinite proposition of offering to the first consul a *marked proof* of the national gratitude, it now only remained to determine what that proof should be. Bonaparte knew well what he wanted, but he did not like to name it in any positive way. Though, in his fits of impatience, caused by the lingering proceedings of the legislative body, and the indecision of some of its members, he often talked of mounting on horseback and drawing his sword; yet he so far controlled himself as to confine violence to his conversations with his intimate friends. He wished it to be thought that he himself was yielding to compulsion; that he was far from wishing to usurp a power contrary to the constitution; and that if he deprived France of liberty, it was all for her good, and out of mere love for her. Such deep-laid duplicity could never have been conceived and maintained in any common mind; but Bonaparte's was not a mind of the ordinary cast. It must have required extraordinary self-command to have restrained so long as he did that daring spirit which was so natural to him, and which was rather the result of his temperament than his character. For my part, I confess that I always admired him more for what he had the fortitude not to do, than for the boldest exploits he ever performed.

In conformity with the usual mode, the proposition of the tribunate was transmitted to the senate. From that time, the senators, on whom Bonaparte most relied, were frequent in their visits to the Tuileries. In the preparatory conferences which preceded the regular discussions in the senate, it had been ascertained that the majority was not willing that the *marked proof* of gratitude should be the consulate for life: it was therefore agreed that the reporter should limit his demand to a temporary prorogation of the dignity of first consul in favour of Bonaparte. The reporter, M. de Lacépède, acted accordingly, and limited the prorogation to ten years, commencing from the expiration of the ten years granted by the constitution. I forget which of the senators first proposed the

consulate for life; but I well recollect that Cambacérès used all his endeavours to induce those members of the senate whom he thought he could influence, to agree to that proposition. Whether from flattery or conviction, I know not, but the second consul held out to his colleague, or rather his master, the hope of complete success. Bonaparte, on hearing him, shook his head with an air of doubt, but afterwards said to me, "They will, perhaps, make some wry faces, but they must come to it at last!"

It was proposed in the senate that the proposition of the consulate for life should take the priority of that of the decennial prorogation; but this was not agreed to; and the latter proposition being adopted, the other, of course, could not be discussed.

There was something very curious in the *senatus consultum* published on the occasion. It spoke in the name of the French people, and stated, that, "in testimony of their gratitude to the consuls of the republic," the consular reign was prolonged for ten years; but that the prolongation was limited to the first consul only.

Bonaparte, though much dissatisfied with the decision of the senate, disguised his displeasure in ambiguous language. When Tronchet, the president of the senate, read to him, in a solemn audience, at the head of the deputation, the *senatus consultum* determining the prorogation, he said, in reply, that he could not be certain of the confidence of the people, unless his continuance in the consulship were sanctioned by their suffrages. "The interests of my glory and happiness," added he, "would seem to have marked the close of my public life at the moment when the peace of the world is proclaimed. But the glory and happiness of the citizen must yield to the interests of the state and the wishes of the public. You, senators, conceive that I owe to the people another sacrifice. I will make it if the voice of the people commands what your suffrage authorizes."

The true meaning of these words was not understood by every body, and was only manifest to those who were initiated in the secret of Bonaparte's designs. He did not accept the offer of the senate, because he wished for something more. The question was to be renewed and to be decided by the people only; and since the people had the right to refuse what the senate offered, they possessed, for the same reason, the right to give what the senate did not offer.

The moment arrived for consulting the council of state as to the mode to be adopted for invoking and collecting the suffrages of the people. For this purpose an extraordinary meeting of the council of state was summoned on the 10th of May. Bonaparte wished to keep himself aloof from all ostensible influence; but his two colleagues laboured for him more zealously than he could have worked for himself, and they were warmly supported

by several members of the council. A strong majority were of opinion that Bonaparte should not only be invested with the consulship for life, but that he should be empowered to nominate his successor. But he, still faithful to his plan, affected to venerate the sovereignty of the people, which he held in horror, and he promulgated the following decree, which was the first explanation of his reply to the senate:

The consuls of the republic, considering that the resolution of the first consul is an homage rendered to the sovereignty of the people, and that the people, when consulted on their dearest interests will not go beyond the limits of those interests, decree as follows:—First, that the French people shall be consulted on the question whether Napoleon Bonaparte is to be made consul for life.

The other articles merely regulated the mode of collecting the votes.

This decree shows the policy of the first consul in a new point of view, and displays his art in its fullest extent. He had just refused the less for the sake of getting the greater: and now he had contrived to get the offer of the greater, to show off his moderation by accepting only the less. The council of state sanctioned the proposition for conferring on the first consul the right of nominating his successor, and, of his own accord, the first consul declined this. Accordingly, the second consul, when he, the next day, presented the decree to the council of state, did not fail to eulogize this extreme moderation, which banished even the shadow of suspicion of any ambitious after-thought. Thus was the senate duped, and the decree of the consuls was transmitted at once to the legislative body and to the tribunate.

In the legislative body, M. de Vaublanc was distinguished among all the deputies who applauded the conduct of the government; and it was he who delivered the apologetic harangue of the deputation of the legislative body to the first consul. After having addressed the government collectively, he ended by addressing the first consul individually—a sort of compliment which had not hitherto been put in practice, and which was far from displeasing him who was its object. As M. de Vaublanc's speech had been communicated to the first consul, the latter prepared a reply to it which sufficiently showed how much it had gratified him. Besides the flattering distinction which separated him from the government, the plenitude of praise was not tempered by any thing like advice or comment. It was not so with the address of the tribunate. After the compliments which the occasion demanded, a series of hopes were expressed for the future, which formed a curious contrast with the events which actually ensued. The tribunate, said the address, required no guarantee, because Bonaparte's elevated and generous sentiments would never permit him to depart from those prin-

ciples which brought about the revolution and founded the republic;—he loved real glory too well ever to stain that which he had acquired by the abuse of power;—the nation which he was called to govern was free and generous: he would respect and consolidate her liberty; he would distinguish his real friends, who spoke truth to him, from the flatterers who were seeking to deceive him. In short, Bonaparte would surround himself with those good men, who, having made the revolution, were interested in supporting it.

To these and many other fine things, the consul replied, "This testimony of the affection of the tribunate is gratifying to the government. The union of all bodies of the state is a guarantee of the stability and happiness of the nation. The efforts of the government will be constantly directed to the interests of the people, from whom all power is derived, and whose welfare all good men have at heart."

So much for the artifice of governments and the credulity of subjects! It is certain, that, from the moment Bonaparte gained his point in submitting the question of the consulate for life to the decision of the people, there was no longer a doubt of the result being in his favour. This was evident, not only on account of the influential means which a government always has at its command, and of which its agents extend the ramifications from the centre to the extremities, but because the proposition was in accordance with the wishes of the majority. The republicans were rather shy in avowing principles from which people were now disenchanted;—the partisans of a monarchy without distinction of family, saw their hopes almost realized in the consulate for life;—the recollection of the Bourbons still lived in some hearts faithful to misfortune: but the great mass were for the first consul, and his external acts in the new step he had taken towards the throne had been so cautiously disguised, as to induce a belief in his sincerity. If I and a few others were witnesses to his accomplished artifice and charlatanism, France beheld only his glory, and gratefully enjoyed the blessings of peace which he had obtained for her. The suffrages of the people speedily realized the hopes of the first consul, and thus was founded the consulate for life.

## CHAPTER LIII.

### 1802—1803.

Departure for Malmaison—Unexpected question relative to the Bourbons—Distinction between two opposition parties — New intrigues of Lucien—Camille Jourdan's pamphlet seized—Vituperation against the liberty of the press—Revisal of the constitution—New *senatus consultum*—Deputation from the senate—Audience of the diplomatic body—Josephine's melancholy—The discontented—Secret meetings—Fouché and the police agents—The Code Napoleon—Bonaparte's regular attendance at the council of state—His knowledge of mankind, and the science of government—Napoleon's first sovereign act—His visit to the senate—The consular procession—Politic etiquette—The senate and the council of state—Complaints against Lucien—The deaf and dumb assembly—Creation of senatorships.

When nothing was wanting to secure the consulate for life but the votes of the people, which there was no doubt of obtaining, the first consul set off to spend a few days at Malmaison.

On the day of our arrival, as soon as dinner was ended, Bonaparte said to me, "Bourrienne, let us go and take a walk." It was the middle of May, so that the evenings were long. We went into the park, and we walked for several minutes without his uttering a syllable. Wishing to break silence in a way that would be agreeable to him, I alluded to the facility with which he had nullified the last *senatus consultum*. He scarcely seemed to hear me, so completely was his mind absorbed by the subject on which he was meditating. At length, suddenly recovering from his abstraction, he said, "Bourrienne, do you think that the pretender to the crown of France would renounce his claims if I were to offer him a good indemnity, or even a province in Italy?" Surprised at this abrupt question on a subject which I was far from thinking of, I replied, that I did not think the pretender would relinquish his claims; that it was very unlikely the Bourbons would return to France as long as he, Bonaparte, should continue at the head of the government, though they might look forward to their return as probable.—"How so?"

inquired he.—"For a very simple reason, general. Do you not see, every day, that your agents conceal the truth from you, and flatter you in your wishes, for the purpose of ingratiating themselves in your favour? are you not angry when at length the truth reaches your ear?"—"And what then?"—"Why, general, it must be just the same with the agents of Louis XVIII. in France. It is in the course of things, in the nature of man, that they should feed the Bourbons with hopes of a possible return, were it only to induce a belief in their own talent and utility."—"That is very true! You are quite right; but I am not afraid. However, it may be necessary to do something—we shall see." Here the subject dropped, and our conversation turned on the consulate for life, and Bonaparte spoke in unusually mild terms of the persons who had opposed the proposition. I was a little surprised at this, and could not help reminding him of the different way in which he had spoken of those who opposed his accession to the consulate. "There is nothing extraordinary in that," said he. "Worthy men may be attached to the republic as I have made it. It is a mere question of form. I have nothing to say against that; but at the time of my accession to the consulate, it was very different. Then, none but jacobins, terrorists, and rogues, resisted my endeavours to rescue France from the infamy into which the Directory had plunged her. But now I cherish no ill-will against those who have opposed me."

During the intervals between the acts of the different bodies of the state, and the collection of the votes, Lucien renewed his intrigues, or rather prosecuted them with renewed activity, for the purpose of getting the question of hereditary succession included in the votes. Many prefects transmitted to M. Chaptal anonymous circulars which had been sent to them: all stated the ill effect produced by these circulars, which had been addressed to the principal individuals of their departments. Lucien was the originator of all this, though I positively cannot say whether his brother connived with him, as in the case of the pamphlet to which I have already alluded. I believe, however, that Bonaparte was not entirely a stranger to the business; for the circulars were written by Rœderer, at the instigation of Lucien, and Rœderer was at that time in favour at the Tuileries. I recollect Bonaparte speaking to me one day very angrily about a pamphlet which had just been published, by Camille Jourdan, on the subject of the national vote on the consulate for life. Camille Jourdan wrote much in the same spirit as M. de La Fayette, in the letter which has been given in the course of this volume. However, he did not withhold his vote, he gave it in favour of the first consul; and, instead of requiring preliminary conditions, he contented himself, like the tribunate, with enumerating all the guarantees which he expected the honour of the first consul would grant. Among these guarantees

were the cessation of arbitrary detentions, the responsibility of the agents of government, and the independence of the judges. But all these demands were mere peccadilloes in comparison with Camille Jourdan's great crime of demanding the liberty of the press.

The first consul had looked through the fatal pamphlet, and lavished invectives upon its author. "How!" exclaimed he, "am I never to have done with these firebrands?—These babblers, who think that politics may be shown on a printed page like the world on a map? Truly, I know not what things will come to if I let this go on. Camille Jourdan, whom I received so well at Lyons, to think that he should ask for the liberty of the press! Were I to accede to this, I might as well go and live on a farm a hundred leagues from Paris." Bonaparte's first act in favour of the liberty of the press, was to order the seizure of the pamphlet in which Camille Jourdan had extolled the advantages of that measure. Publicity, either by words or writing, was Bonaparte's horror. Hence his aversion to public speakers and writers.

Camille Jourdan was not the only person who made unavailing efforts to arrest Bonaparte in the first steps of his ambition. There were yet in France many men, who, though they had hailed with enthusiasm the dawn of the French revolution, had subsequently been disgusted by its crimes, and who still dreamed of the possibility of founding a truly constitutional government in France. Even in the senate, there were some men indignant at the usual compliance of that body, and who spoke of the necessity of subjecting the constitution to a revisal, in order to render it conformable to the consulate for life.

The project of revising the constitution was by no means unsatisfactory to Bonaparte. It afforded him an opportunity of holding out fresh glimmerings of liberty to those who were too shortsighted to see into the future. He was pretty certain that there could be no change but to his advantage. Had any one talked to him of the wishes of the nation, he would have replied, "Three millions five hundred and seventy-seven thousand two hundred and fifty-nine citizens have given their votes. Of these, how many were for me? Three millions three hundred and sixty-eight thousand one hundred and eighty-five. Compare the difference! There is but one vote in forty-five against me. I must obey the will of the people!" To this he would not have failed to add, "Whose are the votes opposed to me? Those of ideologists, jacobins, and peculators under the Directory." To such arguments what could have been answered? It must not be supposed that I am putting these words into Bonaparte's mouth. They fell from him oftener than once.

As soon as the state of the votes was ascertained, the senate conceived itself under the necessity of repairing the only fault it

had committed in the eyes of the first consul, and solemnly presented him with a new *senatus consultum,* and a decree couched in the following terms:

ARTICLE I. The French people elect and the senate proclaim Napoleon Bonaparte consul for life.

ARTICLE II. A statue representing Peace, holding in one hand the laurel of victory, and in the other the decree of the senate, shall commemorate the gratitude of the nation.

ARTICLE III. The senate will convey to the first consul the expression of the confidence, the love, and the admiration of the French people.

Bonaparte replied to the deputation from the senate in the presence of the diplomatic body, whose audience had been appointed for that day, in order that the ambassadors might be enabled to make known to their respective courts that Europe reckoned one king more. In his reply, he did not fail to introduce the high-sounding words "liberty and equality." He commenced thus: "A citizen's life belongs to his country. The French people wish that mine should be entirely devoted to their service. I obey."

On the day this ceremony took place, besides the audience of the diplomatic body, there was an extraordinary assemblage of general officers and public functionaries. The principal apartments of the Tuileries presented the appearance of a fête. This gaiety formed a striking contrast with the melancholy of Josephine, who felt that every step of the first consul towards the throne removed him further from her.

She had to receive a party that evening, and though greatly depressed in spirits, she did the honours with her usual grace.

Let a government be what it may, it can never satisfy every one. At the establishment of the consulate for life, those who were averse to that change formed but a feeble minority. But still they met, debated, corresponded, and dreamed of the possibility of overthrowing the consular government. Those who are at all times designated by the name of the discontented, are, in general, men of little respectability: they exaggerate any services they may have rendered, force ingratitude by the extravagance of their expectations, and then tax the government with the misfortunes to which their own misconduct has probably reduced them. These people are not dangerous; their hostility evaporates in empty noise, and those who are incessantly talking are the least likely to act.

During the first six months of the year 1802, there were meetings of the discontented, which Fouché, who was then minister of the police, knew, and despised to notice; but, on the contrary, all the inferior agents of the police contended with each other for a prey which was easily seized, and with the view of magnifying their services, represented these secret

meetings as the effect of a vast plot against the government. Bonaparte, whenever he spoke to me on the subject, expressed himself weary of the efforts which were made to give importance to trifles; and yet he received the reports of the police agents as if he thought them of consequence. This was because he thought Fouché badly informed, and he was glad to find him at fault; but, when he sent for the minister of police, the latter told him that all the reports he had received were not worth a moment's attention. He told the first consul all, and even a great deal more than had been revealed to him, mentioning at the same time how and from whom Bonaparte had received his information.

But these petty police details did not divert the first consul's attention from the great object he had in view. Since March, 1802, he had attended the sittings of the council of state with remarkable regularity. While we were at the Luxembourg, he had commenced the drawing up of a new code of laws, to supersede the incomplete collection of revolutionary laws, and to substitute order for the sort of anarchy which prevailed in the legislation. The men who were most distinguished for legal knowledge had co-operated in this laborious task, the result of which was the code first distinguished by the name of the Civil Code, and afterwards called the Code Napoleon. The labours of this important undertaking being completed, a committee was appointed for the presentation of the code. This committee, of which Cambacérès was the president, was composed of MM. Portalis, Merlin de Douai, and Tronchet. During all the time the discussions were pending, instead of assembling as usual, three times a week, the council of state assembled every day, and the sittings, which on ordinary occasions only lasted two or three hours, were often prolonged to five or six. The first consul took such interest in these discussions, that, to have an opportunity of conversing upon them in the evening, he frequently invited several members of the council to dine with him. It was during these conversations that I most admired the inconceivable versatility of Bonaparte's genius, or rather, that superior instinct which enabled him to comprehend at a glance, and in their proper point of view, legislative questions to which he might have been supposed a stranger. Possessing, as he did, in a supreme degree, the knowledge of mankind, ideas important to the science of government flashed upon his mind like sudden inspirations.

Some time after his nomination to the consulate for life, anxious to perform a sovereign act, he went for the first time to preside at the senate. Availing myself that day of a few leisure moments, I went out to see the consular procession. It was truly royal. The first consul had given orders that the military should be ranged in the streets through which he had to pass. At the Tuileries the soldiers of the guard were ranged in a single

line in the interior of the court; but on arriving there, Bonaparte ordered that the line should be doubled, and should extend from the gate of the Tuileries to that of the Luxembourg. Assuming a privilege which old etiquette had confined exclusively to the kings of France, Bonaparte now for the first time rode in a carriage drawn by eight horses. A considerable number of carriages followed that of the first consul, which was surrounded by generals and aides-de-camp on horseback. Louis XIV. going to hold a bed of justice at the parliament of Paris never displayed greater pomp than did Bonaparte in this visit to the senate. He appeared in all the parade of royalty, and ten senators came to meet him at the foot of the staircase of the Luxembourg.

The object of the first consul's visit to the senate was the presentation of five plans of *senatus consulta*. The other two consuls were present at the ceremony, which took place about the middle of August.

Bonaparte returned in the same style in which he went, accompanied by M. Lebrun, Cambacérès remaining at the senate, of which he was president. The five *senatus consulta* were adopted, but a restriction was made in that which concerned the forms of the senate. It was proposed that when the consuls visited the senate, they should be received by a deputation of ten members at the foot of the staircase, as the first consul had that day been received; but Bonaparte's brothers Joseph and Lucien opposed this, and prevented the proposition, from being adopted, observing that the second and third consuls being members of the senate, could not be received with such honours by their colleagues. This little scene of political courtesy, which was got up beforehand, was very well acted.

Bonaparte's visit to the senate gave rise to a change of rank in the hierarchy of the different authorities composing the government. Hitherto the council of state had ranked higher in public opinion; but the senate on the occasion of its late deputation to the Tuileries, had for the first time received the honour of precedency. This had greatly displeased some of the counsellors of state, but Bonaparte did not care for that. He saw that the senate would do what he wished more readily than the other constituted bodies, and he determined to augment its rights and prerogatives even at the expense of the rights of the legislative body. These encroachments of one power upon another, authorized by the first consul, gave rise to reports of changes in ministerial arrangements. It was rumoured in Paris that the number of the ministers was to be reduced to three. Lucien helped to circulate these reports, and this increased the first consul's dissatisfaction at his conduct. The letters from Madrid, which were filled with complaints against him, together with some scandalous adventures, known in Paris, such as his running away with the wife of a *lemonadier*, exceedingly annoyed

Bonaparte, who found his own family more difficult to govern than France

France, indeed, yielded with admirable facility to the yoke which the first consul wished to impose on her. How artfully did he undo all that the revolution had done, never neglecting any means of attaining his object! He loved to compare the opinions of those whom he called the jacobins, with the opinions of the men of 1789; and even them he found too liberal. He felt the ridicule which was attached to the mute character of the legislative body, which he called his deaf and dumb assembly. But as that ridicule was favourable to him, he took care to preserve the assembly as it was, and to turn it into ridicule whenever he spoke of it. In general, Bonaparte's judgment must not be confounded with his actions. His accurate mind enabled him to appreciate all that was good; but the necessity of his situation enabled him to judge with equal shrewdness what was useful to himself.

What I have just said of the senate affords me an opportunity of correcting an error which has frequently been circulated in the chit-chat of Paris. It has erroneously been said of some persons, that they refused to become members of the senate, and among the number have been mentioned M. Ducis, M. de La Fayette, and Marshal de Rochambeau. The truth is, that no such refusals were ever made. The following fact, however, may have contributed to raise these reports and give them credibility. Bonaparte used frequently to say to persons in his saloon and in his cabinet, "You should be a senator—a man like you should be a senator." But these complimentary words did not amount to a nomination. To enter the senate certain legal forms were to be observed. It was necessary to be presented by the senate, and after that presentation no one ever refused to become a member of the body, to which Bonaparte gave additional importance by the creation of senatorships. This creation took place in the beginning of 1803.

## CHAPTER LIV.

### 1802.

The intoxication of great men—Unlucky zeal—MM. Maret, Champagny, and Rovigo—M. de Talleyrand's real services—Postponement of the execution of orders—Fouché and the revolution—The royalist committee—The charter first planned during the consulate—Mission to Coblentz—Influence of the royalists upon Josephine—The statue and the pedestal—Madame de Genlis's romance of Madame de Vallière—The Legion of Honour and the carnations—Influence of the Faubourg Saint-Germain—Inconsiderate step taken by Bonaparte—Louis XVIII.'s indignation—Prudent advice of the Abbé André—Letter from Louis XVIII. to Bonaparte—Council held at Neuilly—The letter delivered—Indifference of Bonaparte, and satisfaction of the royalists.

Perhaps one of the happiest ideas that ever were expressed was that of the Athenian, who said, "I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober." The drunkenness here alluded to is not of that kind which degrades a man to the level of a brute, but that intoxication which is occasioned by success, and which produces in the heads of the ambitious a sort of cerebral congestion. Ordinary men are not subject to this excitement, and can scarcely form an idea of it. But it is nevertheless true, that the fumes of glory and ambition occasionally derange the strongest heads; and Bonaparte, in all the vigour of his genius, was often subject to aberrations of judgment: for though his imagination never failed him, his judgment was frequently at fault.

This fact may serve to explain, and, perhaps, even to excuse, the faults with which the first consul has been most seriously reproached. The activity of his mind seldom admitted of an interval between the conception and the execution of a design; but when he reflected coolly on the first impulses of his imperious will, his judgment discarded what was erroneous. Thus the blind obedience, which, like an epidemic disease, infected almost all who surrounded Bonaparte, was productive of the most fatal effects. The best way to serve the first consul was never to listen to the suggestions of his first ideas, except on the field of battle, where his conceptions were as happy as they were

rapid.* Thus, for example, MM. Maret, de Champagny, and Savary, evinced a ready obedience to Bonaparte's wishes, which often proved very unfortunate, though doubtless dictated by the best intentions on their part. To this fatal zeal may be attributed a great portion of the mischief which Bonaparte committed. When the mischief was done, and past remedy, Bonaparte deeply regretted it. How often have I heard him say that Maret was animated by an *unlucky* zeal! This was the expression he made use of.

M. de Talleyrand was almost the only one among the ministers who really served both the first consul and the emperor. When Bonaparte said to M. de Talleyrand, "Write so and so, and send it off by a courier immediately," that minister was never in a hurry to obey the order, because he knew the character of the first consul well enough to distinguish between what his passion dictated and what his reason would approve: in short, he appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober. When it happened that M. de Talleyrand suspended the execution of an order, Bonaparte never evinced the least displeasure. When, the day after he had received any hasty and angry order, M. de Talleyrand presented himself to the first consul, the latter would say, "Well, did you send off the courier?"—"No," the minister would reply, "I took care not to do so before I showed you my letter." Then the first consul would usually add, "Upon second thoughts, I think it would be best not to send it." This was the way to deal with Bonaparte. When M. de Talleyrand postponed sending off despatches, or when I myself have delayed the execution of an order, which I knew had been dictated by anger, and had emanated neither from his heart nor his understanding, I have heard him say a hundred times, "It was right, quite right. You understand me: Talleyrand understands me also. This is the way to serve me: the others do not leave me time for reflection: they are too precipitate:" Fouché also was one of those who did not on all occasions blindly obey Bonaparte's commands.

Of Talleyrand and Fouché, in their connexions with the first consul, it might be said that the one represented the constituent assembly, with a slight perfume of the old regime, and the other the convention in all its fury. Bonaparte regarded Fouché as a complete personification of the revolution. With him, therefore, Fouché's influence was merely the influence of the revolution. That great event was one of those which had made the most forcible impression on Bonaparte's ardent mind, and he imagined he still beheld it in a visible form as long as Fouché continued at the head of his police. I am of opinion that Bonaparte was in some degree misled as to the value of Fouché's

* I have already mentioned how he frequently destroyed in the morning articles which he had dictated to me for the Moniteur overnight.

services as a minister. No doubt the circumstance of Fouché being in office, conciliated those of the revolutionary party, who were his friends. But Fouché cherished an undue partiality for them, because he knew that it was through them he held his place. He was like one of the old Condottieri, who were made friends of lest they should become enemies, and who owed all their power to the soldiers enrolled under their banners. Such was Fouché, and Bonaparte perfectly understood his situation. He kept the chief in his service until he could find an opportunity of disbanding his undisciplined followers. But there was one circumstance which confirmed his reliance on Fouché. He who had voted the death of the King of France, and had influenced the minds of those who had voted with him, offered Bonaparte the best guarantee against the attempts of the royalists for raising up in favour of the Bourbons the throne which the first consul himself had determined to ascend. Thus, for different reasons, Bonaparte and Fouché had common interests against the house of Bourbon, and the master's ambition derived encouragement from the supposed terror of the servant.

The first consul was aware of the existence in Paris of a royalist committee, formed for the purpose of corresponding with Louis XVIII. This committee consisted of men who must not be confounded with those wretched intriguers who were of no service to their employers, and were not unfrequently in the pay of both Bonaparte and the Bourbons. The royalist committee, properly so called, was a very different thing. It consisted of men professing rational principles of liberty, such as the Marquis de Clermont Gallerande, the Abbé de Montesquiou, M. Becquet, and M. Royer Collard. This committee had been of long standing; the respectable individuals whose names I have just quoted, acted upon a system hostile to the despotism of Bonaparte, and favourable to what they conceived to be the interests of France. Knowing the superior wisdom of Louis XVIII., and the opinions which he had avowed and maintained in the assembly of the notables, they wished to separate that prince from the emigrants, and to point him out to the nation as a suitable head of a reasonable constitutional government. Bonaparte, whom I have often heard speak on the subject, dreaded nothing so much as these ideas of liberty, in conjunction with a monarchy. He regarded them as reveries, called the members of the committee visionaries, but, nevertheless, feared the triumph of their ideas. He confessed to me that it was to counteract the possible influence of the royalist committee that he showed himself so indulgent to those of the emigrants whose monarchical prejudices he knew were incompatible with liberal opinions. By the presence of emigrants who acknowledged nothing short of absolute power, he thought he might paralyze the influence of the royalists of the interior; he therefore granted all such emigrants permission to return.

About this time I recollect having read a pamphlet, purporting to be a declaration of the principles of Louis XVIII. It was signed by M. d'André, who bore evidence to its authenticity. The principles contained in the declaration were in almost all points conformable to the principles which formed the basis of the charter. Even so early as 1792, and consequently previous to the fatal 21st of January, Louis XVI., who knew the opinions of M. de Clermont Gallerande, sent him on a mission to Coblentz to inform the princes from him, and the queen, that they would be ruined by their emigration. I am accurately informed, and I state this fact with the utmost confidence. I can also add with equal certainty, that the circumstance was mentioned by M. de Clermont Gallerande in his memoirs; and that the passage relative to his mission to Coblentz was cancelled before the manuscript was sent to press.

During the consular government, the object of the royalist committee was to seduce rather than to conspire. It was round Madame Bonaparte in particular that their batteries were raised, and they did not prove ineffectual. The female friends of Josephine filled her mind with ideas of the splendour and distinction she would enjoy if the powerful hand which had chained the revolution should raise up the subverted throne. I must confess that I was myself, unconsciously, an accomplice of the friends of the throne; for what they wished for the interest of the Bourbons, I then ardently wished for the interest of Bonaparte.

While endeavours were thus made to gain over Madame Bonaparte to the interest of the royal family, brilliant offers were held out for the purpose of dazzling the first consul. It was wished to retemper for him the sword of the constable Duguesclin; and it was hoped that a statue erected to his honour, would at once attest to posterity his spotless glory, and the gratitude of the Bourbons. But when these offers reached the ears of Bonaparte, he treated them with indifference, and placed no faith in their sincerity. Conversing on the subject one day with M. de La Fayette, he said, "They offer me a statue, but I must look to the pedestal. They may make it my prison." I did not hear Bonaparte utter these words; but they were reported to me from a source, the authenticity of which may be relied on.

About this time, when so much was said in the royalist circles and in the Faubourg St. Germain about the possible return of the Bourbons, the publication of a popular book contributed not a little to direct the attention of the public to the most brilliant period of the reign of Louis XIV. The book was the historical romance of *Madame de La Vallière*, by Madame de Genlis, who had recently returned to France. Bonaparte read it, and I have since understood that he was very well pleased with it, but he said nothing to me about it. It was not until some time after that he complained of the effect which was produced in Paris by

this publication, and especially by engravings representing scenes in the life of Louis XIV., and which were exhibited in the shop-windows. The police received orders to suppress these prints; and the order was implicitly obeyed; but it was not Fouché's police. Fouché saw the absurdity of interfering with trifles. I recollect, that immediately after the creation of the Legion of Honour, it being summer, the young men of Paris indulged in the whim of wearing a carnation in a button-hole, which at a distance had rather a deceptive effect. Bonaparte took this very seriously. He sent for Fouché, and desired him to arrest those who presumed thus to turn the new order into ridicule. Fouché merely replied that he would *wait till the autumn*, and the first consul understood that trifles were often rendered matters of importance by being honoured with too much attention.

But though Bonaparte was piqued at the interest excited by the engravings of Madame de Genlis's romance, he manifested no displeasure against that celebrated woman, who had been recommended to him by MM. de Fontanes and Fievée, and who addressed several letters to him. As this sort of correspondence did not come within the routine of my business, I did not see the letters; but I heard from Madame Bonaparte that they contained a prodigious number of proper names, and I have reason to believe that they contributed not a little to magnify, in the eyes of the first consul, the importance of the Faubourg Saint Germain, which, in spite of all his courage, was a scarecrow to him.

Bonaparte regarded the Faubourg Saint Germain as representing the whole mass of royalist opinion; and he saw clearly that the numerous erasures from the emigrant list had necessarily increased dissatisfaction among the royalists, since the property of the emigrants had not been restored to its old possessors, even in those cases in which it had not been sold. It was the fashion in a certain class to ridicule the unpolished manners of the great men of the republic, compared with the manners of the nobility of the old court. The wives of certain generals had several times committed themselves by their awkwardness. In many circles there was an affectation of treating with contempt what are called the *parvenus;* those people who, to use M. de Talleyrand's expression, did not know how to walk upon a carpet. All this gave rise to complaints against the Faubourg Saint Germain; while, on the other hand, Bonaparte's brothers spared no endeavours to irritate him against every thing that was calculated to revive the recollection of the Bourbons.

Such were Bonaparte's feelings, and such was the state of society during the year 1802. The fear of the Bourbons must indeed have had a powerful influence on the first consul, before he could have been induced to take a step which may justly be

regarded as the most inconsiderate of his whole life. After suffering seven months to elapse without answering the first letter of Louis XVIII.;—after, at length, answering his second letter, in the tone of a king addressing a subject, he went so far as to write to Louis, proposing that he should renounce the throne of his ancestors in his, Bonaparte's, favour, and offering him, as a reward for this renunciation, a principality in Italy, or a considerable revenue for himself and his family.

The reader will recollect the curious question which the first consul put to me on the subject of the Bourbons when we were walking in the park of Malmaison. To the reply which I made to him on that occasion, I attribute the secrecy he observed towards me respecting the letter just alluded to. I am, indeed, inclined to regard that letter as the result of one of his private conferences with Lucien; but I know nothing positive on the subject, and merely mention this as a conjecture. However, I had an opportunity of ascertaining the curious circumstances which took place at Mittau, when Bonaparte's letter was delivered to Louis XVIII.

That prince was already much irritated against Bonaparte by his delay in answering his first letter, and also by the tenour of his tardy reply; but, on reading the first consul's second letter, the dethroned king immediately sat down and traced a few lines, forcibly expressing his indignation at such a proposition. The note, hastily written by Louis XVIII. in the first impulse of irritation, bore little resemblance to the dignified and elegant letter which Bonaparte received, and which I shall presently lay before the reader. This latter epistle closed very happily with the beautiful device of Francis I., "All is lost but honour." But the first letter was stamped with a more chivalrous tone of indignation. The indignant sovereign wrote it with his hand supported on the hilt of his sword; but the Abbé André, in whom Louis XVIII. reposed great confidence, saw the note, and succeeded, not without some difficulty, in soothing the anger of the king, and prevailing on him to write the following letter:

I do not confound M. Bonaparte with those who have preceded him. I esteem his courage and his military talents. I am grateful for some acts of his government; for, the benefits which are conferred on my people will always be prized by me.

But he mistakes in supposing that he can induce me to renounce my rights; so far from that, he would confirm them, if they could possibly be doubtful, by the step he has now taken.

I am ignorant of the designs of Heaven respecting me and my subjects; but I know the obligations which God has imposed upon me. As a Christian I will fulfil my duties to my last breath—as the son of Saint Louis, I would, like him, respect myself even in chains—as the successor of Francis I., I say with him—*Tout est perdu hors l'honneur.*

Louis.

Mittau, 1802.

Louis XVIII.'s letter having reached Paris, the royalist committee assembled, and were not a little embarrassed as to what should be done. The meeting took place at Neuilly. After a long deliberation, it was suggested that the delivery of the letter should be intrusted to the third consul, with whom the Abbé de Montesquiou had kept up acquaintance since the time of the constituent assembly. This suggestion was adopted. The recollections of the commencement of his career, under Chancellor Maupeou, had always caused M. Lebrun to be ranked in a distinct class by the royalists. For my part, I always looked upon him as a very honest man, a warm advocate of equality, and anxious that it should be protected even by despotism, which suited the views of the first consul very well. The Abbé de Montesquiou accordingly waited upon M. Lebrun, who undertook to deliver the letter. Bonaparte received it with an air of indifference; but whether that indifference were real or affected, I am to this day unable to determine. He said very little to me about the ill success of the negotiation with Louis XVIII. On this subject he dreaded, above all, the interference of his brothers, who created around him a sort of commotion which he knew was not without its influence, and which, on several occasions had excited his anger.

The letter of Louis XVIII. is certainly conceived in a tone of dignity which cannot be too highly admired: and it may be said that Bonaparte on this occasion rendered a real service to Louis, by affording him the opportunity of presenting to the world one of the finest pages in the history of a dethroned king. This letter, the contents of which were known in some circles of Paris, was the object of general approbation to those who preserved the recollection of the Bourbons, and, above all, to the royalist committee. The members of that committee, proud of the noble spirit evinced by the unfortunate monarch, whose return they were generously labouring to effect, replied to him by a sort of manifesto, to which time has imparted interest, since subsequent events have fulfilled the predictions it contained.

## CHAPTER LV.

### 1802.

The day after my disgrace—Renewal of my duties—Bonaparte's affected regard for me—Offer of an assistant—M. Mennevalle—My second rupture with Bonaparte—The Duke of Rovigo's account of it—Letter from M. de Barbé Marbois—Real causes of my separation from the first consul—Postscript to the letter of M. Barbé Marbois—The black cabinet—Inspection of letters during the consulate—I retire to Saint Cloud—Communications from M. Mennevalle—A week's conflict between friendship and pride—My formal dismissal—Petty revenge—My request to visit England — Monosyllable answer—Wrong suspicion—Burial of my papers—Communication from Duroc —My letter to the first consul—The truth acknowledged.

I SHALL now return to the circumstances which followed my first disgrace, of which I have already spoken. The day after that on which I had resumed my functions, I went as usual to awaken the first consul at seven in the morning. He treated me just the same as if nothing had happened between us; and, on my part, I behaved to him just as usual, though I really regretted being obliged to resume labours which I found too oppressive for me. When Bonaparte came down into his cabinet, he spoke to me of his plans with his usual confidence, and I saw, from the number of letters lying in the basket, that during the three days my functions had been suspended, Bonaparte had not overcome his disinclination to peruse this kind of correspondence. At the period of this first rupture and reconciliation, the question of the consulate for life was yet unsettled. It was not decided until the 2d of August, and the circumstances to which I am about to refer happened at the end of February.

I was now restored to my former footing of intimacy with the first consul, at least for a time: but I soon perceived that, after the scene which M. de Talleyrand had witnessed, my duties in the Tuileries were merely provisional, and might be shortened or prolonged according to circumstances. I saw at the very first moment that Bonaparte had sacrificed his wounded pride to the necessity (for such I may, without any vanity, call it) of employing my services. The forced preference he granted to me arose from the fact of his being unable to find any one able

to supply my place; for Duroc, as I have already said, showed a disinclination to the business. I did not remain long in the dark respecting the new situation in which I stood. I was evidently still under quarantine; but the period of my quitting the port was undetermined.

A short time after our reconciliation, the first consul said to me in a cajoling tone, of which I was not the dupe, "My dear Bourrienne, you cannot do every thing. Business increases, and will continue to increase. You know what Corvisart says. You have a family, therefore, it is right you should take care of your health. You must not kill yourself with work; therefore, some one must be got to assist you. Joseph tells me that he can recommend a secretary, one of whom he speaks very highly. He shall be under your direction: he can make out your copies, and do all that can consistently be required of him. This, I think, will be a great relief to you."—"I ask for nothing better," replied I, "than to have the assistance of some one, who, after becoming acquainted with the business, may, some time or other, succeed me." Joseph sent his brother M. Mennevalle, a young man, who, to a good education, added the recommendations of industry and prudence. I had every reason to be satisfied with him.

I soon perceived the first consul's anxiety to make M. Mennevalle acquainted with the routine of business, and accustomed to his manner. Bonaparte had never pardoned me for having presumed to quit him after he had attained so high a degree of power; he was only waiting for an opportunity to punish me, and he seized upon an unfortunate circumstance as an excuse for that separation which I had previously wished to bring about.

I will explain this circumstance, which ought to have obtained for me the consolation and assistance of the first consul, rather than the forfeiture of his favour. My rupture with him has been the subject of various mistatements, all of which I shall not take the trouble to correct; I will merely notice what I have read in the memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, in which it is stated that I was accused of *peculation*. M. de Rovigo thus expresses himself:

"Ever since the first consul was invested with the supreme power his life had been a continued scene of personal exertion. He had for his private secretary M. de Bourrienne, a friend and companion of his youth, whom he now made the sharer of all his labours. He frequently sent for him in the dead of the night, and particularly insisted upon his attending him every morning at seven. Bourrienne was punctual in his attendance with the public papers, which he had previously glanced over. The first consul almost invariably read their contents himself; he then despatched some business, and sat down to table just as the clock struck nine. His breakfast, which lasted six minutes, was no sooner over than he returned to his closet, only left

it for dinner, and resumed his close occupation immediately after, until ten at night, which was his usual hour for retiring to rest.

"Bourrienne was gifted with a most wonderful memory; he could speak and write many languages, and would make his pen follow as fast as words were uttered. He possessed many other advantages; he was well acquainted with the administrative departments, was versed in the law of nations, and possessed a zeal and activity which rendered his services quite indispensable to the first consul. I have known the several grounds upon which the unlimited confidence placed in him by his chief rested; but am unable to speak with equal assurance of the errors which occasioned his losing that confidence.

"Bourrienne had many enemies; some were owing to his personal character; a greater number to the situation which he held. Others were jealous of the credit he enjoyed with the head of the government; others, again, discontented at his not making that credit subservient to their personal advantage. Some even imputed to him the want of success that had attended their claims. It was impossible to bring any charge against him on the score of deficiency of talent or of indiscreet conduct: his personal habits were watched; it was ascertained that he engaged in financial speculations. An imputation could easily be founded on this circumstance. Peculation was accordingly laid to his charge.

"This was touching the most tender ground; for the first consul held nothing in greater abhorrence than unlawful gains. A solitary voice, however, would have failed in an attempt to defame the character of a man for whom he had so long felt esteem and affection; other voices, therefore, were brought to bear against him. Whether the accusations were well founded or otherwise, it is beyond a doubt that all means were resorted to for bringing them to the knowledge of the first consul.

"The most effectual course that suggested itself was the opening a correspondence either with the accused party direct, or with those with whom it was felt indispensable to bring him into contact; his correspondence was carried on in a mysterious manner, and related to the financial operations that had formed the grounds of a charge against him. Thus it is that, on more than one occasion, the very channels intended for conveying truth to the knowledge of a sovereign have been made available to the purpose of communicating false intelligence to him. I must illustrate this observation.

"Under the reign of Louis XV., and even under the regency, the post-office was organized into a system of minute inspection, which did not indeed extend to every letter, but was exercised over all such as afforded grounds for suspicion. They were opened; and when it was not deemed safe to suppress them, copies were taken, and they were returned to their proper channel without the least delay. Any individual denouncing another may, by the help of such an establishment, give great weight to his denunciation. It is sufficient for his purpose that he should throw into the post-office any letter so worded as to confirm the impression which it is his object to convey. The worthiest man may thus be committed by a letter which he has never read, or the purport of which is wholly unintelligible to him.

"I am speaking from personal experience: it once happened that a letter addressed to myself relating to an alleged fact, which had never occurred, was opened. A copy of the letter so opened was also forwarded to me, as it concerned the duties which I had to perform at that time; but I was already in possession of the original, transmitted through the ordinary channel. Summoned to reply to the questions to which such productions had given rise, I took that opportunity of pointing out the danger that would accrue from placing a blind reliance upon intelligence derived from so hazardous a source. Accordingly, little importance was afterwards attached to this means of information; but the system was in full operation at the period when M. de Bourrienne was disgraced: his enemies took care to avail themselves of it; they blackened his character with M. Barbé Marbois, who added to their accusations all the weight of his unblemished character. The opinion entertained by this rigid public functionary, and many other circumstances, induced the first consul to part with his secretary." *

Peculation is the crime of those who make a fraudulent use of the public money. But as it was not in my power to meddle with the public money, no part of which passed through my hands, I am at a loss to conceive how I can be charged with peculation. The Duke of Rovigo is not the author, but merely the echo, of this calumny; but the accusation to which his memoirs gave currency, afforded M. Barbé Marbois an opportunity of adding one more to the many proofs he has given of his love of justice.

I had seen nothing of the memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, except their announcement in the journals, when a letter from M. de Barbé Marbois was transmitted to me from my family. It was as follows:

SIR,

My attention has been called to the enclosed article in a recent publication.† The assertion it contains is not true, and I conceive it to be a duty both to you and myself to declare, that I then was, and still am, ignorant of the causes of the separation in question.

I am, &c. MARBOIS.‡

I need say no more in my justification. This unsolicited testimony of M. de Marbois is a sufficient contradiction to the charge of peculation which has been raised against me in the absence of correct information respecting the real causes of my rupture with the first consul.

* See translation of the *Duke de Rovigo's Memoirs.*

† The extract from the Duke of Rovigo's Memoirs is here alluded to.

‡ This well authenticated letter, and the high character of M. de Barbe Marbois, set the matter of Bourrienne's probity at rest for ever. Some persons stupidly malignant, having private purposes to serve, and others unwisely zealous, wishing to ruin the credit of a man who tells the plain truth, the evil as well as the good of Bonaparte, have endeavoured, and are still endeavouring, to revive the exploded calumny. But it will not do. Even that great professor of slander and back-biting, Don Basile, the jesuit, in the Barbier de Seville, would never have made people believe calumnies that he had so evident an interest in inventing and propagating.—*Editor.*

M. de Rovigo also observes, that my enemies were numerous. My concealed adversaries were indeed all those who were interested that the sovereign should not have about him, as his intimate confident, a man devoted to his glory, and not to his vanity. In expressing his dissatisfaction of one of his ministers, Bonaparte had said, in the presence of several individuals, among whom was M. Maret, "If I could find a second Bourrienne, I would get rid of you all." This was sufficient to raise against me the hatred of all who envied the confidence of which I was in possession.

The failure of a house in Paris, in which I had invested a considerable sum of money, afforded an opportunity for envy and malignity to irritate the first consul against me. Bonaparte, who had not yet forgiven me for wishing to leave him, at length determined to sacrifice my services to a new fit of ill-humour.

A mercantile house, then one of the most respectable in Paris, had among its speculations undertaken some army contracts. With the knowledge of Berthier, with whom, indeed, the house had treated, I had invested some money in this business. Unfortunately the principals were, unknown to me, engaged in dangerous speculations in the funds, which in a short time so involved them as to occasion their failure. This caused a rumour that a slight fall of the funds, which took place at that period, was occasioned by the bankruptcy, and the first consul, who never could understand the nature of the funds, gave credit to the report. He was made to believe that the business of the stock exchange was ruined. It was insinuated that I was accused of taking advantage of my situation, to produce variations in the funds, though I was so unfortunate as to lose not only my investment in the bankrupt-house, but also a sum of money for which I had become bound, by way of surety, to assist the house in arranging its affairs. I incurred the violent displeasure of the first consul, who declared to me that he *no longer required my services.* I might, perhaps, have cooled his irritation by reminding him that he could not blame me for *purchasing* an interest in a contract, since he himself had stipulated for a *gratuity* of 1,500,000fr. for his brother Joseph, out of the contract for victualling the navy.* But I saw that for some time past M. de Mennevalle had begun to supersede me, and the first consul only wanted such an opportunity as this for coming to a rupture with me.

Such is a true statement of the circumstances which led to my separation from Bonaparte. I defy any one to adduce a single fact in support of the charge of peculation, or any transaction of the kind: I fear no investigation of my conduct. When in the service of Bonaparte, I caused many appointments to be made, and many names to be erased from the emigrant list before the

* Joseph Bonaparte contradicts this statement, but the practice was common in France, as it had once been in England.—*Editor.*

*senatus consultum* of the 6th Floréal, year X., but I never counted upon gratitude, experience having taught me that it was an empty word.

The Duke of Rovigo attributed my disgrace to certain intercepted letters which injured me in the eyes of the first consul. I did not know this at the time, and though I was pretty well aware of the machinations of Bonaparte's adulators, almost all of whom were my enemies, yet I did not contemplate such an act of baseness. But a spontaneous letter from M. de Barbé Marbois at length opened my eyes, and left little doubt on the subject. The following is the postscript to that noble peer's letter:

> I recollect that one Wednesday, the first consul, while presiding at a council of ministers at Saint Cloud, opened a note, and without informing us what it contained, hastily left the board, apparently much agitated. In a few minutes he returned, and told us that your functions had ceased.

Whether the sudden displeasure of the first consul was excited by a false representation of my concern in the transaction, which proved so unfortunate to me, or whether Bonaparte merely made that a pretence for carrying into execution a resolution which I am convinced had been previously adopted, I shall not stop to determine; but the Duke of Rovigo having mentioned the violation of the secrecy of letters in my case, I shall take the opportunity of stating some particulars on that subject.

Before I wrote these memoirs, the existence in the post-office of the cabinet, which had obtained the epithet of *black*, had been denounced in the chamber of deputies, and the answer was, that it had *ceased* to exist; which of course amounted to an admission that it had existed. I may, therefore, without indiscretion, state what I know respecting that *institution*, as the Duke of Rovigo styles it.

The black cabinet was established in the reign of Louis XV. for the mere purpose of prying into the scandalous chronicle of the court and the capital. The existence of this cabinet soon became generally known to every one. The numerous postmasters, who succeeded each other, especially in latter times, the still more numerous post-office clerks, and that portion of the public who are ever on the watch for what is held up as scandalous, soon banished all the secrecy of the affair, and none but fools were taken in by it. All who did not wish to be committed by their correspondence, chose better channels of communication than the post; but those who wanted to ruin an enemy or benefit a friend, long continued to avail themselves of the black cabinet, which, at first intended merely to amuse a monarch's idle hours, soon became a medium of intrigue, dangerous from the abuse that might be made of it.

Every morning, for three years, I used to peruse the portfolio, containing the bulletins of the black cabinet, and I frankly confess that I never could discover any real cause for the public

indignation against it, except inasmuch as it proved the channel of vile intrigue.* Out of thirty thousand letters, which daily left Paris to be distributed through France and all parts of the world, ten or twelve, at most, were copied, and often only a few lines of them.

Bonaparte at first proposed to send complete copies of intercepted letters to the ministers, whom their contents might concern; but a few observations from me induced him to direct, that only the important passages should be extracted and sent. I made these extracts, and transmitted them to their destinations, accompanied by the following words: "The first consul directs me to inform you, that he has just received the following information," &c. Whence the information came was left to be guessed at.

The first consul daily received about a dozen pretended letters, the writers of which described their enemies as opponents of the government, or their friends as models of obedience and fidelity to the constituted authorities. But the secret purpose of this vile correspondence was soon discovered, and Bonaparte gave orders that no more of it should be copied. I, however, suffered from it at the time of my disgrace, and was well nigh falling a victim to it at a subsequent period.

The letter mentioned by M. de Marbois, and which was the occasion of this digression on the violation of private correspondence, derived importance from the circumstance that Wednesday, the 20th of October, when Bonaparte received it, was the day on which I left the consular palace.

I retired to a house which Bonaparte had advised me to purchase at St. Cloud, and for the fitting up and furnishing of which he had promised to pay. We shall soon see how he kept this promise. I immediately sent to direct Landoire, the messenger of Bonaparte's cabinet, to place *all* letters sent to me, in the first consul's portfolio, because many intended for him came under cover for me. In consequence of this message, I received the following letter from M. Mennevalle:

I cannot believe that the first consul would wish that your letters should be presented to him. I presume you allude only to those which may concern him, and which come addressed under cover to you.

The first consul has written to citizens Lavallette and Mollien, directing them to address their packets to him. I cannot allow Landoire to obey the order you sent.

The first consul yesterday evening evinced great regret. He repeatedly said, "How miserable I am! I have known that man since he was seven years old."

I cannot but believe that he will reconsider his unfortunate decision.

* An Englishman would express himself more severely on this subject, but the French have become familiarized with the practice, which was common enough in England during the reign of Queen Anne.—(*Editor.*)

I have intimated to him that the burden of the business is too much for me, and that he must be extremely at a loss for the services of one to whom he was so much accustomed, and whose situation, I am confident, nobody else can satisfactorily fill. He went to bed very low spirited.

19 Vendémiaire, year X.
(21 Oct. 1802.)

Next day, I received another letter from M. Mennevalle. It was as follows:

I send you your letters. The first consul prefers that you should break them open, and send here those which are intended for him. Enclosed you will find the German papers, which he begs you to translate.

Madame Bonaparte is much interested in your behalf; and I can assure you that no one more heartily desires than the first consul himself, to see you again at your old post, for which it would be difficult to find a successor equal to you, either as regards fidelity or fitness. I do not relinquish the hope of seeing you here again.

A whole week passed away in conflicts between the first consul's friendship and pride. The least desire he manifested to recal me was opposed by his flatterers. On the fifth day of our separation, he directed me to come to him. He received me with the greatest kindness, and after having good-humouredly told me that I often expressed myself with too much freedom—a fault I was never solicitous to correct—he added, "I regret your absence much. You were very useful to me. You are neither too noble, nor too plebeian; neither too aristocratic, nor too jacobinical. You are discreet and laborious. You understand me better than any one else; and, between ourselves be it said, we ought to consider this a sort of court. Look at Duroc, Bessières, Maret. However, I am very much inclined to take you back; but by so doing, I should confirm the report that I cannot do without you."

Madame Bonaparte informed me that she had heard persons, to whom Bonaparte expressed a desire to recal me, observe, "What would you do? People will say you cannot do without him. You have got rid of him now; therefore think no more about him: and as for the English newspapers, he gave them more importance than they really deserved: you will no longer be troubled with them." This will bring to mind a scene which occurred at Malmaison, on the receipt of some intelligence in the London Gazette.

I am convinced, that if Bonaparte had been left to himself, he would have recalled me, and this conviction is warranted by the interval which elapsed between his determination to part with me and the formal announcement of my dismissal. Our

rupture took place on the 20th of October, and on the 8th of November following the first consul sent me the following letter:

CITIZEN BOURRIENNE, MINISTER OF STATE,

I am satisfied with the services which you have rendered me, during the time you have been with me; but henceforth they are no longer necessary. I wish you to relinquish, from this time, the functions and title of my private secretary. I shall seize an early opportunity of providing for you in a way suited to your activity and talents, and conducive to the public service.

BONAPARTE.

If any proof of the first consul's malignity were wanting, it would be furnished by the following fact: A few days after the receipt of the letter which announced my dismissal, I received a note from Duroc; but to afford an idea of the petty revenge of him who caused it to be written, it will be necessary first to relate a few preceding circumstances.

When, with the view of preserving a little freedom, I declined the offer of apartments which Madame Bonaparte had prepared at Malmaison, for myself and my family, I purchased a small house at Ruel: the first consul had given orders for the furnishing of this house, as well as one which I possessed in Paris. From the manner in which the orders were given, I had not the slightest doubt but that Bonaparte intended to make me a present of the furniture. However, when I left his service, he applied to have it returned. At first I paid no attention to his demand, as far as it concerned the furniture at Ruel; and then, actuated by the desire of taking revenge, even by the most pitiful means, he directed Duroc to write the following letter to me:

The firs consul, my dear Bourrienne, has just ordered me to send him, this evening, the keys of your residence in Paris, from which none of the furniture is to be removed.

He also directs me to put into a magazine whatever furniture you may have at Ruel or elsewhere, which you have obtained from government.

I beg of you to send me an answer, so as to assist me in the execution of these orders. You promised to have every thing settled before the first consul's return. I must excuse myself in the best way I can.

DUROC.

24 Brumaire, year X.
(15 Nov. 1802.)

Two great measures of the consular government had been accomplished between the time when I tendered my resignation and the date of Bonaparte's last letter, namely, the consulship for life, and the treaty of Amiens.

Believing myself to be master of my own actions, I had formed the design of visiting England, whither I was called by

some private business. However, I was fully aware of the peculiarity of my situation; and I was resolved to take no step that should in any way justify a reproach.

On the 11th of January I wrote to Duroc—

My affairs require my presence in England for some time. I beg of you, my dear Duroc, to mention my intended journey to the first consul, as I do not wish to do any thing inconsistent with his views. I would rather sacrifice my own interest than displease him. I rely on your friendship for an early answer to this; for uncertainty would be fatal to me in many respects.

The answer, which speedily arrived, was as follows:

My dear Bourrienne—I have presented to the first consul the letter I just received from you. He read it, and said, "No!" That is the only answer I can give you. Duroc.

This monosyllable was expressive. It proved to me that Bonaparte was conscious how ill he had treated me; and suspecting that I was actuated by the desire of vengeance, he was afraid of my going to England, lest I should there take advantage of that liberty of the press which he had so effectually put down in France. He probably imagined that my object was to publish statements which would more effectually have enlightened the public respecting his government and designs, than all the scandalous anecdotes, atrocious calumnies, and ridiculous fabrications, of Peltier, the editor of the Ambigu. But Bonaparte was much deceived in this supposition; and if there can remain any doubt on that subject, it will be removed on referring to the date of these memoirs, and observing the time at which I consented to publish them.

I was not deceived as to the reasons of Bonaparte's unceremonious refusal of my application; and as I well knew his inquisitorial character, I thought it prudent to conceal my notes. I acted differently from Camoens. He contended with the sea, to preserve his manuscripts; I made the earth the depository of mine. I carefully enclosed my most valuable notes and papers in a tin box, which I buried under ground. A yellow tinge, the commencement of decay, has in some places almost obliterated the writing.

It will be seen in the sequel that my precaution was not useless, and that I was right in anticipating the persecution of Bonaparte, provoked by the malice of my enemies. On the 20th of April, Duroc sent me the following note:

I beg, my dear Bourrienne, that you will come to Saint Cloud this morning. I have something to tell you on the part of the first consul.

Duroc.

This note caused me much anxiety. I could not doubt but that my enemies had invented some new calumny; but I must say that I did not expect such baseness as I experienced.

As soon as Duroc had made me acquainted with the business which the first consul had directed him to communicate, I wrote, on the spot, the subjoined letter to Bonaparte:

At General Duroc's desire, I have this moment waited upon him, and he informs me that you have received notice that a deficit of one hundred thousand francs has been discovered in the Treasury of the Navy, which you require me to refund this day at noon.

Citizen First Consul, I know not what this means! I am utterly ignorant of the matter. I solemnly declare to you that this charge is a most infamous calumny. It is one more to be added to the number of those malicious charges which have been invented for the purpose of destroying any influence I might possess with you.

I am in General Duroc's apartment, where I await your orders.

Duroc carried my note to the first consul as soon as it was written. He speedily returned. "All's right!" said he. "He has directed me to say it was entirely a mistake!—that he is now convinced he was deceived!—that he is sorry for the business, and hopes no more will be said about it."

The base flatterers who surrounded Bonaparte wished him to renew his Egyptian extortions upon me; but they should have recollected, that the fusillade employed in Egypt for the purpose of raising money was no longer the fashion in France, and that the days were gone by when it was the custom to *grease the wheels of the revolutionary car.*

## CHAPTER LVI.

### 1803.

The first consul's presentiments respecting the duration of peace—England's uneasiness at the prosperity of France—Bonaparte's real wish for war—Concourse of foreigners in Paris—Bad faith of England—Bonaparte and Lord Whitworth—Relative position of France and England—Bonaparte's journey to the Côtes du Nord—Breakfast at Compiegne—Father Berton—Irritation excited by the presence of Bouquet—Father Berton's derangement and death—Rapp ordered to send for me—Order countermanded.

The first consul never anticipated a long peace with England. He wished for peace, merely because, knowing it to be ardently desired by the people, after ten years of war, he thought it would increase his popularity and afford him the opportunity of laying the foundation of his government. Peace was as necessary to enable him to conquer the throne of France, as war was essential to secure it, and to enlarge its base at the expense of the other thrones of Europe. This was the secret of the peace of Amiens, and of the rupture which so suddenly followed, though that rupture certainly took place sooner than the first consul wished. On the great questions of peace and war, Bonaparte entertained elevated ideas; but, in discussions on the subject, he always de-

clared himself in favour of war. When told of the necessities of the people, of the advantages of peace, its influence on trade, the arts, national industry, and every branch of public prosperity, he did not attempt to deny the argument: indeed, he concurred in it; but he remarked, that all those advantages were only conditional, so long as England was able to throw the weight of her navy into the scale of the world, and to exercise the influence of her gold in all the cabinets of Europe. Peace must be broken; since it was evident that England was determined to break it. Why not anticipate her? Why allow her to have all the advantages of the first step? We must astonish Europe! We must thwart the policy of the continent! We must strike a great and unexpected blow. Thus reasoned the first consul, and every one may judge whether his actions agreed with his sentiments.

The conduct of England too well justified the foresight of Bonaparte's policy; or rather, England, by neglecting to execute her treaties, played into Bonaparte's hand, favoured his love for war, and justified the prompt declaration of hostilities, in the eyes of the French nation, whom he wished to persuade that if peace were broken, it would be against his wishes. England was already at work with the powerful machinery of her subsidies, and the veil, beneath which she attempted to conceal her negotiations, was still sufficiently transparent for the lynx eye of the first consul. It was in the midst of peace that all those plots were hatched, while millions who had no knowledge of their existence, were securely looking forward to uninterrupted repose. Since the revolution, Paris had never presented such a spectacle as during the winter of 1802-3. At that time, the concourse of foreigners in the French capital was immense. Every thing wore the appearance of satisfaction, and the external signs of public prosperity. The visible regeneration in French society exceedingly annoyed the British ministry. The English, who flocked to the continent, discovered France to be very different from what she was described to be by the English papers. This caused serious alarm on the other side of the Channel, and the English government endeavoured, by unjust complaints, to divert attention from just dissatisfaction, which its own secret intrigues excited.

The King of England sent a message to parliament, in which he spoke of armaments preparing in the ports of France, and of the necessity of adopting precautions against meditated aggressions. This instance of bad faith highly irritated the first consul, who, one day, in a fit of displeasure, thus addressed Lord Whitworth, in the saloon, where all the foreign ambassadors were assembled:

"What is the meaning of this? Are you then tired of peace? Must Europe again be deluged with blood? Preparations for war indeed! Do you think to overawe us by this? You shall

see that France may be conquered, perhaps destroyed, but never intimidated; never!"*

The English ambassador was astounded at this unexpected sally, to which he made no reply. He contented himself with writing to his government an account of an interview, in which the first consul had so far forgotten himself, whether purposely or not, I do not pretend to say.†

* The tone of voice, the gesticulation, and whole manner of Bonaparte, were so violent on this occasion, that our ambassador, fancying the first consul was going to strike him, put his hand to the hilt of his sword. Lord Whitworth was a high-spirited man. Some time after, when Mr. Canning asked him what he would have done had Bonaparte struck him, he replied, "I would have run him through the body in the midst of his court!"—*Editor.*

† Bonaparte, at the time of this occurrence, and subsequently, denied that he manifested any violence in the interview with Lord Whitworth; but the above passage confirms the truth of Lord Whitworth's statement, notwithstanding Napoleon's comments at St. Helena.

The following is Savary's description of this extraordinary scene:

"One of the receptions of the consular court was the occasion on which Bonaparte vented his displeasure on the conduct of England. He had just been reading the despatches of his ambassador at the court of London, who sent him a copy of the king's message to parliament, respecting alleged armaments in the ports of France.

"His mind being wholly biassed by the reflections to which the perusal of the despatches had given rise, he omitted going that day into the second saloon, but went straight up to the ambassadors. I was only at the distance of a few paces from him, when, stopping short before the English ambassador, he put the following hurried questions to him in a tone of anger: "What does your cabinet mean? What is the motive for raising these rumours of armaments in our harbours? How! Is it possible to impose in this manner upon the credulity of nations, or to be so ignorant of our real intentions? If the actual state of things be known, it must be evident to all that there are only two transports fitting out for St. Domingo: that that island engrosses all our attention, all our disposable means. Why then these complaints? Can peace be already considered as a burden to be shaken off? Is Europe to be again deluged in blood? Preparations making for war? To pretend to overawe us! France may be conquered, perhaps destroyed, but never intimidated!'

"The ambassador made a respectful bow, and gave no reply. The first consul left that part of the saloon; but whether he had been a little heated by this explosion of ill-humour, or from some other cause, he ceased his round, and withdrew to his own apartments. Madame Bonaparte followed. In an instant the saloon was cleared of company. The ambassadors of Russia and England had retired to the embrasure of a window, and were still conversing together after the apartments had been cleared of visiters. 'Indeed,' said one to the other, 'you could hardly expect such an attack; how then could you be prepared to reply to it? All you have to do is to give an account of it to your government; in the mean time, let what has taken place suggest to you the conduct you ought to pursue.

"He took the advice. The communications became cold and reserved. England had already formed her determination. A spirit of acrimony soon sprung up between the two governments.

"An interchange of notes took place: categorical explanations were required; the demand for passports soon followed. The latter were immediately granted by the first consul. I was in his closet of Saint Cloud when M. Maret was introduced, who brought with him the corrected draft of the reply which was to accompany the passports. He had it read out to him, and expressed himself in the kindest terms respecting the personal character of Lord Whitworth, for whom he felt great regard. He was quite satisfied that on this occasion the ambassador had not at all influenced the conduct of his government."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.*

That England wished for war there could be no doubt. She occupied Malta, it is true; but she had promised to give it up, though she never had any intention to do so. She was to have evacuated Egypt, yet there she still remained; the Cape of Good Hope was to have been surrendered, but she still retained possession of it. England had signed, at Amiens, a peace which she had no intention of maintaining. She knew the hatred of the cabinets of Europe towards France, and she was sure, by her intrigues and subsidies, of arming them on her side whenever her plans reached maturity. She saw France powerful and influential in Europe, and she knew the ambitious views of the first consul, who, indeed, had taken little pains to conceal them.

The first consul, who had reckoned on a longer duration of the peace of Amiens, found himself, at the rupture of the treaty, in an embarrassing situation. The numerous grants of leave of absence, the deplorable condition of the cavalry, and the temporary nullity of artillery, in consequence of a project for refounding all the fieldpieces, caused much anxiety to Bonaparte. He had recourse to the conscription to fill up the deficiencies of the army; and the project of refounding the artillery was abandoned. Supplies of money were obtained from large towns, and Hanover, which was soon after occupied, furnished abundance of good horses for mounting the cavalry.

War had now become inevitable: and as soon as it was declared, the first consul set out to visit Belgium and the departments of the Côtes du Nord, to ascertain the best means of resisting the anticipated attacks of the English on the coast. In passing through Compiegne, he received a visit from Father Berton, formerly principal of the military school of Brienne. He was then rector of the School of Arts, at Compiegne, a situation in which he had been placed by Bonaparte. I learned the particulars of this visit through Josephine. Father Berton, whose primitive simplicity of manner was unchanged since the time when he held us under the authority of his ferule, came to invite Bonaparte and Josephine to breakfast with him, which invitation was accepted. Father Berton had at that time living with him one of our old comrades of Brienne, named Bouquet; but he expressly forbade him to show himself to Bonaparte or any one of his suite, because Bouquet, who had been a commissary at head-quarters in Italy, was in disgrace with the first consul.* Bouquet promised to observe Father Berton's in-

* Bouquet had incurred Bonaparte's displeasure by the following dishonest transaction. When the French had a second time taken Verona, Bouquet and a colonel of the army named Andrieux, went to the Monte-di-Piétà, in that city, and by representing that they had orders from their general to make an inventory of the property, induced the keeper to allow them to examine the place. The property in the Monte-di-Piétà amounted to twelve millions, which the keeper never set eyes on after Bouquet's visit. The colonel absconded, but Bouquet was apprehended and about to be tried. The transaction, however, was found to involve so many persons, that the captain appointed to conduct the trial thought right to ask the opinion of General Augereau, as to the propriety

junctions, but was far from keeping his promise. As soon as he saw Bonaparte's carriage drive up, he ran to the door, and gallantly handed out Josephine. Josephine, as she took his hand, said, "Bouquet, you are ruined." Bonaparte, indignant at what he considered an unwarrantable familiarity, gave way to one of his incontrollable fits of passion, and as soon as he entered the room, where the breakfast was laid, he seated himself, and then said to his wife, in an imperious tone, "Josephine, sit there!" He then commenced breakfast, without telling Father Berton to sit down, although a third plate had been laid for him. Father Berton stood behind his old pupil's chair, apparently confounded at his violence. The scene produced such an effect on the old man, that he became incapable of discharging his duties at Compiegne. He retired to Rheims, and his intellect soon after became deranged. I do not pretend to say whether this alienation of mind was caused by the occurrence I have just related, and the account of which I received from Josephine. She was deeply afflicted at what had passed, and Father Berton died insane. What I heard from Josephine was afterwards confirmed by the brother of Father Berton. The fact is, that in proportion as Bonaparte acquired power, he was the more annoyed at the familiarity of old companions; and, indeed, I must confess, that their familiarity often appeared very ridiculous.

The first consul's visit to the northern coast took place towards the end of the year 1803, at which time the English attacked the Dutch settlements of Surinam, Demerara, and Essequibo, and a convention of neutrality was concluded between France, Spain, and Portugal. Rapp accompanied the first consul, who attentively inspected the preparations making for a descent on England, which it was never his intention to effect, as will be shortly shown.

On the first consul's return, I learned from Rapp that I had been spoken of during the journey, and in the following way: Bonaparte, being at Boulogne, wanted some information, which no one there could give him. Vexed at receiving no satisfactory answer to his inquiries, he called Rapp, and said, "Do you know, Rapp, where Bourrienne is?"—"General, he is in Paris."—"Write to him to come here immediately, and send off one of my couriers with the letter." The rumour of the first consul's sudden recollection of me spread like lightning, and the time required to write the letter, and despatch the courier, was more than sufficient for the efforts of those whom my return was calculated to alarm. Artful representations soon checked these spontaneous symptoms of a return to former feelings and habits. When Rapp carried to the first consul the letter he

of proceeding. What directions he gave I do not know, but I know very well that Bouquet, in the mean time, escaped from prison. Bonaparte was highly indignant at his conduct, and declared that had he been found guilty, he would have allowed the sentence to be executed.

had been directed to write, the order was countermanded. However, Rapp advised me not to leave Paris, or if I did, to mention the place where I might be found, so that Duroc might have it in his power to seize on any favourable circumstance without delay. I was well aware of the friendship of both Rapp and Duroc, and they could as confidently rely on mine.

*Note.*—Inasmuch as it relates to the renewal of one of the most dreadful wars ever waged between nations, this Chapter is exceedingly interesting. All the thoroughly devoted Bonapartists insist that the fault lay wholly with England. and even Bourrienne seems to think that she was at least as culpable as France. The following brief statement is necessary to show how matters really stood :

Bonaparte, never considering that the treaty of Amiens (signed on the 25th of March, 1802) was to limit his ambition or check the aggrandizement of France, definitively incorporated (in September, 1802) the whole of Piedmont with the French republic, and divided it into six departments as if it had been an integral part of France. Parma and Elba were annexed without the shadow of a right, or even of an excuse. Holland, which was soon to be incorporated also, and the states on the Rhine, were threatened and coerced by the absolute will of Bonaparte; the old republicans of Switzerland were constantly insulted and oppressed by the *soi-disant* republicans of France; and there was not a single power on the continent but foresaw and dreaded encroachments. The preservation of a peace under these circumstances, which were decidedly and solely attributable to the ambition of the French, rendered the preservation of peace impossible. But this was not all—Bonaparte published in the Moniteur, a long memorial drawn up by General Sebastiani, who had just returned from a mission to the East, the express object of which had been to raise up enemies against England, and to find out fresh channels for French conquests. Egypt still lay at the heart of the first consul, and the servant knew how to please his master. "With only 6000 men," said Sebastiani, "you may now restore Egypt to the French republic; so thoroughly are the English there detested. Your name alone procured me honour every where—honour and protection; and it was in vain that *General Stuart, the representative of his British Majesty* endeavoured to excite the Turkish government to *assassinate me.*" This most impudent and insulting report ended by showing how very easy it would be to seize and keep all the Ionian islands.

It was madness in Bonaparte to attempt to set off the calumnies of himself in our journals, against this authorized and official document. In England the press was free; in France it was fettered and manacled, nor could a line of which Bonaparte disapproved be printed any where. This memorial was sent by himself, after he had revised it, to his official paper the Moniteur. It was, therefore, not the speculation of an editor, or the work of a journalist, but Bonaparte, the head of the French government, that attacked our national honour.—*Editor.*

## CHAPTER LVII.

### 1803.

Vast works undertaken—The French and the Roman soldiers—Itinerary of Bonaparte's journeys to the coast—Twelve hours on horseback—Discussions in council—Opposition of Truguet—Bonaparte's opinion on the point under discussion—Two divisions of the world—Europe a province—Bonaparte's jealousy of the dignity of France—The Englishman in the dockyard of Brest—Public audience at the Tuileries—The first consul's remarks upon England—His wish to enjoy the good opinion of the English people—Ball at Malmaison—Lines on Hortense's dancing—Singular motive for giving the ball.

At the time of the rupture with England, Bonaparte was, as I have mentioned, quite unprepared in most branches of the

service; yet every thing was created as if by magic, and he seemed to impart to others a share of his own incredible activity. It is inconceivable how many things had been undertaken and executed since the rupture of the peace. The north coast of France presented the appearance of one vast arsenal; for Bonaparte, on this occasion, employed his troops like Roman soldiers, and made the tools of the artisan succeed to the arms of the warrior.

On his frequent journeys to the coast, Bonaparte usually set off at night, and on the following morning arrived at the post-office of Chantilly, where he breakfasted. Rapp, whom I often saw when he was in Paris, talked incessantly of these journeys; for he almost always accompanied the first consul, and it would have been well had he always been surrounded by such men. In the evening, the first consul supped at Abbeville, and arrived early next day at the bridge of Brique. "It would require constitutions of iron to go through what we do," said Rapp. "We no sooner alight from the carriage than we mount on horseback, and remain in our saddles for ten or twelve hours successively. The first consul inspects and examines every thing, often talks with the soldiers. How he is beloved by them! When shall we pay a visit to London with those brave fellows?"

Notwithstanding these continual journeys, the first consul never neglected any of the business of government, and was frequently present at the deliberations of council. I was still with him, when the question as to the manner in which the treaties of peace should be concluded, came under the consideration of the council. Some members, among whom Truguet was conspicuous, were of opinion, that, conformably with an article of the constitution, the treaties should be proposed by the head of the government, submitted to the legislative body, and after being agreed to, promulgated as part of the laws. Bonaparte thought differently. I was entirely of his opinion, and he said to me, "It is for the mere pleasure of opposition that they appeal to the constitution, for if the constitution says so, it is absurd. There are some things which cannot become the subject of discussion in a public assembly: for instance, if I treat with Austria, and my ambassador agrees to certain conditions, can those conditions be rejected by the legislative body? It is a monstrous absurdity! Things would be brought to a fine pass in this way! Lucchesini and Markow would give dinners every day like Cambacérès; scatter their money about, buy men who are to be sold, and thus cause our propositions to be rejected. This would be a fine way to manage matters!"

In his enlarged way of viewing the world, Bonaparte divided it into two large states, the east and the west: "What matters," he would often say, "that two countries are separated by rivers or mountains, that they speak different languages? With very slight shades of variety, France, Spain, England, Italy, and Germany, have the same manners and customs, the

same religion, and the same dress. A man can only marry one wife; slavery is not allowed; and these are the great distinctions which divide the civilized inhabitants of the globe. With the exception of Turkey, Europe is merely a province of the world, and our warfare is but civil strife. There is also another way of dividing nations, namely, by land and water." Then he would touch on all the European interests, speak of Russia, whose alliance he wished for, and of England, the mistress of the seas. He usually ended by alluding to what was then his favourite scheme—an expedition to India.

When from these general topics Bonaparte descended to the particular interests of France, he spoke like a sovereign; and I may truly say, that he showed himself more jealous than any sovereign ever was of the dignity of France, of which he already considered himself the sole representative. Having learned that a captain of the English navy had visited the dockyard of Brest, passing himself off as a merchant, whose passport he had borrowed, he flew into a rage because no one had arrested him. Nothing was lost on Bonaparte, and he made use of this fact to prove to the council of state the necessity of increasing the number of commissaries of police. At a meeting of the council he said, "If there had been a commissary of police at Brest, he would have arrested the English captain, and sent him at once to Paris. As he was acting the part of a spy, I would have had him shot as such. No Englishman, not even a nobleman, or the English ambassador, should be admitted into our dockyards. I will soon regulate all this." He afterwards said to me, "There are plenty of wretches who are selling me every day to the English, without my being subjected to English spying."*

He had on one occasion said before an assemblage of guards, senators, and high officers of state, who were at an audience of the diplomatic body, "The English think that I am afraid of war, but I am not." And here the truth escaped him, in spite of himself. "My power will lose nothing by war. In a very short time I can have two millions of men at my disposal. What has been the result of the first war? The union of Belgium and Piedmont to France. This is greatly to our advantage; it will consolidate our system. France shall not be restrained by foreign fetters. England has manifestly violated the treaties. It would be better to render homage to the King of England, and crown him King of France at Paris, than to submit to the insolent caprices of the English government. If for the sake of preserving peace, at most for only two months longer, I should yield on a single point, the English would become the more treacherous and insolent, and would exact the

* During the short and hollow peace of Amiens, Bonaparte sent over to England, as consuls and vice-consuls, a number of engineers and military men, who were instructed *to make plans of all the harbours and coasts of the United Kingdom.* They worked in secrecy, yet not so secretly but that they were soon suspected: the facts were proved, and they were sent out of the country without ceremony —*Editor.*

more in proportion as we yield. But they little know me! Were we to yield to England now, she would next prohibit our navigation in certain parts of the world. She would insist on the surrender of our ships. I know not what she would not demand; but I am not the man to brook such indignities. Since England wishes for war, she shall have it, and that speedily!"

On the same day, Bonaparte said a great deal more about the treachery of England. The gross calumnies to which he was exposed in the London newspapers, powerfully contributed to increase his natural hatred of the liberty of the press; and he was much astonished that such attacks should be made upon him, when he was at peace with the English government.

I had one day a singular proof of the importance which Bonaparte attached to the opinion of the English people, respecting any misconduct that was attributed to him. What I am about to state will afford another example of Bonaparte's disposition to employ petty and roundabout means to gain his ends. He gave a ball at Malmaison when Hortense was in the seventh month of her pregnancy. I have already mentioned that he disliked to see women in that situation, and above all, could not endure to see them dance. Yet, in spite of this antipathy, he himself asked Hortense to dance at the ball at Malmaison. She at first declined, but Bonaparte was exceedingly importunate; and said to her in a tone of good-humoured persuasion, "Do, I beg of you; I particularly wish to see you dance. Come, stand up, to oblige me." Hortense consented. The motive for this extraordinary request I will now explain.

On the day after the ball, one of the newspapers contained some verses on Hortense's dancing. She was exceedingly annoyed at this; and when the paper arrived at Malmaison, she expressed displeasure at it. Even allowing for all the facility of our newspaper wits, she was, nevertheless, at a loss to understand how the lines could have been written and printed respecting a circumstance which only occurred the night before. Bonaparte smiled, and gave her no distinct answer. When Hortense knew that I was alone in the cabinet, she came in and asked me to explain the matter; and, seeing no reason to conceal the truth, I told her that the lines had been written by Bonaparte's direction before the ball took place. I added, what indeed was the fact, that the ball had been prepared for the verses, and that it was only for the appropriateness of their application that the first consul had pressed her to dance. He adopted this strange contrivance for contradicting an article which appeared in an English journal, announcing that Hortense was delivered. Bonaparte was highly indignant at that premature announcement, which he clearly saw was made for the sole purpose of giving credit to the scandalous rumours of his imputed connexion with Hortense. Such were the petty machinations which not unfrequently found their place in a mind in which the grandest schemes were revolving.

# CHAPTER LVIII.

## 1803.

Mr. Pitt—Motive of his going out of office—Error of the English government—Pretended regard for the Bourbons—Violation of the treaty of Amiens—Reciprocal accusations—Malta—Lord Whitworth's departure—Rome and Carthage—Secret satisfaction of Bonaparte—Message to the senate, the legislative body, and the tribunate—The King of England's renunciation of the title of King of France—Complaints of the English government—French agents in British ports—Views of France upon Turkey—Observation made by Bonaparte to the legislative body—Its false interpretation—Conquest of Hanover—The Duke of Cambridge caricatured—The King of England and the Elector of Hanover—First address to the clergy—Use of the word Monsieur—The republican weeks and months.

One of the circumstances which most decidedly foretold the brief duration of the peace of Amiens was, that Mr. Pitt was out of office at the time of its conclusion. I mentioned this to Bonaparte, and I immediately perceived by his hasty "What do you say?" that my observation had been heard but not liked. It did not, however, require any extraordinary shrewdness to see the true motive of Mr. Pitt's retirement. That distinguished statesman conceived that a truce under the name of a peace was indispensable for England; but, intending to resume the war with France more fiercely than ever, he for a while retired from office, and left to others the task of arranging the peace; but his intention was to mark his return to the ministry by the renewal of the implacable hatred he had vowed against France. Still I have always thought that the conclusion of peace, however necessary to England, was an error of the cabinet of London. England had never before acknowledged any of the governments which had risen up in France since the revolution; and as the past could not be blotted out, a future war, however successful to England, could not take from Bonaparte's government the immense weight it had acquired by an interval of peace. Besides, by the mere fact of the conclusion of the treaty, England proved to all Europe that the restoration of the Bourbons was merely a pretext, and she tore that page of her history which might have shown that she was actuated by nobler and more generous sentiments than mere hatred of France. It is very certain, that the condescension of England in treating

with the first consul, had the effect of rallying round him a great many partisans of the Bourbons, whose hopes entirely depended on the continuance of war between Great Britain and France. This opened the eyes of the greater number, namely, those who could not see below the surface, and were not previously aware that the demonstrations of friendship so liberally made to the Bourbons by the European cabinets, and especially by England, were merely false pretences, assumed for the purpose of disguising, beneath the semblance of honourable motives, their wish to injure France, and to oppose her rapidly increasing power.

When the misunderstanding took place, France and England might have mutually reproached each other, but justice was apparently on the side of France. It was evident that England, by refusing to evacuate Malta, was guilty of a palpable infraction of the treaty of Amiens, while England could only institute against France what in the French law language is called a process of tendency. But it must be confessed that this tendency on the part of France to augment her territory, was very evident, for the consular decrees made conquests more promptly than the sword. The union of Piedmont with France had changed the state of Europe. This union, it is true, was effected previously to the treaty of Amiens; * but it was not so with the states of Parma and Piacenza, Bonaparte having, by his sole authority, constituted himself the heir of the grand duke, recently deceased. It may therefore be easily imagined how great was England's uneasiness at the internal prosperity of France, and the insatiable ambition of her ruler; but it is no less certain that, with respect to Malta, England acted with decided bad faith; and this bad faith appeared in its worst light from the following circumstance: It had been stipulated, that England should withdraw her troops from Malta three months after the signing of the treaty, yet more than a year had elapsed, and the troops were still there. The order of Malta was to be restored as it formerly was; that is to say, it was to be a sovereign and independent order, under the protection of the Holy See. The three cabinets of Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, were to guarantee the execution of the treaty of Amiens. The English ambassador, to excuse the evasions of his government, pretended that the Russian cabinet concurred with England in the delayed fulfilment of the conditions of the treaty; but at the very moment he was making that excuse, a courier arrived from the cabinet of St. Petersburg, bearing despatches completely at variance with the assertion of Lord Whitworth. His lordship left Paris on the night of the 12th May, 1803, and the English government sent unsolicited passports to the French embassy in London. The news of this sudden rupture made the English

* This is incorrect. The *senatus consultum*, incorporating Piedmont with France, was dated in September, 1802, six months after the peace of Amiens.—*Editor.*

consols fall four per cent.; but did not immediately produce such a retrograde effect on the French funds, which were then quoted at fifty-five francs; a very high point, when it is recollected that they were at seven or eight francs on the eve of the 18th Brumaire.

In this state of things, France proposed to the English government to admit of the mediation of Russia; but as England had declared war, in order to repair the error she committed in concluding peace, the proposition was of course rejected. Thus the public gave the first consul credit for great moderation, and a sincere wish for peace. Thus arose between England and France a contest resembling those furious wars which marked the reigns of King John and Charles VII. Our *beaux esprits* drew splendid comparisons between the existing state of things and the ancient rivalry of Carthage and Rome, and sapiently concluded, that as Carthage fell, England must do so likewise.

Bonaparte was at Saint Cloud when Lord Whitworth left Paris. A fortnight was spent in useless attempts to renew negotiations. War, therefore, was the only alternative. Before he made his final preparations, the first consul addressed a message to the senate, the legislative body, and the tribunate. In this message he mentioned the recal of the English ambassador, the breaking out of hostilities, the unexpected message of the King of England to the parliament, and the armaments which immediately ensued in the British ports. "In vain," he said, "had France tried every means to induce England to abide by the treaty. She had repelled every overture, and increased the insolence of her demands. France," he added, "will not submit to menaces, but will combat for the faith of treaties, and the honour of the French name, confidently trusting that the result of the contest will be such as she has a right to expect from the justice of her cause and the courage of her people."

This message was dignified, and free from that vein of boasting in which Bonaparte so frequently indulged. The reply of the senate was accompanied by a vote of a ship of the line, to be paid for out of the senatorial salaries. With his usual address, Bonaparte, in acting for himself, spoke in the name of the people, just as he did in the question of the consulate for life. But what he then did for his own interests turned to the future interests of the Bourbons. The very treaty which had just been broken off gave rise to a curious observation. Bonaparte, though not yet a sovereign, peremptorily required the King of England to renounce the empty title of King of France, which was kept up as if to imply that old pretensions were not yet renounced. The proposition was acceded to, and to this circumstance was owing the disappearance of the title of King of France from among the titles of the King of England, when the treaty of Paris was concluded on the return of the Bourbons.

The first grievance complained of by England was the pro-

hibition of English merchandise, which had been more rigid since the peace than during the war. The avowal of Great Britain, on this point, might well have enabled her to dispense with any other subject of complaint; for the truth is, she was alarmed at the aspect of our internal prosperity, and at the impulse given to our manufactures. The English government had hoped to obtain from the first consul such a commercial treaty as would have proved a deathblow to our rising trade; but Bonaparte opposed this, and from the very circumstance of his refusal, he might easily have foreseen the rupture at which he affected to be surprised. What I state I felt at the time, when I read with great interest all the documents relative to this great dispute between the two rival nations, which eleven years afterwards was decided before the walls of Paris.

It was evidently disappointment in regard to a commercial treaty, which created the animosity of the English government, as that circumstance was alluded to, by way of reproach, in the King of England's declaration. In that document it was complained, that France had sent a number of persons into the ports of Great Britain and Ireland, in the character of commercial agents, which character, and the privileges belonging to it, they could only have acquired by a commercial treaty. Such was, in my opinion, the real cause of the complaints of England; but as it would have seemed too absurd to make it the ground of a declaration of war, she enumerated other grievances, viz.—the union of Piedmont and of the states of Parma and Piacenza with France, and the continuance of the French troops in Holland. A great deal was said about the views and projects of France with respect to Turkey, and this complaint originated in General Sebastiani's mission to Egypt. On that point I can take upon me to say, that the English government was not misinformed. Bonaparte too frequently spoke to me of his ideas respecting the east, and his project of attacking the English power in India, to leave any doubt of his ever having renounced them. The result of all the reproaches which the two governments addressed to each other was, that neither acted with good faith.

The first consul, in a communication to the legislative body on the state of France, and on her foreign relations, had said, "England, single-handed, cannot cope with France." This sufficed to irritate the susceptibility of English pride, and the British cabinet affected to regard it as a threat. However, it was no such thing. When Bonaparte threatened, his words were infinitely more energetic. The passage above cited was merely an assurance to France; and if we only look at the vast efforts and sacrifices made by England, to stir up enemies to France on the continent, we may be justified in supposing that her anger at Bonaparte's declaration arose from a conviction of its truth. Singly opposed to France, England could doubtless have done her much harm, especially by assailing the scattered

remnants of her navy; but she could have done nothing against France on the continent. The two powers, unaided by allies, might have continued long at war, without any considerable acts of hostility.

The first effect of the declaration of war by England, was the invasion of Hanover by the French troops under General Mortier. The telegraphic despatch, by which this news was communicated to Paris, was as laconic as correct, and contained, in a few words, the complete history of the expedition. It ran as follows: "The French are masters of the electorate of Hanover, and the enemy's army are made prisoners of war." A day or two after, the shop-windows of the printsellers were filled with caricatures on the English, and particularly on the Duke of Cambridge. I recollect seeing one, in which the duke was represented reviewing his troops, mounted on a crab. I mention these trifles, because as I was then living entirely at leisure, in the Rue Hauteville, I used frequently to take a stroll on the Boulevards, where I was sometimes much amused with these prints; and I could not help remarking, that in large cities such trifles have more influence on the public mind than is usually supposed.

The first consul thought the taking of the prisoners in Hanover a good opportunity to exchange them for those taken from us by the English navy. A proposition to this effect was accordingly made; but the English cabinet was of opinion that, though the King of England was also Elector of Hanover, yet there was no identity between the two governments, of both which George III. was the head. In consequence of this subtle distinction, the proposition for the exchange of prisoners fell to the ground. At this period, nothing could exceed the animosity of the two governments towards each other; and Bonaparte, on the declaration of war, marked his indignation by an act which no consideration can justify; I allude to the order for the arrest of all the English in France—a truly barbarous measure; for, can any thing be more cruel and unjust than to visit individuals with the vengeance due to the government whose subjects they may happen to be? But Bonaparte, when under the influence of anger, was never troubled by scruples.

I must here notice the fulfilment of a remark Bonaparte often made use of to me during the consulate. "You shall see, Bourrienne," he would say, "what use I will make of the priests."

War being declared, the first consul, in imitation of the most Christian kings of olden times, recommended the success of his arms to the prayers of the faithful, through the medium of the clergy. To this end, he addressed a circular letter, written in royal style, to the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops of France. It was as follows:

MONSIEUR,

The motives of the present war are known throughout Europe. The

bad faith of the King of England, who has violated his treaties by refusing to restore Malta to the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and attacked our merchant-vessels without a previous declaration of war, together with the necessity of a just defence, forced us to have recourse to arms. I therefore wish you to order prayers to be offered up, in order to obtain the benediction of Heaven on our enterprises. The proofs I have received of your zeal for the public service, give me an assurance of your readiness to conform with my wishes.

Given at St. Cloud, 18 Prairial, year XI.

BONAPARTE.

This letter was remarkable in more than one respect. It astonished most of his old brothers in arms, who turned it into ridicule; observing that Bonaparte needed no praying to enable him to conquer Italy twice over. The first consul, however, let them laugh on, and steadily followed the line he had traced out. His letter was admirably calculated to please the court of Rome, which he wished should consider him in the light of another elder son of the church. The letter was, moreover, remarkable for the use of the word "Monsieur," which the first consul now employed for the first time in an act destined for publicity. This circumstance would seem to indicate that he considered republican designations incompatible with the forms due to the clergy: the clergy were especially interested in the restoration of monarchy. It may, perhaps, be thought that I dwell too much on trifles; but I lived long enough in Bonaparte's confidence to know the importance he attached to trifles. The first consul restored the old names of the days of the week, while he allowed the names of the months, as set down in the republican calendar, to remain:—he commenced by ordering the Moniteur to be dated "Saturday," such a day of "Messidor." "See," said he, one day, "was there ever such an inconsistency? We shall be laughed at! But I will do away with the Messidor. I will efface all the inventions of the jacobins."

The clergy did not disappoint the expectations of the first consul. They owed him much already, and hoped for still more from him. The letter to the bishops, &c., was the signal for a number of circulars, full of eulogies on Bonaparte.

These compliments were far from displeasing the first consul, who had no objection to flattery, though he despised those who meanly made themselves the medium of conveying it to him. Duroc once told me that they had all great difficulty in preserving their gravity, when the curé of a parish in Abbeville addressed Bonaparte, one day while he was on his journey to the coast. "Religion," said the worthy curé, with ludicrous solemnity, "owes to you all that we are; and I owe to you all that I am.

## CHAPTER LIX.

### 1803.

Presentation of Prince Borghese to Bonaparte—Departure from Belgium—Revival of a royal custom—The swans of Amiens—Change of formula in the acts of government—Company of performers in Bonaparte's suite—Revival of old customs—Division of the Institute into four classes—Science and literature—Bonaparte's hatred of literary men—Ducis—Bernardin de St. Pierre—Chenier and Lemercier—Explanation of Bonaparte's aversion to literature—Lalande and his dictionary—Education in the hands of government—M. Roquelaure, archbishop of Malines.

In the month of April, 1803, Prince Borghese, who was destined one day to become Bonaparte's brother-in-law, by marrying the widow of Leclerc, was introduced to the first consul by Cardinal Caprara.

About the end of June, Bonaparte proceeded, with Josephine, on his journey to Belgium and the Côtes du Nord. Many curious circumstances were connected with this journey, of which I was informed by Duroc, after the first consul's return. Bonaparte left Paris on the 24th of June, and although it was not for upwards of a year afterwards that his brow was encircled with the imperial diadem, every thing connected with the journey had an imperial air. It was formerly the custom, when the kings of France entered the ancient capital of Picardy, for the town of Amiens to offer them in homage some beautiful swans. Care was taken to revive this custom, which pleased Bonaparte greatly, because it was treating him like a king. The swans were accepted, and sent to Paris to be placed in the basin of the Tuileries, in order to show the Parisians the royal homage which the first consul received when absent from the capital. It was also during this journey that Bonaparte began to date his decrees from the places through which he passed. He had left a great number of signatures in Paris, in order that he might be present, as it were, even during his absence, by the acts of his government. Hitherto public acts had been signed in the name of the consuls of the republic. Instead of this formula, he sub-

stituted the name of the government of the republic. By means of this variation, unimportant as it might appear, the government was always in the place where the first consul happened to be. The two other consuls were now mere nullities, even in appearance. The decrees of the government, which Cambacérès signed during the campaign of Marengo, were now issued from all the towns of France and Belgium, which the first consul visited during his six weeks' journey. Having thus centred the sole authority of the republic in himself, the performers of the theatre of the republic became, by a natural consequence, his; and it was quite natural that they should travel in his suite, to entertain the inhabitants of the towns in which he stopped by their performances. But this was not all. He encouraged the renewal of a host of ancient customs. He sanctioned the revival of the festival of Joan of Arc, at Orleans, and he divided the Institute into four classes, with the intention of recalling the recollection of the old academies, the names of which, however, he rejected, in spite of the wishes and intrigues of Suard and the Abbé Morellet, who had gained over Lucien upon this point.

However, the first consul did not give to the classes of the Institute the rank which they formerly possessed, as academies. He placed the class of sciences in the first rank, and the old French academy in the second rank. It must be acknowledged that, considering the state of literature and science at that period, the first consul did not make a wrong estimate of their importance.

Although the literature of France could boast of many men of great talent, such as La Harpe, who died during the consulate; Ducis, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Chenier, and Lemercier; yet they could not be compared with Lagrange, Laplace, Monge, Fourcroy, Berthollet, and Cuvier, whose labours have so prodigiously extended the limits of human knowledge. No one, therefore, could murmur at seeing the class of sciences in the Institute take precedence of its elder sister. Besides, the first consul was not sorry to show, by this arrangement, the slight estimation in which he held literary men. When he spoke to me respecting them, he called them mere manufacturers of phrases. He could not pardon them for excelling him in a pursuit in which he had no claim to distinction. I never knew a man more insensible than Bonaparte to the beauties of poetry or prose.* A certain degree of vagueness, which was combined

* "It is not exactly true that Bonaparte was insensible to the beauties of poetry and prose. In his youth he was an enthusiastic admirer of J. J. Rousseau, whose finest works were familiar to him. In 1789, while still a youth, he wrote a compendium of the revolutions of Corsica, which was much esteemed by the Abbé Raynal. The abbé sent the work to Mirabeau, who, in reply, requested him to advise the young author to undertake a journey to Paris. Napoleon knew by heart, and often repeated, the finest passages in the tragedies

with his energy of mind, led him to admire the dreams of Ossian, and his decided character found itself, as it were, represented in the elevated thoughts of Corneille. Hence, his almost exclusive predilection for those two authors. With this exception, the finest works in our literature were in his opinion merely arrangements of sonorous words, void of sense, and calculated only for the ear.

Bonaparte's contempt, or, more properly speaking, his dislike of literature, displayed itself particularly in the feeling he cherished towards some men of distinguished literary talent. He hated Chenier, and Ducis still more.† He could not forgive Chenier for the republican principles which pervaded his tragedies; and Ducis excited in him, as if instinctively, an involuntary hatred. Ducis, on his part, was not backward in returning the consul's animosity, and I remember his writing some verses, which were inexcusably violent, and overstepped all the bounds of truth. Bonaparte was so singular a composition of good and bad, that to describe him as he was under one or the other of these aspects, would serve for panegyric or satire, without any departure from truth. Bonaparte was very fond of Bernardin St. Pierre's romance of Paul and Virginia, probably because he had read it in his boyhood. I remember that he one day tried to read "Les Etudes de la Nature," but at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, he threw down the book, exclaiming, "How can any one read such silly stuff? It is insipid and vapid; there is nothing in it. These are the dreams of a visionary! What is Nature? The thing is vague and unmeaning. Men and passions are the subjects to write about—there is something there for study. These fellows are good for nothing under any government. I will, however, give them pensions, because I ought to do so, as head of the state. They occupy and amuse the idle. I will make Lagrange a senator—he has a head."

Although Bonaparte spoke so disdainfully of literary men, it must not be taken for granted that he treated them ill. On the contrary, all those who visited at Malmaison were the objects of his attention, and even flattery. M. Lemercier was one of those who came most frequently, and whom Bonaparte received with the greatest pleasure. Bonaparte treated M. Lemercier with great kindness; but he did not like him. His character as a literary man and poet, joined to a polished frankness, and a mild but inflexible spirit of republicanism, amply sufficed to explain Bonaparte's dislike. He feared M. Lemercier and his pen; and,

of Corneille Racine, and Voltaire. His connexion with Arnault, Talma, David, Paesiello, Monti, and many other celebrated men of letters, musicians, and artists, are well known."—*Joseph Bonaparte's Notes on Bourrienne.* (*Editor.*)

† "It cannot with strict justice be said that Napoleon hated Chenier. He was at first extremely partial to him. He had, however, subsequently reason to complain of him, though in the end he granted him a pension."—*Joseph Bonaparte's Notes on Bourrienne.* (*Editor.*)

as happened more than once, he played the part of a parasite, by flattering the writer. M. Lemercier was the only man I knew who refused the cross of the Legion of Honour.

Bonaparte's general dislike of literary men was less the result of prejudice than circumstances. In order to appreciate, or even to read literary works, time is requisite, and time was so precious to him, that he would have wished, as one may say, to shorten a straight line. He liked only those writers who directed their attention to positive and precise things, which excluded all thoughts of government and censures on administration. He looked with a jealous eye on political economists and lawyers; in short, on all persons who in any way whatever meddled with legislation and moral improvements. His hatred of discussions on those subjects was strongly displayed on the occasion of the classification of the Institute. Whilst he permitted the reassembling of a literary class, to the number of forty, as formerly, he suppressed the class of moral and political science. Such was his predilection for things of immediate and certain utility, that even in the sciences he favoured only such as applied to terrestrial objects. He never treated Lalande with so much distinction as Monge and Lagrange. Astronomical discoveries could not add directly to his own greatness; and besides, he could never forgive Lalande for having wished to include him in a dictionary of atheists, precisely at the moment when he was opening negotiations with the court of Rome.

Bonaparte wished to be the sole centre of a world which he believed he was called to govern. With this view, he never relaxed in his constant endeavour to concentrate the whole powers of the state in the hands of its chief. His conduct, upon the subject of the revival of public instruction, affords evidence of this fact. He wished to establish six thousand bursaries, to be paid by government, and to be exclusively at his disposal; so that thus possessing the monopoly of education, he could have parcelled it out only to the children of those who were blindly devoted to him. This was what the first consul called the revival of public instruction. During the period of my closest intimacy with him, he often spoke to me on this subject, and listened patiently to my observations. I remember that one of his chief arguments was this: "What is it that distinguishes men? Education—is it not? Well, if the children of nobles be admitted into the academies, they will be as well educated as the children of the revolution, who compose the strength of my government. Ultimately, they will enter into my regiments as officers, and will naturally come in competition with those whom they regard as the plunderers of their families. I do not wish that!"

My recollections have caused me to wander from the journey of the first consul and Madame Bonaparte to the Côtes du Nord and Belgium. I have, however, little to add to what I have

already stated on the subject. I merely remember that Bonaparte's military suite, and Lauriston and Rapp in particular, when speaking to me about the journey, could not conceal some marks of discontent on account of the great respect which Bonaparte had shown the clergy, and particularly to M. Roquelaure, the archbishop of Malines. That prelate, who was a shrewd man, and had the reputation of having been in his youth more addicted to the habits of the world than to those of the cloister, had become an ecclesiastical courtier. He went to Antwerp, to pay his homage to the first consul, upon whom he heaped the most extravagant praises. Afterwards, addressing Madame Bonaparte, he told her that she was united to the first consul by the *sacred bonds of a holy alliance.* In this harangue, in which unction was singularly blended with gallantry, surely it was a departure from ecclesiastical propriety, to speak of *sacred bonds* and *a holy alliance,* when every one knew that those bonds and that alliance existed only by a civil contract. Perhaps M. Roquelaure merely had recourse to what casuists call a pious fraud, in order to engage the married couple to do that which he congratulated them on having already done. Be this as it may, it is certain that this honeyed language gained M. Roquelaure the consul's favour, and, in a short time after, he was appointed to the second class of the Institute.

## CHAPTER LX.

### 1804.

The Temple—The intrigues of Europe—Prelude to the continental system—Bombardment of Granville—My conversation with the first consul on the projected invasion of England—Fauche Borel—Moreau and Pichegru—Fouché's manœuvres—The Abbé David and Lajolais—Fouché's visit to the Tuileries—Regnier outwitted by Fouché—My interview with the first consul—His indignation at the reports respecting Hortense—Contradiction of those calumnies—The brothers Faucher—Their execution—The first consul's levee—My conversation with Duroc—Conspiracy of Georges, Moreau, and Pichegru—Moreau averse to the restoration of the Bourbons—Bouvet de Lozier's attempted suicide—Arrest of Moreau—Declaration of MM. de Polignac and De Rivière—Connivance of the police—Arrest of M. Carbonnet and his nephew—Report of the grand judge.

The Temple was destined to be filled by the victims of Bonaparte's police. All the intrigues of Europe were in motion. Emissaries came daily from England, who, if they could not penetrate into the interior of France, remained in the towns

near the frontiers, where they established correspondence, and published pamphlets, which they sent to Paris by post, in the form of letters.

The first consul, on the other hand, gave way, without reserve, to the natural irritation which that power had excited by her declaration of war. He knew that the most effective war he could carry on against England would be a war against her trade.

As a prelude to that piece of madness, known by the name of the continental system, the first consul adopted every possible preventive measure against the introduction of English merchandise. Bonaparte's irritation against the English was not without a cause. The intelligence which reached Paris from the north of France was not very consolatory. The English fleets not only blockaded the French ports, but were acting on the offensive, and had bombarded Granville. The mayor of the town did his duty; but his colleagues, more timid, acted differently. In the height of his displeasure, Bonaparte issued a decree, by which he bestowed a scarf of honour on Letourneur, the mayor, and dismissed his colleagues from office, as cowards, unworthy of trust. The terms of this decree were rather severe, but they were certainly justified by the conduct of those who had abandoned their posts at a critical moment.

I come now to the subject of the invasion of England, and what the first consul said to me respecting it. I have stated that Bonaparte never had any idea of realizing the pretended project of a descent on England. The truth of this assertion will appear from a conversation which I had with him, after he returned from his journey to the north. In this conversation he repeated what he had often before mentioned to me in reference to the projects and possible steps to which fortune might compel him to resort.

The peace of Amiens had been broken about seven months, when, on the 15th of December, 1803, the first consul sent for me to the Tuileries. His incomprehensible behaviour to me was fresh in my mind; and as it was upwards of a year since I had seen him, I confess I did not feel quite at ease when I received the summons. He was perfectly aware that I possessed documents and data for writing his history, which would describe facts correctly, and destroy the illusions with which his flatterers constantly entertained the public. I have already stated, that at that period I had no intention of the kind; but those who laboured constantly to incense him against me, might have suggested apprehensions on the subject. At all events, the fact is, that when he sent for me, I took the precaution of providing myself with a nightcap, conceiving it to be very likely that I should be sent to sleep at Vincennes. On the day appointed for the interview, Rapp was on duty. I did not conceal from him my opinion as to the possible result of my visit. "You

need not be afraid," said Rapp; "the first consul merely wishes to talk with you." He then announced me.

Bonaparte came into the grand saloon where I awaited him, and addressing me in the most good-humoured way, said, "What do the Parisians think of my preparations for the invasion of England?"—"General," I replied, "there is a great difference of opinion on the subject. Every one speaks according to his own views. Suchet, for instance, who comes to see me very often, has no doubt that it will take place, and hopes to give you on the occasion fresh proofs of his gratitude and fidelity."—"But Suchet tells me that you do not believe it will be attempted."—"That is true, I certainly do not."—"Why?"—"Because you told me at Antwerp, five years ago, that you would not risk France on the cast of a die—that the adventure was too hazardous—and circumstances have not altered since that time."—"You are right. Those who look forward to the invasion of England are blockheads. They do not see the affair in its true light. I can, doubtless, land in England with a hundred thousand men. A great battle will be fought, which I shall gain; but I must reckon upon thirty thousand men killed, wounded, and prisoners. If I march on London, a second battle must be fought. I will suppose myself again victorious; but what should I do in London with an army diminished three-fourths, and without the hope of reinforcements? It would be madness. Until our navy acquires superiority it is useless to think of such a project. The great assemblage of troops in the north has another object. My government must be the first in the world, or it must fall."* Bonaparte then evidently wished to deceive with respect to his intentions, and he did so. He wished it to be supposed that he entertained the design of invading England, in order to divert the attention of Europe to that direction.†

* Napoleon's conversation with M. Las Casas, at St. Helena, respecting the invasion of England, is very different from the above. He speaks of a pitched battle, which would have decided the fate of England. "I should not have entered England," he said, "as a conqueror, but as a liberator." Bonaparte knew better than any one the difficulty of subduing a strong, powerful, and united nation. Some years after these feigned preparations against England, he had evidence of this truth written in letters of blood, in Spain. A combination of natural causes is always ruinous to the invading army. Napoleon must have been merely jesting, at St. Helena, when he said, that four days would have enabled him to reach London, and that nature had made England one of our islands, like Oleron or Corsica. I find these words in my notes: "Remained with the first consul from half-past eleven to one o'clock." During this hour and a half he said not a word bearing any resemblance to his assertions at St. Helena.

† Notwithstanding the above assertion of M. de Bourrienne, the probability is, that Bonaparte at one time seriously meditated the invasion of England. This appears from some statements collected from various sources, which will be found at the conclusion of the present chapter. Among them is the passage in the "Memorial de Sainte Hélène," alluded to by M. de Bourrienne in the

From Dunkirk the first consul proceeded to Antwerp, where also he had assembled experienced men to ascertain their opinions respecting the surest way of attempting a landing, the project of which was merely a pretence. The employment of large ships of war was, after long discussions, abandoned in favour of a flotilla.* After visiting Belgium, and giving directions there, the first consul returned from Brussels to Paris, by way of Maestricht, Liege, and Soissons.

Before my visit to the Tuileries, and even before the rupture of the peace of Amiens, certain intriguing speculators, whose extravagant zeal was not less fatal to the cause of the Bourbons than was the blind subserviency of his unprincipled adherents to the first consul, had taken part in some underhand manœuvres which could have no favourable result. Amongst these great contrivers of petty machinations, the well-known Fauche Borel, the bookseller, of Neufchatel, had long been conspicuous. Fauche Borel, whose object was to create a stir, and who wished nothing better than to be noticed and paid, failed not to come to France as soon as the peace of Amiens afforded him the opportunity. I was at that time still with Bonaparte, who was aware of all these little plots, but who felt no personal anxiety on the subject, leaving to his police the care of watching their authors.

The object of Fauche Borel's mission was to bring about a reconciliation between Moreau and Pichegru. The latter general, who was banished on the 18th Fructidor, had not obtained the first consul's permission to return to France. He lived in England, where he awaited a favourable opportunity for putting his old projects into execution. Moreau was in Paris, but no longer appeared at the levees or parties of the first consul, and the enmity of both generals against Bonaparte, openly avowed on the part of Pichegru, and still disguised by Moreau, was a secret to nobody. But as every thing was prosperous with Bonaparte, he evinced contempt rather than fear of the two generals. His apprehensions were, indeed, tolerably allayed by the absence of the one, and the character of the other. Moreau's name had greater weight with the army than that of Pichegru; and those who were brewing the overthrow of the consular government, knew that that measure could not be attempted with any chance of success, without the assistance of

above note. Bonaparte, with all his talent, never could understand England, or the character and condition of the English people. There may, however, be some usefulness in preserving his and his followers' notions on the subject of the invasion and conquest of our island.—*Editor.*

* At this period a caricature appeared in London, which was sent to Paris, and strictly sought after by the police. One of the copies was shown to the first consul, who was highly indignant at it. The French fleet was represented by a number of nut-shells. An English sailor, seated on a rock, was quietly smoking his pipe, the whiffs of which were throwing the whole squadron into disorder.

Moreau. The moment was inopportune; but being initiated in some secrets of the British cabinet, they knew that the peace was but a truce, and they determined to profit by that truce to effect a reconciliation which might afterwards secure a community of interests. Moreau and Pichegru had not been friends since Moreau sent to the Directory the papers seized in M. de Klinglin's carriage, which placed Pichegru's treason in so clear a light. Since that period Pichegru's name possessed no influence over the minds of the soldiers, amongst whom he had very few partisans, whilst the name of Moreau was dear to all who had conquered under his command.

Fauche Borel's design was to compromise Moreau, without bringing him to any decisive step. Moreau's natural indolence, and perhaps it may be said his good sense, induced him to adopt the maxim that it was necessary to let men and things take their course; for temporizing policy is often as useful in politics as in war. Besides, Moreau was a sincere republican; and if his habit of indecision had permitted him to adopt any resolution, it is quite certain that he would not then have assisted in the re-establishment of the Bourbons, as Pichegru wished.

What I have stated is an indispensable introduction to the knowledge of plots of more importance, which preceded the great event that marked the close of the consulship: I allude to the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal, Moreau, and Pichegru, and that indelible stain on the character of Napoleon—the death of the Duke d'Enghien. Different opinions have been expressed concerning Georges's conspiracy. I shall not contradict any of them. I will relate what I learned and what I saw, in order to throw some light on that horrible affair. I am far from believing what I have read in many works, that it was planned by the police in order to pave the first consul's way to the throne. I think that it was contrived by those who were really interested in it, and encouraged by Fouché, in order to prepare his return to office.

To corroborate my opinion respecting Fouché's conduct and his manœuvres, I must remind the reader that about the close of 1803, some persons conceived the project of reconciling Moreau and Pichegru. Fouché, who was then out of the ministry, caused Moreau to be visited by men of his own party, and who were induced, perhaps unconsciously, by Fouché's art, to influence and irritate the general's mind. It was at first intended that the Abbé David, the mutual friend of Moreau and Pichegru, should undertake to effect their reconciliation; but he being arrested and confined in the Temple, was succeeded by a man named Lajolais, whom every circumstance proves to have been employed by Fouché. He proceeded to London, and having prevailed on Pichegru and his friends to return to France, he set off to announce their arrival, and arrange every thing for their reception and destruction. Moreau's discontent was the

sole foundation of this intrigue. I remember that one day, about the end of January, 1804, I called on Fouché, who informed me that he had been at St. Cloud, where he had had a long conversation with the first consul on the situation of affairs. Bonaparte told him that he was satisfied with the existing police, and hinted that it was only to make himself of consequence that he had given a false colouring to the picture. Fouché asked him what he would say if he told him that Georges and Pichegru had been for some time in Paris carrying on the conspiracy of which he had received information. The first consul, apparently delighted at what he conceived to be Fouché's mistake, said with an air of contempt, "You are well informed, truly! Regnier has just received a letter from London, stating that Pichegru dined three days ago at Kensington, with one of the King of England's ministers.

As Fouché, however, persisted in his assertion, the first consul sent to Paris for the grand judge, Regnier, who showed Fouché the letter he had received. The first consul triumphed at first to see Fouché at fault; but the latter so clearly proved that Georges and Pichegru were actually in Paris, that Regnier began to fear he had been misled by his agents, whom his rival paid better than he did. The first consul, convinced that his old minister knew more than his new one, dismissed Regnier, and remained a long time in consultation with Fouché, who, on that occasion, said nothing about his reinstatement, for fear of exciting suspicion. He only requested that the management of the business might be intrusted to Real, with orders to obey whatever instructions he might receive from him. I will return hereafter to the arrest of Moreau and the other persons accused, and will now subjoin the account of a long interview which I had with Bonaparte in the midst of these important events.

On the 8th of March, 1804, some time after the arrest, but before the trial of General Moreau, I had an audience of the first consul, which was unsought on my part. Bonaparte, after putting several unimportant questions to me as to what I was doing, what I expected he should do for me, and assuring me that he would bear me in mind, gave a sudden turn to the conversation, and said, "By the by, the report of my connexion with Hortense is still kept up: the most abominable rumours have been spread as to her first child. I thought, at the time, that these reports had only been admitted by the public in consequence of the great desire that I should not be childless. Since you and I separated, have you heard them repeated?"—"Yes, general, oftentimes; and I confess I could not have believed that this calumny would have existed so long."—"It is truly frightful to think of! You know the truth—you have seen all—heard all—nothing could have passed without your knowledge: you were in her full confidence during the time of her attachment to Duroc. I therefore expect, if you should ever

write any thing about me, that you will clear me from this infamous imputation. I would not have it accompany my name to posterity. I trust in you. You have never given credit to the horrid accusation?"—"No, general, never." Napoleon then entered into a number of details on the previous life of Hortense; on the way in which she conducted herself, and on the turn which her marriage had taken. "It has not turned out," he said, "as I wished: the union has not been a happy one. I am sorry for it, not only because both are dear to me, but because the circumstance countenances the infamous reports that are current among the idle as to my intimacy with her." He concluded the conversation with these words: "Bourrienne, I sometimes think of recalling you; but as there is no good pretext for so doing, the world would say that I have need of you, and I wish it to be known that I stand in need of nobody." He again said a few words about Hortense. I answered that it would fully coincide with my conviction of the truth to do what he desired, and that I would do it; but that suppressing the false reports did not depend on me.

Hortense, in fact, while she was Mademoiselle Beauharnais, regarded Napoleon with respectful awe. She trembled when she spoke to him, and never dared to ask him a favour. When she had any thing to solicit, she applied to me; and if I experienced any difficulty in obtaining for her what she sought, I mentioned her as the person for whom I pleaded. "The little simpleton," Napoleon would say, "why does she not ask me herself: is the girl afraid of me?" Napoleon never cherished for her any feeling but paternal tenderness. He loved her, after his marriage with her mother, as he would have loved his own child. During three years I was a witness to all their most private actions, and I declare that I never saw or heard any thing that could furnish the least ground for suspicion, or that afforded the slightest trace of the existence of a culpable intimacy. This calumny must be classed among those with which malice delights to blacken the characters of men more brilliant than their fellows, and which are so readily adopted by the light-minded and unreflecting. I freely declare, that did I entertain the smallest doubt with regard to this odious charge, of the existence of which I was well aware before Napoleon spoke to me on the subject, I would candidly avow it. He is no more: and let his memory be accompanied only by that, be it good or bad, which really belongs to it. Let not this reproach be one of those charged against him by the impartial historian. I must say, in concluding this delicate subject, that the principles of Napoleon on points of this kind were rigid in the utmost degree, and that a connexion of the nature of that charged against him was neither in accordance with his morals nor his tastes.

I cannot tell whether what followed was a portion of his pre-

meditated conversation with me, or whether it was the result of the satisfaction he had derived from ascertaining my perfect conviction of the purity of his conduct with regard to Hortense, and being assured that I would express that conviction. Be this as it may, as I was going out at the door, he called me back, saying, "Oh! I have forgotten something." I returned. "Bourrienne," said he, "do you still keep up your acquaintance with the Fauchers?"—"Yes, general; I see them frequently."—"You are wrong."—"Why should I not? They are clever, well educated men, and exceedingly pleasant company, especially Cæsar. I derive great pleasure from their society; and then they are almost the only persons whose friendship has continued faithful to me, since I left you. You know people do not care for those who can render them no service."—"Maret will not see the Fauchers."—"That may be, general; but it is nothing to me; and you must recollect, that as it was through him I was introduced to them at the Tuileries, I think he ought to inform me of his reasons for dropping their acquaintance."—"I tell you again, he has closed his door against them. Do you the same; I advise you."—As I did not seem disposed to follow this advice, without some plausible reason, the first consul added, "You must know, then, that I learn from Cæsar all that passes in your house. You do not speak very ill of me yourself, nor does any one venture to do so in your presence. But no sooner are you gone, than your wife, who never liked me, and most of those who visit at your house, indulge in the most violent attacks upon me. I receive a bulletin from Cæsar Faucher every day when he visits at your house; this is the way in which he requites you for your kindness, and for the asylum you afforded his brother.* But enough; you see I know all—farewell;" and he left me.

The grave having closed over these two brothers, I shall merely state that they wrote me a letter the evening preceding their execution, in which they begged me to forgive their conduct towards me. The following is an extract from this letter:

In our dungeon we hear our sentence of death being cried in the streets. To-morrow we shall walk to the scaffold; but we will meet death with such calmness and courage as shall make our executioners blush. We are sixty years old, therefore our lives will only be shortened by a brief space. During our lives we have shared, in common, illness, grief, pleasure, danger, and good fortune. We both entered the world on the same day, and on the same day we shall both depart from it. As to you, sir .....

I suppress what relates to myself.

The hour of the grand levee arrived just as the singular interview, which I have described, terminated. I remained a short

* Constantine Faucher was condemned in contumacy for the forgery of a public document.

time to look at this phantasmagoria. Duroc was there. As soon as he saw me he came up, and taking me into the recess of a window, told me that Moreau's guilt was evident, and that he was about to be put on his trial. I made some observations on the subject, and in particular asked whether there were sufficient proofs of his guilt to justify his condemnation? "They should be cautious," said I; "it is no joke to accuse the conqueror of Hohenlinden." Duroc's answer satisfied me that he, at least, had no doubt on the subject.

No person, possessing the least degree of intelligence, will be convinced that the conspiracy of Moreau, Georges, Pichegru, and the other persons accused, would ever have occurred, but for the secret connivance of Fouché's police. Moreau never, for a moment, desired the restoration of the Bourbons. I was too well acquainted with M. Carbonnet, his most intimate friend, to be ignorant of his private sentiments. It was, therefore, quite impossible that he could entertain the same views as Georges, the Polignacs, Rivière, and others; and they had no intention of committing any overt acts. These latter persons had come to the continent solely to investigate the actual state of affairs, in order to inform the princes of the house of Bourbon, with certainty, how far they might depend on the foolish hopes constantly held out to them by paltry agents, who were always ready to advance their own interests at the expense of truth. These agents did indeed conspire, but it was against the Treasury of London, to which they looked for pay.

Without entering into all the details of that great trial, I will relate some facts, which may assist in eliciting the truth from a chaos of intrigue and falsehood.

Most of the conspirators had been lodged either in the Temple, or La Force, and one of them, Bouvet de Lozier, who was confined in the Temple, attempted to hang himself. He made use of his cravat to effect his purpose, and had nearly succeeded, when a turnkey by chance entered, and found him at the point of death. When he was recovered, he acknowledged that though he had the courage to meet death, he was unable to endure the interrogatories of his trial, and that he had determined to kill himself, lest he might be induced to make a confession. He did, in fact, confess, and it was on the morning when this occurred that Moreau was arrested, while on his way from his country-seat of Grosbois to Paris.

Fouché, through the medium of his agents, had given Pichegru, Georges, and some other partisans of royalty, to understand that they might depend on Moreau, who, it was said, was quite prepared. It is certain that Moreau informed Pichegru, that he (Pichegru) had been deceived, and that he had never been spoken to on the subject. Russillon declared on the trial that on the 14th of March the Polignacs said to some one, "Every thing is going wrong—they do not understand each other.

Moreau does not keep his word. We have been deceived." M. de Rivière declared, that he soon became convinced they had been deceived, and was about to return to England when he was arrested. It is certain that the principal conspirators obtained positive information, which confirmed their suspicions. They learned Moreau's declaration from Pichegru. Many of the accused declared that they soon discovered they had been deceived; and the greater part of them were about to quit Paris, when they were all arrested, almost at one and the same moment. Georges was going into La Vendée, when he was betrayed by the man who, with the connivance of the police, had been with him ever since his departure from London, and who had protected him from any interruption on the part of the police, so long as it was not important to know where he was, or what he was about. Georges had been in Paris seven months, before it was considered that the proper moment had arrived for arresting him.

The almost simultaneous arrest of the conspirators, proves clearly that the police knew perfectly well where they could lay their hands upon them.

When Pichegru was required to sign his examination, he refused. He said it was unnecessary; that knowing all the secret machinery of the police, he suspected that by some chemical process they would erase all the writing except the signature, and afterwards fill up the paper with statements which he had never made. His refusal to sign the interrogatory, he added, would not prevent him from repeating before a court of justice, the truth which he had stated in answer to the questions proposed to him. Fear was entertained of the disclosures he might make respecting his connexion with Moreau, whose destruction was sought for; and also with respect to the means employed by the agents of Fouché, to urge the conspirators to effect a change which they desired.

On the evening of the 15th of February I heard of Moreau's arrest, and next morning, early, I proceeded straight to the Rue St. Pierre, where M. Carbonnet resided, with his nephew. I was anxious to hear from him the particulars of the general's arrest. What was my surprise! I had hardly time to address myself to the porter, before he informed me that M. Carbonnet and his nephew were both arrested. "I advise you, sir," added the man, "to retire without more ado, for I can assure you that the persons who visit M. Carbonnet are watched."—"Is he still at home?" said I. "Yes, sir; they are examining his papers."—"Then," said I, "I will go up." M. Carbonnet, of whose friendship I had reason to be proud, and whose memory will ever be dear to me, was more distressed by the arrest of his nephew and Moreau than by his own. His nephew was, however, liberated after a few hours. M. Carbonnet's papers were sealed, and he was placed in solitary confinement at Saint Pelagie.

Thus the police, which previously knew nothing, was suddenly informed of all. In spite of the numerous police agents scattered over France, it was only discovered by the declarations of Bouvet de Lozier, that three successive landings had been effected, and that a fourth was expected, which, however, did not take place, because General Savary was despatched by the first consul, with orders to seize the persons whose arrival was looked for. There cannot be a more convincing proof of the fidelity of the agents of the police to their old chief, and their combined determination of trifling with their new one.

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## ON NAPOLEON'S INTENDED INVASION OF ENGLAND.

"The invasion of England was always regarded as practicable; and, if once the descent had been effected, London must infallibly have been taken. The French being in possession of that capital, a very powerful party would have arisen against the oligarchy. Did Hannibal look behind him when he passed the Alps? or Cæsar, when he landed in Epirus or Africa; London is situated only a few marches from Calais; and the English army, scattered for the purpose of defending the coasts, could not have formed a junction in time to have covered that capital after once the descent had been actually made. This invasion certainly could not have been effected by a *corps d'armée*, but it would have succeeded with 160,000 men, if they could have presented themselves before London five days after their landing. The flotillas were the only means of landing these 160,000 men in a few hours, and of occupying all the shallows. The passage would have been effected under the protection of a squadron assembled at Martinique, and coming thence full sail to Boulogne; if the plan of this rendezvous should fail one year, it might succeed another time. Fifty ships, sailing from Toulon, Brest, Rochefort, L'Orient, and Cadiz, assembled at Martinique, would have arrived before Boulogne and secured the landing in England, whilst the English squadrons would have been traversing the seas to cover the Indies."—*Napoleon's Memoirs, dictated to the Count de Montholon.*

### INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE MINISTER OF MARINE, RELATIVE TO THE FLOTILLA.

Paris, Sept. 8, 1805.

I.

I wished to have assembled forty or fifty ships of war in the port of Martinique, by combined operations from Toulon, Cadiz, Ferrol, and Brest; to bring them all at once back to Boulogne, to become, by these means, master of the sea for a fortnight; to have 150,000 men and 10,000 horses encamped on that coast; three or four thousand vessels of the flotilla in readiness, and the moment signals should be made of the arrival of my fleet, to land in England and possess myself of London and the Thames. This plan failed of success. But if Admiral Villeneuve, instead of entering Ferrol, had contented himself with rallying the Spanish squadron, and had sailed for Brest to join

Admiral Gantheaume, my army would have landed; it would have been all over with England.

II.

To succeed in this enterprise, it was necessary to assemble 150,000 men at Boulogne, to have a flotilla of 4000 boats and immense equipments and stores, and to embark them all; and at the same time to prevent the enemy from suspecting my plan. If I accomplished this, it was by doing the reverse of what it appeared that I ought to do. Although fifty ships of the line were to protect the passage of the army to England, it was unnecessary to have any shipping, except transports, at Boulogne: and all that parade of praams, gun-boats, flat-bottomed boats, pinnaces, &c., was perfectly useless. If I had thus collected 4000 transports, the enemy would, no doubt, have perceived that I waited for the arrival of my squadron to attempt the passage; but by constructing praams and gun-boats, and arming all these vessels, I seemed to oppose cannon to cannon, vessels of war to vessels of war, and the enemy were duped. They believed that I intended to force a passage by the mere military strength of the flotilla. The idea of my real plan never occurred to them; and when, on the failure of the movements of my squadrons, they perceived the danger to which they had been exposed, the councils of London were thrown into consternation, and all people of sense confessed that England had never been so near her ruin.*

III.

The scheme was unmasked; the enemy saw that the plan was to effect a landing under the protection of my fleets. The works constructed at Boulogne and at the ports of Vimereux and Ambleteuse, with which they were perfectly well acquainted, also convinced them that the flotilla could not sail in a single tide, and could not weather a gale in Boulogne roads. From that time England no longer feared the passage of the flotilla by its own strength, since Admiral Villeneuve's arrangements had proved that I waited for his arrival in order to cross, and since their knowledge of the coast satisfied them that it was impossible for the flotilla to put to sea in a single tide. Thus, from that time, the same men who had declared that it would be impossible to prevent the flotilla from landing, now said that nothing could prevent the arrival of 100 or 150 ships, which would form an expedition of 15 or 16,000 men; but that it was not probable that a more considerable expedition would have a chance of success.

IV.

In this state of affairs, Boulogne roads not being adapted for training my sailors, and the flotilla being no longer able to alarm England with the apprehension of its forcing a passage, it became necessary to resume the plan which had miscarried, to have an army of from 20 to 80,000 men on the heights of Boulogne; to have 500 ships capable of carrying from 40 to 50,000 men and several thousand horses; to have only part of the seamen necessary for manning these ships, and at the moment my squadrons should commence their movements, to make a levy of fishermen and sailors on the coasts; to re-establish

* There never was a time when the spirit of England beat higher.—*Editor.*

the line of naval defence; embark the artillery and stores; and, in short, make all the demonstrations necessary to show that nothing was wanted to effect the passage, but the presence of a fleet.

V.

The advantages of this plan are immense. In the first place, I shall always have a pretext for keeping from 80 to 100,000 men encamped in a healthy situation, easily supplied with provisions, and whence they can speedily advance into Germany; and so great a number of troops being seen from the English coast, with a number of vessels which will allow of my effecting the descent, if ever I am master of the sea for a few days, will have a double effect in England: 1st, it will oblige the English to maintain troops to guard and keep watch against the invasion which has become practicable; and 2dly, it will compel them to keep a portion of their squadrons in reserve in the Downs or the Thames for this extraordinary emergency.

VI.

If my Scheldt, Toulon, or Brest fleets were to land 30,000 men in Ireland, England would have reason to fear that after having landed them the fleet would proceed to join my other squadrons at a given point, and return to Boulogne to land an expedition on the coast of England. And if my squadrons were to carry the war into the East or West Indies, the English would likewise be fearful that if they sent their fleets to a distance, mine might return to Boulogne, and finding themselves on their arrival possessed of the dominion of the sea, as we were after the action off Ushant, they might cover the passage of an expedition, the preparations for which had been perceived from England.

VII.

The principal expense of this grand diversion consists in the maintenance of the troops in camp; but the advantages attached to the presence of these troops at that point, in a continental point of view, have already been mentioned; and being obliged to keep up a great number of troops to support our national character, it is indifferent whether they are maintained at Boulogne or elsewhere. As to the 500 ships, we have them; it will be sufficient to have crews for a fourth part of them; and the support of these crews will therefore be all that it will cost France for this means of annoying and attacking her enemy.

VIII.

Let us suppose a fleet of forty sail of the line arrived off Boulogne, and finding there an army of 100,000 men with 10,000 horses; what could it do? What a time would it require for transporting the men, horses, and *materiel* over to England! It would require more than ten voyages. Let us now suppose forty sail of the line arriving off Boulogne, and finding 500 vessels, praams, pinnaces, gun-boats, &c., armed or without cannon, all the artillery, stores, men, and horses ready embarked, taking on board part of the men whom the flotilla cannot carry; thus in a few days the whole expedition might be landed in England. This will therefore oblige England to have a land army, and to keep a naval force in reserve. Of all means that could be proposed for annoying the enemy in this contest, none

could be invented that would be less expensive to France and more disastrous to England.

## IX.

Having thus acquainted the minister of marine with the purposes for which I intend the flotilla at Boulogne, I wish him to suggest to me the modifications necessary for the accomplishment of my object with the least possible expense.—*Napoleon's Memoirs, dictated to the Count de Montholon.*

"I had taken measures," said the emperor, "to preclude the possibility of failure in my landing. I had the best army in the world; I need only say, it was the army of Austerlitz. In four days I should have been in London; I should have entered the English capital, not as a conqueror, but as a liberator. I should have been another William III.; but I would have acted with greater generosity and disinterestedness. The discipline of my army was perfect. My troops would have behaved in London as well as they did in Paris. No sacrifices, not even contributions, would have been exacted from the English. We should have presented ourselves to them, not as conquerors, but as brothers, who came to restore to them their rights and liberties.* I would have assembled the citizens, and directed them to labour themselves in the task of their regeneration; because the English had already preceded us in the task of political legislation; I would have declared that our only wish was to be able to rejoice in the happiness and prosperity of the English people; and to these professions I would have strictly adhered. In the course of a few months, the two nations, which had been such determined enemies, would have composed only one people, identified in principles, maxims, and interests. I should have departed from England, in order to effect, from south to north, under republican colours (for I was then first consul) the regeneration of Europe, which, at a later period, I was on the point of effecting, from north to south under monarchical forms. Both systems were equally good, since both would have been attended by the same result, and would have been carried into execution with firmness, moderation, and good faith. How many ills that are now endured, and how many that are yet to be experienced, would not unhappy Europe have escaped! Never was a project so favourable to the interests of civilization conceived with more disinterested intentions, or so near being carried into execution. It is a remarkable fact, that the obstacles which occasioned my failure were not the work of men, but proceeded from the elements. In the south, the sea frustrated my plans; the burning of Moscow, the snow, and the winter, completed my ruin in the north. Thus water, air, and fire, all nature, and nature alone, was hostile to the universal regeneration, which nature herself called for! . . .The problems of Providence are insoluble!"

After a few moments' silence, he reverted to the subject of the English invasion. "It was supposed," said he, "that my scheme was merely a vain threat, because it did not appear that I possessed any reasonable means of attempting its execution. But I had laid

* The beautiful notion of Bonaparte's giving *liberty* to Englishmen!—*Editor.*

my plans deeply, and without being observed. I had dispersed all our French ships; and the English were sailing after them to different parts of the world. Our ships were to return suddenly and at the same time, and to assemble in a mass along the French coasts. I would have had seventy or eighty French or Spanish vessels in the Channel; and I calculated that I should continue master of it for two months. Three or four thousand little boats were to be ready at a signal. A hundred thousand men were every day drilled in embarking and landing, as a part of their exercise. They were full of ardour, and eager for the enterprise, which was very popular with the French, and was supported by the wishes of a great number of the English.* After landing my troops, I could calculate upon only one pitched battle, the result of which could not be doubtful; and victory would have brought us to London. The nature of the country would not admit of a war of manœuvring. My conduct would have done the rest. The people of England groaned under the yoke of an oligarchy. On feeling that their pride had not been humbled, they would have ranged themselves on our side. We should have been considered only as allies come to effect their deliverance. We should have presented ourselves with the magical words of liberty and equality," &c.—*Mémorial de St. Hélène.*

The following extract is from the Duke of Rovigo's Memoirs. The period to which it refers is shortly after the rupture of the peace of Amiens, when the first consul having made a visit to Belgium, availed himself of that opportunity of inspecting the French coasts and harbours:

"He assembled a naval council for the purpose of discussing the means he had to contend with the English, and was soon convinced that the resources at his disposal were wholly inadequate to the object which he had in contemplation. The council was unanimously of opinion that the fleet of men-of-war afforded no chance of success. It required to be created anew and exercised, and in its present condition it might be destroyed before it could be in a condition to fight. The only means, therefore, of contending with England on an equal footing was to attempt a descent; because, if once we could accomplish it, we should be enabled to fight with means more powerful than those which the English would bring against us. We stood, however, in need of a flotilla to effect a descent. It was certainly not yet in existence; but we had all the necessary materials for raising such an armament, although not in sufficient abundance for the building of ships of war. M. Decrès, the minister of marine, who attended the council, was not in favour of the plan; he observed, that if we constructed a flotilla, the English would also raise one, and come to meet us. Admiral Bruix replied to this observation, that much would be achieved if we compelled them to do so, as they would then be under the necessity of disarming their fleet for the purpose of fitting out their flotilla. Their means of recruiting for the navy were not, in fact, at that period, so extensive as they have since become: the sailors of the maritime countries of which we had successively obtained possession were not yet compelled to volunteer to man their fleets

* We scarcely need point out the falsity of this and other similar assertions —*Editor.*

for the purpose of earning their livelihood. The opinion of Bruix prevailed, and the descent was determined upon."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.**

* At the period of this long talked of invasion, the land forces of Great Britain stood thus:

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| The regular army . . . . | 100,000 |
| The militia . . . . . | 80,000 |
| Volunteers . . . . | 350,000 |

Our ships of war of all sizes, scouring the seas in all directions, amounted to 500.—*Editor.*

## CHAPTER XLI.

### 1804.

The events of 1804—Death of the Duke d'Enghien—Napoleon's arguments at St. Helena—Comparison of dates—Possibility of my having saved the Duke d'Enghien's life—Advice given to the Duke d'Enghien—Sir Charles Stuart—Delay of the Austrian cabinet—Pichegru and the mysterious being—M. Massias—The historians of St. Helena—Bonaparte's threats against the emigrants and M. Cobentzel—Precipitate execution of Bonaparte's order—Singular adventure of Davoust's secretary—The quarter-master—The brigand of La Vendée—Summing up of the facts relative to the Duke d'Enghien.

In order to form a just idea of the events which succeeded each other so rapidly at the commencement of 1804, it is necessary to consider them both separately and connectedly. It must be borne in mind, that all Bonaparte's machinations tended to one object, the foundation of the French empire in his favour; and it is also essential to consider, how the situation of the emigrants, in reference to the first consul, had changed since the declaration of war. As long as Bonaparte continued at peace, the cause of the Bourbons had no support in foreign cabinets, and the emigrants had no alternative but to yield to circumstances; but on the breaking out of a new war, all was changed. The cause of the Bourbons became that of the powers at war with France; and, as many causes concurred to unite the emigrants abroad with those who had returned but half satisfied, there was reason to fear something from their hostility, in conjunction with that of the powers arrayed against Bonaparte.

Such was the state of things, with regard to the emigrants, when the leaders and accomplices of Georges's conspiracy were arrested, at the very beginning of 1804. The assassination of the Duke d'Enghien took place on the 21st of March; on the 30th of April appeared the proposition of the tribunate, to found

a government in France, under the authority of one individual; on the 18th of May came the *senatus consultum*, naming Napoleon Bonaparte Emperor, and, lastly, on the 10th of June, the sentence of condemnation on Georges and his accomplices. Thus the shedding of the blood of a Bourbon, and the placing of the crown of France on the head of a soldier of fortune, were two acts interpolated in the sanguinary drama of Georges's conspiracy. It must be remembered, too, that during the period of these events we were at war with England, and on the point of seeing Austria and the Colossus of the north form a coalition against the new emperor.

I will now state all I know concerning the death of the Duke d'Enghien. That unfortunate prince, who was at Ettenheim, in consequence of a love affair, had no communication whatever with those who were concocting a plot in the interior. Machiavelli says, that when the author of a crime cannot be discovered, we should seek for those to whose advantage it turns. In the present case Machiavelli's advice will find an easy application, since the duke's death could be advantageous only to Bonaparte, who considered it indispensable to his accession to the crown of France. The motives may be explained, but can they be justified? How could it ever be said that the Duke d'Enghien perished as a presumed accomplice in the conspiracy of Georges?

Moreau was arrested on the 15th of February, 1804, at which time the existence of the conspiracy was known. Pichegru and Georges were also arrested in February, and the Duke d'Enghien not till the 15th of March. Now if the prince had really been concerned in the plot, if even he had a knowledge of it, would he have remained at Ettenheim for nearly a month after the arrest of his presumed accomplices, intelligence of which he might have obtained in the space of three days? Certainly not. So ignorant was he of that conspiracy, that when informed of the affair, at Ettenheim, he doubted it, declaring that if it were true, his father and grandfather would have made him acquainted with it. Would so long an interval have been suffered to elapse, before he was arrested? Alas! cruel experience has shown that that step would have been taken in a few hours.

The sentence of death against Georges and his accomplices was not pronounced till the 10th of June, 1804, and the Duke d'Enghien was shot on the 21st of March, before the trials were even commenced. How is this precipitation to be explained? If, as Napoleon has declared, the young Bourbon was an accomplice in the crime, why was he not arrested at the time the others were? Why was he not tried along with them, on the ground of his being an actual accomplice; or of being committed, by communications with them; or, in short, because his answers might have thrown light on that mysterious affair?

How was it that the name of the illustrious accused was not once mentioned in the whole course of that awful trial?

It can scarcely be conceived that Napoleon could say at St. Helena, "Either they contrived to implicate the unfortunate prince in their project, and so pronounced his doom, or by omitting to inform him of what was going on, allowed him imprudently to slumber on the brink of a precipice; for he was only a stone's cast from the frontier when the conspirators were about to strike the great blow, in the name and for the interest of his family."

This reasoning is not merely absurd, it is atrocious. If the duke was implicated by the confession of his accomplices, he should have been arrested and tried along with them. Justice required this. If he was not so implicated, where is the proof of his guilt! Because some individuals, without his knowledge, plotted to commit a crime, in the name of his family, he was to be shot! Because he was a hundred and thirty leagues from the scene of the plot, and had no connexion with it, he was to die! Such arguments cannot fail to inspire horror. It is absolutely impossible any reasonable person can regard the Duke d'Enghien as an accomplice of Cadoudal; and Napoleon basely imposed on his contemporaries and posterity, by inventing such falsehoods, and investing them with the authority of his name.

Had I been then in the first consul's intimacy, I may aver with as much confidence as pride, that the blood of the Duke d'Enghien would not have imprinted an indelible stain on the glory of Bonaparte. I feel a conviction that it would have been very possible for me to have dissuaded Bonaparte from his fatal design, inasmuch as I positively know that his object, after the termination of the peace, was merely to frighten the emigrants, in order to drive them from Ettenheim, where great numbers, like the Duke d'Enghien, had sought refuge. His anger was particularly directed against a Baroness Keith and a Baroness Ettengein, who had loudly vituperated him, and distributed numerous libels on the left bank of the Rhine. At that period, Bonaparte had as little design against the Duke d'Enghien's life as against that of any other emigrant. I must, however, admit, that when Bonaparte spoke to Rapp and Duroc of the emigrants on the other side of the Rhine, he expressed himself with much irritability: so much so, indeed, that M. de Talleyrand, dreading its effects for the Duke d'Enghien, warned that prince, through the medium of a lady, to whom he was attached, of his danger, and advised him to proceed to a greater distance from the frontier. On receiving this notice, the prince resolved to rejoin his grandfather, which he could not do without passing through the Austrian territory. Should any doubt exist as to these facts, it may be added, that Sir Charles Stuart wrote to M. de Cobtenzel to solicit a passport for the Duke

d'Enghien; and it was solely owing to the delay of the Austrian cabinet, that time was afforded for the first consul to order the arrest of the unfortunate prince, as soon as he had formed the horrible resolution of shedding the blood of a Bourbon. This resolution could have originated only with himself, for who would have dared to suggest it to him? The fact is, Bonaparte knew not what he did. His fever of ambition amounted to delirium; and he knew not how he was losing himself in public opinion because he did not know that opinion, to gain which he would have made every sacrifice.

When Cambacérès, who, with a slight reservation, had voted the death of Louis XVI., warmly opposed in council the Duke d'Enghien's arrest, the first consul observed to him, "Methinks you have grown very chary of Bourbon blood!"

Meanwhile, the Duke d'Enghien was at Ettenheim, indulging in hope rather than plotting conspiracies. It is well known that an individual made an offer to the Prince de Condé to assassinate the first consul, but the prince indignantly rejected the proposition, and nobly refused to recover the rights of the Bourbons at the price of such a crime. The individual abovementioned was afterwards discovered to be an agent of the Paris police, who had been commissioned to draw the princes into a plot which would have ruined them; for public feeling revolts at assassination under any circumstances.

It has been alleged that Louis XVIII.'s refusal to treat with Bonaparte, led to the fatal catastrophe of the Duke d'Enghien. The first correspondence between Louis XVIII. and the first consul, which has been given in these Memoirs, clearly proves the contrary. It is certainly probable that Louis XVIII.'s refusal to renounce his rights may have irritated Bonaparte. But it was rather late to take his revenge two years after, and that, too, on a prince, totally ignorant of those overtures. It is needless to comment on such absurdities. It is equally unnecessary to speak of the mysterious being who often appeared at meetings in the Faubourg St. Germain, and who was afterwards discovered to be Pichegru.*

* Of this mysterious personage Savary gives the following particulars, collected from the evidence for the investigation of Georges's conspiracy:

"Georges was considered as merely a principal instrument; the question was, for whom, in whose name, he would have acted the day following that on which he should have despatched the first consul. It was very naturally concluded that a more important personage was somewhere concealed, and waiting for the blow to be struck before he made himself known. An active search was set on foot. Georges's people, and those of the house in which he had lodged, were examined; but nothing was discovered. At length two of his servants, being separately interrogated, declared that every ten or twelve days, there came to their master a gentleman whose name they did not know, about thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, who had light hair, was bald on the forehead, of middle height, and rather corpulent. They stated that he was always extremely well dressed, both as to his linen and otherwise; that he must be a person of consequence, for their master always went to the door to receive him. When he

A further light is thrown on this melancholy catastrophe by a conversation Napoleon had, a few days after his elevation to the imperial throne, with M. Massias, the French minister at the court of the Grand Duke of Baden. This conversatiou took place at Aix-la-Chapelle. After some remarks on the intrigues of the emigrants, Bonaparte observed, "You ought at least to have prevented the plots which the Duke d'Enghien was hatching at Ettenheim."—"Sire, I am too old to learn to tell a falsehood. Believe me, on this subject your majesty's ear has been abused."—"Do you not think, then, that had the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru proved successful, the prince would have passed the Rhine, and have come post to Paris?"

M. Massias, from whom I had these particulars, added, "At this last question of the emperor, I hung down my head and was silent; for I saw he did not wish to hear the truth."

Now let us consider, with that attention which the importance of the subject demands, what has been said by the historians of St. Helena.

Napoleon said to his companions in exile, that "the Duke d'Enghien's death must be attributed either to an excess of zeal for him (Napoleon), to private views, or to mysterious intrigues. He had been blindly urged on; he was, if he might say so, taken by surprise. The measure was precipitated, and the result predetermined."

This he might have said; but if he did so express himself, how are we to reconcile such a declaration with the statement of O'Meara? How give credit to assertions so very opposite?*

was in the room, every body, Messrs. de Polignac and De Rivière, as well as the others, rose, and did not sit down till he had again retired, and that whenever he came to see Georges they went together into a cabinet, where they remained alone till he went away, and then Georges attended him to the door.

"The description given of this mysterious person, corresponded neither with the age of the Count d'Artois, nor the person of the Duke de Berri. Besides, the witnesses knew the latter personally, and declared that it was not he. The Duke d'Angoulême was at Mittau with the king, the Duke de Bourbon was known to be in London. Attention was therefore directed to the Duke d'Enghien, who resided at Ettenheim, on the right bank of the Rhine."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.*

Rovigo subsequently corroborates the statement of M. de Bourrienne, that the mysterious person turned out to be Pichegru. (*Editor.*)

* The following is the statement referred to:

"It was discovered," said Napoleon, "by the confession of some of the conspirators, that the Duke d'Enghien was an accomplice, and that he was only waiting on the frontiers of France for the news of my assassination, upon receiving which he was to have entered France as the king's lieutenant. Was I to suffer that the Count d'Artois should send a parcel of miscreants to murder me, and that a prince of his house should hover on the borders of the country that I governed to profit by my assassination. According to the laws of nature, I was authorized to cause him to be assassinated in retaliation for the numerous attempts of the kind that he had before caused to be made against me. I gave orders to have him seized. He was tried and condemned by a law made long

Napoleon said to M. de Las Casas—

" One day alone, I recollect it well, I was taking my coffee, half seated on the table at which I had just dined; when sudden information was brought to me that a new conspiracy had been discovered. I was warmly urged to put an end to these enormities; they represented to me that it was time to give a lesson to those who had been day after day conspiring against my life; that this end could only be attained by shedding the blood of one of them; and that the Duke d'Enghien, who might now be convicted of forming part of this new conspiracy, and taken in the very act, should be that one. It was added, that he had been seen at Strasburg; that it was even believed he had been in Paris; and that the plan was, that he should enter France by the east, at the moment of the explosion, whilst the Duke de Berri was disembarking in the west. I should tell you," observed the emperor, " that I did not even know precisely who the Duke d'Enghien was (the revolution having taken place when I was a very young man, and I having never been at court); and that I was quite in the dark as to where he was at that moment. Having been informed on those points, I exclaimed, that if such were the case, the duke ought to be arrested, and that orders should be given to that effect. Every thing had been foreseen and prepared; the different orders were already drawn up, nothing remained to be done but to sign them, and the fate of the young prince was thus decided."

Napoleon next asserts, that in the duke's arrest and condemnation, all *the usual forms were strictly observed.* But he has also declared that the death of that unfortunate prince will be an eternal reproach to those, who, carried away by a criminal zeal, waited not for their sovereign's orders to execute the sentence of the court-martial. He would, perhaps, have allowed the prince to live; but yet he said, " It is true I wished to make an example which should deter."

It has been said that the Duke d'Enghien addressed a letter to Napoleon, which was not delivered till after the execu-

before I had any power in France. He was tried by a military commission, formed of all the colonels of the regiments then in garrison at Paris. He was accused of having borne arms against the republic, which he did not deny. When before the tribunal, he behaved with great bravery. When he arrived at Strasburg, he wrote a letter to me, in which he offered to discover every thing if pardon were granted to him; said that his family had lost their claims for a long time; and concluded by offering his services to me. This letter was delivered to Talleyrand, who concealed it until after his execution. Had the Count d'Artois been in his place, he would have suffered the same fate; and were I now placed under similar circumstances, I would act in a similar manner. As the police," added Napoleon, " did not like to trust to the evidence of Mehée de la Touche alone, they sent Captain Rosey (a man in whose integrity they had every confidence), to Drake at Munich, with a letter from Mehée, which procured him an interview, the result of which confirmed Mehée's statement, that he was concerned in a plot to *terrasser le premier consul*, no matter by what means."—*Voice from St. Helena.*

tion. This is false and absurd! How could that prince write to Bonaparte, to offer him his services, and to solicit the command of an army? His examination makes no mention of this letter, and is in direct opposition to the sentiments which that letter would attribute to him. The truth is, no such letter ever existed. The individual who was with the prince to the time of his death declared he never wrote it. It will never be believed that any one would have presumed to withhold from Bonaparte a letter, on which depended the fate of so august a victim.

In his declarations to his companions in exile, Napoleon endeavoured either to free himself of this crime, or to justify it. His fear, or his susceptibility was such, that in discoursing with strangers he merely said, that had he been aware of the prince's letter, which was not delivered to him, God knows why, until after he had breathed his last, he would have pardoned him. But at a subsequent date he traced, with his own hand, his last thoughts, which he supposed would be consecrated in the minds of his contemporaries, and of posterity. Napoleon, touching on the subject which he felt would be one of the most important attached to his memory, said, that *if the thing were to do again, he would act as he then did.* How does this declaration tally with his avowal, that *if he had received the prince's letter, he should have lived?* This is irreconcilable. But if we compare all that Napoleon said at St. Helena, and which has been transmitted to us by his faithful followers; if we consider his contradictions, when speaking of the Duke d'Enghien's death to strangers, to his friends, to the public, or to posterity, the question ceases to be doubtful. Bonaparte wished to strike a blow which would terrify his enemies. Fancying that the Duke de Berri was ready to land in France, he despatched his aide-de-camp, Savary, in disguise, attended by gendarmes, to watch the duke's landing at Biville. This turned out a fruitless mission. The duke was warned in time not to attempt the useless and dangerous enterprise, and Bonaparte, enraged to see one prey escape him, pounced upon another. It is well known that Bonaparte often, and in the presence even of persons whom he conceived to have maintained relations with the partisans of the Bourbons at Paris, expressed himself thus: "I will put an end to these conspiracies. If any of the emigrants conspire, they shall be shot. I have been told that Cobentzel harbours some of them. I do not believe this; but if it be true, Cobentzel shall be arrested and shot along with them. I will let the Bourbons know I am not to be trifled with."

The above statement of facts accounts for the suppositions respecting the probable influence of the jacobins in this affair. It has been said, not without some appearance of reason, that to get the jacobins to help him to ascend the throne, Bonaparte consented to sacrifice a victim of the blood royal, as the only pledge capable of ensuring them against the return of the pro-

scribed family. Be this as it may, there are no possible means of relieving Bonaparte from his share of guilt in the death of the Duke d'Enghien.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, would not confess the real cause of the death of the Duke d'Enghien. But inexorable history will note down that he was proclaimed emperor three months after the assassination of the innocent prince; and, less indulgent than his contemporary flatterers, she will give no share of the atrocity to chance, to criminal zeal, or intrigue. She will judge of this violation of the rights of nations, and of every principle of justice and humanity, and she will pronounce it to be the act of mad ambition and barbarous policy.

I will now sum up all I positively know respecting the fatal death of the Duke d'Enghien.

I know that Bonaparte's anger was excited against the meetings of emigrants which took place in the states of the Grand Duke of Baden. I know that the accounts he received contained frequent mention of an English agent, a Baroness Keith, and several other individuals. A man was despatched to the English agent, for the purpose of mystifying him; and this man was Mehée de la Touche, who had been constantly engaged in intrigue.

The first consul's original intention was to inspire fear rather than to commit an outrage. He wished to frighten the emigrants, in order that they might remove further off. At this very juncture the Duke d'Enghien was warned of his danger, through the medium of a letter addressed to the female who caused his presence at Ettenheim. On receiving this intelligence, he determined to rejoin his grandfather. For this purpose, he had to pass through a part of the Austrian dominions. Sir Charles Stuart wrote to Vienna, to M. de Cobentzel, to request a passport for him immediately. The Austrian cabinet was very tardy in returning an answer; and had the reply been immediate, the Duke d'Enghien would infallibly have been saved. It was to that blind zeal, of which I have already spoken, that the duke's too hurried execution was owing; and at St. Petersburg, certain individuals boasted of the share they had had in hurrying this execution, in the presence of Russian gentlemen, who are ready to vouch for the correctness of this fact.

To the above facts, which came within my own knowledge, I may add the following curious story, which was related to me by an individual who himself heard it from the secretary of General Davoust:

Davoust was commanding a division in the camp of Boulogne, and his secretary, when proceeding thither to join him, met in the diligence a man who seemed to be absorbed in affliction. This man, during the whole journey, never once broke silence except by some deep sighs, which he had not power to repress. General Davoust's secretary observed him with curiosity and

interest, but did not venture to intrude upon his grief by any conversation. The concourse of travellers from Paris to the camp was, however, at that time very great, and the inn at which the diligence stopped in the evening was so crowded, that it was impossible to assign a chamber to each traveller. Two, therefore, were put into one room; and it so happened that the secretary was lodged with his mysterious travelling companion. When they were alone, he addressed him in a tone of interest which banished all appearance of intrusion. He inquired whether the cause of his grief was of a nature to admit of any alleviation, and offered to render him any assistance in his power. "Sir," replied the stranger, "I am much obliged for the sympathy you express for me—I want nothing. There is no possible consolation for me. My affliction can end only with my life. You shall judge for yourself, for the interest you seem to take in my misfortune fully justifies my confidence. I was quartermaster in the select gendarmerie, and formed part of a detachment which was ordered to Vincennes. I passed the night there under arms, and at daybreak was ordered down to the moat with six men. An execution was to take place. The prisoner was brought out, and I gave the word to fire. The man fell, and after the execution I learned that we had shot the Duke d'Enghien. Judge of my horror!.....I knew the prisoner only by the name of the *brigand of La Vendée!*.....I could no longer remain in the service—I obtained my discharge, and am about to retire to my family. Would that I had done so sooner!" The above has been related to me and other persons by Davoust's secretary, whom I shall not name.

I know that an individual proposed to the Prince de Condé to assassinate Bonaparte, and that this offer was indignantly rejected. I know also that Fouché was in Paris, and although no longer minister, he was still director of the police—that Fouché, although only a senator, was summoned to the council held at the Tuileries on the 10th of March. In that council Cambacérès, who alone, from his situation, could venture an opposition, made the attempt, the result of which I have already stated. The Duke d'Enghien never wrote a letter to the first consul. I had my information on this point from the first aide-de-camp of the prince, who never quitted him until the last moment of his existence. I also know that hatred and revenge, after displaying themselves in every possible form in Paris, assumed a new shape on the rock of St. Helena.

All that relates to the affair of the Duke d'Enghien resolves itself into this: Bonaparte, perhaps, to please the revolutionary party, and in order to attain the throne with greater certainty, desired the immediate death of the Duke d'Enghien, without judicial forms. He was obeyed with all the promptitude which doubtless he had commanded, so that there was no time or possibility to retract his first decision. I have certain knowledge

that the order was given, and I am convinced that, if the execution had been deferred some hours, the Duke d'Enghien would not have perished.

## CHAPTER LXII.

### 1804.

Retrospective glance—Bonaparte's presumed motives—First stain on Bonaparte—General Ordonner's mission—Arrest of the Duke d'Enghien—Horrible night-scene—Harrel's account of the death of the prince—Order for digging the grave—The foster-sister of the Duke d'Enghien—Reading the sentence—The lantern—General Savary—The faithful dog and the police—My visit to Malmaison—Josephine's grief—The Duke d'Enghein's portrait and lock of hair—Savary's emotion—M. de Chateaubriand's resignation—M. de Chateaubriand's connexion with Bonaparte—Madame Bacciocchi and M. de Fontanes—Cardinal Fesch—Dedication of the second edition of the 'Génie du Christianisme"—M. de Chateaubriand's visit to the first consul on the morning of the Duke d'Enghien's death.

I HAVE pointed to the causes of an irreparable crime. I will now endeavour to describe with the utmost exactness the fatal consequences which resulted from that melancholy cause; but I must commence by taking a review of some antecedent circumstances.

All that had passed since 1802 favoured Bonaparte's views for possessing himself of the crown. Every thing encouraged his idea of founding a new dynasty. But he thought it necessary to show that in re-establishing the throne he re-established it for himself alone. He knew well what his own intentions were, but he thought others might fear that his ideas would change with time, and he apprehended that many persons would fear that, having once re-established the throne, he would restore it to the Bourbons. On overthrowing it, the republicans had deluged it with royal blood. He thought, however, that they would consent to see it raised up again by a fortunate soldier, and would with their own hands build up the edifice which they had destroyed. But they wanted guarantees. Bonaparte was unstained by the crimes of the revolution: his age had preserved him from taking part in its excesses, and in this he always prided himself. He had indeed opposed royalism on the 13th Vendémiaire; but that, it was said, was from calculation and ambition rather than from sentiment. He judged that this was not a sufficient guarantee for the republicans. His aversion for what he called the sanguinary men of the revolution had displayed itself on the 3d Nivose. It was necessary to make

those, whose support he stood in need of, or supposed he stood in need of, forget the hatred which he had always borne to them, and he thought he could not better succeed in his object than by rendering himself guilty like them. His opinion of the regicides is well known, as well as the manner in which he uniformly spoke of them. He knew them too well not to be aware that his conduct had been calculated to excite both their suspicion and their fears. Perhaps, in Bonaparte's idea, they might wish to have it in their power to say to him, "We put the the king to death, it is true, but we tried him: you have assassinated the prince in defiance of all judicial forms!"

Bonaparte's conduct hitherto had been noble and great; but the wreck of the Reign of Terror, which was still powerful, would not, he conceived, tolerate a master, who, if he had not been stained with guilt like themselves would have been a constant reproach to them. The Duke d'Enghien's death, therefore, was resolved on, in order to allay the presumed terrors felt by the men of the revolution at the very name of the Bourbons; for Bonaparte thought that they judged themselves as he judged them. Besides, the Duke d'Enghien's death would have a revolting effect on the royalists who, since the 18th Brumaire, had gradually rallied round the first consul's government, and would cause them to withdraw themselves once more; thus offices, favours, and dignities, would be the exclusive portion of the men of the revolution. These were the advantages which Bonaparte offered in exchange for the services which he expected from them.

I will now attempt the description of the sanguinary scene which took place at the castle of Vincennes. General Ordonner, commanding the grenadiers of the guard, received orders from the war minister to proceed to the Rhine, to give instructions to the chiefs of the gendarmerie of New Brissac, which was placed at his disposal. General Ordonner sent a detachment of gendarmerie to Ettenheim, where the Duke d'Enghien was arrested on the 15th of March. He was immediately conducted to the citadel of Strasburg, where he remained till the 18th, to give time for the arrival of orders from Paris. These orders were given rapidly, and executed promptly, for the carriage which conveyed the unfortunate prince arrived at the barrier at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 20th, where it remained for five hours, and afterwards proceeded, by the exterior boulevards, on the road to Vincennes, where it arrived at night. Every scene of this horrible drama was acted under the veil of night: the sun did not even shine upon its tragical close. The soldiers received orders to proceed to Vincennes at night. It was at night that the fatal gates of the fortress were closed upon the prince. At night the council assembled and tried him, or rather condemned him without trial. When the clock struck six, in the morning, the orders were given to fire, and the prince ceased

to exist. Here a reflection occurs to me. Supposing one were inclined to admit that the council held on the 10th of March had some connexion with the Duke d'Enghien's arrest, yet as no council was held from the time of the duke's arrival at the barrier to the moment of his execution, it could only be Bonaparte himself who issued the orders which were too punctually obeyed. When the dreadful intelligence of the Duke d'Enghien's death was spread in Paris, it excited a feeling of consternation which recalled the recollection of the Reign of Terror. Could Bonaparte have seen the gloom which pervaded Paris, and compared it with the joy which prevailed on the day when he returned victorious from the field of Marengo, he would have felt that he had tarnished his glory by a stain which could never be effaced.

About half-past twelve, on the 22d of March, I was informed that some one wished to speak with me. It was Harrel. I will relate word for word what he communicated to me. Harrel probably thought that he was bound in gratitude to acquaint me with these details; but he owed me no gratitude, for it was much against my will that he had encouraged the conspiracy of Ceracchi, and received the reward of his treachery in that crime. The following is Harrel's statement: "On the evening of the day before yesterday, when the prince arrived, I was asked whether I had a room to lodge a prisoner in; I replied, no—that there were only my room and the council-chamber. I was told to prepare instantly an apartment in which a prisoner might sleep, who was to arrive that evening. I was also desired to dig a pit in the courtyard.* I replied that that could not be easily done, as the courtyard was paved. The moat was then fixed upon, and there the pit was dug. The prince arrived at seven o'clock in the evening; he was perishing with cold and hunger. He did not appear dispirited. He said he wanted something to eat, and to go to bed afterwards. His apartment not being yet sufficiently aired, I took him into my own, and sent into the village for some refreshment. The prince sat down to table, and invited me to eat with him. He then asked me a number of questions respecting Vincennes—what was going on there—and other particulars. He told me that he had been brought up in the neighbourhood of the castle, and spoke to me with great freedom and kindness. 'What do they want with me?' he said. 'What do they mean to do with me?' But these questions betrayed no uneasiness or anxiety. My wife, who was ill, was lying in the same room in an alcove, closed by a railing. She heard, without being perceived, all our conversation, and she was exceedingly agitated, for she

* This circumstance cannot be too strongly noted. Harrel was ordered to dig the grave before the trial. The Duke d'Enghien's fate was therefore decided beforehand.—*Editor.*

recognised the prince, whose foster-sister she was, and the royal family had given her a pension before the revolution.*

"The prince hastened to bed; but before he could have fallen asleep, the judges sent to request his presence in the council-chamber. I was not present at his examination; but when it was concluded, he returned to his chamber, and when they came to read his sentence to him, he was in a deep sleep. In a few moments after, he was led out for execution. He had so little suspicion of the fate that awaited him, that on descending the staircase leading to the moat, he asked where they were taking him. He received no answer. I went before the prince with a lantern. Feeling the cold air which came up the staircase, he pressed my arm, and said, 'Are they going to put me into a subterranean dungeon?'"

Such was the ingenuous narrative which Harrel communicated to me the day after the execution. I may here insert the following official copy of the examination, at which Harrel stated he was not present:

Year XII. of the French republic, this day, 29th Ventose, at twelve o'clock in the evening, I captain-major of the select gendarmerie, in obedience to the order of the general commanding the corps, waited upon the general-in-chief, Murat, governor of Paris, who immediately directed me to proceed to the castle of Vincennes, there to take and receive further orders from General Hullin, commander of the grenadiers of the consular guard.

On my arrival at the castle of Vincennes, General Hullin communicated to me—1st, a copy of the government-decree of the 29th Ventose, present month, ordering that the heretofore Duke d'Enghien should be brought before a court-martial, composed of seven members appointed by the governor-general of Paris: 2d, the order of the general-in-chief, governor of Paris, of this day, nominating the members of the court-martial, in execution of the aforesaid decree. These members are—Citizens Hullin, general of the grenadiers of the guard; Guitton, colonel of the 1st cuirassiers; Bazancourt, commander of the 4th regiment of light infantry; Ravier, commander of the 18th infantry of the line; Barrois, commander of the 96th of the line; and Rabbe, commander of the 2d regiment of the guard of Paris.

The order, moreover, directs that the undersigned captain-major shall fill the office of captain-reporter of the court-martial: the court is also ordered to assemble immediately at the castle of Vincennes, to try (without adjournment) the accused on the charges specified in the government-decree abovementioned.

In fulfilment of these measures, and by virtue of the orders of General Hullin, the president of the court, the undersigned captain proceeded to the chamber in which the Duke d'Enghien was in bed, accompanied by the chef d'escadron, Jacquin, of the select legion, two foot-gendarmes of the same corps, named Lerva and Tharsis, and citizen Noirot, lieutenant of the same corps; the undersigned cap-

* The fatal event caused this female a dangerous fit of illness.

tain-reporter immediately received the following replies to the questions which he addressed to the duke, being assisted by citizen Molin, captain of the 18th regiment, the secretary chosen by the reporter.

— Asked his name, surname, age, and birthplace.

Answered—That his name is Louis-Antoine-Henri de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghien, and that he was born at Chantilly, on the 2d of August, 1772.

— Asked at what period he quitted France.

Answered—He cannot say precisely; but thinks it was on the 16th of July, 1789. That he departed with the Prince de Condé, his grandfather, his father, the Count d'Artois, and the children of the Count d'Artois.

— Asked where he has resided since he quitted France.

Answered—On leaving France, I proceeded with my relations, whom I have always followed, to Mons and Brussels: thence we removed to Turin, and we passed nearly sixteen months with the King of Sardinia. I afterwards, went, still in company with my relations to Worms and its neighbourhood, on the banks of the Rhine. The corps of Condé was then formed, and I served throughout the whole war. I had previously made the campaign of 1792 in Brabant, with the corps of Bourbon in the army of Duke Albert.

—Asked where he has resided since the peace concluded between the French republic and the emperor.

Answered—We closed the last campaign in the neighbourhood of Gratz. There the corps of Condé, which was in the pay of England, was disbanded; that is to say, at Wendirsch-Facstrictz in Styria. That he afterwards remained for his pleasure in Gratz and its neighbourhood, about six or nine months, awaiting news from his grandfather, the Prince de Condé, who had gone to England, and who was to inform him what allowance that power would make him; a point which was not yet determined. During this interval, he applied to Cardinal Rohan for permission to go to Ettenheim in Brisgau, formerly the Bishopric of Strasburg, and that he had been there for two years and a half. After the death of the cardinal, he applied to the Elector of Baden, officially, for permission to remain in that country, as he did not wish to stay without his consent. That permission was granted.

—Asked whether he did not go to England, and whether that power does not still allow him a pension.

Answered—That he never went thither; but that England allows him a pension, which is all he has to live on.

He requested to add, that, as the reasons which had induced him to remain at Ettenheim no longer existed, he proposed to fix his abode at Friburg in Brisgau, which is a much more agreeable town than Ettenheim, where he remained only because the emperor granted him permission to hunt, a diversion of which he is very fond.

—Asked whether he corresponded with the French princes who had emigrated to London, and whether he had seen them lately.

Answered—That he had, as might naturally be supposed, corresponded with his grandfather since he had quitted Vienna, whither he had conducted him after the disbanding of the corps: that he like-

wise corresponded with his father, whom he had not seen, to the best of his recollection, since 1794 or 1795.

— Asked what rank he held in the army of Condé.

Answered—Commander of the advanced guard before 1796. Before that campaign, he was a volunteer at the head-quarters of his grandfather; and since 1796, he has been commander of the advanced guard. He observed, that after the army of Condé proceeded to Russia, it was combined into two corps, one of infantry and one of dragoons, of which he was made colonel by the emperor, and in that rank he returned to the armies of the Rhine.

— Asked whether he knew General Pichegru, and whether he had had any connexion with him.

Answered—I never saw him to my knowledge; and I never had any connexion with him. I know he wished to see me. I congratulate myself on never having known him, if it be true that he intended to employ the odious measures of which he is accused.

— Asked whether he knew the ex-general Dumouriez, and whether he had any connexion with him.

Answered—I never saw him.

— Asked whether, since the peace, he has not maintained correspondence with the interior of the republic.

Answered—That he has written to some friends who served with him in the army, and who are still attached to him, upon business concerning himself and them. This is not the correspondence which he presumes is alluded to.

From the above the present minute was drawn up; and signed by the Duke d'Enghien, the Chef d'Escadron Jacquin, Lieutenant Noirot, the two gendarmes, and the captain-reporter.

Before I sign the present minute, I earnestly request to have a private audience with the first consul. My name, my rank, my manner of thinking, and the horror of my situation, induce me to hope that he will not refuse my request.

(Signed) L. A. H. de Bourbon.

Lower down:

Lieutenant Noiret and Jacquin.

A true Copy,

Dautancourt.

(The Captain filling the office of Reporter,)

Molin (Captain-secretary.)

Much has been said about a lantern, which it is pretended was attached to one of the Duke d'Enghien's button-holes. This is a pure invention. Captain Dautancourt, whose sight was not very good, took the lantern out of Harrel's hand, to read the sentence to the victim, who had been condemned with as little regard to judicial forms as to justice. This circumstance probably gave rise to the story about the lantern, to which I have just alluded. The fatal event took place at six o'clock in

the morning of the 21st of March, and it was of course daylight.*

General Savary did not dare to delay the execution of the sentence, although the prince urgently demanded to have an interview with the first consul. Had Bonaparte seen the prince, there can be little doubt but that he would have saved his life. Savary, however, thought himself bound to sacrifice his own opinions to the powerful faction which then controlled the first consul; and whilst he thought he was serving his master, he was in fact only serving the faction, to which, I must say, he did not belong. The truth is, that General Savary can only be reproached for not having taken upon himself to suspend the execution, which very probably would not have taken place, had it been suspended. He was merely an instrument, and regret on his part would, perhaps, have told more in his favour than his vain efforts to justify Bonaparte.

From all that I have stated, and particularly from the non-suspension of the execution, it appears to me as clear as day that General Savary had received a formal order from Bonaparte for the Duke d'Enghien's death, and also a formal order that it should be so managed as to make it impossible to speak to Bonaparte again on the subject, until all should be over. Can there be a more evident, a more direct proof of this, than the digging of the grave beforehand? I have repeated Harrel's story just as he related it to me. He told it me without solicitation, and he could not invent a circumstance of this nature.

General Savary was not in the moat during the execution, but on the bank, from whence he could easily see all that passed.† Another circumstance connected with the Duke d'En-

* "Malevolence went so far as to invent a story about a lantern, said to have been fastened to the prince's breast, without considering that on the 21st of March the sun rises at six o'clock, and that it is light at five."—*Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo.* (*Editor.*)

† The following is all that Savary says relatively to the passing of the sentence and its execution:

"When the Duke d'Enghien had answered the last question put to him in the interrogatory, the president of the commission declared the discussion closed, and ordered all those who had been present during the debates to leave the room. The commission resolved itself into a council to deliberate. I retired like the rest, and went, as did several of the officers who had attended the sitting, to rejoin the troops that were on the esplanade of the castle.

"I cannot tell exactly how long the commission continued in deliberation; but it was no more than two hours after the room was cleared, that the commandant of the infantry of my legion, who was posted in the court of the castle, came to inform me that the commission had passed sentence, and that a picket was required for its execution. I recommended to him, as usual in such cases, to place it so as to prevent accident. The spot which seemed to him best suited for this purpose was a spacious ditch of the castle.

"While this officer was making his arrangements, I ordered the troops under arms, and acquainted them with the sentence which the commission had passed, and that they were to attend its execution.

"Meanwhile, the Duke d'Enghien was brought down the staircase of the

ghien's death has been mentioned, which is true. The prince had a little dog: this faithful animal returned incessantly to the fatal spot in the moat. There are few who have not seen that spot. Who has not made a pilgrimage to Vincennes, and dropped a tear where the victim fell? The fidelity of the poor dog excited so much interest, that the police prevented any one from visiting the fatal spot, and the dog was no longer heard to howl over his master's grave.

I promised to state the truth respecting the death of the Duke d'Enghien, and I have done so, though it has cost me some pain. Harrel's narrative, and the shocking circumstance of the grave being dug beforehand, left me no opportunity of cherishing any doubts I might have wished to entertain; and every thing which followed confirmed the view I then took of the subject. When Harrel left me on the 22d, I determined to go to Malmaison to see Madame Bonaparte, knowing, from her sentiments towards the house of Bourbon, that she would be in the greatest affliction. I had previously sent to know whether it would be convenient for her to see me, a precaution I had never before observed, but which I conceived to be proper upon that occasion. On my arrival I was immediately introduced to her boudoir, where she was alone with Hortense and Madame Remusat. They were all deeply afflicted. "Bourrienne," exclaimed Josephine, as soon as she perceived me, "what a dreadful event! Did you but know the state of mind Bonaparte is in! He avoids, he dreads the presence of every one! Who could have suggested to him such an act as this?" I then acquainted Josephine with the particulars which I had received from Harrel. "What barbarity!" she resumed. "But no reproach can rest upon me, for I did every thing to dissuade him from this dreadful project. He did not confide the secret to me; but I guessed it, and he acknowledged all. How harshly he repelled my entreaties! I clung to him! I threw myself at his feet!—'Meddle with what concerns you!' he exclaimed, angrily. 'This is not women's business! Leave me!'—And he repulsed me with a violence which he had never displayed since our first interview after your return from Egypt. Heavens! What will become of us?"

I could say nothing to calm affliction and alarm in which I participated, for to my grief for the death of the Duke d'Enghien was added my regret that Bonaparte should be capable of such a crime. "What," said Josephine, "can be thought of this in Paris? He must be the object of universal imprecation, for even here his flatterers appear astounded when they are out of his presence. How wretched we have been since yesterday;

entrance tower on the side next to the park. His sentence was read to him, and the execution immediately followed. It was then about six in the morning."—*Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo.* (*Editor.*)

and he!....You know what he is when he is dissatisfied with himself. No one dare speak to him, and all is mournful around us. What a commission he gave to Savary! You know I do not like the general, because he is one of those whose flatteries will contribute to ruin Bonaparte. How deeply was I distressed when Savary came yesterday to fulfil a commission which the Duke d'Enghien had intrusted to him. Here," added Josephine, "is his portrait and a lock of his hair, which he has requested me to transmit to one who was dear to him. Savary almost shed tears when he described to me the last moments of the duke: then, endeavouring to resume his self-possession, he said, 'It is in vain to try to be indifferent, madame! it is impossible to witness the death of such a man unmoved!'"

Josephine afterwards informed me of the only act of courage which occurred at this period, namely, the resignation which M de Chateaubriand had sent to Bonaparte. She admired his conduct greatly, and said, "What a pity he is not surrounded by men of this description! It would be the means of preventing all the errors into which he is led, by the constant approbation of those about him." Josephine thanked me for my attention in coming to see her at such an unhappy juncture, and I confess that it required all the regard I cherished for her to induce me to do so, for at that moment I should not have wished to see the first consul, since the evil was irreparable. On the evening of that day nothing was spoken of but the transaction of the 21st of March, and the noble conduct of M. de Chateaubriand. As the name of that celebrated man is for ever written in characters of honour in the history of that period, I think I may with propriety relate here what I know respecting his previous connexion with Bonaparte.

I do not recollect the precise date of M. de Chateaubriand's return to France; I only know that it was about the year 1800, for we were, I think, still at the Luxembourg. However, I recollect perfectly that Bonaparte began to conceive prejudices against him; and when I one day expressed my surprise to the first consul that M. de Chateaubriand's name did not appear on any of the lists which he had ordered to be presented to him, for filling up vacant places, he said, "He has been mentioned to me; but I replied in a way to check all hopes of his obtaining any appointment. He has notions of liberty and independence which will not suit my system. I would rather have him my enemy than my forced friend. At all events, he must wait awhile: I may, perhaps, try him first in a secondary place, and, if he does well, I may advance him."

The above is word for word what Bonaparte said the first time I conversed with him about M. de Chateaubriand. The publication of "Atala" and the "Génie du Christianisme" suddenly gave Chateaubriand celebrity, and attracted the attention of the first consul. Bonaparte, who then meditated the restoration of

religious worship in France, found himself wonderfully supported by the publication of a book which excited the highest interest, and whose superior merit led the public mind to the consideration of religious topics. I remember Madame Bacciocchi coming one day to visit her brother, with a little volume in her hand; it was "Atala." She presented it to the first consul, and begged he would read it. "What, more romances!" exclaimed he. "Do you think I have time to read all your fooleries?" He, however, took the book from his sister, and laid it down on my desk. Madame Bacciocchi then solicited the erasure of M. de Chateaubriand's name from the list of emigrants. "Oh! oh!" said Bonaparte, "it is Chateaubriand's book, is it? I will read it, then. Bourrienne, write to Fouché, to erase his name from the list."

Bonaparte, at that time, paid so little attention to what was doing in the literary world, that he was not aware of Chateaubriand being the author of "Atala." It was on the recommendation of M. de Fontanes that Madame Bacciocchi tried this experiment, which was attended by complete success. The first consul read "Atala," and was much pleased with it. On the publication of the "Génie du Christianisme," some time after, his first prejudices were wholly removed. Among the persons about him there were many who dreaded to see a man of M. de Chateaubriand's talent approach the first consul, who knew how to appreciate superior merit when it did not excite his envy.

Our relations with the court of Rome being renewed, and Cardinal Fesch appointed ambassador to the holy see, Bonaparte conceived the idea of making M. de Chateaubriand first secretary to the embassy, thinking that the author of the "Génie du Christianisme" was peculiarly fitted to make up for his uncle's deficiency of talent in the capital of the Christian world, which was destined to become the second city of the empire.

It was not a little extraordinary to see a man, previously a stranger to diplomatic business, stepping over all the intermediary degrees, and being at once invested with the functions of first secretary to an important embassy. I oftener than once heard the first consul congratulate himself on having made the appointment. I knew, though Bonaparte was not aware of the circumstance at the time, that Chateaubriand at first refused the situation, and that he was only induced to accept it by the entreaties of the heads of the clergy, particularly of the Abbé Emery, a man of great influence. They represented to the author of the "Génie du Christianisme" that it was necessary he should accompany the uncle of the first consul to Rome; and M. de Chateaubriand accordingly resolved to do so.

However, clouds gathered, I do not know from what cause, between the ambassador and his secretary. All I know is, that on Bonaparte being informed of the circumstance, he took the

part of the cardinal, and the friends of M. de Chateaubriand expected to see him soon deprived of his appointment: when, to the great astonishment of every one, the secretary to the Roman embassy, far from being disgraced, was raised by the first consul to the rank of minister plenipotentiary to the Vallais, with leave to travel in Switzerland and Italy, together with the promise of the first vacant embassy.

This favour excited a considerable sensation at the Tuileries; but, as it was known to be the will and pleasure of the first consul, all expression of opinion on the subject was confined to a few quiet murmurs, that Bonaparte had done for the name of M. de Chateaubriand, what, in fact, he had done only on account of his talent. It was during the continuance of this favour that the second edition of the "Génie du Christianisme" was dedicated to the first consul.

M. de Chateaubriand returned to France previous to entering on the fulfilment of his new mission. He remained for some months in Paris, and on the day appointed for his departure he went to take leave of the first consul. By a singular chance it happened to be the fatal morning of the 21st of March, and consequently only a few hours after the Duke d'Enghien had been shot. It is unnecessary to observe that M. de Chateaubriand was ignorant of the fatal event. However, on his return home, he said to his friends that he had remarked a singular change in the appearance of the first consul, and that there was a sort of sinister expression in his countenance. Bonaparte saw his new minister amidst the crowd who attended the audience, and several times seemed inclined to step forward to speak to him; but as often turned away, and did not approach him the whole morning. A few hours after, when M. de Chateaubriand mentioned his observations to some of his friends, he was made acquainted with the cause of that agitation which, in spite of all his strength of mind and self-command, Bonaparte could not disguise.

M. de Chateaubriand instantly resigned his appointment of minister plenipotentiary to the Vallais. For several days his friends were much alarmed for his safety, and they called every morning early to ascertain whether he had not been carried off during the night. Their fears were not without foundation. I must confess that I, who knew Bonaparte well, was somewhat surprised that no serious consequence attended the anger he manifested on receiving the resignation of the man who had dedicated his work to him. In fact, there was good reason for apprehension, and it was not without considerable difficulty that Eliza succeeded in averting the threatened storm.

I am persuaded, from my knowledge of Bonaparte's character, that though he retained implacable resentment against a returned emigrant, who had dared to censure his conduct in so positive a manner, yet his first burst of anger being soothed, that which was the cause of hatred was at the same time the

ground of esteem. Bonaparte's animosity was, I confess, very natural, for he could not disguise from himself the real meaning of a resignation made under such circumstances. It said plainly, "You have committed a crime, and I will not serve your government, which is stained with the blood of a Bourbon!" I can therefore very well imagine that Bonaparte could never pardon the only man who dared to give him such a lesson, in the midst of the plenitude of his power. But, as I have often had occasion to remark, there was no unison between Bonaparte's feelings and his judgment.

*Note.*—The reader may remember, that at the time of the Duke d'Enghien's mock trial and execution, General Murat, the first consul's brother-in-law, was governor of Paris. The castle of Vincennes being within his military jurisdiction, he has been pretty generally considered as having acted a principal part in the tragedy, and many writers have held him up to that infamy which ought more properly to have fallen on other heads. Murat was naturally a kind-hearted, humane man: though a mere soldier of fortune and accustomed to scenes of carnage, he could see blood spilt only on the field, and shuddered at all civil executions or private acts of vengeance. Under his two immediate predecessors on that throne conspirators, and men called so, were hanged or shot by dozens at a time; but during the seven years that Murat was King of Naples he did not allow an execution of the kind, and he never could be brought to sign a death-warrant for any, the worst species of criminal, without the greatest difficulty. His feelings on these points amounted to a weakness. Being well aware of the reports against him, he took every opportunity of contradicting them to the persons in his confidence, and to the last moment of his life he solemnly protested that he had done all he could to save the duke. He denied that he appointed the eight officers who sate in judgment at Vincennes, and without expressly naming them, he seemed to lay most of the blame on Fouché, Savary, and Hullin. He never spoke of the midnight trial and the execution in the ditch without horror. We have received this information from men of most honourable characters, and we give it a place here because we are convinced in our own minds of its veracity, and think it fair to rescue the fame of Murat who, with all his faults, was one of the best men in the school he belonged to.

The end of Joachim Murat bore rather a striking resemblance to that of the Duke d'Enghien. He was tried by an incompetent military tribunal, and shot in the courtyard of an old castle in Calabria. Hence several of our authors have taken occasion to establish a visitation of Providence, and to declare that Murat, iniquitously tried, and barbarously murdered, merited the fate he met at Pizzo on the 14th of October, 1815, by what he had done at Vincennes on the 20th of March, 1804.

In General Colletta's admirable history of the kingdom of Naples, there is an account of Murat's death, which was drawn up entirely from the accounts of eye and ear witnesses. One of the last things Joachim said to Captain Stratti, the commandant of the castle of Pizzo was, "As for the tragedy of the Duke d'Enghien, which King Ferdinand is about to avenge with another tragedy, I had no part in it, and this I swear by that God in whose presence I must shortly appear."

After this solemn and voluntary declaration, he confessed himself to Masdea, a Calabrian priest, and wrote on a slip of paper the words, "I declare that I die a Christian."

Like the Duke d'Enghien, Murat refused to have his eyes bandaged, and he himself gave the word of command to his soldiers. These, the last words he spoke, were highly characteristic of the man—of his dauntless bravery and personal vanity. "Soldiers," he said, "spare my face—aim at my heart!" The volley was fired, and Joachim Murat fell dead, still holding in his hands the miniature portraits of his children.—*Storia del Reame di Napoli dal* 1734, *sino al* 1825.—*Del Generale Pietro Colletta.* (*Editor.*)

## CHAPTER LXIII.

### 1804.

Consequences of the Duke d'Enghien's death—Change of opinion in the provinces—The Gentry of the Chateaux—Effect of the Duke d'Enghien's death on foreign courts—Remarkable words of Mr. Pitt—Louis XVIII. sends back the insignia of the Golden Fleece to the King of Spain—Bonaparte and Charlemagne—Pichegru betrayed—His arrest—His conduct to his old aide-de-camp—Account of Pichegru's family, and his education at Brienne—Permission to visit M. Carbonnet—The prisoners in the Temple—Absurd application of the word ruffian—Suspension of the trial by jury—Moreau and the state of public opinion respecting him—Pichegru's firmness.

The immediate consequences of the Duke d'Enghien's death were not confined to the general consternation which that unjustifiable stroke of state policy produced in the capital. The news spread rapidly through the provinces and foreign countries, and was every where accompanied by astonishment and sorrow. There is in the departments a separate class of society, possessing great influence, and constituted entirely of persons usually called the "Gentry of the Chateaux," who may be said to form the provincial faubourg St. Germain. The opinion of the Gentry of the Chateaux was not hitherto unfavourable to the first consul; for the law of hostages which he repealed had been felt very severely by them. With the exception of some families accustomed to consider themselves, in relation to the whole world, what they were only within the circle of a couple of leagues, that is to say, illustrious personages, all the inhabitants of the provinces, though they might retain some attachment to the ancient order of things, had viewed with satisfaction the substitution of the consular for the directorial government, and entertained no personal dislike to the first consul. Among the Chateaux, more than any where else, it has always been the custom to cherish utopian ideas respecting the management of public affairs, and to criticise the acts of the government. It is well known, that at this time there was not in all France a single old mansion surmounted by its two weathercocks, which had not a system of policy peculiar to itself, and in which the

question whether the first consul would play the part of Cromwell or of Monk, was not frequently canvassed. In those innocent controversies, the little news which the Paris papers were allowed to publish was freely discussed, and a confidential letter from Paris sometimes furnished food for the conversation of a whole week. Bonaparte set great value on the opinion of the Chateaux, because while living in the country he had observed the moral influence which their inhabitants exercise over their neighbourhood. He had succeeded to a great degree in conciliating them, but the news of the death of the Duke d'Enghien alienated from him minds which were still wavering, and even those which had already declared in his favour. That act of tyranny dissolved the charm which had created hope from his government, and awakened affections which had as yet only slumbered. Those to whom this event was almost indifferent, also joined in condemning it; for there are certain aristocratic ideas which are always fashionable in a certain class of society. Thus for different causes this atrocity gave a retrograde direction to public opinion, which had previously been favourably disposed to Bonaparte throughout the whole of France.

The consequences were not less important, and might have been disastrous with respect to foreign courts. I learned through a channel which does not permit me to entertain any doubt of the correctness of my information, that as soon as the Emperor Alexander received the news, it was clear that England might conceive a well-founded hope of forming a new coalition against France. Alexander openly expressed his indignation. I also learned with equal certainty, that when Mr. Pitt was informed of the death of the French prince, he said, "Bonaparte has now done himself more mischief than we have done him since the last declaration of war."* Pitt was not the man to feel much concern for the death of any one; but he understood and seized all the advantages afforded to him by this great error of policy committed by the most formidable enemy of England. In all the treasury journals published in London, Bonaparte was never spoken of under any other name than that of the "assassin of the Duke d'Enghien."

The stationary policy of the cabinet of Vienna, prevented the manifestation of its displeasure by remonstrances, or by any outward act: at Berlin, in consequence of the neighbourhood of the French troops in Hanover, the commiseration for the death of the Duke d'Enghien was also confined to the king's cabinet, and more particularly to the closet of the Queen of Prussia; but it is certain that that transaction almost every where changed the disposition of sovereigns towards the first consul, and that if it did not cause, it at least hastened, the

* The remark made on this murder by the astucious cold-blooded Fouché is well known. He said, "It was worse than a crime—it was a blunder!"—(*C'est pis qu'une crime—c'est une faute.*)—*Editor.*

success of the negotiations which England was secretly carrying on with Austria and Prussia. Every prince of Germany was offended by the violation of the Grand Duke of Baden's territory, and the death of a prince could not fail every where to irritate that kind of sympathy of blood and of race, which had hitherto always influenced the crowned heads and sovereign families of Europe; for it was felt as an injury to all of them.

When Louis XVIII. learned the death of the Duke d'Enghien, he wrote to the King of Spain, returning him the insignia of the order of the Golden Fleece, which had also been conferred on Bonaparte.

The king returned the insignia with the following letter:

SIRE, AND DEAR COUSIN,

It is with regret that I send back to you the insignia of the order of the Golden Fleece, which his majesty, your father, of glorious memory conferred upon me. There can be nothing in common between me and the great criminal whom audacity and fortune have placed on my throne; since he has had the barbarity to stain himself with the blood of a Bourbon, the Duke d'Enghien.

Religion might make me pardon an assassin, but the tyrant of my people must always be my enemy.

In the present age it is more glorious to merit a sceptre than to possess one.

Providence, for incomprehensible reasons, may condemn me to end my days in exile, but neither my contemporaries, nor posterity, shall ever have to say, that in the period of adversity I showed myself unworthy of occupying the throne of my ancestors.

LOUIS.

The death of the Duke d'Enghien was a horrible episode in the proceedings of the great trial which was then preparing, and which was speedily followed by the accession of Bonaparte to the Imperial dignity. It was not one of the least remarkable anomalies of the epoch, to see the judgment by which criminal enterprises against the republic were condemned, pronounced in the name of the emperor who had so evidently destroyed that republic. This anomaly certainly was not removed by the subtlety, by the aid of which he at first declared himself Emperor of the Republic, as a preliminary to his proclaiming himself Emperor of the French. Setting aside the means, it must be acknowledged, that it is impossible not to admire the genius of Bonaparte, his tenacity in advancing towards his object, and that adroit employment of suppleness and audacity, which made him sometimes dare fortune, sometimes avoid difficulties which he found insurmountable, to arrive, not merely at the throne of Louis XVI., but at the reconstructed throne of Charlemagne. Since I have mentioned the name of Charlemagne, I shall venture on a short reflection as to the analogy which some have

attempted to establish between that great man and Bonaparte, whose greatness I am certainly far from denying. In my opinion an immense difference exists between them. Charlemagne was really superior to his age, which he endeavoured to associate with his glory by advancing it in knowledge, whereas Bonaparte was superior, not to his age, the glory of which he wished to engross, but merely to the men of his age, which is a very different thing. It must, however, be admitted, that Charlemagne had the advantage over Napoleon of finding a crown already usurped for him by his father.

But it is not my business to reason on history. I shall therefore proceed to relate what I knew at the time, and what I have since learned of the different phases of the trial of Georges, Pichegru, Moreau, and the other persons accused of conspiracy —a trial, to all the proceedings of which I closely attended. From those proceedings I was convinced that Moreau was no conspirator,* but at the same time I must confess that it is very probable the first consul might believe that he had been engaged in the plot, and I am also of opinion, that the real conspirators believed Moreau to be their accomplice and their chief; for the object of the machinations of the police agents was to create a foundation for such a belief, it being important to the success of their scheme.

It has been stated, that Moreau was arrested on the day after the confessions made by Bouvet de Lozier; Pichegru was taken by means of the most infamous treachery that a man can be guilty of. The official police had at last ascertained that he was in Paris, but they could not learn the place of his concealment. The police agents had in vain exerted all their efforts to discover him, when an old friend, who had given him his last asylum, offered to deliver him up for a hundred thousand crowns. This infamous fellow gave an exact description of the chamber which Pichegru occupied in the Rue de Chabanais, and in consequence of his information, Comminges, commissary of police, proceeded thither, accompanied by some determined men. Precautions were necessary, because it was known that Pichegru was a man

* In reference to the question of Moreau's participation in the conspiracy, the editor of the work entitled "Bourrienne et ses Erreurs," &c., publishes a letter of that general to General Regnier, of which the following is an extract:

"Since I left you I have had rather a singular correspondence with David, Souham's cousin, on the subject of Pich.****. He believed that I was an obstacle to his return. I answered no; he then intimated a wish that I should be reconciled with him, and that he desired it.

"I observed, that Pich**** had no reason to bear any grudge against me, since I had laid myself open to merited reproaches from the Directory for keeping back, during four months, papers which I ought to have transmitted within twenty-four hours, &c. &c.

"MOREAU.

"6 Thermidor,
Year X."

(*Editor.*)

of prodigious bodily strength, and that besides, as he possessed the means of defence, he would not allow himself to be taken without making a desperate resistance. The police entered his chamber by using false keys, which the man who had sold him had the baseness to get made for them. A light was burning on his night-table. The party of police, directed by Comminges, overturned the table, extinguished the light, and threw themselves on the general, who struggled with all his strength, and cried out loudly. They were obliged to bind him, and in this state the conqueror of Holland was removed to the Temple, out of which he was destined never to come alive.*

It must be owned that Pichegru was far from exciting the same interest as Moreau. The public, and more especially the army, never pardoned him for his negotiations with the Prince of Condé, prior to the 18th Fructidor. However, I became acquainted with a trait respecting him while he was in Paris, which I think does him much honour A son of M. Lagrenée, formerly director of the French Academy at Rome, had been one of Pichegru's aides-de-camp. This young man, though he had obtained the rank of captain, resigned on the banishment of his general, and resumed the pencil, which he had laid aside for the sword. Pichegru, while he was concealed in Paris, visited his former aide-de-camp, who insisted upon giving him an asylum: but Pichegru positively refused to accept M. Lagrenée's offer, being determined not to commit a man who had already given him so strong a proof of friendship. I learned this fact by a singular coincidence. At this period, Madame de Bourrienne wished to have a portrait of one of our children: she was recommended to M. Lagrenée, and he related the circumstance to her.

It was on the night of the 22d of February, that Pichegru was arrested in the manner I have described. The deceitful friend who gave him up was named Le Blanc, and he went to settle at Hamburg with the reward of his treachery. I had entirely lost sight of Pichegru since we left Brienne, for Pichegru was also a pupil of that establishment; but, being older than either Bonaparte or I, he was already a tutor when we were only

* The account given of Pichegru's arrest, in the work entitled "Bourrienne et ses Erreurs," &c., differs somewhat from the above. It is asserted, that the light was not extinguished. According to the author's statement, Pichegru started up suddenly from his bed, and endeavoured to get possession of his pistols, but was prevented. His conduct was violent; he severely injured a gendarme by a kick in the stomach, and was himself wounded in the thigh by a sword. Exhausted at last by the violence of his resistance, he was bound, gagged, and carried almost in a state of nudity, not to the Temple, but to M. Réal's office, in the Rue des Saints Pères. It is further stated, that the informer was not an old friend of Pichegru; that he was a hanger-on about the Stock Exchange, named Le Blanc, who, after agreeing to receive Pichegru in his house, went and gave information to Murat, for which he demanded and received 100,000 francs. He had afterwards the impudence to solicit a decoration of honour, but was ordered to quit Paris.—*Editor.*

scholars, and I very well recollect that it was he who examined Bonaparte in the four first rules of arithmetic.

Pichegru belonged to an agricultural family of Franche-Compté. He had a relation, a minime, in that country. The minimes, who had the charge of educating the pupils of the military school being very poor, and their poverty not enabling them to hold out much inducement to other persons to assist them, they applied to the minimes of Franche-Compté. In consequence of this application, Pichegru's relations, and some other minimes, repaired to Brienne. An aunt of Pichegru, who was a sister of the order of charity, accompanied them, and the care of the infirmary was intrusted to her. This good woman took her nephew to Brienne with her, and he was educated at the school gratuitously. As soon as his age permitted, Pichegru was made a tutor; but all his ambition was to become a minime. He was, however, dissuaded from that pursuit by his relation, and he adopted the military profession. There is this further remarkable circumstance in the youth of Pichegru, that though he was older by several years than Bonaparte, they were both made lieutenants of artillery at the same time. What a difference in their destiny! While the one was preparing to ascend a throne, the other was a solitary prisoner in the dungeon of the Temple.

I had no motive to induce me to visit either the Temple or La Force, but I received at the time circumstantial details of what was passing in those prisons, particularly in the former; I went, however, frequently to St. Pelagie, where M. Carbonnet was confined. As soon as I knew that he was lodged in that prison, I set about getting an admission from Réal, who smoothed all difficulties. M. Carbonnet was detained two months in solitary confinement. He was several times examined, but the interrogatories produced no result, and notwithstanding the desire to implicate him in consequence of the known intimacy between him and Moreau, it was at last found impossible to put him on trial with the other parties accused.

The Temple had more terrors than St. Pelagie; but not for the prisoners who were committed to it, for none of those illustrious victims of police machination displayed any weakness, with the exception of Bouvet de Lozier, who being sensible of his weakness, wished to prevent its consequences by death. The public, however, kept their attention riveted on the prison in which Moreau was confined. I have already mentioned that Pichegru was conveyed thither on the night of the 22d of February: five days after Georges was arrested, and committed to the same prison.

Either Réal or Desmarets, and sometimes both together, repaired to the Temple to examine the prisoners. In vain the police endeavoured to direct public odium against the prisoners, by placarding lists of their names through the whole of Paris,

even before they were arrested. In those lists they were styled ruffians, and at the head of "the ruffians," the name of General Moreau shone conspicuously. An absurdity without a parallel, which produced an effect totally opposite to that calculated on; for, as no person could connect the idea of a ruffian with that of a general who was the object of public esteem, it was naturally concluded, that those whose names were placarded along with his, were no more ruffians than he.

What, upon reflection, must now be thought of the sudden suspension of the law which regulated judicial proceedings, and which was still in force at the time the secret police allowed the official police to discover the conspiracy? For my part, I was overwhelmed with grief to observe Bonaparte thus giving an arbitrary character to all the measures of his government; for can we view in any other light than an arbitrary act, the suspension of trial by jury for two whole years, accomplished by the aid of a complaisant senatus consultum, promulgated twelve days after the arrest of Moreau? This suspension, too, applied only to a particular case, and the jury remained for all offences, except against the person of the first consul. So we see, that had the lives of the second or third consul been attacked, the judgment of a jury would have been required; but the first consul, forsooth, must have a special tribunal, or in other words, a tribunal, the sentences of which were to be decrees of death! It would have been just as well to have re-established at once the old law of high treason! The senatus consultum of which I have spoken, received on the day after an extension which was natural to it. A law was passed, assimilating to Georges and his accomplices whomsoever might have given any of them an asylum, and rendering such persons liable to the same punishment. This was a legislation worthy of the darkest ages.

Public opinion was decidedly in favour of Moreau, and every one was indignant at seeing him described as a ruffian. Far from believing him guilty, he was regarded as a victim fastened on because his reputation embarrassed Bonaparte; for Moreau had always been looked up to as capable of opposing the accomplishment of the first consul's ambitious views. The whole crime of Moreau was his having numerous partisans among those who still clung to the phantom of the republic, and that crime was unpardonable in the eyes of the first consul, who for two years had ruled the destinies of France as sovereign master. What means were not employed to mislead the opinion of the public respecting Moreau? The police published pamphlets of all sorts, and Count Montgaillard was brought from Lyons to draw up a libel, implicating him with Pichegru and the exiled princes. But nothing that was done produced the effect proposed.

The easy character of Moreau is known. In fact, he allowed himself to be circumvented by a few intriguers, who endeavoured

to derive advantage from the influence of his name. But he was so decidedly opposed to the re-establishment of the ancient system, that he replied to one of the agents who addressed him, "I cannot put myself at the head of any movement for the Bourbons, and such an attempt would not succeed. If Pichegru act on another principle—and even in that case I have told him that the consuls, and the governor of Paris must disappear—I believe that I have a party strong enough in the senate to obtain possession of authority, and I will immediately make use of it to protect his friends; public opinion will then dictate what may be fit to be done, but I will promise nothing in writing." Admitting these words attributed to Moreau to be true, they prove that he was dissatisfied with the consular government, and that he wished a change; but there is a great difference between a conditional wish and a conspiracy.

The commander of the principal guard of the Temple was General Savary, and he had reinforced that guard by his select gendarmerie. The prisoners did not dare to communicate one with another for fear of mutual injury, but all evinced a courage which created no little alarm as to the consequences of the trial. Neither offers nor threats produced any confessions in the course of the interrogatories. Pichegru, in particular, displayed an extraordinary firmness, and Réal one day on leaving the chamber where he had been examining him, said aloud in the presence of several persons, "What a man that Pichegru is!"

## CHAPTER LXIV.

### 1804.

Pichegru strangled in Prison—Public opinion at the time—Voluntary errors of Rovigo—Report on the death of Pichegru—Words falsely attributed to Réal Pichegru's doubted—Moreau's ignorance of Pichegru's designs—MM. Carbonnet, Roland, and Lajolais.

Forty days had elapsed since the arrest of General Pichegru, when on the morning of the 6th of April he was found dead in the chamber he occupied in the Temple. Pichegru had undergone ten examinations;* but he had made no con-

* The author of the observations on the trial of Pichegru, Georges, &c., in the collection entitled, "Bourrienne et ses Erreurs," is apparently one of the persons who was employed in instructing or preparing that extraordinary process, perhaps M. Réal himself. In adverting to the statement that Pichegru underwent ten interrogatories, he remarks that the number is great; but that he knew of four. One, he says, took place in the presence of numerous witnesses,

fessions, and no person was committed by his replies. All his declarations, however, gave reason to believe that he would speak out, and that too in a lofty and energetic manner during the progress of the trial. "When I am before my judges," said he, "my language shall be conformable to truth and the interests of my country." What would that language have been? Without doubt there was no wish that it should be heard. Pichegru would have kept his promise, for he was distinguished for his firmness of character above every thing, even above his qualities as a soldier; differing, in this respect, from Moreau, who allowed himself to be guided by his wife and mother-in-law, both of whom displayed ridiculous pretensions in their visits to Madame Bonaparte.

The day on which Réal spoke before several persons of Pichegru in the way I have related, was the day of his last examination. I afterwards learned, from a source on which I can rely, that during his examination, Pichegru, though careful to say nothing which could affect the other prisoners, showed no disposition to be tender of him, who had sought and resolved his death, but evinced a firm resolution to unveil before the public, the odious machinery of the plot into which the police had drawn him. He also declared, that he and his companions had no longer any object but to consider of the means of leaving Paris, with the view of escaping from the snares laid for them, when their arrest took place. He declared that they had all of them given up the idea of overturning the power of Bonaparte, a scheme into which they had been enticed by shameful intrigues. I am convinced the dread excited by his manifestation of a resolution to speak out with the most rigid candour, hastened the death of Pichegru. M. Réal, who is still living, knows better than any one else what were Pichegru's declarations as he interrogated him. I know not whether that gentleman will think fit, either at the present or some future period, to raise the veil of mystery which hangs over these events, but of this I am sure,

and that this precaution was adopted because it was suspected that Pichegru would refuse to sign his deposition. At the close of this examination, M. Réal perceived an old translation of Xenophon lying on the general's table, which induced him to ask whether he wished to have books to read.—"I should like one," said Pichegru.—"What book do you want?" asked the counsellor of state, and added, "Would you like travels?"—"Oh no! I am tired of travels," was the answer, with a melancholy smile.—"Well, then, what book would you have?"—"Seneca."—"Seneca! (said the prefect, with an allusion which was evidently quickly felt by the prisoner). Why, general, the gamester does not ask for Seneca until the game is lost, and the game is not yet——" Pichegru did not allow the sentence to be finished, but said, hastily, "Have the goodness to order a Seneca to be sent in to me."—"A French or a Latin one?" Pichegru hesitated, and after a moment's reflection, said, "Let me have a Latin one, I can understand it still." The Seneca was sent, and the day after the suicide it was found on Pichegru's table. It was open, and turned down at the place where Seneca says, that when public liberty must be despaired of, the upright man has nothing to do but to die.—*Editor.*

he will be unable to deny any thing I advance. There is evidence almost amounting to demonstration, that Pichegru was strangled in prison, and consequently all idea of suicide must be rejected as inadmissible. Have I positive and substantive proof of what I assert? I have not; but the concurrence of facts, and the weight of probabilities, do not leave me in possession of the doubts I should wish to entertain on that tragic event. Besides there exists a certain popular instinct, which is rarely at fault, and it must be in the recollection of many, not only that the general opinion favoured the notion of Pichegru's assassination, but that the pains taken to give that opinion another direction, by the affected exhibition of the body, only served to strengthen it. He who spontaneously says, I have not committed such or such a crime, at least admits there is room for suspecting his guilt.

I have read, with the most earnest attention, all that has been written on the death of Pichegru. In vain have I sought for the real truth in the Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo: I have not even found its shadow there. How, for instance, could M. de Rovigo assert that an officer belonging to his regiment, who was on duty at the Temple, came to the Tuileries, on the 6th of April, at eight o'clock in the morning, and told him of Pichegru's death, when it is notorious that the jailor did not enter the general's room until nine o'clock? If this be an inadvertency, it must be confessed it is an inexplicable one. How, again, in speaking of Pichegru's violent death, whatever had been its cause, could he see nothing in it but a singular fact? Surely it was something more than a singular fact. But I have no wish to employ myself either in the refutation of M. de Rovigo's assertions, or in the correction of his errors, for they are voluntary. It is too evident, that endowed with a posthumous zeal, perhaps unexampled, he has made his Memoirs nothing else than a long panegyric on every thing done by Bonaparte, many of whose actions were, without doubt, grand, immense, even generous, such as make a great show in history; but he committed others, from the odium of which he cannot be absolved, and among these I include, without hesitation, but not without reflection, the death of Pichegru. On this, no more than on other points, do I feel inclined to credit the assertions made by Bonaparte at St. Helena.

The truth is, the tide of opinion never set in with such force against Bonaparte as during the trial of Moreau; nor was the popular sentiment in error on the subject of the death of Pichegru, who was clearly strangled in the Temple by secret agents. The authors, the actors, and the witnesses of the horrible prison-scenes of the period, are the only persons capable of removing the doubts which still hang over the death of Pichegru; but I must, nevertheless, contend that the preceding circumstances, the general belief at the time, and even probability, are in contradiction with any idea of suicide on the part of

Pichegru. His death was considered necessary, and this necessity was its real cause.

I know from Réal, that Pichegru underwent an examination which was never made public. He made no observation, except declaring, as I have already stated, that he would speak out before the tribunal, that he would charge and denounce the guilty, and that he would tell the whole truth, while he manifested his sentiments in favour of the government of the Bourbons. Pichegru unfolded the perfidious artifices by which he and his fellow-prisoners had been betrayed. He added, that what was passing at Paris had at length opened their eyes. The facility with which the three landings were effected, without any notice taken of the two first; the resting stations previously marked out with care on their route, in which they did not meet the slightest interruption; the false intelligence they had received, and the non-existence of that feeling which they had been led to suppose prevailed at Paris; their journey evidently protected by the intrigues of a secret and mysterious police, and which could not, without that protection, have escaped the vigilance of the official police; their places of abode at Paris known previously, instead of being sought after; these circumstances had undeceived Pichegru. He gave no information, nor made confession; he neither accused nor blamed any person; but he had rushed blindly into the plot formed for him.

The following are a few extracts from the Report of the Examination of Pichegru's body, which took place on the 16th of April, 1804:

"The body had round the neck a black silk handkerchief, through which was passed a stick about forty centimetres (nearly sixteen inches) long, and from four to five (two or three inches) in circumference, which after being twisted round in the handkerchief, was stopped by the left cheek, against which one of its extremities rested, and which had produced a strangulation sufficient to occasion death."

In the same report the surgeons state, that they had afterwards remarked, that in "turning the stick by an irregular movement, it had made on the cheek a scratch about six centimetres long, extending from the os malæ to the concha of the left ear."

A gendarme, named Sirot, next declares, "that being on duty as a sentinel outside of the Temple, near Pichegru's apartment, he several times heard a coughing and spitting in the said apartment, and that he thought he could perceive from the manner of the coughing and spitting, that a person was suffering from oppression, but having heard nothing more of it, he did not think it necessary to give any alarm."

One Lapointe, who was employed in the court of the Temple, declares "that having slept from midnight until four in the morning, he heard nothing."

Fauconnier declares "that at half-past seven in the morning, citizen Popon, the turnkey on duty, informed him that he had lighted a fire in Pichegru's chamber, and that he was surprised at his not stirring." He added, "that he took the key of Pichegru's apart-

ment at ten o'clock on the preceding night, after giving the general his supper; that it remained in his pocket until he lighted the fire."

It was at the time a very awkward contrivance to attribute the following words to Réal: "Well, though nothing is more clear than this suicide, it will be in vain to try to convince people; it will always be said that he was strangled, because he could not be proved guilty." Réal never said any such thing.*

* The following is Savary's account of Pichegru's death:

"Being at the Tuileries one morning, about eight o'clock, I received a note from the officer of the gendarmerie d'élite, who that day commanded the guard posted at the Temple. He informed me that General Pichegru had just been found dead in his bed; and that this had occasioned a great bustle in the Temple, where they were expecting some one from the police, to which intelligence of the circumstance had been sent.

"This officer communicated the fact to me, as well on account of its singularity, as because I had made it a rule in the corps which I commanded, that all the officers employed in any duty whatever should give me an account of what they had done, seen, or heard, during the twenty-four hours. I forwarded this note to the first consul: he sent for me, supposing that I had further particulars, but as I had none, he sent me to make inquiries, saying, 'This is a pretty end for the conqueror of Holland!'

"I arrived at the Temple at the same time as M. Réal, who came on behalf of the grand-judge to learn the particulars of this event. I went with M. Réal, the keeper, and the surgeon of the prison, straight to General Pichegru's room; and I knew him again very well, though his face was turned of a crimson colour, from the effect of the apoplexy with which he had been struck.

"His room was on the ground floor, and the head of his bed against the window, so that the seat served to set his light upon for the purpose of reading in bed. On the outside there was a sentinel placed under this window, through which he might easily, upon occasion, see all that was passing in the room.

"General Pichegru was lying on his right side; he had put round his neck his own black silk cravat, which he had previously twisted like a small rope: this must have occupied him so long as to afford time for reflection, had he not been resolutely bent on self-destruction. He appeared to have tied his cravat thus twisted, about his neck, and to have at first drawn it as tight as he could bear it, then to have taken a piece of wood, of the length of a finger, which he had taken from a branch that yet lay in the middle of the room (part of a faggot, the relics of which were still in his fireplace): this he must have slipped between his neck and his cravat, on the right side, and turned round till the moment that reason forsook him. His head had fallen back on the pillow and compressed the little bit of stick, which had prevented the cravat from untwisting. In this situation apoplexy could not fail to supervene. His hand was still under his head, and almost touched this little tourniquet.

"On the night-table was a book open and with its back upward, as if laid down for a moment by one who had been interrupted while reading. M. Réal found this book to be the Seneca which he had sent to him; and he remarked that it was open at that passage where Seneca says, that the man who is determined to conspire ought above all things not to fear death. This was probably the last thing read by General Pichegru, who having placed himself in a situation to lose his life on the scaffold, or under the necessity of having recourse to the clemency of the first consul, had preferred dying by his own hand.

"While I was at the Temple, I questioned the gendarme who had passed the night in the antechamber which separated Georges from Pichegru: he told me that he had heard nothing all night, except that General Pichegru had coughed a good deal from eleven to twelve o'clock; that, not being able to get into his room because the keeper had got the key, he was unwilling to rouse the whole tower on account of that cough. The gendarme was himself locked up in this ante-

It is not my intention to justify those who took part in that conspiracy; under any circumstances the crime must be condemned. But if the police secretly instigated and fostered criminal designs, until the time arrived when it was convenient to check the explosion; if the police basely and artfully flattered the hopes of men hostile to the government, indignation diminishes by reason of the means employed to excite it.

The conspirators yielded to illusions and temptations inspired by those who were to profit by the plot, and who could defeat it whenever they thought fit so to do. This fact must be evident to all who have attentively, and without prejudice, noted the particulars of the trial.

Why, after the death of Pichegru, should profound silence have been observed respecting his interrogatory? Why, indeed, should he have committed suicide? Had he not the chance of being acquitted? And, even if found guilty, he might after his condemnation have eluded the sentence of the law. Why would he have waited till after his tenth interrogatory, if his suicide were the effect of a resolution previously formed? The means which he is said to have employed to deprive himself of life, would still have been within his reach had he been condemned. There is another circumstance which powerfully tends to banish the idea of suicide, viz., that Pichegru never abandoned the religious sentiments he had imbibed in his childhood.

False friends had declared to men blinded by passion, that the senate and Moreau counted on each other to effect a change; but Moreau assured Pichegru he had been deceived; that he knew nothing of the circumstances which had induced him to come from England to France; that it was mere madness, and that the project of overthrowing the government was impracticable and absurd. In this way Moreau invariably replied to the questions and overtures that were made to him.

M. Carbonnet, the friend of Moreau's family, was in the general's library on the day when Pichegru came to call on him. Pichegru was accompanied by Roland and Lajolais. M. Carbonnet withdrew, to allow them to speak with Moreau, and when they were gone, the general himself told M. Carbonnet who they were. I was informed of this circumstance by M Carbonnet.

chamber; and had any thing occurred to oblige him to give the alarm, it was by the window that he was to apprize the sentinel who was at the door of the tower; the sentinel was to give notice to the post, and the latter to the keeper.

"I questioned also the gendarme who had been on duty under the window of General Pichegru from ten o'clock till twelve, and he had heard nothing."—*Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo.* (*Editor.*)

## CHAPTER LXV.

### 1804.

Arrest of Georges—The fruiterer's daughter of the Rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève—Louis Bonaparte's visit to the Temple—General Lauriston—Arrest of Villeneuve and Barco—Villeneuve wounded—Moreau during his imprisonment—Preparations for leaving the Temple—Remarkable change in Georges—His address to his companions—Addresses and congratulations—Words of the first consul forgotten—Secret negotiations with the senate—Official proposition of Bonaparte's elevation to the empire—Sitting of the tribunal—Speech of Curée—Sitting of the council of state—Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély—Question of hereditary succession—Berlier's opposition—Regnault's reply—Interference of Bonaparte—Individual votes—Seven against twenty—*His* subjects and *his* people.

While the legal proceedings were pending, Bonaparte was acting upon Fouché's advice, to hurry his accession to the empire, and means were clandestinely adopted to obtain that object. Before I speak of this immense change in the fortune of Bonaparte and the destiny of France, I must return to the arrest of Georges, who, through all the circumstances of the trial, evinced true heroism of character. He was arrested about seven o'clock, on the evening of the 9th of March, with another conspirator, whose name, I think, was Leridan. Georges was stopped in a cabriolet on the Place de l'Odéon, whither he had no doubt been directed by the police agent, who was constantly about him. In not seizing him at his lodgings, the object, probably, was to give more publicity to his arrest, and to produce an effect upon the minds of the multitude. This calculation cost the life of one man, and had well nigh sacrificed the lives of two; for Georges, who constantly carried arms about him, first shot dead the police officer who seized the horse's reins, and wounded another who advanced to arrest him in the cabriolet. Besides his pistols, there was found upon him a poniard of English manufacture.

Georges lodged with a woman named Lemoine, who kept a fruiterer's shop in the Rue de la Montagne-Saint-Geneviève,

and on the evening of the 9th of March he had just left his lodgings to go, it was said, to a perfumer's named Caron.* It is difficult to suppose that the circumstance of the police being on the spot was the mere effect of chance. The fruiterer's daughter was putting into the cabriolet a parcel belonging to Georges at the moment of his arrest. Georges seeing the officers advance to seize him, desired the girl to get out of the way, fearing lest he should shoot her when he fired on the officers. She ran into a neighbouring house, taking the parcel along with her. The police, it may readily be supposed, were soon after her. The master of the house in which she had taken refuge, curious to know what the parcel contained, had opened it and discovered, among other things, a bag containing a thousand Dutch sovereigns, from which he acknowledged he had abstracted a considerable sum. He and his wife, as well as the fruiterer's daughter, were all arrested; as to Georges, he was taken that same evening to the Temple, where he remained until his removal to the Conciergerie when the trial commenced.

During the whole of the legal proceedings, Georges, as well as the other important prisoners, were kept in solitary confinement. Immediately on Pichegru's death, the prisoners were informed of the circumstance. As they were all acquainted with the general, and none believed the fact of his reported suicide, it may easily be conceived what consternation and horror the tragical event excited among them. I learned, and I was sorry to hear of it, that Louis Bonaparte, who was an excellent man, and, beyond all comparison, the best of the family, had the cruel curiosity to see Georges in his prison a few days after the death of Pichegru; and when the sensation of horror excited by that event in the interior of the Temple was at its height, Louis repaired to the prison, accompanied by a brilliant escort of staff-officers, and General Savary introduced him to the prisoners. When Louis arrived, Georges was lying on his bed with his hands strongly bound by manacles. Lauriston, who accompanied Louis, related to me some of the particulars of this visit, which, in spite of his sincere devotedness to the first consul, he assured me had been very painful to him.

* The author of the observations on the trial of Pichegru, Georges, &c., already quoted, admits the truth of the statement that Georges was expected by this Caron, who, on the restoration, was appointed perfumer to the Duchess d'Angoulême, and afterwards became one of the ushers of the chamber. He is described as a profligate hypocrite. His immoral excesses, however, did not prevent the tartuffe from being remarkably devout. He was extremely attentive to religious ceremonies, and made masses be said to the Holy Ghost, to ascertain whether God approved of his giving an asylum to Georges. When Caron was examined, this pious invocation gave not a little amusement to M. Réal: "What answer did the Holy Ghost give you?" said he.—"None at all," replied the perfumer, quite coolly. "Why then did you resolve to give the asylum?"—"Because," replied the pious peruquier, "silence is consent."—*Editor.*

After the arrest of Georges there were still some individuals marked out as accomplices in the conspiracy, who had found means to elude the search of the police. The persons last arrested were, I think, Villeneuve, one of the principal confidents of Georges, Burban Malabre, who went by the name of Barco, and Charles d'Hozier. They were not taken till five days after the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien. The famous Commissioner Comminges, accompanied by an inspector, and a detachment of gendarmes of the select legion, found Villeneuve and Burban Malabre in the house of a man named Dubuisson, in the Rue Jean-Robert.

This Dubuisson and his wife had sheltered some of the principal persons proscribed by the police. The Messieurs de Polignac and M. de Rivière had lodged with them. When the police came to arrest Villeneuve and Burban Malabre, the people with whom they lodged declared that they had gone away in the morning. The officers, however, searched the house, and discovered a secret door within a closet. They called, and receiving no answer, the gendarmerie had recourse to one of those expedients which were, unfortunately, too familiar to them. They fired a pistol through the door. Villeneuve, who went by the name of Joyau, was wounded in the arm, which obliged him and his companion to come from the place of their concealment, and they were then made prisoners.

Moreau was not treated with the degree of rigour observed towards the other prisoners. Indeed, it would not have been safe so to treat him, for, even in his prison he received the homage and respect of all the military, not excepting even those who were his guards. Many of these soldiers had served under him, and it could not be forgotten how much he was beloved by the troops he had commanded. He did not possess that irresistible charm which in Bonaparte excited attachment; but, his mildness of temper and excellent character inspired love and respect. It was the general opinion in Paris that a single word from Moreau to the soldiers, in whose custody he was placed, would, in a moment, have converted the gaoler-guard into a guard of honour, ready to execute all that might be required for the safety of the conqueror of Hohenlinden. Perhaps the respect with which he was treated, and the indulgence of daily seeing his wife and child, were but artful calculations for keeping him within the limits of his usual character. Besides, Moreau was so confident of the injustice of the charge brought against him that he was calm and resigned, and showed no disposition to rouse the anger of an enemy who would have been happy to have some real accusation against him. To these causes combined I always attributed the resignation, and I may say the indifference of Moreau, while he was in prison, and on his trial.

When the legal preparations for the trial were ended, the

prisoners of the Temple were permitted to communicate with each other, and viewing their fate with that indifference which youth, misfortune, and courage inspired, they amused themselves with some of those games which usually serve for boyish recreation. While they were thus engaged, the order arrived for their removal to the Conciergerie. The firmness of all remained unshaken, and they made their preparations for departure as if they were going about any ordinary business. This fortitude was particularly remarkable in Georges, in whose manner a change had taken place which was remarked by all his companions in misfortune.

Georges had hitherto betrayed a certain degree of bravado; he had ridiculed the republic, Bonaparte and his agents, and had displayed the cynicism of courage rather than that solemn resignation which distinguished the last moments of Louis XVI. and Malesherbes. On leaving the Temple, however, he suspended his bitter sarcasms and violent invectives; I say suspended, for it will be seen that during the trial, he more than once broke through the limits which he appeared to have traced out for himself on his departure for the Conciergerie. When his companions were assembled in the courtyard of the Temple, he harangued them, recommending them to be prudent and to say nothing to commit each other. "When," said he, "you feel your courage fail, look at me, and think that I am with you; think that my fate will be yours. Yes, my dear friends, our fate cannot be different, and that consideration should encourage and cheer us. Let us then be kind and indulgent towards each other. Let our common fate give new force to our affection. Let us not look back on the past; we are now as God willed we should be. With our dying breath, let us offer up a prayer that our country may be released from the yoke that weighs upon her, and become happy under the paternal sceptre of the Bourbons. Let us never forget that the prison that we are now about to quit, is that which Louis XVI. left only to mount the scaffold. May his sublime example enlighten and guide us!"

For some time past, the agents of government throughout France had been instructed to solicit the first consul to grant for the people what the people did not want; but what Bonaparte wished to take while he appeared to yield to the general will, namely, unlimited sovereign authority, free from any subterfuge of denomination. The opportunity of the great conspiracy just discovered, and in which Bonaparte had not incurred a moment's danger, as he did at the time of the infernal machine, was not suffered to escape: that opportunity was, on the contrary, eagerly seized by the authorities of every rank, civil, ecclesiastical, and military, and a torrent of addresses, congratulations, and thanksgivings inundated the Tuileries. Most of the authors of these addresses did not confine themselves to mere congratulations: they entreated Bonaparte to *consolidate*

*his work*, the true meaning of which was that it was time he should make himself emperor and establish hereditary succession. Those who, on other occasions, had shown an officious readiness to execute Bonaparte's commands, did not now fear to risk his displeasure by opposing the opinion he had expressed in the council of state, on the discussion of the question of the consulate for life. Bonaparte then said, "Hereditary succession is absurd. It is irreconcilable with the principle of the sovereignty of the people, and impossible in France."

In this scene of the grand drama, Bonaparte played his part with his accustomed talent, keeping himself in the back ground, and leaving to others the task of preparing the catastrophe. The senate, who took the lead in the way of insinuation, did not fail while congratulating the first consul on his escape from the plots of foreigners, or as they were officially styled, the daggers of England, to conjure him not to delay the completion of his work. Six days after the death of the Duke d'Enghien, the senate first expressed this wish. Either because Bonaparte began to repent of a useless crime, and felt the ill effect it must produce on the public mind, or because he found the language of the senate somewhat vague, he left the address nearly a month unanswered, and then only replied by the request that the intention of the address might be more completely expressed. These negotiations between the senate and the head of the government, were not immediately published. Bonaparte did not like publicity except for what had arrived at a result; but, to attain the result, which was the object of his ambition, it was necessary that the project which he was maturing should be introduced in the tribunate, and the tribune Curée had the honour to be the first to propose officially the conversion of the consular republic into an empire, and the elevation of Bonaparte to the title of emperor, with the rights of hereditary succession.

Curée developed his proposition to the tribunate in the sitting of the 30th of April. At that memorable sitting, which became the general subject of conversation in Paris and elsewhere, I was present. Curée commenced by describing all the evils which had overwhelmed France during the various governments which had succeeded each other since the constituent assembly. He reproached that assembly with what he termed the serious error of not having changed the dynasty of the Bourbons when changing the form of the French government. He alleged that no prince of that family would ever have honestly consented to consider himself King of the French, but would always have wished to reign over France in virtue of family and feudal rights. Then tracing a picture of the horrors of the convention and the turpitude of the Directory, he came to the 18th Brumaire, which he represented as a day of deliverance. He described Bonaparte as being as great a statesman as a warrior,

and sought to persuade his auditory that the intention of the constituent assembly would be realized by Bonaparte's accession to the throne, which, he said, was the only means of consolidating the liberties of France. After dwelling upon the advantage of hereditary succession, in the supreme magistracy, he observed that it was proper to give a great name to a great power, and that for the head of the *national* power, he knew of no title more worthy the splendour of the nation than the title of Emperor. He concluded thus: "I move that we convey to the senate a wish which is cherished by the whole nation, and which has for its object, first, that Napoleon Bonaparte, now first consul, be declared emperor, and under that title continue at the head of the government of the French republic; secondly, that the imperial dignity be declared hereditary in his family; third, that those of our institutions which are as yet only traced out, be definitely settled." The members of the tribunate who spoke after M. Curée, eagerly enlarged upon all that had been said by the author, or rather the *producer* of the proposition which had so evidently emanated from him to whom it was finally to return. The speeches were, in short, a succession of eulogies on Bonaparte.

If any doubts could exist respecting the complaisant part which Curée acted on this occasion, one circumstance would suffice to remove them; that is, that ten days before the development of his proposition, Bonaparte had caused the question of founding the empire and establishing hereditary succession in his family to be secretly discussed in the council of state. I learned from one of the counsellors of state all that passed on that occasion, and I may remark, that Cambacérès showed himself particularly eager in the council of state, as well as afterwards in the senate, to become the exalted subject of him who had been his first colleague in the consulate.

About the middle of April, the council of state, being assembled as for an ordinary sitting, the first consul, who was frequently present at the sittings, did not appear. Cambacérès arrived and took the presidency in his quality of second consul, and it was remarked, that his air was more solemn than usual, though he at all times affected gravity. Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély gave me an account of this sitting. He had an easy flow of elocution, great conversational power, little depth of talent; but considerable tact in digesting the ideas that were given him. M. de Fontanes possessed the same sort of merit combined with more real knowledge. However, when I was with Bonaparte, I recollect he often used to say that he preferred the compositions of Regnault to those of any other, except Rœderer, who, however, to use his own expression, "hastened too rapidly to his object."

Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély was not without ambition; but he did not sacrifice every thing to it. He was devoted to

the first consul less from interest than from conviction. He was unstained by the crimes of the revolution, and he expressed himself with perfect propriety respecting the death of the Duke d'Enghien. He was not a stranger to the sentiments which prevailed in the family to which he had allied himself; but he was so blinded by enthusiasm as to believe that the foundation of the empire would be in France the foundation of that reasonable representative government for which he was an advocate. When Regnault spoke to me according to his own belief on this subject I let him speak on, because my situation did not permit me to enter into any discussion with him; but I recollect that in 1814 we had a conversation in which, while he manifested his attachment to the emperor he acknowledged that he had been deceived.

The following is what I heard from Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély respecting the famous secret sitting in which he took the lead:

"It is long," said he, "since all reasonable men, all true friends of their country, have wished that the first consul should make himself emperor and re-establish in favour of his family, the old principle of hereditary succession. It is the only means of securing permanency to the new fortunes and to the men whom merit has raised to high offices. The republic, which I loved passionately while I detested the crimes of the revolution, is now, in my eyes, a mere Utopia. The first consul has convinced me that he wishes to possess supreme power only to render France great, free, and happy, and to protect her against the fury of factions. He asked me to bring forward the question in the council, and I did not hesitate to do so. After Cambacérès had explained what was to be the object of the sitting, and had invited us to deviate from the usual solemnity of our sittings, and assemble for a private deliberation, he retired, and I immediately proposed the question which all the members of the council expected. I put it thus: 'Is it proper to make hereditary succession the basis of the government of France?'"

My memory does not enable me any further to quote the words of M. de Saint-Jean-d'Angély; but, I recollect perfectly the purport of what he said. He spoke, first, on the question he had proposed, and of course resolved it affirmatively. He represented hereditary power as the only means of preventing the shocks and disorders which always accompany the elevation of a supreme magistrate to an elective throne.

Regnault acknowledged that his proposition was not adopted without being opposed:—"Fourcroy," said he, "concurred with me; but Berlier manifested violent opposition." Berlier, indeed, betrayed a truly republican austerity. He called to mind the *senatus consultum* which had foreseen the case of vacancy in the first magistracy, and traced the course to be pursued in providing a successor to the first consul. He said he did not see

any reason for considering as insufficient, that which eighteen months before had been considered sufficient to conciliate public tranquillity with the wants of society. "With hereditary succession," added Berlier, "we shall retain nothing of that republican constitution for which France has exhausted her treasure and sacrificed millions of lives. I do not think the French people disposed to renounce the remnant they still possess of a blessing so dearly purchased." Berlier dwelt on the equivocal situation in which the principle of hereditary monarchy would place those who, in different degrees, had proved themselves partisans of the revolution. He said, they would justly become objects of ridicule and contempt to the royalists, who might reproach them with building up what they had pulled down. To this objection Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély replied, that the man whom France called to the head of her government was himself a child of that revolution whose rights he would cause to be respected, and who was, besides, strong enough to prevent one party from triumphing over another.

Some other counsellors of state spoke on the same side as Berlier; but less forcibly and positively. However, the partisans of hereditary succession were the majority, and resolved to present an address to the first consul. Those of the counsellors who opposed this, determined, on their part, to send a counter address; and to avoid this clashing of opinions, Bonaparte signified his wish that each member of the council should send him his opinion individually, with his signature affixed. By a singular accident it happened to be Berlier's task to present to the first consul the separate opinions of the council. Out of the twenty-seven counsellors present, only seven opposed the question. Bonaparte received them all most graciously, and told them among other things that he wished for hereditary power only for the benefit of France; that the citizens would never be *his subjects*, and that the French people would never be *his people*. Such were the preliminaries to the official proposition of Curée to the tribunate, and upon reflection it was decided that as all opposition would be useless and perhaps dangerous to the opposing party, the minority should join the majority. This was accordingly done.

## CHAPTER LXVI.

### 1804.

Appropriateness of the title of emperor—Communications between Bonaparte and the senate—Bonaparte first called *Sire* by Cambacérès—First letter signed by Napoleon as emperor—Grand levee at the Tuileries—Napoleon's address to the imperial guard—Organic senatus consultum—Revival of old formulas and titles—The republicanism of Lucien—The Spanish princess—Lucien's clandestine marriage—The oath of the Legion of Honour—Harangues on Bonaparte's accession to the empire—Bonaparte's influence on the German princes—Intrigues of England—Drake at Munich—Project for overthrowing Bonaparte's government—Circular from the minister for foreign affairs to the members of the diplomatic body—Answers to that circular.

The tribunate having adopted the proposition of Curée, there was no longer any motive for concealing the first overtures of the senate. Its address to the first consul was therefore published forty days after its date: *the pear was then ripe.* This period is so important that I must not omit putting together the most remarkable facts which either came within my own observation, or which I have learned since respecting the foundation of the empire.

Bonaparte had, a long time before, spoken to me of the title of emperor as being the most appropriate for the new sovereignty which he wished to found in France. This, he observed, was not restoring the old system entirely, and he dwelt much on its being the title which Cæsar had borne. He often said, "One may be the emperor of a republic, but not the king of a republic, those two terms are incongruous."

In its first address the senate had taken as a text the documents it had received from the government in relation to the intrigues of Drake who had been sent from England to Munich. That text afforded the opportunity for a vague expression of what the senate termed the necessities of France. To give greater solemnity to the affair, the senate proceeded in a body to the Tuileries, and one thing which gave a peculiar character to the preconcerted advances of the senate was that Cambacérès, the second consul, fulfilled his functions of president on this occasion, and delivered the address to the first consul. Speaking in the name of the senate, he said, among other things,

that at sight of the danger from which Providence had delivered the hero destined to fulfil her designs, the first observation which naturally arose was that to meditate the destruction of the first consul was to meditate the destruction of France. "The English and the emigrants," added he, "know that your destiny is the destiny of the French people. Had their execrable projects succeeded, they are little aware of the vengeance which the people would have taken." The senate next regretted the generous confidence which had prevented the first consul from creating a national jury to decide on the attempts upon his life. But even this national jury did not appear sufficient in the eyes of the senate, who pretended to be the interpreter of public opinion. "Give us," said they to Bonaparte, "institutions so combined that their system will survive you. You will found a new era, but you must eternize it: glory is nothing unless it be permanent. We cannot doubt that this idea has occurred to you, for your creative genius embraces every thing; but do not delay. You are urged by time, by events, by conspiracy....If you could interrogate every Frenchman individually the one after the other, there is not one who would not say as we do: Great man, finish your work, by rendering it immortal like your glory. You have extricated us from the chaos of the past;—you enable us to enjoy the blessings of the present;—guarantee to us the future." Such flattery was of course irresistible.

However, the first consul thought the address of the senate, which, I have been informed, was drawn up by François de Neufchâteau, was not expressed with sufficient clearness; he therefore, after suffering a little interval to elapse, sent a message to the senate signed by himself, in which he said, "Your address has been the object of my earnest consideration." And though the address contained no mention of hereditary succession he added, "You consider the hereditary succession of the supreme magistracy necessary to defend the French people against the plots of our enemies, and the agitation arising from rival ambition. At the same time several of our institutions appear to you to require improvement so as to ensure the triumph of equality and public liberty, and to offer to the nation and the government the double guarantee they require. From the subsequent passages of the message, it will be sufficient to extract the following: "We have been constantly guided by this great truth: that the sovereignty dwells with the French people, and that it is for their interest, happiness, and glory that the supreme magistracy, the senate, the legislative body, the electoral colleges, and the different branches of the government, are and must be instituted." The omission of the tribunate in this enumeration is somewhat remarkable. It announced a promise which was speedily realized.

The will of Bonaparte being thus expressed in his message to the senate, that body, which was created to preserve the in-

stitutions consecrated by the constitution of the year VIII., had no alternative but to submit to the intentions manifested by the first consul. The reply to the message was, therefore, merely a counterpart of the message itself. It positively declared that hereditary government was essential to the happiness, the glory, and the prosperity of France, and that that government could be confided only to Bonaparte and his family. While the senate so complaisantly played its part in this well got up piece, yet, the better to impose on the credulity of the multitude, its reply, like Bonaparte's message, resounded with the words liberty and equality. Indeed, it was impudently asserted in that reply, that Bonaparte's accession to hereditary power would be a certain guarantee for the liberty of the press, a liberty which Bonaparte held in the greatest horror, and without which all other liberty is but a vain illusion.

By this reply of the senate, the most important step was performed. There now remained merely ceremonies to regulate, and formulas to fill up. These various arrangements occasioned a delay of a fortnight. And on the 18th of May, Napoleon was for the first time greeted by the appellation of *Sire* by his former colleague Cambacérès, who at the head of the senate went to present to the new emperor, the organic senatus consultum touching the foundation of the empire. Napoleon was at Saint Cloud, whither the senate proceeded in state. After the speech of Cambacérès, in which the old designation of majesty was for the first time revived, the emperor replied—

All that can contribute to the welfare of the country is essentially connected with my happiness. I accept the title which you believe to be conducive to the glory of the nation. I submit to the sanction of the people, the law of hereditary succession. I hope that France will never repent the honours she may confer on my family. At all events, my spirit will not be with my posterity when they cease to merit the confidence and love of the great nation.

Cambacérès next went to congratulate the empress, and thus was realized to Josephine the prediction which I had made to her three years before at Malmaison.

Bonaparte's first act as emperor, on the very day of his elevation to the imperial throne, was the nomination of Joseph to the dignity of Grand Elector, with the title of Imperial Highness. Louis was raised to the dignity of Constable, with the same title, and Cambacérès and Lebrun were created Arch-chancellor and Arch-treasurer of the empire. On the same day Bonaparte wrote the following letter to Cambacérès, the first which he signed as emperor, and merely with the name of Napoleon.

Citizen Consul Cambacérès, your title has changed; but your functions and my confidence remain the same. In the high dignity

with which you are now invested, you will continue to manifest, as you have hitherto done, in that of consul, that wisdom, and that distinguished talent, which entitle you to so important a share in all the good which I may have effected. I have, therefore, only to desire the continuance of the sentiments you cherish towards the state and me.

Given at the palace of St. Cloud, 28th Floréal, year XII.

NAPOLEON.

By the Emperor. H. B. MARET.

I have quoted this first letter of the emperor, because it is characteristic of Bonaparte's art in managing transitions. It was to the citizen consul that the emperor addressed himself, and it was dated according to the republican calendar. That calendar, together with the delusive inscription on the coin, were all that now remained of the republic. Next day the emperor came to Paris to hold a grand levee at the Tuileries, for he was not the man to postpone the gratification that vanity derived from his new dignity and title. The assembly was more numerous and brilliant than on any former occasion. Bessières having addressed the emperor on the part of the guards, the emperor replied in the following terms: "I know the sentiments the guards cherish towards me. I repose perfect confidence in their courage and fidelity. I constantly see with renewed pleasure, companions in arms, who have escaped so many dangers, and are covered with so many honourable wounds. I experience a sentiment of satisfaction when I look at the guards, and think that there has not, for the last fifteen years, been a battle in which some of them have not taken part."

On the same day, all the generals and colonels in Paris were presented to the emperor by Louis Bonaparte, who had already begun to exercise his functions of constable. In a few days every thing assumed a new aspect; but, in spite of the admiration which was openly expressed, the Parisians secretly ridiculed the new courtiers. This greatly displeased Bonaparte, who was very charitably informed of it in order to check his prepossession in favour of the men of the old court, such as the Count de Ségur, and, at a later period, Count Louis de Narbonne.

To give all possible solemnity to his accession, Napoleon ordered that the senate itself should proclaim in Paris the organic senatus consultum, which entirely changed the constitution of the state. By one of those anomalies which I have frequently had occasion to remark, the emperor fixed for this ceremony, Sunday, the 30th Floréal. That day was a festival in all Paris, while the unfortunate prisoners were languishing in the dungeons of the Temple.

On the day after Bonaparte's accession, the old formulas were restored. The emperor determined that the French princes and princesses should receive the title of Imperial Highness; that

his sisters should take the same title; that the grand dignitaries of the empire should be called Serene Highnesses; that the princes and titularies of the grand dignitaries should be addressed by the title of *Monseigneur;* that M. Maret, the secretary of state, should have the rank of Minister; that the ministers should retain the title of Excellency, to which should be added that of Monseigneur in the petitions addressed to them; and that the title of Excellency should be given to the president of the senate.

At the same time Napoleon appointed the First Marshals of the empire, and determined that they should be called *Monsieur le Maréchal,* when addressed verbally, and *Monseigneur* in writing. The following are the names of these sons of the republic, transformed into props of the empire: Berthier, Murat, Moncey, Jourdan, Masséna, Augereau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, and Bessières. The title of Marshal of the Empire was also granted to the generals Kellerman, Lefebvre, Pérignon, and Serrurier.

The reader cannot have failed to observe, that the name of Lucien has not been mentioned among the individuals of Bonaparte's family on whom dignities were conferred. The fact is, the two brothers were no longer on good terms with each other. Not, as it has been alleged, because Lucien wished to play the part of a republican, but because he would not submit to the imperious will of Napoleon in a circumstance in which the latter counted on his brother's docility to serve the interests of his policy. In the conferences which preceded the great change in the form of government, it was not Lucien, but Joseph, who, probably, for the sake of sounding opinion, affected an opposition, which was by some mistaken for republicanism. With regard to Lucien, as he had really rendered great services to Napoleon on the 19th Brumaire at St. Cloud, and as he himself exaggerated the value of those services, he saw no reward worthy his ambition, but a throne independent of his brother. It is certain that when at Madrid he had aspired to win the good graces of a Spanish infanta, and on that subject reports were circulated, with which I have nothing to do, because I never had any opportunity of ascertaining their truth. All I know is, that Lucien's first wife being dead, Bonaparte wished him to marry a German princess, by way of forming the first great alliance in the family. Lucien, however, refused to comply with Napoleon's wishes, and he secretly married the wife of an agent, named, I believe, Joubertou, who, for the sake of convenience, was sent to the West Indies, where he died shortly after. When Bonaparte heard of this marriage from the priest by whom it had been clandestinely performed, he fell into a furious passion, and resolved not to confer on Lucien the title of French prince, on account of what he termed his unequal match. Lucien, therefore, obtained no other dignity than that of senator.

Jerome, who pursued an opposite line of conduct, was made a king. As to Lucien's republicanism, it did not survive the 18th Brumaire, and he was always a warm partisan of hereditary succession.

Did any of the knights of the republic, when they raised Napoleon to the imperial throne, think of the oath they took when they received their brevets as members of the Legion of Honour? That oath was as follows:

> I swear, on my honour, to devote myself to the service of the republic, to the preservation of the integrity of its territory, to the defence of its government, its laws, and the property by them consecrated; to oppose by every means which justice, reason, and the laws authorize, all acts tending to re-establish the feudal system, or to revive the titles and distinctions belonging to it; finally, to contribute, to the utmost of my power, to the maintenance of liberty and equality.

Surely it was not to this that M. François de Neufchâteau alluded, when as the representative of the senate he took the oath of fidelity to the emperor, and said, among other things, "When your majesty, who has repaired so much ruin, has also re-established amongst us the sacredness of an oath, we seriously weigh the object and extent of the inviolable promises which we now make to you."

The harangues which were made upon Bonaparte's accession to the empire, and which, at the time, were unheeded on account of their multiplicity, their unanimous and undisguised flattery, and, I may say, their ill-judged enthusiasm, have now become curious documents, which will be read with a certain degree of surprise. It is hardly possible to imagine that in an enlightened age, sensible persons should have revived the follies of Rome, where the people erected statues to Sejanus, which they afterwards threw down and broke to pieces. The authors of these harangues exhausted their imagination in carrying flattery to a height of which it could hardly have been supposed capable.

But I pass from these hyperboles, which always filled me with disgust, to relate what I know respecting the almost incredible influence which, on the foundation of the empire, Bonaparte exercised over the powers which did not yet dare to declare war against him. I studied Bonaparte's policy closely, and I came to this conclusion on the subject, that he was governed by ambition, by the passion of dominion, and that no relations, on a footing of equality, between himself and any other power, could be of long duration. The other states of Europe had only to choose one of two things—submission or war. As to secondary states, they might thenceforth be considered as fiefs of the French government; and as they could not resist, Bonaparte easily accustomed them to bend to his yoke. Can there be a stronger proof of this arbitrary influence than what occurred at Carlsruhe, after the violation of the territory of Baden, by the arrest of the

Duke d'Enghien? Far from venturing to make any observation on that violation, so contrary to the rights of nations, the Grand Duke of Baden was obliged to publish, in his own states, a decree evidently dictated by Bonaparte. The decree stated, that many individuals formerly belonging to the army of Condé having come to the neighbourhood of Carlsruhe, his electoral highness had felt it his duty to direct, that no individual coming from Condé's army, nor indeed any French emigrant, should, unless he had permission previously to the peace, make a longer sojourn than was allowed to foreign travellers. Such was, already, the influence which Bonaparte exercised over Germany, whose princes, to use an expression which he employed in a later decree, were crushed by the grand measures of the empire.

But to be just, without, however, justifying Bonaparte, I must acknowledge that the intrigues which England fomented in all parts of the continent were calculated to excite his natural irritability to the utmost degree. The agents of England were spread over the whole of Europe, and they varied the rumours which they were commissioned to circulate, according to the chances of credit which the different places afforded. Their reports were in general false; but credulity gave ear to them, and speculators endeavoured, each according to his interest, to give them support. The head-quarters of all this plotting was Munich, where Drake, who was sent from England, had the supreme direction. His correspondence, which was seized by the French government, was, at first, placed amongst the documents to be produced on the trial of Georges, Moreau, and the other prisoners; but in the course of the preliminary proceedings, the grand judge received directions to detach them, and make them the subject of a special report to the first consul, in order that their publication beforehand might influence public opinion, and render it unfavourable to those who were doomed to be sacrificed. The instructions given by Drake to his agents render it impossible to doubt that England wished to overthrow the government of Bonaparte. Drake wrote as follows to a man who was appointed to travel through France:

"The principal object of your journey being the overthrow of the existing government, one of the means of effecting it is to acquire a knowledge of the enemy's plans. For this purpose it is of the highest importance to begin in the first place, by establishing communications with persons who may be depended upon in the different government offices, in order to obtain exact information of all plans with respect to foreign or internal affairs. The knowledge of these plans will supply the best means of defeating them; and failure is the way to bring the government into complete discredit—the first and most important step towards the end proposed. Try to gain over trustworthy agents in the different government departments. Endeavour, also, to learn what passes in the secret committee, which is supposed to be established at St. Cloud, and composed of the friends of the first consul. Be care-

ful to furnish information of the various projects which Bonaparte may entertain relative to Turkey and Ireland. Likewise send intelligence respecting the movements of troops, respecting vessels, and ship-building, and all military preparations."

Drake, in his instructions, also recommended that the subversion of Bonaparte's government should, for the time, be the only object in view, and that nothing should be said about the king's intentions until certain information could be obtained respecting his views; but most of his letters and instructions were anterior to 1804. The whole bearing of the seized documents proved what Bonaparte could not be ignorant of, namely, that England was his constant enemy; but after examining them, I was of opinion that they contained nothing which could justify the belief that the government of Great Britain authorized any attempt at assassination.

When the first consul received the report of the grand judge relative to Drake's plots* against his government, he transmitted a copy of it to the senate, and it was in reply to this communication that the senate made those first overtures which Bonaparte thought vague, but which, nevertheless, led to the formation of the empire. Notwithstanding this important circumstance, I have not hitherto mentioned Drake, because his intrigues for Bonaparte's overthrow appeared to me to be more immediately connected with the preliminaries of the trial of Georges and Moreau, which I shall notice in my next chapter.

At the same time that Bonaparte communicated to the senate the report of the grand judge, the minister for foreign affairs addressed the following circular letter to the members of the diplomatic body:

"The first consul has commanded me to forward to your excellency, a copy of a report which has been presented to him, respecting a conspiracy formed in France by Mr. Drake, his Britannic Majesty's minister at the court of Munich, which, by its object as well as its date, is evidently connected with the infamous plot now in the course of investigation.

The printed copy of Mr. Drake's letters and authentic documents is annexed to the report. The originals will be immediately sent, by order of the first consul, to the Elector of Bavaria.

Such a prostitution of the most honourable function which can be intrusted to a man, is unexampled in the history of civilized nations. It will astonish and afflict Europe as an unheard of crime, which hitherto the most perverse governments have not dared to meditate. The first consul is too well acquainted with the sentiments of the diplomatic body accredited to him, not to be fully convinced that every one of its members will behold, with profound regret, the profanation of the sacred character of ambassador, basely transformed into a minister of plots, snares, and corruption."

* These were not plots at all. Bonaparte, in the same way, had his secret agents in every country of Europe, without excepting England.—*Editor.*

All the ambassadors, ministers, plenipotentiaries, envoys, ordinary or extraordinary, whatever might be their denomination, addressed answers to the minister for foreign affairs, in which they expressed horror and indignation at the conduct of England, and Drake's machinations. These answers were returned only five days after the Duke d'Enghien's death: and here one cannot help admiring the adroitness of Bonaparte, who thus compelled all the representatives of the European governments to give official testimonies of regard for his person and government.

## CHAPTER LXVII.

### 1804.

Trial of Moreau, Georges, and others—Public interest excited by Moreau—Arraignment of the prisoners—Moreau's letter to Bonaparte—Violence of the president of the court towards the prisoners—Lajolais and Roland—Examinations intended to criminate Moreau—Remarkable observations—Speech written by M. Garat—Bonaparte's opinion of Garat's eloquence—General Lecourbe and Moreau's son—Respect shown to Moreau by the military—Different sentiments excited by Georges and Moreau—Thuriot and *Tue-roi*—Georges's answers to the interrogatories—He refuses an offer of pardon—Coster-Saint-Victor—Napoleon and an actress—Captain Wright—M. de Rivière and the medal of the Count d'Artois—Generous struggle between MM. de Polignac—Sentence on the prisoners—Bonaparte's remark—Pardons and executions.

On the 28th of May, about ten days after Napoleon had been declared emperor, the trials of Moreau and others commenced. No similar event that has since occurred, can convey an idea of the fermentation which then prevailed in Paris. The indignation excited by Moreau's arrest was openly manifested, and braved the observation of the police. Endeavours had been successfully made to mislead public opinion with respect to Georges and some others among the accused, who were looked upon as assassins in the pay of England, at least by that numerous portion of the public who lend implicit faith to declarations presented to them as official. But the case was different with regard to those individuals who were particularly the objects of public interest, viz., MM. de Polignac, de Rivière, Charles d'Hozier, and, above all, Moreau. The name of Moreau towered above all the rest, and with respect to him the government found itself not a little perplexed. It was necessary on the one hand to surround him with a guard sufficiently imposing, to repress the eagerness of the people and of his friends, and yet

on the other hand, care was required that this guard should not be so strong as to admit of the possibility of making it a rallying-point, should the voice of a chief so honoured by the army appeal to it for defence. A rising of the populace in favour of Moreau was considered as a very possible event;—some hoped for it, others dreaded it. When I reflect on the state of feeling which then prevailed, I am certain that a movement in his favour would infallibly have taken place, had judges more complying than even those who presided at the trial condemned Moreau to capital punishment.

It is impossible to form an idea of the crowd that choked up the avenues of the Palace of Justice on the day the trials commenced. This crowd continued during the twelve days the proceedings lasted, and was exceedingly great on the day the sentence was pronounced. Persons of the highest class were anxious to be present.

I was one of the first in the hall, being determined to watch the course of these solemn proceedings. The court being assembled, the president ordered the prisoners to be brought in. They entered in a file, and ranged themselves on the benches each between two gendarmes. They appeared composed and collected, and resignation was depicted on the countenances of all except Bouvet de Lozier, who did not dare to raise his eyes to his companions in misfortune, whom his weakness, rather than his will, had betrayed. I did not recognise him until the president proceeded to call over the prisoners, and to put the usual questions respecting their names, professions, and places of abode. Of the forty-nine prisoners, among whom were several females, only two were personally known to me; namely, Moreau, whose presence on the prisoner's bench seemed to wring every heart, and Georges, whom I had seen at the Tuileries in the first consul's cabinet.

The first sitting of the court was occupied with the reading of the act of accusation or indictment, and the voices of the ushers, commanding silence, could scarce suppress the buzz which pervaded the court at the mention of Moreau's name. All eyes were turned towards the conqueror of Hohenlinden, and while the imperial attorney-general read over the long indictment, and invoked the vengeance of the law on an attempt against the head of the republic, it was easy to perceive how he tortured his ingenuity to fasten apparent guilt on the laurels of Moreau. The good sense of the public discerned proofs of his innocence in the very circumstances brought forward against him. I shall never forget the effect produced—so contrary to what was anticipated by the prosecutors—by the reading of a letter addressed by Moreau from his prison in the Temple to the first consul, when the judges appointed to interrogate him sought to make his past conduct the subject of accusation, on account of M. Klinglin's papers having fallen into his hands. He was reproached with having too long delayed transmitting these documents to the

Directory; and it was curious to see the Emperor Bonaparte become the avenger of pretended offences committed against the Directory which he had overthrown.

In the letter here alluded to, Moreau said to Bonaparte, then first consul—

"In the short campaign of the year V. (from the 20th to the 23d of March, 1797), we took the papers belonging to the staff of the enemy's army, and a number of documents were brought to me, which General Desaix, then wounded, was amusing himself by perusing. It appeared from this correspondence, that General Pichegru had maintained communications with the French princes. This discovery was very painful, and particularly to me, and we agreed to say nothing of the matter. Pichegru, as a member of the legislative body, could do but little to injure the public cause, since peace was established. I nevertheless took every precaution for protecting the army against the ill effects of a system of espionage. . . . . The events of the 18th Fructidor occasioned so much anxiety, that two officers, who knew of the existence of the correspondence, prevailed on me to communicate it to the government. . . . . I felt that, as a public functionary, I could no longer remain silent. . . . . During the two last campaigns in Germany, and since the peace, distant overtures have been made to me, with the view of drawing me into connection with the French princes. This appeared so absurd, that I took no notice of these overtures. As to the present conspiracy, I can assure you I have been far from taking any share in it. I repeat to you, general, that whatever proposition to that effect was made me, I rejected it, and regarded it as the height of madness. When it was represented to me that the invasion of England would offer a favourable opportunity for effecting a change in the French government, I invariably answered, that the senate was the authority to which the whole of France would naturally cling in the time of trouble, and that I would be the first to place myself under its orders. To such overtures made to a private individual, who wished to preserve no connection either with the army or any constituted authority, the only possible answer was a refusal. Betrayal of confidence I disdained. Such a step, which is always base, becomes doubly odious when the treachery is committed against those to whom we owe gratitude, or have been bound by old friendship.

"This, general, is all I have to tell you respecting my relations with Pichegru, and it must convince you, that very false and hasty inferences have been drawn from conduct, which, though perhaps imprudent, was far from being criminal."

Moreau fufilled his duty as a public functionary by communicating to the Directory the papers which unfolded a plot against the government, and which the chances of war had thrown into his hands. He fulfilled his duty as a man of honour, by not voluntarily incurring the infamy which can never be wiped from the character of an informer. Bonaparte in Moreau's situation would have acted the same part, for I never knew a man express stronger indignation than himself against informers, until he

began to consider every thing a virtue which served his ambition, and every thing a crime which opposed it.

It is not my intention to make a portrait, or even a finished sketch of the trial of which I was a witness. The voluminous documents connected with the proceedings have been collected and may be consulted. I shall content myself with calling to mind the circumstances and incidents which made most impression on me. The two facts which most forcibly obtruded themselves on my attention during the trial were the inveterate violence of the president of the court towards the prisoners, and the innocence of Moreau. But in spite of the most insidious examinations which can be conceived, Moreau never once fell into the least contradiction. If my memory fail me not, it was on the fourth day that he was examined by Thuriot, one of the judges. The result, clear as day to all present, was, that Moreau was a total stranger to all the plots, all the intrigues which had been set on foot in London. In fact, during the whole course of the trial, to which I listened with as much attention as interest, I did not discover the shadow of a circumstance which could in the least commit him, or which had the least reference to him. Scarcely one of the hundred and thirty-nine witnesses, who were heard for the prosecution, knew him, and he himself declared, on the fourth sitting, which took place on the 31st of May, that there was not an individual among the accused whom he knew, not one whom he had ever seen. In the course of the long proceedings, notwithstanding the manifest efforts of Thuriot, to extort false admissions, and force contradictions, no fact of any consequence was elicited to the prejudice of Moreau. His appearance was as calm as his conscience; and as he sat on the bench, he had the appearance of one led by curiosity to be present at this interesting trial, rather than of an accused person, to whom the proceedings might end in condemnation and death. But for the fall of Moreau in the ranks of the enemy;—but for the foreign cockade which disgraced the cap of the conqueror of Hohenlinden, his complete innocence would long since have been beyond a doubt, and it would have been acknowledged that the most infamous machinations were employed for his destruction. It is evident that Lajolais, who had passed from London to Paris, and from Paris to London, had been acting the part of an intriguer rather than of a conspirator; and that the object of his missions was not so much to reconcile Moreau and Pichegru, as to make Pichegru the instrument of implicating Moreau. Those who supposed Lajolais to be in the pay of the British government were egregiously imposed on. Lajolais was only in the pay of the secret police; he was condemned to death, as was expected, but he received his pardon, as was agreed upon. Here was one of the disclosures which Pichegru might have made; hence the necessity of getting him out of the way before the trial. As to the evidence of the man named Rolland, it was

clear to every body that Moreau was right when he said to the president, "In my opinion, Rolland is either a creature of the police, or he has given his evidence under the influence of fear." Rolland made two declarations: the first contained nothing at all; the second was in answer to the following observations: "You see you stand in a terrible situation: you must either be held to be an accomplice in the conspiracy, or you must be taken as evidence. If you say nothing, you will be considered in the light of an accomplice; if you confess, you will be saved." This single circumstance may serve to give an idea of the way the trials were conducted so as to criminate Moreau. On his part the general repelled the attacks, of which he was the object, with calm composure and modest confidence, though flashes of just indignation would occasionally burst from him. I recollect the effect he produced upon the court and the auditors at one of the sittings, when the president had accused him of the design of making himself dictator. He exclaimed, "I dictator! What, make myself dictator at the head of the partisans of the Bourbons! Point out my partisans! My partisans would naturally be the soldiers of France, of whom I have commanded nine-tenths, and saved more than fifty thousand. Those are the partisans I should look to! All my aides-de-camp, all the officers of my acquaintance, have been arrested; not the shadow of a suspicion could be found against any of them, and they have been set at liberty. Why, then, attribute to me the madness of aiming to get myself made dictator by the aid of the adherents of the old French princes, of persons who have fought in their cause since 1792? You allege that those men, in the space of four-and-twenty hours, formed the project of raising me to the dictatorship! It is madness to think of it! My fortune and my pay have been alluded to; I began the world with nothing; I might have had by this time fifty millions; I have merely a house and a bit of ground; as to my pay it is forty thousand francs. Surely that sum will not be compared with my services!"

During the trial Moreau delivered a defence, which I knew had been written by his friend Garat, whose eloquence I well remember was always disliked by Bonaparte. Of this I had a proof on the occasion of a grand ceremony which took place in the Place des Victoires, on laying the first stone of a monument, which was to have been erected to the memory of Desaix, but which was never executed. The first consul returned home in very ill humour, and said to me, "Bourrienne, what an animal that Garat is! What a stringer of words! I have been obliged to listen to him for three-quarters of an hour. There are people who never know when to hold their tongues."

Whatever might be the character of Garat's eloquence, or Bonaparte's opinion of it, his conduct was noble on the occasion of Moreau's trial; for he might be sure Bonaparte would bear him a grudge, for lending the aid of his pen to the only man

whose military glory, though not equal to that of the first consul, might entitle him to be looked upon as his rival in fame. At one of the sittings a circumstance occurred which produced an almost electrical effect. I think I still see General Lecourbe, the worthy friend of Moreau, entering unexpectedly into the court, leading a little boy. Raising the child in his arms, he exclaimed aloud, and with considerable emotion, "Soldiers, behold the son of your general!" At this unexpected movement, all the military present spontaneously rose and presented arms; while a murmur of approbation from the spectators applauded the act. It is certain, that had Moreau at that moment said but one word, such was the enthusiasm in his favour, that the tribunal would have been broken up, and the prisoners liberated. Moreau, however, was silent, and, indeed, appeared the only unconcerned person in court. Throughout the whole course of the trial Moreau inspired so much respect, that when he was asked a question, and rose to reply, the gendarmes appointed to guard him rose at the same time, and stood uncovered while he spoke.

Georges was far from exciting the interest inspired by Moreau. He was an object of curiosity rather than of interest. The difference of their previous conduct was, in itself, sufficient to occasion a great contrast in their situation before the court. Moreau was full of confidence, and Georges full of resignation. The latter regarded his fate with a fierce kind of resolution. He occasionally resumed the caustic tone which he seemed to have renounced when he harangued his associates before their departure from the Temple. With the most sarcastic bitterness, he alluded to the name and vote of Thuriot, one of the most violent of the judges, often terming him *Tue-roi*;* and after pronouncing his name, or being forced to reply to his interrogatories, he would ask for a glass of brandy to wash his mouth.

Georges had the manners and bearing of a rude soldier; but under his coarse exterior, he concealed the soul of a hero. When the witnesses of his arrest had answered the questions of the President Hemart, this judge turned towards the accused, and inquired whether he had any thing to say in reply?—"No."—"Do you admit the facts?"—"Yes." Here Georges busied himself in looking over the papers which lay before him, when Hemart warned him to desist, and attend to the questions. The following dialogue then commenced. "Do you confess having been arrested in the place designated by the witness?"—"I do not know the name of the place."—"Do you confess having been arrested?"—Yes."—"Did you twice fire a pistol?"—"Yes."—"Did you kill a man?"—"Indeed I do not know."—"Had you a poniard?"—"Yes."—"And two pistols?"—"Yes."—"Who was in company with you?"—"I do not know

* Thuriot, and the President Hemart, both voted for the death of the king. Merlin, the imperial attorney-general, was one of the regicides.

the person."—"Where did you lodge in Paris?"—"Nowhere." "At the time of your arrest, did you not reside in the house of a fruiterer in the Rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève?"—"At the time of my arrest, I was in a cabriolet. I was lodged nowhere."—"Where did you sleep on the evening of your arrest?"—"Nowhere."—"What were you doing in Paris?"—"I was walking about."—"Whom have you seen in Paris?"—"I shall name no one: I know no one."

From this short specimen of the manner in which Georges replied to the questions of the president, we may judge of his unshaken firmness during the proceedings. In all that concerned himself, he was perfectly open; but in regard to whatever tended to endanger his associates, he maintained the most obstinate silence, notwithstanding every attempt to overcome his firmness.

That I was not the only one who justly appreciated the noble character of Georges, is rendered evident by the following circumstance: Having accompanied M. Carbonnet to the police, where he went to demand his papers, on the day of his removal to Sainte-Pelagie, we were obliged to await the return of M. Réal, who was absent. M. Desmarets and several other persons were also in attendance. M. Réal had been at the Conciergerie, where he had seen Georges Cadoudal, and on his entrance, observed to M. Desmarets and the others, sufficiently loud to be distinctly heard by M. Carbonnet and myself, "I have had an interview with Georges, who is an extraordinary man. I told him that I was disposed to offer him a pardon if he would promise to renounce the conspiracy and accept of employment under government. But to my arguments and persuasions, he only replied, *My comrades followed me to France, and I shall follow them to death.*" In this he kept his word.

Were we to judge of these memorable proceedings from the official documents published in the Moniteur and other journals of that period, we should form a very erroneous opinion. Those falsities were even the object of a very serious complaint on the part of Coster-Saint-Victor, one of the accused.

After the speech of M. Gauthier, the advocate of Coster-Saint-Victor, the president inquired of the accused whether he had any thing further to say in his defence, to which he replied, "I have only to add, that the witnesses necessary to my exculpation have not yet appeared. I must besides express my surprise at the means which have been employed to lead astray public opinion, and to load with infamy, not only the accused, but also their intrepid defenders. I have read with pain in the journals of to-day, that the proceedings——" (Here the president interrupting him, observed that "those were circumstances foreign to the case.") "Not in the least," replied Coster-Saint-Victor; "on the contrary, they bear very materially on the cause;

since mangling and misrepresenting our defence is a practice assuredly calculated to ruin us in the estimation of the public. In the journals of to-day, the speech of M. Gauthier is shamefully garbled, and I should be deficient in gratitude, were I not here to bear testimony to the zeal and courage which he has displayed in my defence. I protest against the puerilities and absurdities which have been put into his mouth, and I entreat him not to relax in his generous efforts. It is not on his account that I make this observation; he does not require it at my hands; it is for myself, it is for the accused, whom such arts tend to injure in the estimation of the public."

Coster-Saint-Victor had something chivalrous in his language and manners, which spoke greatly in his favour; he conveyed no bad idea of one of the Fieschi conspirators, or of those leaders of the Fronde who intermingled gallantry with their politics.

An anecdote to this purpose was current about the period of the trial. Coster-Saint-Victor, it is related, being unable any longer to find a secure asylum in Paris, sought refuge for a single night in the house of a beautiful actress, formerly in the good graces of the first consul; and it is added, that Bonaparte, on the same night, having secretly arrived on a visit to the lady, found himself unexpectedly in the presence of Coster-Saint-Victor, who might have taken his life; but that only an interchange of courtesy took place betwixt the rival gallants.

This ridiculous story was, doubtless, intended to throw additional odium on the first consul, if Coster-Saint-Victor should be condemned, and not obtain a pardon, in which case malignity would not fail to attribute his execution to the vengeance of a jealous lover.

I should blush to relate such stories, equally destitute of probability and truth, had they not obtained some credit at the time. Whilst I was with Bonaparte, he never went abroad during the night; and it was not surely at a moment when the saying of Fouché, *The air is full of poniards*, was fully explained, that he would have risked such nocturnal adventures.

Wright was heard in the sixth sitting, on the 2d of June, as the hundred and thirty-fourth witness in support of the prosecution. He, however, refused to answer any interrogatories put to him, declaring that, as a prisoner of war, he considered himself only amenable to his own government.

The attorney-general requested the president to order the examinations of Captain Wright, on the 21st of May, and at a later period, to be read over to him; which being done, the witness replied, that it was omitted to be stated that on those occasions the questions had been accompanied with the threat of transferring him to a military tribunal, in order to be shot, if he did not betray the secrets of his country.

In the course of the trial, the most lively interest was felt for

MM. de Polignac, Charles d'Hozier, and de Rivière. So short a period had elapsed since the proscription of the nobility, that independently of every feeling of humanity, it was certainly impolitic to exhibit before the public the heirs of an illustrious name, endowed with that devoted heroism, which could not fail to extort admiration, even from those who condemned their opinions and principles.

The prisoners were all young, and their situation created universal sympathy. The greatest number of them disdained to have recourse to a denial, and seemed less anxious for the preservation of their own lives, than for the honour of the cause in which they had embarked: not with the view of assassination, as had been demonstrated, but for the purpose of ascertaining the true state of the public feeling, which had been represented by some factious intriguers as favourable to the Bourbons. Why attempt to deny it? The great body of the people were not then favourable to their cause, as the prisoners soon discovered. In fact, previously to the death of the Duke d'Enghien, the French nation, with very few exceptions, were much attached to the consular government, which was mild in comparison with that of the Convention and the Directory; even Moreau, had he not been an especial object of persecution, would have had little cause for hope, and, with respect to the others, if it had not been for the infernal secret police, their abortive plot would have dissolved, or remained covered with an impenetrable veil.

Even when the sword of the law was suspended over their heads, the faithful adherents of the Bourbons displayed on every occasion their attachment and fidelity to the royal cause. I recollect that the court was dissolved in tears, when the president adduced as a proof of the guilt of M. de Rivière, his having worn a medal of the Count d'Artois, which the prisoner requested to examine; and, on its being handed to him by an officer, M. de Rivière pressed it to his lips and his heart, then returning it, he said that he only wished to render homage to the prince whom he loved.

The court was still more deeply affected on witnessing the generous fraternal struggle which took place during the last sitting, between the two de Polignacs. The emotion was general when the eldest of the brothers, after having observed that his always going out alone and during the day did not look like a conspirator anxious for concealment, added those remarkable words which will remain indelibly engraven on my memory, "I have now only one wish, which is that, as the sword is suspended over our heads, and threatens to cut short the existence of several of the accused, you would in consideration of his youth, if not of his innocence, spare my brother, and shower down upon me the whole weight of your vengeance."

It was during the last sitting but one, on Friday the 8th of June, that M. Armand de Polignac made the above affecting appeal in favour of his brother. The following day, before the fatal sentence was pronounced, M. Jules de Polignac addressed the judges, saying, "I was so deeply affected yesterday, while my brother was speaking, as not fully to have attended to what I read in my own defence; but being now perfectly tranquil, I entreat, gentlemen, that you will not regard what he urged in my behalf. I repeat, on the contrary, and with more justice, if one of us must fall a sacrifice, if there be yet time, save him; —restore him to the tears of his wife; I am single. Like him, I can meet death unappalled;—too young to have tasted the pleasures of life, I cannot regret their loss."—"No, no," exclaimed his brother, "you are still in the outset of your career; it is I who ought to fall."

At eight in the morning, the members of the tribunal withdrew to the council-chamber. Since the commencement of the proceedings, the crowd, far from diminishing, seemed each day to increase; this morning it was immense, and though the sentence was not expected to be pronounced till a late hour, no one quitted the court for fear of not being able to find a place, when the tribunal should resume its sitting.

Sentence of death was passed upon Georges Cadoudal, Bouvet de Lozier, Rusillon, Rochelle, Armand de Polignac, Charles d'Hozier, de Rivière, Louis Ducorps, Picot, Lajolais, Roger, Coster-Saint-Victor, Deville, Gaillard, Joyaut, Burbau, Lemercier, Jean Cadoudal, Lelan, and Merille; while Jules de Polignac, Leridan, General Moreau, Rolland, and Hisay, were only condemned to two years' imprisonment.

This decree was heard with consternation by the assembly, and soon spread throughout Paris. I may well affirm it to have been a day of public mourning;—even though it was Sunday, every place of amusement was nearly deserted. To the horror inspired by a sentence of death passed so wantonly, and of which the greater number of the victims belonged to the most distinguished class of society, was joined the ridicule inspired by the condemnation of Moreau; of the absurdity of which no one seemed more sensible than Bonaparte himself, and respecting which he expressed himself in the most pointed terms. I am persuaded, that every one who narrowly watched the proceedings of this celebrated trial, must have been convinced, that all means were resorted to, in order that Moreau, once accused, should not appear entirely free from guilt.

Bonaparte is reported to have said, "Gentlemen, I have no control over your proceedings; it is your duty strictly to examine the evidence, before presenting a report to me. But when it has once the sanction of your signatures, woe to you if an innocent man be condemned." This remark is in strict conformity with

his usual language, and bears a striking similarity to the conversation I held with him on the following Thursday; but though this language might be appropriate from the lips of a sovereign whose ministers are responsible, it appears but a lame excuse in the mouth of Bonaparte, the possessor of absolute power.

The condemned busied themselves in endeavouring to procure a repeal of their sentence; the greatest number of them yielded in this respect to the entreaties of their friends, who lost no time in taking the steps requisite to obtain the pardon of those in whom they were most interested. Moreau at first also determined to appeal; but he relinquished his purpose before the Court of Cassation commenced its sittings.

As soon as the decree of the special tribunal was delivered, Murat, governor of Paris, and brother-in-law to the emperor, sought his presence, and conjured him in the most urgent manner to pardon all the criminals, observing, that such an act of clemency would redound greatly to his honour in the opinion of France and all Europe—that it would be said the emperor pardoned the attempt against the life of the first consul, that this act of mercy would shed more glory over the commencement of his reign, than any security which could accrue from the execution of the prisoners. Such was the conduct of Murat; but he did not solicit, as has been reported, the pardon of any one in particular.

Those who obtained the imperial pardon, were Bouvet de Lozier, who expected it from the disclosures he had made; Rusillon, de Rivière, Rochelle, Armand de Polignac, d'Hozier, Lajolais, who had beforehand received a promise to that effect, and Armand Gaillard.

The other ill-fated victims of a sanguinary police underwent their sentence on the 25th of June, two days after the promulgation of the pardon of their associates.

Their courage and resignation never forsook them even for a moment, and Georges, knowing that it was rumoured he had obtained a pardon, entreated that he might die the first, in order that his companions in their last moments might be assured he had not survived them.*

* Napoleon, when at St. Helena, described the conspiracy of Georges, Pichegru, &c., in the following way:

"In different nights of August, September, and December, 1803, and January, 1804, Captain Wright landed Georges, Pichegru, Rivière, Coster-Saint-Victor, La Haye, St. Hilaire, and others at Beville. The four last named had been accomplices in the former attempt to assassinate me by means of the infernal machine, and most of the rest were well known to be chiefs of the Chouans. They remained during the day in a little farm-house near to where they had landed, the proprietor of which had been bribed to assist them. They travelled only by night, pretending to be smugglers, concealing themselves in the daytime in lodgings which had been previously procured for them. They had plenty of money, and remained at Paris for some time without being discovered,

although the police had some intimation that a plot was going on through Mehée de la Touche, who, although paid as a spy by your ministers, disclosed every thing to the French police. He had several conferences with Drake, your chargé d'affaires at Munich, from whom he received large sums of money. Some of the brigands who had been landed, were arrested and interrogated. By their answers it appeared that a man named Mussey, who lived at Offenburg, along with the Duke d'Enghien, was very active in corresponding with and sending money to those who had been secretly landed on the coast; and most of whom could give no good reason why they had ventured to return to Paris at the imminent hazard of their lives, as they had not been included in the amnesty. The list of the prisoners and their answers on examination were submitted to me. I was very anxious, and looking over it one night, I remarked that one of the number, named Querel, was stated to be a surgeon. It immediately struck me that this man was not actuated by enthusiasm, or by a spirit of party, but by the hope of gain. He will therefore be more likely to confess than any of the others; and the fear of death will probably induce him to betray his accomplices. I ordered him to be tried as a Chouan; and, according to the laws, he was condemned to death. It was not a mock trial, as Warden thought: on the contrary, while leading to execution, he demanded to be heard, and promised to make important disclosures. Information of this was brought to me by Lauriston, and Querel was conducted back to prison, where he was interrogated by the grand judge Réal. He confessed that he had come from England, and had been landed in August, 1803, from Wright's ship, along with Georges and several others. That Georges was then in Paris, planning the assassination of the first consul. He also pointed out the houses where the other conspirators and himself had stopped on their way to Paris. Police officers were immediately sent to the place he had designated; and from the result of their inquiries it appeared he had told the truth, and that since the time he had described, two other landings of similar gentry had been effected by Wright, with the last of whom there had been some person of consequence, whose name they could not discover, and they soon expected another cargo. The Duke of Rovigo, as I told you once before, was immediately sent to Beville with a party of the police, in the hope of being able to seize them. An emigrant, named Bouvet de Lozier, who has since been employed in the Isle of France, was also arrested. After he had been confined for some weeks, he became desperate, and hung himself in the prison one morning. The gaoler, who heard an uncommon noise in his room, went in and cut him down before life had departed. While he was recovering his senses he burst out into incoherent exclamations that Moreau had brought Pichegru from London. That he was a traitor, and had persuaded them that all the army were for him, and that he would prove the cause of their destruction. Those expressions excited an alarm. The police knew that a brother of Pichegru's, who had once been a monk, lived in Paris. He was arrested and examined. He avowed that he had seen his brother a day or two before, and asked if it were a crime. Moreau was immediately arrested, and large rewards were offered by the police for the apprehension of Georges and Pichegru. Pichegru was betrayed by one of his old friends, who came to the police and offered to deliver him into their hands for a hundred thousand francs paid on the spot. Georges still continued to elude the vigilance of the police. I proclaimed the city of Paris to be in a state of siege, and no person was allowed to quit it unless by day, and through certain barriers, where were stationed people, to whom the persons of the conspirators were familiar. About three weeks afterwards, Georges was betrayed and taken, after having shot one of the men who tried to arrest him. All his accomplices were subsequently taken. Pichegru did not deny having been employed by the Bourbons, and behaved with great audacity. Afterwards finding his case desperate, he strangled himself in prison. The rest of the conspirators were publicly tried in the month of May, before the tribunal of the department of the Seine, and in the presence of all the foreign ambassadors in Paris. Georges, Polignac, Rivière, Coster, and sixteen or seventeen others were found guilty of having conspired against the life of the chief

magistrate of the French nation, and condemned to death. Georges, Coster, and seven or eight more, were executed. Rivière was pardoned, partly by the prayers of Murat. I pardoned some of the others also. Moreau was condemned to two years' imprisonment, which was commuted into banishment to America. Jules de Polignac, confidant of the Count d'Artois, and many others, were also condemned to imprisonment."—*A Voice from St. Helena.*

A few days after the death of Pichegru, Captain Wright was found dead in his dungeon, in the Temple, with his throat cut from ear to ear. A dreadful mystery rests on this dark affair. Bonaparte laboured to make it be believed, that this British officer sunk under the weight of his own remorse, and the scorn of other men, at finding himself implicated with assassins, and put an end to his own existence, in order to escape degradation and a public execution, But, on the other hand, it was confidently asserted, that Napoleon's police, after *torturing him in his dungeon*, to extort evidence touching matters of which he was wholly ignorant, murdered Captain Wright, in order to conceal so abominable a transaction. There is no doubt of that gallant officer's innocence. Bonaparte would scarcely have dared to execute him publicly, and Captain Wright, a day or two before his death, so far from being in a state of despair or despondence, was heard to speak cheerfully of his release.—*Editor.*

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

### 1804.

Clavier and Hemart—Singular proposal of Corvisart—M. Desmaisons—Project of influencing the judges—Visit to the Tuileries—Rapp in attendance—Long conversation with the emperor—His opinion on the trial of Moreau—English assassins and Mr. Fox—Complaints against the English government—Bonaparte and Lacuée—Affectionate behaviour—Arrest of Pichegru—Method employed by the first consul to discover his presence in Paris—Character of Moreau—Measures of Bonaparte regarding him—Lauriston sent to the Temple—Silence respecting the Duke d'Enghien—Napoleon's opinion of Moreau and Georges—Admiration of Georges—Offers of employment and dismissal—Recital of former vexations—Audience of the empress—Melancholy forebodings—What Bonaparte said concerning himself—Marks of kindness.

The judges composing the tribunal which condemned Moreau, were not all like Thuriot and Hemart. History has recorded an honourable contrast to the general turpitude of the period in the reply given by M. Clavier, when urged by Hemart to vote for the condemnation of Moreau. "Ah, Monsieur, if we condemn him, how shall we be able to acquit ourselves?" I have, besides, the best reason for asserting, that the judges were tampered with, from a circumstance which occurred to myself.

Bonaparte knew that I was intimately connected with M. Desmaisons, one of the members of the tribunal, and brother-in-law to Corvisart; he also knew that he was inclined to believe in Moreau's innocence, and favourable to his acquittal. During the progress of the trial, Corvisart arrived at my house one morning at a very early hour, in a state of such evident embarrassment, that before he had time to utter a word, I said to him, "What is the matter? Have you heard any bad news?"

"No," replied Corvisart, "but I came by the emperor's order. He wishes you to see my brother-in-law; 'he is,' said he to me, 'the senior judge, and a man of considerable eminence: his opinion will carry with it great weight, and I know that he is favourable to Moreau; he is in the wrong. Visit Bourrienne, and concert with him respecting the best method of convincing

Desmaisons of his error, for I repeat he is wrong; he is deceived.' This is the mission with which I am intrusted."

"How," said I, with thorough astonishment, "how came you to be employed in this affair? Could you believe for one moment that I would tamper with a magistrate in order to induce him to exercise an unjust rigour?"

"No, rest assured," replied Corvisart, "I merely visited you this morning in obedience to the order of the emperor; but I knew beforehand in what manner you would regard the proposition with which I was charged. I knew your opinions and your character too well, to entertain the smallest doubt in this respect, and I was convinced that I ran no risk in becoming the bearer of a commission, which would be attended with no effect.

"Besides, had I refused to obey the emperor, it would have proved prejudicial to your interest, and confirmed him in the opinion that you were favourable to the acquittal of Moreau. For myself," added Corvisart, "It is needless to affirm, that I have no intention of attempting to influence the opinion of my brother-in-law; and if I had, you know him sufficiently well to be convinced in what light he would regard such a proceeding."

Such were the object and result of Corvisart's visit, and I am thence led to believe that similar attempts must have been made to influence other members of the tribunal. But however this may be, prudence led me to discontinue visiting M. Desmaisons, with whom I was in habits of the strictest friendship.

About this period I paid a visit which occupies an important place in my recollections. On the 14th of June, 1804, four days after the condemnation of Georges and his accomplices, I received a summons to attend the emperor at Saint Cloud. It was Thursday, and as I thought on the great events and tragic scenes about to be acted, I was rather uneasy respecting his intentions.

But I was fortunate enough to find my friend Rapp in waiting, who said to me as I entered, "Be not alarmed, he is in the best of humours at present, and wishes to have some conversation with you."

Rapp then announced me to the emperor, and I was immediately admitted to his presence. After pinching my ear, and asking his usual questions, such as, "What are the Parisians saying? how are your children? what are you about? &c.," he said to me, "By the by, have you attended the proceedings against Moreau?"—"Yes, Sire, I have not been absent during one of the sittings," "Well, Bourrienne, are you of opinion that Moreau is innocent?"—"Yes, Sire, at least I am certain, that nothing has come out in the course of the trial tending to criminate him; I am even surprised how he came to be implicated in this conspiracy, since nothing has appeared against him which has the most remote connexion with the affair."—"I know your opinion on this subject; Duroc related to me the

conversation you held with him at the Tuileries; experience has shown that you were correct: but how could I act otherwise? You know that Bouvet de Lozier hanged himself in prison, and was only saved by accident. Réal hurried to the Temple in order to interrogate him, and in his first confessions he criminated Moreau, affirming that he had held repeated conferences with Pichegru. Réal immediately reported to me this fact, and proposed that Moreau should be arrested, since the rumours against him seemed to be well founded; he had previously made the same proposition. I at first refused my sanction to this measure; but after the charge made against him by Bouvet de Lozier, how could I act otherwise than I did? Could I suffer such open conspiracies against the government? Could I doubt the truth of Bouvet de Lozier's declaration, under the circumstances in which it was made? Could I foresee that he would deny his first declaration when brought before the court? There was a chain of circumstances which human sagacity could not penetrate, and I consented to the arrest of Moreau, when it was proved that he was in league with Pichegru. Has not England sent assassins?"—"Sire," said I, "permit me to recal to your recollection the conversation you had in my presence with Mr. Fox, after which you said to me, 'Bourrienne, I am very happy at having heard from the mouth of a man of honour, that the British government is incapable of seeking my life; I always wish to esteem my enemies.'"—"Bah! you are a fool! Parbleu! I did not say that the English minister sent over an assassin, and that he said to him, 'Here is gold and a poniard, go and kill the first consul.' No, I did not believe that; but it cannot be denied that all those foreign conspirators against my government were serving England, and receiving pay from that power. Have I agents in London to disturb the government of Great Britain? I have waged with it honourable warfare; I have not attempted to awaken a remembrance of the Stuarts, amongst their old partisans. Is not Wright, who landed Georges and his accomplices at Dieppe, a captain in the British navy? But rest assured, that with the exception of a few babblers, whom I can easily silence, the hearts of the French people are with me; —every where public opinion has been declared in my favour, so that I have nothing to apprehend from giving the greatest publicity to these plots, and bringing the accused to a solemn trial. The greater number of those gentlemen wished me to bring the prisoners before a military commission, that summary judgment might be obtained; but I refused my consent to this measure. It might have been said, that I dreaded public opinion; and I fear it not. People may talk as much as they please, well and good, I am not obliged to hear them; but I do not like those who are attached to my person to blame what I have done."

As I could not wholly conceal an involuntary emotion, in which the emperor saw something more than mere surprise, he

paused, took me by the ear, and smiling in the most affectionate manner said, " I had no reference to you in what I said, but I have to complain of Lacuée; * could you believe that during the trial he went about clamouring in behalf of Moreau? He, my aide-de-camp — a man who owes every thing to me! As for you, I have said that you acted very well in this affair."—" I know not, Sire, what has either been done or said by Lacuée, whom I have not seen for a long time; what I said to Duroc is what history teaches in every page."—" By the by," resumed the emperor, after a short silence, " do you know that it was I myself who discovered that Pichegru was in Paris. Every one said to me, Pichegru is in Paris; Fouché, Réal, harped on the same string, but could give me no proof of their assertion. 'What a fool you are,' said I to Réal, ' when in an instant you may ascertain the fact. Pichegru has a brother, an aged ecclesiastic, who resides in Paris; let his dwelling be searched, and should he be absent, it will warrant a suspicion that Pichegru is here; if, on the contrary, his brother should be at home, let him be arrested: he is a simple-minded man, and in the first moments of agitation will betray the truth.' Every thing happened as I had foreseen, for no sooner was he arrested, than without waiting to be questioned, he inquired if it was a crime to have received his brother into his house. Thus every doubt was removed, and a miscreant in the house in which Pichegru lodged, betrayed him to the police. What horrid degradation to betray a friend for the sake of gold!"

Then reverting to Moreau, the emperor talked a great deal respecting that general. " Moreau," he said, " possesses many good qualities; his bravery is undoubted; but he has more courage than energy; he is indolent and effeminate. When with the army he lived like a pasha; he smoked, was almost constantly in bed, and gave himself up to the pleasure of the table. His dispositions are naturally good; but he is too indolent for study; he does not read, and since he has been tied to his wife's apron-strings is fit for nothing. He sees only with the eyes of his wife and her mother, who have had a hand in all these late plots; and then, Bourrienne, is it not very strange, that it was by my advice that he entered into this union? I was told that Mademoiselle Hulot was a creole, and I believed that he would find in her a second Josephine; how greatly was I mistaken! All these circumstances tended to estrange us from each other, and I regret that he should have acted so unworthily. You must remember my observing to you more than two years ago, that Moreau would one day strike his head against the gate of the Tuileries; that he has done so, was no fault of mine, for you know how much I did to secure his attachment. You cannot heve forgotton the reception I gave him at Malmaison.

* Lacuée was killed at the bridge of Guntzburg. I believe that after this conversation he ceased to act as aide-de-camp to the emperor.

On the 18th Brumaire I conferred on him the charge of the Luxembourg, and in that situation he fully justified my choice. But since that period, he has behaved towards me with the utmost ingratitude;—entered into all the silly cabals against me, blamed all my measures, and turned into ridicule the Legion of Honour. Have not some of the intriguers put it into his head that I regard him with jealousy?* You must be aware of that. You must also know as well as I how anxious the members of the Directory were to exalt the reputation of Moreau. Alarmed at my success in Italy, they wished to have in the armies a general to serve as a counterpoise to my renown. I have ascended the throne and he is the inmate of a prison. You are aware of the incessant clamouring raised against me by the whole family, at which I confess I was very much displeased; coming from those whom I had treated so well! Had he attached himself to me, I would doubtless have conferred on him the title of First Marshal of the Empire; but what could I do? He constantly depreciated my campaigns and my government. From discontent to revolt, there is frequently only one step, especially when a man of a weak character becomes the tool of popular clubs; and therefore when I was first informed that Moreau was implicated in the conspiracy of Georges, I believed him to be guilty, but hesitated to issue an order for his arrest, till I had taken the opinion of my council. The members having assembled, I ordered the different documents to be laid before them, with an injunction to examine them with the utmost care, since they related to an affair of importance, and I urged them candidly to inform me whether, in their opinion, any of the charges against Moreau were sufficiently strong to endanger his life. The fools! their reply was in the affirmative; I believe they were even unanimous! Then I had no alternative but to suffer the proceedings to take their course. It is unnecessary to affirm to you, Bourrienne, that Moreau never should have perished on a scaffold!† Most assuredly I would have pardoned

* Bonaparte was right in this respect that the consciousness of his own superiority over Moreau prevented him from being jealous of that general; but he was certainly jealous of the estimation in which he was held by the public, whether right or wrong.

† This declaration is confirmed by M. de Rovigo, who defends Napoleon against the imputation of having wished that Moreau should suffer capital punishment.

"If," says he, "he was vexed at the result of the trial, on which point I am ignorant, it was no doubt merely because it deprived him of an opportunity to humble Moreau by pardoning him. He was not fond of revenging himself by capital punishments. After the condemnation of Georges and his people, he pardoned several of them at the first application. If I recollect rightly, there were seven pardoned in all. Would he have suffered the conqueror of Holland, and the victor of Hohenlinden to perish? It would be unjust to think so.

"Did he leave Moreau to suffer the two years' confinement to which he was sentenced, and during which he might have found occasion to get rid of him had he harboured a thought of so doing? No; for on the night of the very day that

him; but with the sentence of death hanging over his head, he could no longer have proved dangerous; and his name would have ceased to be a rallying-point for disaffected republicans, or imbecile royalists. Had the council expressed any doubts respecting his guilt, I would have intimated to him that the suspicions against him were so strong, as to render any further connexion between us impossible; and that the best course he could pursue, would be to leave France for three years, under the pretext of visiting some of the places rendered celebrated during the late wars; but that if he preferred a diplomatic mission, I would make a suitable provision for his expenses; and the great innovator, Time, might effect great changes during the period of his absence. But my foolish council affirmed to me, that his guilt, as a principal, being evident, it was absolutely necessary to bring him to trial; and now his sentence is only that of a pickpocket! What think you I ought to do? Detain him? He might still prove a rallying-point. No. Let him sell his property and quit France? Can I confine him in the Temple? it is full enough without him.—Still, if this had been the only great error they had led me to commit!—"

"Sire, how greatly you have been deceived!"

"Oh! yes, I have been so; but I cannot see every thing with my own eyes."

At this part of our conversation, of which I have suppressed my own share as much as possible, I conceived that the last words of Bonaparte, alluded to the death of the Duke d'Enghien; and I fancied he was about to mention that event, but he again spoke of Moreau.

"He is very much mistaken," resumed the emperor, "if he conceive I bore any ill will towards him. After his arrest, I sent Lauriston to the Temple, whom I chose because he was of an amiable and conciliating disposition; I charged him to tell Moreau to confess he had only seen Pichegru, and I would cause the proceedings against him to be suspended. Instead of receiving this act of generosity as he ought to have done, he replied to it with great haughtiness, so much was he elated that Pichegru had not been arrested: he afterwards, however, lowered his tone. He wrote to me a letter of excuse respecting his anterior conduct, which I caused to be produced on the trial. He was the author of his own ruin; besides, it would have required men of a different stamp from Moreau to conspire against

Moreau solicited by letter permission to go to America, he granted him leave to depart.

"I was the person whom the first consul sent to him in the Temple to communicate his consent, and to make arrangements with him for his departure. I gave him my own carriage, and the first consul paid all the expenses of his journey to Barcelona. The general expressed a wish to see Madame Moreau; I went myself to fetch her, and brought her to the Temple."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.* (*Editor.*)

me. Among the conspirators, for example, was an individual whose fate I regret; this Georges in my hands might have achieved great things. I can duly appreciate the firmness of character he displayed, and to which I could have given a proper direction. I caused Réal to intimate to him, that if he would attach himself to me, not only should he be pardoned, but that I would give him the command of a regiment. Perhaps I might even have made him my aide-de-camp. Parbleu! that might have been too much! Georges refused all my offers; he was as inflexible as iron. What could I do? he underwent his fate, for he was a dangerous man; circumstances rendered his death a matter of necessity. Examples of severity were called for, when England was pouring into France the whole offscouring of the emigration; but patience, patience! I have a long arm, and shall be able to reach them, when necessary. Moreau regarded Georges merely as a ruffian—I viewed him in a different light. You may remember the conversation I had with him at the Tuileries—you and Rapp were in an adjoining cabinet. I tried in vain to influence him—some of his associates were affected at the mention of *country* and of *glory*; he alone stood cold and unmoved. I addressed myself to his feelings, but in vain; he was insensible to every thing I said. At that period Georges appeared to me little ambitious of power; his whole wishes seemed to centre in commanding the Vendeans. It was not till I had exhausted every means of conciliation, that I assumed the tone and language of the first magistrate. I dismissed him with a strong injunction to live retired—to be peaceable and obedient—not to misinterpret the motives of my conduct towards himself—nor attribute to weakness, what was merely the result of moderation and strength. 'Rest assured,' I added, 'and repeat to your associates, that while I hold the reins of authority, there will be neither chance nor salvation for those who dare to conspire against me.' How he conformed to this injunction the event has shown. Réal told me, that when Moreau and Georges found themselves in the presence of Pichegru, they could not come to any understanding, because Georges would not act against the Bourbons. Well, he had a plan, but Moreau had none; he merely wished for my overthrow, without having formed any ulterior views whatever. This showed that he was destitute of even common sense. A-propos, Bourrienne, have you seen Corvisart?"—"Yes, Sire."—"Well!"—"He delivered to me the message with which you intrusted him."—"And Desmaisons!—I wager that you have not spoken to him in conformity to my wishes."—"Sire, the estimation in which I hold Desmaisons, deterred me from a course so injurious to him; for in what other light could he have considered what I should have said to him? I have never visited at his house since the commencement of the trial."—"Well! well! Be prudent and discreet, I shall not forget

you." He then waved a very gracious salute with his hand, and withdrew into his cabinet.

The emperor had detained me more than an hour. On leaving the audience-chamber, I passed through the outer saloon, where a number of individuals were waiting; and I perceived that an observance of etiquette was fast gaining ground, though the emperor had not yet adopted the admirable institution of court chamberlains.

I cannot deny that I was much gratified with my reception; besides I was beginning to be weary of an inactive life, and was anxious to obtain a place, of which I stood in great need, from the losses I had sustained, and the unjust resumption which Bonaparte had made of his gifts. Being desirous to speak of Napoleon with the strictest impartiality, I prefer drawing my conclusions from those actions in which I had no personal concern. I shall therefore only relate here, even before giving an account of my visit to the empress, on leaving the audience-chamber, the former conduct of Napoleon towards myself and Madame de Bourrienne, which will justify the momentary alarm with which I was seized when summoned to the Tuileries, and the satisfaction I felt at my reception. I had a proof of what Rapp said of the emperor being in good humour, and was flattered by the confidential manner in which he spoke to me concerning some of the great political secrets of his government. On seeing me come out, Rapp observed, "You have had a long audience."—"Yes, not amiss;" and this circumstance procured for me a courtly salutation from all persons waiting in the antechamber.

I shall now relate how I spent the two preceding years. The month after I tendered my resignation to the first consul, and which he refused to accept, the house at Saint-Cloud belonging to Madame Deville, was offered to me; it was that in which the Dukes d'Angoulême and de Berri were inoculated. I visited this mansion, thinking it might be suitable for my family; but notwithstanding the beauty of its situation, it seemed far too splendid either for my taste or my fortune. Except the outer walls, it was in a very dilapidated state, and would require numerous and expensive repairs. Josephine being informed that Madame de Bourrienne had set her face against the purchase, expressed a wish to see the mansion, and accompanied us for that purpose. She was so much delighted with it, that she blamed my wife for starting any objections to my becoming its possessor. "With regard to the expense," Josephine replied to her, "Ah, we shall arrange that." On our return to Malmaison, she spoke of it in such high terms, that Bonaparte said to me, "Why don't you purchase it, Bourrienne, since the price is so reasonable?"*

* It was valued at sixty thousand francs.

The house was accordingly purchased. An outlay of twenty-thousand francs was immediately required to render it habitable. Furniture was also necessary for this large mansion, and orders for it were accordingly given. But no sooner were repairs begun, than every thing crumbled to pieces, which rendered many additional expenses necessary.

About this period, Bonaparte hurried forward the works at Saint-Cloud, to which place he immediately removed. My services being constantly required, I found it so fatiguing to go twice or thrice a day from Ruel to Saint-Cloud, that I took possession of my new mansion, though it was still filled with workmen. Scarcely eight days had elapsed from this period, when Bonaparte intimated that he no longer had occasion for my services. When my wife went to take leave, Napoleon spoke to her in a flattering manner of my good qualities, my merit, and the utility of my labours, saying that he was himself the most unfortunate of the three, and that my loss could never be replaced. He then added, "I shall be absent for a month, but Bourrienne may be quite easy; let him remain in retirement, and on my return I shall reward his services, should I even create a place on purpose for him."

Madame de Bourrienne then requested leave to retain the apartments appropriated to her in the Tuileries till after her accouchement, which was not far distant, to which he replied, "You may keep them as long as you please; for it will be some time before I again reside in Paris."

Bonaparte set out on his journey, and shortly afterwards I went with my family to visit Madame de Coubertin, my cousin-german, who received us with her usual kindness. We passed the time of the first consul's absence at her country seat, and only returned to Saint-Cloud on the day Bonaparte was expected.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed after his arrival, when I received an intimation to give up, in twenty-four hours, the apartments in the Tuileries, which he had promised my wife should retain till after her confinement. He reclaimed, at the same time, the furniture of Ruel, which he presented to me two years before, when I purchased that small house on purpose to be near him.

I addressed several memorials to him on this subject, stating that I had replaced the worn-out furniture with new and superior articles; but this he wholly disregarded, compelling me to give up every thing, even to the greatest trifle. It may be right to say, that on his return the emperor found his table covered with information respecting my conduct in Paris, though I had not held the smallest communication with any one in the capital, nor once entered it during his absence.

After my departure for Hamburg, Bonaparte took possession of my stables and coach-house, which he filled with horses.

Even the very avenues and walks were converted into stabling. A handsome house, at the entrance to the park, was also appropriated to similar purposes; in fact he spared nothing. Every thing was done in the true military style; I had neither previous intimation of the proceedings, nor received any remuneration for my loss. The emperor seemed to regard the property as his own; but though he next to ordered me to make the purchase, he did not furnish the money that was paid for it. In this way it was occupied for more than four years.

The recollection of those arbitrary and vexatious proceedings on the part of Bonaparte has led me further than I intended. I shall therefore return to the imperial residence of Saint-Cloud. On leaving the audience-chamber, as already stated, I repaired to the apartments of the empress, who, knowing that I was in the palace, had intimated her wishes for my attendance. No command could have been more agreeable to me, for every one was certain of a gracious reception from Josephine. I do not recollect which of the ladies in waiting was in attendance when my name was announced; but she immediately retired, and left me alone with Josephine. Her recent elevation had not changed the usual amenity of her disposition. After some conversation respecting the change in her situation, I gave her an account of what had passed between the emperor and myself.

I faithfully related all that he had said of Moreau, observing that at one moment I imagined he was about to speak of the Duke d'Enghien, when he suddenly reverted to what he had been saying, and never made the slightest allusion to the subject.

Madame Bonaparte replied to me, "Napoleon has spoken the truth respecting Moreau. He was grossly deceived by those who believed they could best pay their court to him by calumniating that general. His silence on the subject of the Duke d'Enghien does not surprise me; he says as little respecting it as possible, and always in a vague manner, and with manifest repugnance. When you see Bonaparte again be silent on the subject, and should chance bring it forward, avoid every expression in the smallest degree indicative of reproach; he would not suffer it; you would ruin yourself for ever in his estimation, and the evil is, alas! without remedy. When you came to Malmaison, I told you that I had vainly endeavoured to turn him from his fatal purpose, and how he had treated me. Since then he has experienced but little internal satisfaction; it is only in the presence of his courtiers that he affects a calm and tranquil deportment; but I perceive his sufferings are the greater from thus endeavouring to conceal them. By the by, I forgot to mention that he knew of the visit you paid me, on the day after the catastrophe. I dreaded that your enemies, the greater number of whom are also mine, might have misrepresented that interview; but, fortunately, he paid little

attention to it. He merely said, 'So you have seen Bourrienne? Does he sulk at me? Nevertheless I must do something for him.' He has again spoken in the same strain, and repeated nearly the same expressions, three days ago; and since he has commanded your presence to-day, I have not a doubt but he has something in view for your advantage."—"May I presume to inquire what it is?"—"I do not yet know; but I would recommend to you, in the mean time, to be more strictly on your guard than ever; he is so suspicious, and so well informed of all that is done or said respecting himself. I have suffered so much since I last saw you; never can I forget the unkind manner in which he rejected my entreaties! For several days I laboured under a depression of spirits which greatly irritated him, because he clearly saw whence it proceeded. I am not dazzled by the title of empress; I dread some evil will result from this step to him, to my children, and to myself. The miscreants ought to be satisfied; see to what they have driven us! This death imbitters every moment of my life. I need not say to you, Bourrienne, that I speak this in confidence."—"You cannot doubt my prudence."—"No, certainly not, Bourrienne. I do not doubt it. My confidence in you is unbounded. Rest assured that I shall never forget what you have done for me, under various circumstances, and the devotedness you evinced to me on your return from Egypt.—Adieu, my friend. Let me see you soon again."

It was on the 14th of June, 1804, that I had this audience of the emperor, and afterwards attended the empress.

On my return home, I spent three hours in making notes of all that was said to me by those two personages; and the substance of those notes I have now given to the reader.

## CHAPTER LXIX.

### 1804.

The constitution and the organic senatus consultum—Advantageous position of the emperor—His attachment to France—Curious disclosure of Fouché—Remarkable words of Bonaparte respecting the protest of Louis XVIII.—Secret document inserted in the Moniteur—Announcement from Bonaparte to Regnier—Fouché appointed minister of police—Error of Regnier respecting the conspiracy of Georges—Undeserved praise bestowed on Fouché—Indications of the return of the Bourbons—Variance between the words and conduct of Bonaparte—The iron crown—Celebration of the 14th of July—Church festivals and loss of time—Grand ceremonial at the Invalides—Recollections of the 18th Brumaire—New oath of the Legion of Honour—General enthusiasm—Departure for Boulogne—Visits to Josephine at Saint-Cloud and Malmaison—Josephine and Madame de Remusat—Pardons granted by the emperor.

We have already seen that, by the provisions of the consular constitution, the first consul could not act as commander-in-chief of the army beyond the territory of the republic. We have also seen the subtilty by which Bonaparte eluded this constitutional enactment, in giving the name of the army of reserve to the army of Marengo. This condition was not retained when Bonaparte was raised to the imperial dignity.

The organic senatus consultum had removed the difficulty, and in the thirst for war which raged in the bosom of Napoleon, now that he had a title so flattering to his pride, his fertile imagination formed vast projects of conquest—projects which he hoped to realize when England should obtain an ally on the continent.

From my intimate knowledge of his character, having often seen him display the greatest anxiety on this subject, I believe myself fully warranted in saying that he endeavoured by means not strictly justifiable, to find a pretext for a continental war. A sovereign, under the circumstances in which he was placed, enjoyed an immense advantage in this respect, being neither restrained by a fear of wounding the self-love or the interest of any government, he made every thing yield to him, being always ready to show his superiority, because he wished it to be contested.

In this state of things, Bonaparte, as I have already observed, never seriously thought of the invasion of England; but it afforded a pretext for concentrating a formidable force on one particular point, and thus completing the enthusiasm with which he was already regarded by the army.

By this measure he succeeded at the same time in alarming a rival whom he had not the power to injure, and in lulling into a fatal security the first power which should oppose the smallest obstacle to his ambition. Those projects Bonaparte confided to no one;—not even to his ministers; and this plan, of which he alone was capable, appears to me to form the great political miracle of modern times.

Doubtless, Napoleon was attached to France, but it was as a means of aggrandizement; that attachment was the pedestal on which he hoped to erect the superstructure of his fame; and war was necessary to the completion of his ambitious projects.

Being recognised by the title of emperor, as the founder of a new dynasty, he considered his dominion more secure than before. Thus his natural audacity acquired fresh force, and of this the following circumstance, related to me by Fouché, affords a corroboration.

Louis XVIII. being at Warsaw, when he was informed of the elevation of Napoleon to the imperial dignity, addressed to the sovereigns of Europe a protest against that usurpation of his throne. Fouché being the first who heard of this protest, immediately communicated the circumstance to the emperor, observing that doubtless the copies would be multiplied and distributed amongst the enemies of his government, in the Faubourg-Saint-Germain, which might produce the worst effects, and that he therefore deemed it his duty to inform him that orders might be given to Regnier and Réal to keep a strict watch over those engaged in distributing this document.

"You may judge of my surprise," added Fouché, "you who know so well that formerly the very mention of the Bourbons rendered him furious, when, after perusing the protest, he returned it to me, saying, "Ah, ah, so the Count de Lille makes his protest! Well, well, all in good time. I hold my right by the voice of the French nation, and while I wear a sword I will maintain it! The Bourbons ought to know that I do not fear them; let them, therefore, leave me in tranquillity. Did you say that the fools of the Faubourg-Saint-Germain would multiply the copies of this protest of Count de Lille? Well, they shall read it at their ease. Send it to the Moniteur, Fouché, and let it be inserted to-morrow morning.'" This passed on the 30th of June, and the next day the protest of Louis XVIII. did actually appear in that paper.

Fouché was wholly indifferent respecting the circulation of this protest; he merely wished to show the emperor that he was better informed of passing events than Regnier, and to afford

Napoleon another proof of the inexperience and inability of the grand judge in police; and Fouché was not long in receiving the reward which he expected from this step. In fact, ten days after the publication of the protest, the emperor announced to Regnier the re-establishment of the ministry of general police.

The formula, *I pray God to have you in his holy keeping*, with which the letter to Regnier closed, was another step of Napoleon in the knowledge of ancient usages, with which he was not sufficiently familiar when he wrote to Cambacérès on the day succeeding his elevation to the imperial throne; at the same time it must be confessed, that this formula assorted awkwardly with the month of "Messidor," and the "twelfth year of the republic!"

The errors which Regnier had committed in the affair of Georges, were the cause which determined Bonaparte to re-establish the minister of police, and to bestow it on a man who had created a belief of the necessity of that measure, by a monstrous accumulation of plots and intrigues. I am also certain that the emperor was swayed by the probability of a war breaking out, which would force him to leave France; and that he considered Fouché as the most proper person to maintain the public tranquillity during his absence, and detect any cabals that might be formed in favour of the Bourbons.

At this period, when Bonaparte had given the finishing blow to the republic, which had only been a shadow since the 19th Brumaire, it was not difficult to foresee that the Bourbons would one day remount the throne of their ancestors; and this presentiment was not, perhaps, without its influence in rendering the majority greater in favour of the foundation of the empire than for the establishment of a consulate for life. The re-establishment of the throne was a most important step in favour of the Bourbons, for that was the thing most difficult to be done. But Bonaparte undertook the task; and, as if by the aid of a magic rod, the ancient order of things was restored in the twinkling of an eye. The distinctions of rank—orders—titles—the noblesse—decorations—all the baubles of vanity—in short, all the burlesque tattooing which the vulgar regard as an indispensable attribute of royalty, reappeared in an instant. The question no longer regarded the form of government, but the individual who should be placed at its head. By restoring the ancient order of things, the republicans had themselves decided the question, and it could no longer be doubted, that when an occasion presented itself, the majority of the nation would prefer the ancient royal family to whom France owed her civilization, her greatness, and her power; and who had exalted her to such a high degree of glory and prosperity.

Besides, upon what basis did the empire rest? Upon its glory, but not upon its institutions. But the delusions of glory may vanish; upon what then could it rest?

In the month of August, 1802, when the consulate for life was discussed in the council of state, with which was connected that of hereditary right, Napoleon thus expressed himself: "Hereditary right is absurd, irreconcilable with the sovereignty of the people, and impossible in France."

This declaration was voluntary, for he had not been called upon to explain his principles, yet two years had scarcely elapsed before he ascended the throne, and revived in favour of his own family that *hereditary right, absurd and impossible in France!* In short, he founded a fourth dynasty. Did any contradiction exist between this declaration of the first consul and his after conduct? No; in any other individual it would have been a contradiction; but not in him. The supposition would be to stamp the character of Napoleon with weakness and indecision; and in truth this was not the case. He merely played one of his comedies "to give the pear time to ripen," an expression always in his mouth when he was constrained to delay the completion of any of his ambitious projects.

It was not one of the least singular traits in Napoleon's character, that during the first year of his reign he retained the fête of the 14th of July. It was not indeed strictly a republican fête, but it recalled the recollection of two great popular triumphs; the taking of the Bastile, and the first fëderation. This year the 14th of July fell on a Saturday, and the emperor ordered its celebration to be delayed till the following day, because it was Sunday; which was in conformity with the sentiments he delivered respecting the concordate: "What renders me," he said, "most hostile to the re-establishment of the catholic worship, is the number of festivals formerly observed. A saint's day is a day of indolence, and I wish not for that; the people must labour in order to live. I consent to four holidays in the year, but no more; if the gentlemen from Rome are not satisfied with this, they may take their departure."

The loss of time seemed to him so great a calamity, that he seldom failed to order an indispensable solemnity to be held on the succeeding holiday. Thus he postponed the Corpus Christi to the following Sunday.

On Sunday the 15th of July, the emperor appeared for the first time before the Parisians surrounded by all the pomp of royalty. The members of the Legion of Honour, then in Paris, took the oath prescribed by the new constitution, and on this occasion the emperor and empress appeared attended for the first time by a separate and numerous retinue.

The carriages in the train of the empress crossed the garden of the Tuileries, hitherto exclusively appropriated to the public; then followed the cavalcade of the emperor, who appeared on horseback, surrounded by his principal generals, whom he had created marshals of the empire. M. Ségur, who held the office of great chamberlain, had the direction of the ceremonial to be

observed on this occasion, and with the governor received the emperor on the threshold of the Hotel des Invalides. They conducted the empress to a seat prepared for her reception, opposite the imperial throne which Napoleon occupied, to the right of the altar. I was present at this ceremony, notwithstanding the repugnance I have to such brilliant exhibitions; but as Duroc had two days before presented me with tickets, I deemed it prudent to attend on the occasion, lest the keen eye of Bonaparte should have remarked my absence, if Duroc had acted by his order.

I spent about an hour in contemplating the proud, and sometimes almost ludicrous demeanour of the new grandees of the empire; I marked the manœuvring of the clergy, who, with Cardinal Belloy at their head, proceeded to receive the emperor on his entrance into the church. What a singular train of ideas was called up to my mind when I beheld my former comrade at the school of Brienne, seated upon an elevated throne, surrounded by his brilliant staff, the great dignitaries of his empire —his ministers and marshals! I involuntarily recurred to the 19th Brumaire, and all this splendid scene vanished, when I thought of Bonaparte stammering to such a degree, that I was obliged to pull the skirt of his coat to induce him to withdraw.

It was neither a feeling of animosity nor of jealousy which called up such reflections; at no period of our career would I have exchanged my situation for his; but whoever can reflect, whoever has witnessed the unexpected elevation of a former equal, may perhaps be able to conceive the strange thoughts that assailed my mind, for the first time, on this occasion.

When the religious part of the ceremony terminated, the church assumed, in some measure, the appearance of a profane temple. The congregation displayed more devotion to the emperor than towards the God of the Christians; more enthusiasm than fervour. The mass had been heard with little attention; but when M. de Lacépède, grand chancellor of the Legion of Honour, after pronouncing a flattering discourse, finished the call of the grand officers of the legion, Bonaparte covered, as did the ancient kings of France when they held a bed of justice. A profound silence, a sort of religious awe, then reigned throughout the assembly, and Napoleon, who did not now stammer as in the Council of Five Hundred, said in a firm voice: "Commanders, officers, legionaries, citizens, soldiers; swear upon your honour to devote yourselves to the service of the empire—to the preservation of the integrity of the French territory—to the defence of the emperor, of the laws of the republic, and of the property which they have made sacred—to combat by all the means which justice, reason, and the laws authorize, every attempt to re-establish the feudal system; in short, swear to concur with all your might in maintaining liberty and equality, which are the bases of all our institutions. Do you swear?"

Each member of the Legion of Honour exclaimed, *I swear;* adding, *Vive l'empereur!* with an enthusiasm it is impossible to describe, and in which all present joined.

What after all was this new oath? It only differed from that taken by the Legion of Honour, under the consulate, in putting the defence of the emperor before that of the laws of the republic; and this was not merely a form. It was, besides, sufficiently laughable, and somewhat audacious, to make them swear to support *equality*, at the moment so many titles and monarchical distinctions had been re-established.

On the 18th of July, three days after this ceremony, the emperor left Paris to visit the Camp at Boulogne. He was not accompanied by the empress on this journey, which was merely to examine the progress of the military operations. Availing myself of the invitation Josephine had given me, I presented myself at Saint-Cloud, a few days after the departure of Napoleon; as she did not expect my visit, I found her surrounded by four or five of the ladies in waiting, occupied in examining some of the elegant productions of Leroi and Madame Despeaux; for amidst the host of painful feelings experienced by Josephine, she was too much of a woman not to devote some attention to the toilet.

On my introduction they were discussing the serious question of the costume to be worn by the empress on her journey to Belgium, to meet Napoleon at the palace of Lacken, near Brussels. Notwithstanding those discussions respecting the form of hats, the colour and shape of dresses, &c., Josephine received me in her usual gracious manner. But not being able to converse with me, she said, without giving it an appearance of invitation, but in a manner sufficiently evident to be understood, that she intended to pass the following morning at Malmaison.

I shortened my visit, and at noon next day repaired to that delightful abode, which always created in my mind deep emotion. Not an alley—not a grove, but teemed with interesting recollections; all recalled to me the period when I was the confident of Bonaparte. But the time was past when he minutely calculated how much a residence at Malmaison would cost, and concluded by saying, that an income of thirty thousand livres would be sufficient.

When I arrived, Madame Bonaparte was in the garden with Madame de Remusat, who was her favourite, from the similarity of disposition which existed between them. Madame de Remusat was the daughter of the minister Vergennes, and sister to Madame de Nansouty, whom I had sometimes seen with Josephine, but not so frequently as her elder sister. I found the ladies in the avenue which leads to Ruel, and saluted Josephine by inquiring respecting the health of her majesty. Never can I forget the tone in which she replied: "Ah! Bourrienne, I entreat that you will suffer me, at least here, to forget that I am

an empress." As she had not a thought concealed from Madame de Remusat, except some domestic vexations, of which probably I was the only confident, we conversed with the same freedom as if alone, and it is easy to define, that the subject of our discourse regarded Bonaparte.

After having spoken of her intended journey to Belgium. Josephine said to me, "What a pity, Bourrienne, that the past cannot be recalled! He departed in the happiest disposition: he has bestowed some pardons: and I am satisfied, that but for those unhappy politics, he would have pardoned a far greater number. I would have said much more, but I endeavoured to conceal my chagrin, because the slightest contradiction only renders him the more obstinate. Now, when in the midst of his army he will forget every thing. How much have I been afflicted, that I was not able to obtain a favourable answer to all the petitions which were addressed to me. Madame de Montesson came from Romainville to Saint-Cloud to solicit the pardon of MM. de Rivière and de Polignac; we succeeded in gaining an audience for Madame de Polignac; . . . . . how beautiful she is! Bonaparte was greatly affected on beholding her; he said to her, 'Madame, since it was only my life your husband menaced, I may pardon him.' You know Napoleon, Bourrienne, you know that he is not naturally cruel; it is his counsellors and flatterers who have induced him to commit so many villanous actions. Rapp has behaved extremely well; he went to the emperor, and would not leave him till he had obtained the pardon of another of the condemned, whose name I do not recollect.* How much these Polignacs have interested me! There will be then at least some families who will owe him gratitude! Strive, if it be possible, to throw a veil over the past, I am sufficiently miserable in my anticipations of the future. Rest assured, my dear Bourrienne, that I shall not fail to exert myself, during our stay in Belgium, in your behalf, and inform you of the result.—Adieu!"

* It was, I believe, de Russillon.

## CHAPTER LXX.

### 1804.

Anniversary of the 14th of July—Departure for the camp of Boulogne—General error respecting Napoleon's designs—Cæsar's Tower—Distribution of the crosses of the Legion of Honour—The military throne—Bonaparte's charlatanism—Intrepidity of two English sailors—The decennial prizes and the Polytechnic School—Meeting of the emperor and empress—First negotiation with the holy see—The prefect of Arras and Count Louis de Narbonne—Change in the French ministry—Discussion in the English parliament respecting Drake's correspondence—The power of gold against the power of arms.

During the festival in celebration of the 14th of July, which I have already alluded to, the emperor, before leaving the Hospital of Invalids, had announced that he would go in person to distribute the decorations of the Legion of Honour to the army assembled in the camp of Boulogne. He was not long before he fulfilled his promise. He left Saint-Cloud on the 18th, and travelled with such rapidity, that the next morning, whilst every one was busy with preparations for his reception, he was already at that port, in the midst of the labourers, examining the works. He seemed to multiply himself by his inconceivable activity, and one might say, that he was present every where.

At the emperor's departure, it was generally believed at Paris, that the distribution of the crosses at the camp of Boulogne was only a pretext, and that Bonaparte had, at length, gone to carry into execution the project of an invasion of England, which every body supposed he contemplated. It was, indeed, a pretext. The emperor wished to excite, more and more, the enthusiasm of the army—to show himself to the military invested in his new dignity, to be present at some grand manœuvres, and dispose the army to obey the first signal he might give. How indeed, on beholding such great preparations, so many transports created as it were by enchantment, could any one have supposed that he did not really intend to attempt a descent on England? People almost fancied him already in London: it was known that all the army-corps, echelloned on the coast from Etaples to Ostend, were ready to embark. Napoleon's arrival in the midst of his

troops inspired them, if possible, with a new impulse. The French ports on the Channel had for a long period been converted into dock-yards and arsenals, where works were carried on with that inconceivable activity which Napoleon knew so well how to inspire. An almost incredible degree of emulation prevailed amongst the commanders of the different camps, and it descended from rank to rank to the common soldiers, and even to the labourers.

As every one was eager to take advantage of the slightest effects of chance, and exercised his ingenuity in converting them into prognostics of good fortune for the emperor, those who had access to him did not fail to call his attention to some remains of a Roman camp which had been discovered at the *Tour d'Ordre*, where the emperor's tent was pitched. This was considered an evident proof that the French Cæsar occupied the camp which the Roman Cæsar had formerly constructed to menace Great Britain. To give additional force to this allusion, the *Tour d'Ordre* resumed the name of Cæsar's Tower. Some medals of William the Conqueror, found in another spot, where, perhaps, they had been buried for the purpose of being dug up, could not fail to satisfy the most incredulous, that Napoleon must conquer England.

It was not far from Cæsar's Tower that eighty thousand men of the camps of Boulogne and Montreuil, under the command of Marshal Soult, were assembled in a vast plain to witness the distribution of the crosses of the Legion of Honour impressed with the imperial effigy. This plain, which I saw with Bonaparte, in our first journey to the coast, before our departure to Egypt, was circular and hollow, and in the centre was a little hill. This hill formed the imperial throne of Bonaparte in the midst of his soldiers. There he stationed himself with his staff, and around this centre of glory the regiments were drawn up in lines and looked like so many diverging rays. From this throne, which had been erected by the hand of nature, Bonaparte delivered in a loud voice the same form of oath which he had pronounced at the Hospital of Invalids a few days before. It was the signal for a general burst of enthusiasm, and Rapp, alluding to this ceremony, told me that he never saw the emperor appear more pleased. How could he be otherwise? Fortune then seemed obedient to his wishes. A storm came on during this brilliant day, and it was apprehended that part of the flotilla would have suffered. Bonaparte quitted the hill from which he had distributed the crosses, and proceeded to the port to direct what measures should be taken, when upon his arrival the storm ceased as if by enchantment. The flotilla entered the port safe and sound, and he went back to the camp, where the sports and amusements prepared for the soldiers commenced, and in the evening the brilliant fireworks which were let off, rose in a luminous column, which was distinctly seen from the English coast.

The Camp at Boulogne.

Vol. i., page 646.

When he reviewed the troops, he asked the officers and often the soldiers in what battles they had been engaged, and to those who had received serious wounds he gave the cross. Here, I think, I may appropriately mention a singular piece of charlatanism to which the emperor had recourse, and which powerfully contributed to augment the enthusiasm of his troops. He would say to one of his aides-de-camp, "Ascertain from the colonel of such a regiment whether he has in his corps a man who has served in the campaigns of Italy or the campaigns of Egypt. Ascertain his name, where he was born, the particulars of his family, and what he has done. Learn his number in the ranks, and to what company he belongs, and furnish me with the information."

On the day of the review, Bonaparte, at a single glance, could perceive the man who had been described to him. He would go up to him as if he recognised him, address him by his name, and say, "Oh! so you are here! You are a brave fellow—I saw you at Aboukir—how is your old father? What! have you not got the cross? Stay, I will it give you." Then the delighted soldiers would say to each other, "You see the emperor knows us all; he knows our families; he knows where we have served." What a stimulus was this to soldiers, whom he succeeded in persuading that they would all, some time or other, become marshals of the empire!

Lauriston told me, amongst other anecdotes relating to Napoleon's sojourn at the camp of Boulogne, a remarkable instance of intrepidity on the part of two English sailors. These men had been prisoners at Verdun, which was the most considerable depot of English prisoners in France at the rupture of the peace of Amiens. They effected their escape from Verdun, and arrived at Boulogne without having been discovered on the road, notwithstanding the vigilance with which all the English were watched. They remained at Boulogne for some time, destitute of money, and without being able to effect their escape. They had no hope of getting aboard a boat, on account of the strict watch that was kept upon vessels of every kind. These two sailors made a boat of little pieces of wood, which they put together as well as they could, having no other tools than their knives. They covered it with a piece of sail-cloth. It was only three or four feet wide, and not much longer; and was so light that a man could easily carry it on his shoulders. So powerful a passion is the love of home and liberty! Sure of being shot if they were discovered; almost equally sure of being drowned if they effected their escape, they, nevertheless, resolved to attempt crossing the Channel in their fragile skiff. Perceiving an English frigate within sight of the coast, they pushed off, and endeavoured to reach her. They had not gone a hundred toises from the shore, when they were perceived by the custom-house officers, who set out in pursuit of them, and brought them back

again. The news of this adventure spread through the camp, where the extraordinary courage of the two sailors was the subject of general remark. The circumstance reached the emperor's ears. He wished to see the men, and they were conducted to his presence, along with their little boat. Napoleon, whose imagination was struck by every thing extraordinary, could not conceal his surprise at so bold a project, undertaken with such feeble means of execution. "Is it really true," said the emperor to them, "that you thought of crossing the sea in this?"—"Sire," said they, "if you doubt it, give us leave to go, and you shall see us depart."—"I will. You are bold and enterprising men—I admire courage wherever I meet with it. But you shall not hazard your lives. You are at liberty, and more than that, I will cause you to be put on board an English ship. When you return to London tell how I esteem brave men, even when they are my enemies." Rapp, who with Lauriston, Duroc, and many others, were present at this scene, were not a little astonished at the emperor's generosity. If the men had not been brought before him, they would have been shot as spies, instead of which they obtained their liberty, and Napoleon gave several pieces of gold to each. This circumstance was one of those which made the strongest impression on Napoleon, and he recollected it when at St. Helena, in one of his conversations with M. de Las Casas.

No man was ever so fond of contrasts as Bonaparte. He liked, above every thing, to direct the affairs of war whilst seated in his easy chair, in the cabinet of Saint-Cloud, and to dictate in the camp his decrees relative to civil administration. Thus, at the camp of Boulogne, he founded the decennial premiums, the first distribution of which he intended should take place five years afterwards, on the anniversary of the 18th Brumaire, which was an innocent compliment to the date of the foundation of the consular republic. This measure also seemed to promise to the republican calendar a longevity which it did not attain. All these little circumstances passed unobserved; but Bonaparte had so often developed to me his theory of the art of deceiving mankind, that I knew their true value. It was likewise at the camp at Boulogne, that by a decree emanating from his individual will, he destroyed the noblest institution of the republic, the Polytechnic School, by converting it into a purely military academy. He knew that in that sanctuary of high study, a republican spirit was fostered; and whilst I was with him, he had often told me it was necessary that all schools, colleges, and establishments for public instruction, should be subject to military discipline. I frequently endeavoured to controvert this idea, but without success.

It was arranged, that Josephine and the emperor should meet in Belgium. He proceeded thither from the camp of Boulogne, to the astonishment of those who believed that the moment

for the invasion of England had at length arrived. He joined the empress at the palace of Lacken, which the emperor had ordered to be repaired and newly furnished with great magnificence.

The emperor continued his journey by the towns bordering on the Rhine. He stopped first in the town of Charlemagne,* passed through the three bishoprics, saw, on his way, Cologne and Coblentz, which the emigration had rendered so famous, and arrived at Mentz, where his sojourn was distinguished by the first attempt at negotiation with the holy see, in order to induce the pope to come to France to crown the new emperor, and consolidate his power by supporting it with the sanction of the church. This journey of Napoleon occupied three months,

* There are two or three little circumstances related by Mademoiselle Avrillion in connexion with this journey that seem worth inserting here. But we must premise, by telling the reader, who and what this lady was.

Mademoiselle Avrillion, then, was the femme-de-chambre of Josephine, and was constantly about her person from the time of the first consulship to the death of the empress in 1814. In all such matters as we shall quote from them, her memoirs seem worthy of credit. According to Mademoiselle, the empress during her stay at Aix-la-Chapelle, drank the waters with much eagerness and some hope. As the theatre there was only supplied with some German singers who were not to Josephine's taste, she had part of a French operatic company sent to her from Paris. The amiable Creole had always a most royal disregard of expense. When Bonaparte joined her, he renewed his old custom of visiting his wife now and then at her toilet, and according to Mademoiselle Avrillion, he took great interest in the subject of her dressing. She says, "It was a most extraordinary thing for us to see the man whose head was filled with such vast affairs, enter into the most minute details of the female toilet, and of what dresses, what robes, and what jewels the empress should wear on such and such an occasion. One day he daubed her dress with ink because he did no. like it, and wanted her to put on another. Whenever he looked into her wardrobe, he was sure to throw every thing topsy-turvy."

This characteristic anecdote perfectly agrees with what we have heard from other persons. When the Neapolitan Princess di —— was at the Tuileries as dame d'honneur to Bonaparte's sister Caroline Murat, then Queen of Naples, on the grand occasion of the marriage with Maria Louisa, the princess, to her astonishment, saw the emperor go up to a lady of the court and address her thus: "This is the same gown you wore the day before yesterday!—What's the meaning of this, madame? This is not right, madame!"

Josephine never gave him a similar cause of complaint, but even when he was emperor, she often made him murmur at the profusion of her expenditure under this head. The next anecdote will give some idea of the quantity of dresses which she wore for a day or so, and then gave away to her attendants, who appear to have carried on a very active trade in them.

"While we were at Mayence, the palace was literally besieged by Jews, who continually brought manufactured and other goods to show to the followers of the court; and we had the greatest difficulty to avoid buying them. At last they proposed that we should barter with them; and when her majesty had given us dresses that were far too rich for us to wear ourselves, we exchanged them with the Jews for piece-goods. The robes we thus bartered did not long remain in the hands of the Jews, and there must have been a great demand for them among the belles of Mayence, for I remember a ball there at which the empress might have seen all the ladies of a quadrille party dressed in her cast-off clothes:—I even saw German princesses wearing them."—*Mémoires de Mademoiselle Avrillion.* (*Editor.*)

and he did not return to Saint-Cloud till October. Amongst the flattering addresses which the emperor received in the course of his journey, I cannot pass over unnoticed, the speech of M. de la Chaise, prefect of Arras, who said, "God made Bonaparte, and then rested." This occasioned Count Louis de Narbonne, who was not yet attached to the imperial system, to remark, "That it would have been well had God rested a little sooner."

During the emperor's absence, a partial change took place in the ministry. M. de Champagny succeeded M. Chaptal, as minister of the interior. At the camp of Boulogne, the pacific Joseph found himself, by his brother's wish, transformed into a warrior, and placed in command of a regiment of dragoons, which was a subject of laughter with a great number of generals. I recollect, that one day, Lannes, speaking to me of the circumstance in his usual downright and energetic way, said, "He had better not place him under my orders, for upon the first fault I will put the scamp under arrest——."

I have already spoken of the intrigues of Drake, and of a person named Mehée de la Touche, who had an infamous celebrity in the annals of espionage. At this period, that is to say, at the beginning of October, the attention of the British parliament was called to the correspondence of its minister at Munich. Lord Morpeth, in the house of commons, brought forward a very violent motion respecting this correspondence. The chancellor of the exchequer, in reply, thanked the noble lord for having afforded him an opportunity of contradicting, in the most positive terms, one of the greatest and most atrocious calumnies which one civilized nation had ever invented against another. He affirmed in the face of parliament, that no instructions had been given to any individual whatever to act in a manner contrary to the rights of nations—that neither he nor his colleagues had ever authorized any person to act in a manner which would expose the honour of England.

I must say, because I have proof of the fact, that all the correspondence, which excited the indignation of honourable men, was the result of odious intrigues. Nothing of the kind could have taken place but for the perfidious suggestions of the agents of police, of whom Mehée was one of the most active, executing even the lucrative but dangerous office of spy to both parties. In support of what I advance as a positive fact, I may be permitted to state, in anticipation, that during nearly six years which I passed at Hamburg, as minister from France, I was in a situation to know every body and every thing. I can declare, that neither in the exercise of my official functions, nor in my private intercourse with the most respectable men, did I discover any thing which gave me cause to believe that the English government had ever contrived any of the plots which dishonoured alike those who conceived and encouraged them. In speaking thus, I am not the apologist of the English, but the

defender of truth. The English had recourse to all the means authorized by policy and the usages of diplomacy to oppose a vast and ambitious genius, placed by fortune at the head of a powerful and brave nation, and ill concealing his designs with respect to the continent. To the power of his armies they opposed the power of gold, and by the attractions of subsidies induced wavering cabinets to seek their alliance. These negotiations, doubtless, give rise to secret intrigues, which must be condemned in the relations between man and man, but which necessity and usage have converted into a law, authorized by the public rights of nations, in the relations between government and government.

The interest of the nation must be the first law of every government, and the English ministers would have been wanting in their duty, if they had not endeavoured to throw every obstacle in the way of Bonaparte's ambition. This interest constantly guided the policy of Louis XIV., and the historians of that great monarch have not made it a subject of reproach to him, that he was the first to acknowledge the protectorate of Cromwell; and yet, the Protector was stained with the blood of Charles I., the son-in-law of Henry IV. The policy of Napoleon was much more hostile to the laws of nations than was that of England. We have not only seen him violating the territory of Baden, to carry off the Duke d'Enghien, but even detaining, as prisoners, private individuals, who had come to France in the confidence of hospitality after the treaty of Amiens. At the very moment, too, when the discussion was going on in the British parliament respecting Drake's correspondence, Sir George Rumbold, the English minister at Hamburg, was, by Napoleon's order, carried off from his country house in the neighbourhood of that city, by a party of French troops detached from the army which occupied Hanover. This detachment crossed the Elbe, violating the still independent territory of the republic, and compelled Rumbold to return to England, exacting from him the promise not to appear again in Hamburg. Was it to be expected that such transactions would be followed by confidence, and after committing them, how could Napoleon pretend to be so scrupulous respecting the conduct of others?

## CHAPTER LXXI.

### 1804.

England deceived by Napoleon—Admirals Miniessy and Villeneuve—Command given to Lauriston—Napoleon's opinion of Madame de Staël--Her letters to Napoleon—Her enthusiasm converted into hatred—Bonaparte's opinion of the power of the church—The pope's arrival at Fontainebleau—Napoleon's first interview with Pius VII.—The pope and the emperor on a footing of equality.

England was never so much deceived by Bonaparte as during the period of the encampment at Boulogne. The English really believed that an invasion was intended, and the government exhausted itself in efforts for raising men and money to guard against the danger of being taken by surprise. Such, indeed, is the advantage always possessed by the assailant. He can choose the point on which he thinks it most convenient to act, while the party which stands on the defence, and is afraid of being attacked, is compelled to be prepared in every point. However, Napoleon, who was then in the full vigour of his genius and activity, had always his eyes fixed on objects remote from those which surrounded him, and which seemed to absorb his whole attention. Thus during the journey of which I have spoken, the ostensible object of which was the organization of the departments on the Rhine, he despatched two squadrons from Rochefort and Boulogne, one commanded by Miniessy, the other by Villeneuve. I shall not enter into any details on those squadrons; I shall merely mention with respect to them, that while the emperor was still in Belgium, Lauriston paid me a sudden and unexpected visit. He was on his way to Toulon to take command of the troops which were to be embarked on Villeneuve's squadron, and he was not much pleased with the service to which he had been appointed.

Lauriston's visit was a piece of good fortune for me. We were always on friendly terms, and I received much information from him, particularly with respect to the manner in which the emperor spent his time:—"You can have no idea," said he, "how much the emperor does, and the sort of enthusiasm which his presence excites in the army. But his anger at the contrac-

tors is greater than ever, and he has been very severe with some of them." These words of Lauriston did not at all surprise me, for I well knew Napoleon's dislike to contractors, and all men who had mercantile transactions with the army. I have often heard him say, that they were a curse and a leprosy to nations; that whatever power he might attain, he never would grant honours to any of them, and that of all aristocracies, theirs was to him the most insupportable. After his accession to the empire, the contractors were no longer the important persons they had been under the Directory, or even during the two first years of the consulate. Bonaparte sometimes acted with them as he had before done with the beys of Egypt, when he drew from them forced contributions. I recollect another somewhat curious circumstance, respecting the visit of Lauriston, who had left the emperor and empress at Aix-la-Chapelle. Lauriston was the best educated of the aides-de-camp, and Napoleon often conversed with him on such literary works as he chose to notice. "He sent for me one day," said Lauriston, "when I was on duty at the palace of Lacken, and spoke to me of the decennial prizes, and the tragedy of Carion de Nisas,* and a novel by Madame de Staël, which he had just read, but which I had not seen, and was therefore rather embarrassed in replying to him. Respecting Madame de Staël and her 'Delphine,' he said some remarkable things. 'I do not like women,' he observed, 'who make men of themselves, any more than I like effeminate men. There is a proper part for every one to play in the world. What does all this vagrancy of imagination mean? What is the result of it? Nothing. It is all sentimental metaphysics and disorder of the mind. I cannot endure that woman; for one reason, that I cannot bear women who make a set at me, and God knows how often she has tried to cajole me!'"

The words of Lauriston brought to my recollection the conversations I had often had with Bonaparte respecting Madame de Staël, of whose advances made to the first consul, and even to the general of the army of Italy, I had frequently been witness. Bonaparte knew nothing at first of Madame de Staël, but that she was the daughter of M. Necker, a man for whom, as I have already shown, he had very little esteem. Madame de Staël had not been introduced to him, and knew nothing more of him than what fame had published respecting the young conqueror of Italy, when she addressed to him letters full of enthusiasm. Bonaparte read some passages of them to me, and, laughing, said, "What do you think, Bourrienne, of these extravagances. This woman is mad." I recollect that in one of her letters Madame

* Lauriston alluded to the tragedy of Peter the Great, which was twice represented before very tumultuous audiences. This piece was performed at the Theatre Français in the first period of the empire, but the emperor prohibited the representation because the allusions were not taken in the sense he wished them to be, and which the author had hoped they would.

de Stael, among other things, told him, that they certainly were created for each other; that it was in consequence of an error in human institutions, that the quiet and gentle Josephine was united to his fate; that nature seemed to have destined for the adoration of a hero such as he, a soul of fire like her own. These extravagances disgusted Bonaparte to a degree which I cannot describe. When he had finished reading these fine epistles, he used to throw them into the fire, or tear them with marked ill-humour, and would say, "Well, here is a woman who pretends to genius; a maker of sentiments, and she presumes to compare herself to Josephine! Bourrienne, I shall not reply to such letters."

I had, however, the opportunity of seeing what the perseverance of a woman of talent can effect; notwithstanding Bonaparte's prejudices against Madame de Staël, which he never abandoned, she succeeded in getting herself introduced to him, and if any thing could have disgusted him with flattery, it would have been the admiration, or to speak more properly, the worship which she paid him, for she used to compare him to a god descended on earth; a kind of comparison which the clergy, I thought, had reserved for their own use. But, unfortunately, to please Madame de Staël, it would have been necessary that her god had been Plutus, for behind her eulogies lay a claim for two millions, which M. Necker considered still due to him on account of his good and worthy services. However, Bonaparte said on this occasion, that whatever value he might set on the suffrage of Madame de Staël, he did not think fit to pay so dear for it with the money of the state. The conversion of Madame de Staël's enthusiasm into hatred is well known, as are also the petty vexations, unworthy of himself, with which the emperor harassed her in her retreat at Copet.*

Lauriston had arrived at Paris, where he made but a short stay, some days before Caffarelli, who was sent on a mission to Rome to sound the papal court, and to induce the holy father to come to Paris to consecrate Bonaparte at his coronation. I have already described the nature of Bonaparte's ideas on religion. His notions on the subject seemed to amount to a sort of vague feeling rather than to any belief founded on reflection. Never-

* Madame de Staël, with all her genius and worth, was certainly a vain woman, but she was always high-minded, and we cannot help thinking that Bourrienne deals rather harshly by her. The conduct of Bonaparte towards her was low-minded and paltry in the extreme. Why has Bourrienne omitted to mention the unmanly manner in which she was suddenly exiled from France, and to give a copy of the brutal letter to her, written at Bonaparte's orders by Savary, in which she was told, in cruel mockery, that the air of France no longer suited her health? After her rupture with the first consul, Madame de Staël said that Bonaparte was nothing but a *Robespierre a cheval* (a Robespierre on horseback)! This was her great offence. Bonaparte was always cut to the quick by such epigrammatic sallies, and his resentment, even when its object was a woman, was always implacable.—*Editor.*

theless, he had a high opinion of the power of the church, but not because he considered it dangerous to governments, particularly to his own. Napoleon never could have conceived how it was possible that a sovereign wearing a crown and a sword could have the meanness to kneel to a pope, or to humble his sceptre before the keys of St. Peter. His spirit was too great to admit of such a thought. On the contrary, he regarded the alliance between the church and his power as a happy means of influencing the opinions of the people, and as an additional tie which was to attach them to a government rendered legitimate by the solemn sanction of the papal authority. Bonaparte was not deceived. In this, as well as in many other things, the perspicacity of his genius enabled him to comprehend all the importance of a consecration bestowed on him by the pope; more especially as Louis XVIII., without subjects, without territory, and wearing only an illusory crown, had not received that sacred unction by which the descendants of Hugh Capet become the eldest sons of the church.

As soon as the emperor was informed of the success of Caffarelli's mission, and that the pope, in compliance with his desire, was about to repair to Paris to confirm in his hands the sceptre of Charlemagne, nothing was thought of but preparations for that great event, which had been preceded by the recognition of Napoleon as Emperor of the French on the part of all the states of Europe, with the exception of England.

On the conclusion of the concordate, Bonaparte said to me, "I shall let the republican generals exclaim as much as they like against the mass. I know what I am about, I am working for posterity." He was now gathering the fruits of his concordate. He ordered that the pope should be every where treated in his journey through the French territory with the highest distinction, and he proceeded to Fontainebleau to receive his holiness. This afforded an opportunity for Bonaparte to re-establish the example of those journeys of the old court, during which changes of ministers used formerly to be made. The palace of Fontainebleau now become imperial, like all the old royal houses, had been newly furnished with a luxury and taste corresponding to the progress of modern art. The emperor was proceeding on the road to Nemours when couriers informed him of the approach of Pius VII. Bonaparte's object was to avoid the ceremony which had been previously settled. He had therefore made the pretext of going on a hunting-party, and was in the way as it were by chance when the pope's carriage was arriving. He alighted from horseback, and the pope came out of his carriage. Rapp was with the emperor, and I think I yet hear him describing, in his original manner, and with his German accent, this grand interview, upon which, however, he for his part looked with very little respect. Rapp, in fact, was among the number of those who, notwithstanding his attachment to the

emperor, preserved independence of character, and he knew he had no reason to dissemble with me. "Fancy to yourself," said he, "the amusing comedy that was played. After the emperor and the pope had well embraced, they went into the same carriage: and, in order that they might be upon a footing of equality, they were to enter at the same time by opposite doors. All that was settled; but at breakfast the emperor had calculated how he should manage, without appearing to assume any thing, to get on the right-hand side of the pope, and every thing turned out as he wished. As to the pope," said Rapp, "I must own that I never saw a man with a finer countenance or more respectable appearance than Pius VII."*

* The following is Savary's account of the meeting of the pope and Napoleon:

"The emperor went to meet the pope on the road to Nemours. To avoid ceremony, the pretext of a hunting-party was assumed: the attendants, with his equipages, were in the forest. The emperor came on horseback, and in a hunting-dress, with his retinue. It was at the Half-Moon, on the top of the hill, that the meeting took place. There the pope's carriage drew up; he got out at the left door in his white costume: the ground was dirty: he did not like to step upon it with his white silk shoes, but was obliged to do so at last.

"Napoleon alighted to receive him. They embraced; and the emperor's carriage, which had been purposely driven up, was advanced a few paces, as if from the carelessness of the driver; but men were posted to hold the two doors open: at the moment of getting in, the emperor took the right door, and an officer of the court handed the pope to the left, so that they entered the carriage by the two doors at the same time. The emperor naturally seated himself on the right; and this first step decided, without negotiation, upon the etiquette to be observed during the whole time that the pope was to remain in Paris."—*Editor.*

## CHAPTER LXXII.

### 1804.

Honours rendered to the pope—His apartments at the Tuileries—His visit to the imperial printing-office—Paternal rebuke—Effect produced in England by the pope's presence in Paris—Preparations for Napoleon's coronation—Votes in favour of hereditary succession—Convocation of the legislative body—The presidents of cantons—Anecdote related by Michot, the actor—Comparisons—Influence of the coronation on the trade of Paris—The insignia of Napoleon and the insignia of Charlemagne—The pope's mule—Anecdote of the notary Raguideau—Distribution of eagles in the Champ de Mars—Remarkable coincidence.

After the conference between the pope and the emperor at Fontainebleau, Pius VII. set off for Paris first. On the road the same honours were paid to him as to the emperor. Apartments were prepared for him in the Pavilion de Flore in the Tuileries,

and his bedchamber was arranged and furnished in the same manner as his chamber in the palace of Monte-Cavallo, his usual residence in Rome. The pope's presence in Paris was so extraordinary a circumstance that it was scarcely believed, though it had some time before been talked of. What, indeed, could be more singular than to see the head of the church in a capital, where four years previously the altars had been overturned, and the few faithful who remained had been obliged to exercise their worship in secret! The pope became the object of public respect and general curiosity. I was exceedingly anxious to see him, and my wish was gratified on the day when he went to visit the imperial printing-office, then situated where the bank of France now is.

A pamphlet, dedicated to the pope, containing the "Pater Noster," in five hundred and fifty different languages, was struck off in the presence of his holiness. During this visit to the printing-office, an ill-bred young man kept his hat on in the pope's presence. Several persons, indignant at this indecorum, advanced to take off the young man's hat. A little confusion arose, and the pope observing the cause of it, stepped up to the young man, and said to him, in a tone of kindness truly patriarchal, "Young man, uncover, that I may give thee my blessing. An old man's blessing never yet harmed any one." This little incident deeply affected all who witnessed it. The countenance and figure of Pope Pius VII. commanded respect. David's admirable portrait is a living likeness of him.

The pope's arrival at Paris produced a great sensation in London, greater indeed there than any where else, notwithstanding the separation of the English church from the church of Rome. The English ministry now spared no endeavours to influence public opinion by the circulation of libels against Bonaparte. The cabinet of London found a twofold advantage in encouraging this system, which not merely excited irritation against the powerful enemy of England, but diverted from the British government the clamour which some of its measures were calculated to create. Bonaparte's indignation against England was roused to the utmost extreme, and in truth, this indignation was in some degree a national feeling in France.

Napoleon had heard of the success of Caffarelli's negotiation previous to his return to Paris, after his journey to the Rhine. On arriving at Saint-Cloud he lost no time in ordering the preparations for his coronation. Every thing aided the fulfilment of his wishes. On the 28th of November, the pope arrived at Paris, and two days after, viz., on the 1st of December, the senate presented to the emperor the votes of the people for the establishment of hereditary succession in his family; for as it was pretended that the assumption of the title of emperor was no way prejudicial to the republic, the question of hereditary succession only had been proposed for public sanction. Sixty

thousand registers had been opened in different parts of France; at the offices of the ministers, the prefects, the mayors of the communes, notaries, solicitors, &c. France at that time contained one hundred and eight departments; and there were three millions five hundred and seventy-four thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight voters. Of these only two thousand five hundred and sixty-nine voted against hereditary succession. Bonaparte ordered a list of the persons who had voted against the question, to be sent him, and he often consulted it. They proved to be not royalists, but for the most part staunch republicans. To my knowledge many royalists abstained from voting at all, not wishing to commit themselves uselessly, and still less to give their suffrages to the author of the Duke d'Enghien's death. For my part, I gave my vote in favour of hereditary succession in Bonaparte's family; my situation, as may well be imagined, did not allow me to do otherwise.

Since the month of October, the legislative body had been convoked to attend the emperor's coronation. Many deputies arrived, and with them a swarm of those presidents of cantons who had occupied a conspicuous place in the annals of ridicule, at the close of the year 1804. They became the objects of all sorts of witticisms and jests. The obligation of wearing swords, made their appearance very grotesque. As many droll stories were told of them, as were ten years afterwards related of those who were styled the voltigeurs of Louis XIV. One of these anecdotes was so exceedingly ludicrous, that though it was probably a mere invention, yet I cannot refrain from relating it. A certain number of these presidents was one day selected to be presented to the pope; and as most of them were very poor, they found it necessary to combine economy with the etiquette necessary to be observed under the new order of things. To save the expense of hiring carriages, they therefore proceeded to the Pavilion de Flore, on foot, taking the precaution of putting on gaiters to preserve their white silk stockings from the mud which covered the streets, for it was then the month of December. On arriving at the Tuileries, one of the party put his gaiters into his pocket. It happened that the pope delivered such an affecting address that all present were moved to tears, and the unfortunate president, who had disposed of his gaiters in the way just mentioned, drew them out instead of his handkerchief, and smeared his face over with mud. The pope is said to have been much amused at this mistake. If this anecdote should be thought too puerile to be repeated here, I may observe that it afforded no small merriment to Bonaparte, who made Michot, the actor, relate it to the empress at Paris one evening after a court performance.

Napoleon had now attained the avowed object of his ambition; but his ambition receded before him like a boundless horizon. On the 1st of December, the day on which the senate

presented to the emperor the result of the votes for hereditary succession, François de Neufchâteau delivered an address to him, in which there was no want of adulatory expressions. As president of the senate he had had some practice in that style of speech-making; and he only substituted the eulogy of the monarchical government for that of the republican government *a sempre bene*, as the Italians say.

If I wished to make comparisons, I could here indulge in some curious ones. Is it not extraordinary that Fontainebleau should have witnessed, at the interval of nearly ten years, Napoleon's first interview with the pope, and his last farewell to his army, and that the senate, who had previously given such ready support to Bonaparte, should in 1814 have pronounced his abdication at Fontainebleau!

The preparations for the coronation proved very advantageous to the trading classes of Paris. Great numbers of foreigners and people from the provinces visited the capital, and the return of luxury and the revival of old customs gave occupation to a variety of tradespeople who could get no employment under the Directory, such as saddlers, carriage-makers, lacemen, embroiderers, and others. By these positive interests were created more partisans of the empire than by opinion and reflection; and it is but just to say that trade had not been so active for a dozen years before. The imperial crown-jewels were exhibited to the public at Biennais the jeweller's. The crown was of a light form, and with its leaves of gold, it less resembled the crown of France, than the antique crown of the Cæsars. These things were afterwards placed in the public treasury, together with the imperial insignia of Charlemagne, which Bonaparte had ordered to be brought from Aix-la-Chapelle. But while Bonaparte was thus priding himself in his crown, and his imagined resemblance to Charlemagne, Mr. Pitt, lately recalled to the ministry, was concluding at Stockholm, a treaty with Sweden, and agreeing to pay a subsidy to that power to enable it to maintain hostilities against France. This treaty was concluded on the 3d of December, the day after the coronation.

It cannot be expected that I should enter into a detail of the ceremony which took place on the 2d of December. The glitter of gold, the waving plumes, and richly-caparisoned horses of the imperial procession: the mule which preceded the pope's cortège, and occasioned so much merriment to the Parisians, have already been described over and over again. I may, however, relate an anecdote connected with the coronation, told me by Josephine, and which is exceedingly characteristic of Napoleon.

When Bonaparte was paying his addresses to Madame de Beauharnais, neither the one nor the other kept a carriage; and, therefore, Bonaparte frequently accompanied her when she walked out. One day they went together to the notary Raguideau, one of the shortest men I think I ever saw in my life. Madame de

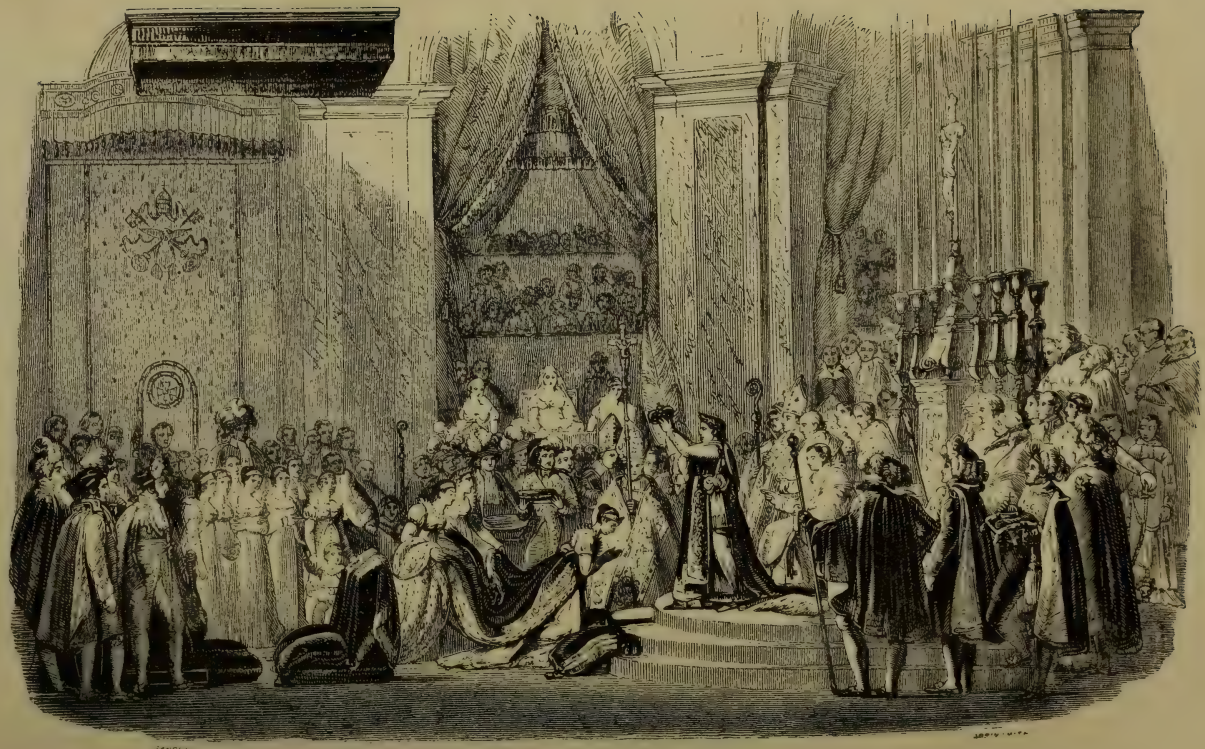
Beauharnais placed great confidence in him, and went there on purpose to acquaint him of her intention to marry the young general of artillery—the protégé of Barras. Josephine went alone into the notary's cabinet, while Bonaparte waited for her in an adjoining room. The door of Raguideau's cabinet did not shut close, and Bonaparte plainly heard him dissuading Madame de Beauharnais from her projected marriage:—"You are going to take a very wrong step," said he, "and you will be sorry for it. Can you be so mad as to marry a young man who has nothing but his cloak and his sword?" Bonaparte, Josephine told me, had never mentioned this to her, and she never supposed that he had heard what fell from Raguideau. "Only think, Bourrienne," continued she, "what was my astonishment when, dressed in the imperial robes on the coronation-day, he desired that Raguideau might be sent for, saying that he wished to see him immediately; and when Raguideau appeared, he said to him, 'Well! have I nothing but my cloak and my sword now?'" Though Bonaparte had related to me almost all the circumstances of his life, as they occurred to his memory, he never once mentioned this affair of Raguideau, which he only seemed to have suddenly recollected on his coronation-day.

The day after the coronation, all the troops in Paris were assembled in the Champ de Mars, that the imperial eagles might be distributed to each regiment, in lieu of the national flags. A throne was erected in front of the Military School, which, though now transformed into a barrack, must have recalled to Bonaparte's mind some singular recollections of his boyhood. At a given signal all the columns closed and approached the throne. Then Bonaparte, rising, gave orders for the distribution of the eagles, and delivered the following address to the deputations of the different corps of the army:

"Soldiers, behold your colours: these eagles will always be your rallying-point. They will always be where your emperor may think them necessary for the defence of his throne and his people. Swear to sacrifice your lives to defend them, and by your courage to keep them constantly in the path of victory. —Swear!"

It would be impossible to describe the acclamations which followed this address; there is something so seductive in popular enthusiasm, that even indifferent persons cannot help yielding to its influence. And yet, the least reflection would have shown how shamefully Napoleon forswore the declaration he made to the senate, when the organic senatus consultum for the foundation of the empire was presented to him at Saint-Cloud. On that occasion he said, "The French people shall never be my people!" And yet the day after his coronation his eagles were to be carried wherever they might be necessary for the defence of *his people.*

By a singular coincidence while, on the 2d of December, 1804,



Coronation of Napoleon and Josephine.

Vol. i., page 661.

Bonaparte was receiving from the head of the church the imperial crown of France, Louis XVIII., who was then at Colmar, prompted as it were by an inexplicable presentiment, drew up and signed a declaration to the French people, in which he declared that he then swore never to break the sacred bond which united his destiny to theirs, never to renounce the inheritance of his ancestors, or to relinquish his rights.

*Note.*—M. de Bourrienne's omission relative to the imperial coronation may be supplied by the following extracts:

"The interior of the church of Notre Dame had been newly painted; galleries and pews magnificently adorned had been erected, and they were thronged with a prodigious concourse of spectators.

"The imperial throne was placed at the end of the nave, opposite the principal entrance, and on a very elevated platform. The pontifical throne was in the choir, beside the high altar.

"The pope set out from the Tuileries, and proceeded along the quay to the archiepiscopal palace, whence he repaired to the choir by a private entrance.

"The emperor set out with the empress by the Carrousel. The procession passed along the Rue St. Honoré to the Rue des Lombards, then the Pont au Change, the Palace of Justice, the court of Notre Dame, and entered the archbishop's palace. Here rooms were prepared for the whole of the retinue, each of whom dressed in state for the occasion: some appeared in the costume of their posts of honour, others in their uniforms.

"On the outside of the church had been erected a long wooden gallery from the archiepiscopal palace to the principal entrance of the church. By this gallery came the emperor's retinue, which presented a truly magnificent sight. The procession was opened by the already numerous body of courtiers: next came the marshals of the empire wearing their honours; then the dignitaries and high officers of the crown; and lastly, the emperor in a dress of state. At the moment of his entering the cathedral there was a simultaneous shout, which made but one explosion, of *Vive l'Empereur*. The immense quantity of figures which appeared on the sides of this vast edifice formed a tapestry of the most extraordinary kind.

"The procession passed along the middle of the nave, and arrived at the choir facing the high altar. This scene was not less imposing; the galleries round the choir were filled with the handsomest women whom the best company could produce, and most of whom rivalled in the lustre of their beauty that of the jewels with which they were covered

"His holiness went to meet the emperor at a desk which had been placed in the middle of the choir; there was another on one side for the empress. After saying a short prayer there, they returned, and seated themselves on the throne at the end of the church facing the choir; there they heard mass, which was said by the pope. They went to make the offering, and came back; they then descended from the platform of the throne, and walked in procession to receive the holy unction. The emperor and empress, on reaching the choir, replaced themselves at their desks, where the pope performed the ceremony.

"He presented the crown to the emperor, who received it, put it himself upon his head, took it off, placed it on that of the empress, removed it again, and laid it on the cushion where it was at first. A smaller crown was immediately put upon the head of the empress. All the arrangements had been made beforehand; she was surrounded by her ladies; every thing was done in a moment, and nobody perceived the substitution which had taken place. The procession moved back to the platform. The emperor there heard *Te Deum;* the pope himself went thither at the conclusion of the service, as if to say, *Ite, missa est.* The Testament was presented to the emperor, who took off his glove, and pronounced his oath, with his hand upon the sacred book.

"He went back to the archbishop's palace the same way that he had come, and entered his carriage. The ceremony was very long; the procession re-

turned by the Rue St. Martin, the Boulevard, the Place de la Concorde, and the Pont Tournant: it was getting dusk when the emperor arrived at the Tuileries."

The gossip of our première femme-de-chambre on the subject of the coronation is very amusing.

"A great many persons in the palace sat up the whole of the night which preceded that great day. I will mention a fact, which, though not important in itself, may serve to give an idea of the busy confusion in which we all were; it is this: I was obliged that day to have my head dressed at five o'clock in the morning. When, at the break of day, we entered the empress's apartments, I was already dressed, *en grande toilette*, for the ceremony at the cathedral, whither I was to repair as soon as her majesty's toilet should be completed, having duties to perform there. As soon as the empress was dressed I set out, having in my carriage her imperial mantle and crown. . . . . Arriving at Notre Dame a considerable time before the procession, I was conducted into an apartment which had been prepared for their majesties. All the imperial family were introduced therein successively as they arrived. I fastened on the imperial mantle, and the princesses put their toilet in fresh order. When every thing was ready they formed in procession, and so went into the cathedral, where every one according to his or her rank took up a place which had been previously assigned. *It was exactly like a theatrical representation, for all the parts had been studied beforehand, and we had even had several general rehearsals at the palace, where, by the emperor's orders, M. Isabey, the artist, had modelled a sacre in high relief, to serve as a guide.* Messieurs the masters of the ceremonies played the part of prompters, they being charged with the duty of reminding each of the great personages figuring in the august ceremony, as to where he was to go, and what he was to do. I followed the procession with some other ladies of her majesty's household, and was so fortunate as to get placed in the gallery of the empress, whence I perfectly saw all the ceremony in its greatest details; but there already exist so many descriptions of it that I need not repeat what every one knows. And, in fine, who does not know that the emperor put the crown on his head with his own hands, having first received the pope's benediction and consecration, and that he afterwards crowned the empress himself.

"On the day of the *sacre* the weather was cold and frosty; we were all dressed as if for a well-heated drawing-room, and our only protection against the cold, our cachemire shawls, we were obliged to take off as we entered the gallery. I believe I never suffered so much from cold in all the days of my life, but people do not enter the service of the great to enjoy their comforts, and this I perceived above all on that day, and in more ways than one. I sat out in such a hurry, I had been so confused ever since the preceding day, that I forgot to take my breakfast; and thus the pangs of hunger came to join themselves with the lively sufferings of cold. I never knew that while I was waiting to put on her majesty's mantle an excellent breakfast had been served up in the archbishop's apartments for all the retinue. This was very unlucky, and when the beautiful sacred music of M. Lesueur was performed in the cathedral, I had good grounds for judging of the truth of the old proverb, which says, *Ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles* (a hungry belly has got no ears).

"When the ceremony was over their majesties returned to their apartment. Never have I seen on any physiognomy such an expression of joy, content, and happiness as that which then animated the countenance of the empress: her face was radiant. The crown just fixed on her forehead by her husband had settled her future lot, and seemed calculated to dissipate for ever those rumours of divorce which had long vexed her ears, and which had been repeated to her even by the emperor's own family. . . . . On the return from Notre Dame I arrived at the Tuileries some time before their majesties. Cold, hunger, and the bad night I had passed, gave me such a headache, that I was obliged to go to bed, and thus I saw nothing of the other ceremonies which took place that day. What I know is, that by the evening the empress was completely exhausted—but, at last, she was a crowned empress!"—*Mémoires de Mademoiselle Avrillion.* (*Editor.*)

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

### 1805.

Remarkable events cotemporary with Napoleon's coronation—Bonaparte's letter to the King of England—Pretended wish for peace—The Spanish fleet—Remarks on the law of neutrality—Acts of hostility against Spain—Bad policy of the English cabinet—Lord Malmesbury's letter to the minister for foreign affairs—Festivals—Opening of the sittings of the legislative body—Napoleon and Charlemagne—My appointment as minister plenipotentiary at Hamburg—My interview with Bonaparte at Malmaison—Bonaparte's designs respecting Italy—His wish to revisit Brienne—Instructions for my residence in Hamburg—Regeneration of European society—Bonaparte's plan of making himself the oldest sovereign in Europe—Amédée Jaubert's mission—Commission from the emperor to the empress—My conversation with Madame Bonaparte.

Two very important changes in the policy of Europe were cotemporary with Napoleon's coronation. First, the treaty concluded at Stockholm between England and Sweden; and second, the declaration of war between Spain and England. These two events were quickly followed by the death of Mr. Pitt, which took place in January, 1805.

The emperor, under these serious circumstances, wishing to turn to account the influence of religious ideas, and the importance which the presence of the head of the catholic church might give to his coronation, affected to consider himself only half a sovereign, until the votes of the senate should be sanctioned by what is called the divine right. He accordingly made no attempt to get the King of England to acknowledge him as emperor before his consecration on the 2d of January: but, one month after that event, he wrote him a letter, couched in a more lofty style than the one he had despatched immediately after the 18th Brumaire.

This letter, which commenced with the words, "Monsieur, mon frère," was a masterpiece of deceit; for the emperor certainly would have been much annoyed at a renewal of peace with the English government, especially since the declaration of war by Spain against England had placed at his disposal the Spanish fleet, of more than sixty ships, under the command of

Admiral Gravina. England, chagrined at the impotence of all her efforts against France, sought to avenge herself in a way I shall not attempt to justify; for I consider it to be the duty of governments always to respect the rights of neutral states. Whatever might be the deference, or rather the submission of the cabinet of Madrid to that of the Tuileries, France alone was at war with England, none of the allies, with the exception of Holland, having made any demonstration of hostilities. Nothing, therefore, could justify the conduct of the British government towards Spain. Without any previous declaration of war, Admiral Moore insisted on searching four Spanish frigates bound to Cadiz from Mexico, with the treasures of that rich colony. The commander of the Spanish convoy opposed the search, and an engagement ensued, in which the Spaniards, being opposed to a superior force, surrendered, after an obstinate resistance. Three of the frigates were captured, and the other was blown up. This outrage was not the only one Spain experienced at the hands of England. English ships burnt Spanish merchant-vessels, almost in the ports of the Peninsula, and intercepted and captured several convoys, although M. d'Anguada was still in London, as ambassador from Charles IV. These infractions of the law of nations irritated the King of Spain, or rather the too famous Prince of the Peace, to such a degree that war was declared against England, by the power she had so grievously injured.

The conduct of England, on this occasion, seems to have been not only blamable but very ill-judged and impolitic; and had the English cabinet been better informed of Napoleon's secret designs, it would never, in all probability, have fallen into so great an error, as to oblige, by acts of hostility, neutral powers, such as Spain, to join Napoleon's fortunes. Under these circumstances, when every thing seemed to promise that a continental war would not be long in offering food for his impatient genius, Napoleon addressed to the King of England the letter to which I have just alluded. Its object was to induce the belief that he wished for peace; but he could not possibly be deceived as to the effect which that communication would produce in London, and he could not, therefore, be surprised, when, instead of an answer from George III., whom he had been pleased to call his brother, M. de Talleyrand brought him a letter from Lord Malmesbury, addressed to the minister for foreign affairs. This correspondence is well known, as it has been published in all the journals of Europe.

Lord Malmesbury's letter made no great impression on the emperor, for it was delivered to him while he was in the very vortex of his glory, and loaded with the congratulations which poured into the Tuileries from all parts. The senate gave a magnificent fête in the gardens of the Luxembourg. The city of Paris also gave one, at which the emperor and empress were

present; in short the coronation of Napoleon was every where celebrated. Before the close of the year he convoked the legislative body, whose sittings he himself opened with imperial pomp on the 27th of December.

The year 1804 teemed with great events, and it would be difficult to find in history so many circumstances exercising so great an influence on the destinies of Europe, crowded together within the short space of twelve months. The first half of the year offered the melancholy spectacle of police machinations, of the cruel death of a young prince, and of a criminal trial, succeeded by executions and pardons. The second half of the year was marked by Bonaparte's elevation to the empire, by a journey into the new departments annexed to the French territory, and lastly by an event, perhaps the most extraordinary of modern times, the pope's journey to France, to dispose in the name of the church, of a throne unoccupied, but not vacant. The climax of all these events was the opening of the legislative body, to which the emperor addressed a speech which excited much attention at the time.

A throne was erected where the president's chair and desk formerly stood. The emperor having ascended the throne, and the oath being again taken, he delivered a speech, in which, among other things, he said—

"It would have been highly gratifying to me at this solemn period to have seen peace reign throughout the world; but the political principles of our enemies—their recent conduct towards Spain, sufficiently show the difficulty of fulfilling that wish. My object is not to aggrandize the territory of France, but to maintain that territory inviolate. I have no ambition to exercise a greater influence over the rest of Europe, but I will not lose any of the influence I have acquired. No new state shall be incorporated with the empire; but I will neither sacrifice my own rights, nor the bonds which attach me to the states I have created."

Scarcely had the pope returned to Italy, when it was reported, that the emperor intended to make a journey to Milan, the purpose of which was to transform the Cisalpine republic into the kingdom of Italy. This was merely a corollary from the transmutation of the consular republic into the French empire. By this measure, Napoleon completed the assimilation between himself and Charlemagne.*

I shall in the proper place relate all I know of this journey, which was destined to add the title of king to that of emperor, and also allude to those seeds of rupture which the extension of Napoleon's power fostered at St. Petersburg. But I must now

* Charlemagne took the iron crown of Desiderius, King of the Lombards. After the lapse of ten centuries, he had an imitator in the person of Napoleon, who proclaimed, I forget now on what occasion, that he was not the successor of Louis XIV., but of Charlemagne.

mention an event which concerns myself personally, namely, my appointment as minister plenipotentiary to the Dukes of Brunswick and Mecklenburg Schwerin, and to the Hanse towns.

This appointment took place on the 22d of March, 1805. Josephine, who had kindly promised to apprize me of what the emperor intended to do for me, as soon as she herself should know his intentions, sent a messenger to acquaint me with my appointment, and to tell me that the emperor wished to see me. I had not visited Josephine since her departure for Belgium. The pomps and ceremonies of the coronation had, I may say, dazzled me, and deterred me from presenting myself at the imperial palace, where I should have been annoyed by the etiquette which had been observed since the coronation. I cannot describe what a disagreeable impression that parade always produced on me. I could not all at once forget the time when I used without ceremony to go into Bonaparte's chamber and wake him at the appointed hour. As to Bonaparte, I had not seen him since he sent for me after the condemnation of Georges, when I saw that my candour relative to Moreau, was not displeasing to him. Moreau had since quitted France, without Napoleon's subjecting him to the application of the odious law which has only been repealed since the return of the Bourbons, and by virtue of which he was condemned to the confiscation of his property. Moreau sold his estate of Gros Bois to Berthier, and proceeded to Cadiz, whence he embarked for America. I shall not again have occasion to speak of him until the period of the intrigues into which he was drawn by the same influence which ruined him in France.

On the evening of the day when I received the kind message from Josephine, I had an official invitation to proceed the next day to Malmaison, where the emperor then was. I was much pleased at the idea of seeing him there, rather than at the Tuileries, or even at St. Cloud. Our former intimacy at Malmaison made me feel more at my ease respecting an interview, of which my knowledge of Bonaparte's character, led me to entertain some apprehension. Was I to be received by my old comrade of Brienne, or by his imperial majesty? I was received by my old college companion.

On my arrival at Malmaison I was ushered into the tent-room, leading to the library. How was I astonished at the good-natured familiarity with which he received me! He came up to me with a smile on his lips, took my hand (which he had never done since he was consul), pressed it affectionately, and it was impossible that I could look upon him as the Emperor of France, and the future King of Italy. Yet I was too well aware of his fits of pride to allow his familiarity to lead me beyond the bounds of affectionate respect. "My dear Bourrienne, said he, "can you suppose that the elevated rank I have attained has altered my feelings towards you? No. I do not attach importance to the glitter of imperial pomp; all that is meant for the people;

but I must still be valued according to my deserts. I have been very well satisfied with your services, and I have appointed you to a situation where I shall have occasion for them. I know that I can rely upon you." He then asked with great warmth of friendship what I was about, and inquired after my family, &c. In short, I never saw him display less reserve or more familiarity, and unaffected simplicity, which he did the more readily, because his greatness was now incontestable. "You know," added Napoleon, "that I set out in a week for Italy. I shall make myself king; but that is only a stepping-stone. I have greater designs respecting Italy. It must be a kingdom, comprising all the transalpine states, from Venice to the maritime Alps. The junction of Italy with France can only be temporary; but it is necessary, in order to accustom the nations of Italy to live under common laws. The Genoese, the Piedmontese, the Venetians, the Milanese, the inhabitants of Tuscany, the Romans, and the Neapolitans, hate each other. None of them will acknowledge the superiority of the other, and yet Rome is, from the recollections connected with it, the natural capital of Italy. To make it so, however, it is necessary that the power of the pope should be confined within limits purely spiritual. I cannot now think of this; but I will reflect upon it hereafter. At present I have only vague ideas on the subject; but they will be matured in time, and then all depends on circumstances. What was it told me when we were walking like two idle fellows, as we were, in the streets of Paris, that I should one day be master of France—my wish—merely a vague wish. Circumstances have done the rest. It is therefore wise to look into the future, and that I do. With respect to Italy, as it will be impossible with one effort to unite her so as to form a single power, subject to uniform laws, I will begin by making her French. All these little states will insensibly become accustomed to the same laws, and when manners shall be assimilated, and enmities extinguished, then there will be an Italy, and I will give her independence. But for that I must have twenty years, and who can count on the future? Bourrienne, I feel pleasure in telling you all this. It was locked up in my mind. With you I think aloud."

I do not believe that I have altered two words of what Bonaparte said to me respecting Italy, so perfect, I may now say without vanity, was my memory then, and so confirmed was my habit of fixing in it all that he said to me. After having informed me of his vague projects, Bonaparte with one of those transitions so common to him, said, "By the by, Bourrienne, I have something to tell you. Madame de Brienne has begged that I will pass through Brienne, and I promised that I will. I will not conceal from you that I shall feel great pleasure in again beholding the spot which for six years was the scene of our boyish sports and studies." Taking advantage of the emperor's good humour, I ventured to tell him what hap-

piness it would give me if it were possible that I could share with him the revival of all recollections which were mutually dear to us. But Napoleon, after a moment's pause, said with extreme kindness, "Hark ye, Bourrienne, in your situation and mine this cannot be. It is more than two years since we parted. What would be said of so sudden a reconciliation? I tell you frankly that I have regretted you, and the circumstances in which I have frequently been placed, have often made me wish to recal you. At Boulogne I was quite resolved upon it. Rapp, perhaps, has informed you of it. He liked you, and he assured me that he would be delighted at your return. But if upon reflection I changed my mind, it was because, as I have often told you, I will not have it said that I stand in need of any one. No. Go to Hamburg. I have formed some projects respecting Germany, in which you can be useful to me. It is there I will give a mortal blow to England. I will deprive her of the continent—besides, I have some ideas not yet matured, which extend much further. There is not sufficient unanimity amongst the nations of Europe. European society must be regenerated—a superior power must control the other powers, and compel them to live in peace with each other; and France is well situated for that purpose. For details you will receive instructions from Talleyrand; but I recommend you, above all things, to keep a strict watch on the emigrants. Woe to them if they become too dangerous! I know that there are still agitators—among them all the *Marquis de Versailles*, the courtiers of the old school. But they are moths who will burn themselves in the candle. You have been an emigrant yourself, Bourrienne; you feel a partiality for them, and you know that I have allowed upwards of two hundred of them to return upon your recommendation. But the case is altered. Those who are abroad are hardened. They do not wish to return home. Watch them closely. That is the only particular direction I give you. You are to be minister from France to Hamburg; but your place will be an independent one; besides your correspondence with the minister for foreign affairs, I authorize you to write to me personally, whenever you have any thing particular to communicate. You will likewise correspond with Fouché."

Here the emperor remained silent for a moment, and I was preparing to retire, but he detained me, saying in the kindest manner, "What, are you going already, Bourrienne? Are you in a hurry? Let us chat a little longer. God knows when we may see each other again!" Then after two or three moments' silence, he said, "The more I reflect on our situation, on our former intimacy, and our subsequent separation, the more I see the necessity of your going to Hamburg.....When do you think of setting out?"—"In May."—"In May?..... Ah, I shall be in Milan then, for I wish to stop at Turin. I like the Piedmontese; they are the best soldiers in Italy."—"Sire, the

King of Italy will be the junior of the Emperor of France."* "Ah! so you recollect what I said one day at the Tuileries; but, my dear fellow, I have yet a devilish long way to go before I gain my point."—"At the rate you are going you will not be long in reaching it."—"Longer than you imagine. I see all the obstacles in my way; but they do not alarm me. England is every where, and the struggle is between her and me. I see how it will be. The whole of Europe will be our instruments; sometimes serving one, sometimes the other; but at bottom the dispute is wholly between England and France.

"*A-propos*," said the emperor, changing the subject, for all who knew him are aware that this *à-propos* was his favourite, and, indeed, his only mode of transition; "*à-propos*, Bourrienne, you surely must have heard of the departure of Jaubert, and his mission. What is said on the subject?"—"Sire, I have only heard it slightly alluded to. His father, however, to whom he said nothing respecting the object of his journey, knowing I was intimate with Jaubert, came to me to ascertain whether I could allay his anxiety respecting a journey, of the duration of which he could form no idea. The precipitate departure of his son had filled him with apprehension. I told him the truth, viz., that Jaubert had said no more to me on the subject than to him."—"Then you do not know where he is gone?"—"I beg your pardon, Sire; I know very well."—"How, the devil!" said Bonaparte, suddenly turning on me a look of astonishment. "No one, I declare, has ever told me; but I guessed it. Having received a letter from Jaubert, dated Leipsic, I recollected what your majesty had often told me of your views respecting Persia and India. I have not forgotten our conversation in Egypt, nor the great projects which you unfolded to me to relieve the solitude, and sometimes the weariness of the cabinet of Cairo. Besides, I long since knew your opinion of Amédée, of his fidelity, his ability, and his courage. I felt convinced, therefore, that he had a mission to the Shah of Persia."—"You guessed right; but I beg of you, Bourrienne, say nothing of this to any person whatever. Secrecy on this point is of great importance. The English would do him an ill turn, for they are well aware that my views are directed against their possessions and their influence in the east."—"I think, Sire, that my answer to Amédée's worthy father is a sufficient guarantee for my discretion. Besides, it was a mere supposition on my part, and I could have stated nothing with certainty before your majesty had the kindness to inform me of the fact. .....

* I alluded to a conversation which I had with Napoleon when we first went to the Tuileries. He spoke to me about his projects of royalty, and I stated the difficulties which I thought he would experience in getting himself acknowledged by the old reigning families of Europe. "If it comes to that," he replied, "I will dethrone them all, and then I shall be the oldest sovereign among them."

Instead of going to Hamburg, if your majesty pleases, I will join Jaubert, accompany him to Persia, and undertake half his mission."—How! would you go with him?"—"Yes, Sire; I am much attached to him. He is an excellent man, and I am sure that he would not be sorry to have me with him."—"But ..... stop, Bourrienne ..... this, perhaps, would not be a bad idea. You know a little of the east. You are accustomed to the climate. You could assist Jaubert ..... But ..... No. Jaubert must be already far off. I fear you could not overtake him. And besides you have a numerous family. You will be more useful to me in Germany. All things considered, go to Hamburg—you know the country, and what is better, you speak the language."

I could see that Bonaparte still had something to say to me. As we were walking up and down the room, he stopped, and looking at me with an expression of sadness, he said, "Bourrienne, you must, before I proceed to Italy, do me a service. You sometimes visit *my wife*, and it is right; it is fit you should. You have been too long one of the family not to continue your friendship with her. Go to her. Endeavour, once more, to make her sensible of her mad extravagance. Every day I discover new instances of it, and it distresses me. When I speak to her on the subject I am vexed; I get angry—she weeps. I forgive her, I pay her bills—she makes fair promises; but the same thing occurs over and over again.* If she had only borne me a child! It is the torment of my life not to have a child. I plainly perceive that my power will never be firmly established until I have one. If I die without an heir, not one of my brothers is capable of supplying my place. All is begun, but nothing is ended. God knows what will happen! Go and see Josephine, and do not forget my injunctions."

Then he resumed the gaiety which he had exhibited at intervals during our conversation, for clouds driven by the winds do not traverse the horizon with such rapidity as different ideas and sensations succeeded each other in Napoleon's mind. He dismissed me with his usual nod of the head, and seeing him in

* "The emperor estimated the expenses of Malmaison to have been three or four hundred thousand francs. He then calculated the amount of the sums which the Empress Josephine must have received from him; and added, that with a little order and regularity, she might probably have left behind her fifty or sixty millions of francs. 'Her extravagance,' said the emperor, 'vexed me beyond measure. Calculator as I am, I would of course rather have given away a million of francs, than have seen a hundred thousand squandered away.' He informed me, that having one day unexpectedly broken in upon Josephine's morning circle, he found a celebrated milliner, whom he had expressly forbidden to go near the empress, as she was ruining her by extravagant demands. 'My unlooked-for entrance,' said he, 'occasioned great dismay in the academic sitting. I gave some orders unperceived to the individuals in attendance; and on the lady's departure she was seized and conducted to the Bicetre.'"—*Mémorial de Sainte Hélène.* (*Editor.*)

such good humour, I said on departing: "Well, Sire, you are going to hear the old bells of Brienne. I have no doubt they will please you better than the bells of Ruel." He replied, "That's true—you are right. Adieu!"

Such are my recollections of this conversation, which lasted for more than an hour and a half. We walked about all the time, for Bonaparte was indefatigable in audiences of this sort, and would, I believe, have walked and talked for a whole day without being aware of it. I left him, and according to his desire went to see Madame Bonaparte, which, indeed, I had intended to do before he requested it.

I found Josephine with Madame de la Rochefoucauld, who had long been in her suite, and who, a short time before, had obtained the title of lady of honour to the empress. Madame de la Rochefoucauld was a very amiable woman, of mild disposition, and was a favourite with Josephine. When I told the empress that I had just left the emperor, she, thinking that I would not speak freely before a third person, made a sign to Madame de la Rochefoucauld to retire. I had no trouble in introducing the conversation on the subject, concerning which Napoleon had directed me to speak to Josephine; for, after the interchange of a few indifferent remarks, she herself told me of a violent scene, which had occurred between her and the emperor two days before. "When I wrote to you yesterday," said she, "to announce your appointment, and to tell you that Bonaparte would recal you, I hoped that you would come to see me on quitting him, but I did not think that he would have sent for you so soon. Ah! how I wish that you were still with him, Bourrienne, you could make him hear reason. I know not who takes pleasure in bearing tales to him; but really I think there are persons busy every where in finding out my debts, and telling him of them."

These complaints, so sweetly uttered by Josephine, rendered less difficult the preparatory mission with which I commenced the exercise of my diplomatic functions. I acquainted Madame Bonaparte with all that the emperor had said to me. I reminded her of the affair of the twelve hundred thousand francs which we had settled with half that sum. I even dropped some allusions to the promises she had made.

"How can I help it?" said she. "Is it my fault?" Josephine uttered these words in a tone of sincerity which was at once affecting and ludicrous. "All sorts of beautiful things are brought to me," she continued; "they are praised up; I buy them—I am not asked for the money, and all of a sudden, when I have got none, they come upon me with demands for payment. This reaches Napoleon's ears, and he gets angry. When I have money, Bourrienne, you know how I employ it. I give it principally to the unfortunate who solicit my assistance, and to poor emigrants. But I will try to be more economical in future.

Tell him so if you see him again. But is it not my duty to bestow as much in charity as I can?"—"Yes, madame: but, permit me to say, that nothing requires greater discernment than the distribution of charity. If you had always sat upon a throne you might have supposed that your bounty always fell into the hands of the deserving; but you cannot be ignorant that it oftener falls to the lot of intriguers than to the meritorious needy. I cannot disguise from you that the emperor was very earnest when he spoke on this subject; and he desired me to tell you so."—"Did he reproach me with nothing else?"—"No, madame. You know the influence you have over him with respect to every thing but what relates to politics. Allow a faithful and sincere friend to prevail upon you seriously not to vex him on this point."—"Bourrienne, I give you my word. Adieu! my friend."

In communicating to Josephine what the emperor had said to me, I took care not to touch a chord which would have awakened feelings far more painful to her than even the emperor's harsh reproofs on account of her extravagance. Poor Josephine! how should I have afflicted her had I uttered a word of Bonaparte's regret at not having a child. She always had a presentiment of the fate that one day awaited her.

*Note.*—The story of the "celebrated milliner" arrested by Bonaparte, to which allusion is made in the note at page 278, is so amusingly told by our favourite femme-de-chambre, that we will find room for it here, and this we are the more inclined to do as the contrast between the conqueror of half Europe and the persecutor of a marchande de modes is most striking, and as the whole scene shows how Bonaparte could play the part of the *tyran domestique*.

"On another day I was witness of a scene which I should be tempted to call ridiculous, were it not for the respect I owe to their majesties' memories. I will report it as I saw it; the reader will characterize it as he thinks fit. The empress had been slightly indisposed: one of the most famous marchandes de modes of the day, Mademoiselle Despeaux, had come to offer her services to her majesty. She was waiting in the blue saloon that joined the bedroom, until she should be called for. At that very moment the emperor came down to see the empress, and the very first person that struck his eye in the blue saloon, through which he had to pass, was poor Mademoiselle Despeaux, armed with her band-boxes. 'Who are you?' he angrily exclaimed. When, trembling all over, she had declined her name, he rushed like a madman into his wife's chamber, gesticulating and crying out, 'Who sent for this woman? Who brought her here? I insist upon knowing it.' Every one of us made an excuse for herself, and the fact was nobody had written to summon Mademoiselle Despeaux, who had come of her own accord. Knowing that the empress was ill, she had fancied she might want some pretty, negligé cap, becoming to her delicate state. Our denials, however, only added fuel to the fire of the emperor's rage. He shouted like a maniac: 'I *will* know who has done this! I will throw you all into prison!' Now, at the moment of all this fury, the empress was bound head and feet (that is to say, her coiffeur was dressing her hair, and she was taking a foot bath). Women, hair-dresser and all, instantly took to flight, and I was left alone in a small cabinet adjoining the bedchamber. I confess that if I had obeyed my first impulse I should have decamped like the rest, but reflecting on the situation in which the empress found herself I would not leave her all alone. The emperor saw me, but did not say a word to me. A few moments after he came

hastily out of the bedroom, nor had the empress been able to calm him. As for herself she was trembling and pale, and I found her countenance sorely troubled.

"Such was the scene of which I was a witness, and now for the consequences. As soon as the emperor reached his own cabinet, he sent to summon the Duke de Rovigo (Savary) whom he ordered instantly to have Mademoiselle Despeaux arrested by the gendarmes, and then shut up in prison. The duke did all he could to prevent the emperor from committing such an act of injustice, but his representations and prayers were in vain: the emperor was obstinate in his will —the duke forced to obey: poor Mademoiselle Despeaux was arrested almost as soon as she got outside of the palace, and carried to the greffe (a sort of police station) where she passed the night.

In the meantime the empress, having been informed of this arrest, repaired to the emperor, who, the next morning, revoked his order and restored Mademoiselle Despeaux to liberty. It was quite time, poor thing! for this unexpected act of rigour had caused such a revolution in that demoiselle's condition that she fell sick and had a dangerous illness."—*Mémoires de Mademoiselle Avrillion.* (*Editor.*)

## CHAPTER LXXIV.

### 1805.

Napoleon and Voltaire—Demands of the holy see—Coolness between the pope and the emperor—Napoleon's departure for Italy—Last interview between the pope and the emperor at Turin—Alessandria—The field of Marengo—The last Doge of Genoa—Bonaparte's arrival at Milan—Union of Genoa to the French empire—Error in the Memorial of St. Helena—Bonaparte and Madame Grassini—Symptoms of dissatisfaction on the part of Austria and Russia —Napoleon's departure from Milan—Monument to commemorate the battle of Marengo—Napoleon's arrival in Paris and departure for Boulogne—Unfortunate result of a naval engagement—My visit to Fouché's country seat—Siéyès, Barras, the Bourbons, and Bonaparte — Observations respecting Josephine.

VOLTAIRE says, that it is very well kissing the feet of popes, provided their hands are tied. Notwithstanding the slight estimation in which Bonaparte held Voltaire, he, probably without being aware of this irreverent satire, put it into practice. The court of Rome gave him the opportunity of doing so shortly after his coronation. The pope, or rather the cardinals, his advisers, conceiving that so great an instance of complaisance as the journey of his holiness to Paris ought not to go for nothing, demanded a compensation, which, had they been better acquainted with Bonaparte's character and policy, they would never have dreamed of soliciting. The holy see demanded the restitution of Avignon, Bologna, and some parts of the Italian territory which had formerly been subject to the papal dominion. It may be imagined how such demands were received by Napoleon, particularly after he had obtained all he wanted from the

pope. It was, it must be confessed, a great mistake of the court of Rome, whose policy is usually so artful and adroit, not to make this demand till after the coronation. Had it been made the condition of the pope's journey to France, perhaps Bonaparte would have consented to give up, not Avignon, certainly, but the Italian territories, with the intention of taking them back again. Be this as it may, these tardy claims, which were peremptorily rejected, created an extreme coolness between Napoleon and Pius VII. The public did not immediately perceive it, but there is in the public an instinct of reason which the most able politicians never can impose upon; and all eyes were opened when it was known that the pope, after having crowned Napoleon as Emperor of France, refused to crown him as sovereign of the regenerated kingdom of Italy.

Napoleon left Paris on the 1st of April, to take possession of the iron crown at Milan. The pope remained some time longer in the French capital. The prolonged presence of his holiness was not without its influence on the religious feelings of the people; so great was the respect inspired by the benign countenance and mild manners of the pope. When the period of his persecutions arrived, it would have been well for Bonaparte had Pius VII. never been seen in Paris, for it was impossible to view in any other light than as a victim, the man whose truly evangelic meekness had been duly appreciated.

Bonaparte did not evince great impatience to seize the crown of Italy, which he well knew could not escape him. He staid a considerable time at Turin, where he resided in the Stupini palace, which may be called the Saint-Cloud of the kings of Sardinia. The emperor cajoled the Piedmontese. General Menou, who was made governor of Piedmont, remained there till Napoleon founded the general government of the transalpine departments in favour of his brother-in-law, the Prince of Borghese, of whom he would have found it difficult to make any thing else than a Roman prince. Napoleon was still at Turin when the pope passed through that city on his return to Rome. Napoleon had a final interview with his holiness, to whom he now affected to show the greatest personal deference. From Turin Bonaparte proceeded to Alessandria, where he commenced those immense works on which such vast sums were expended. He had many times spoken to me of his projects respecting Alessandria, for, as I have already observed, all his great measures as emperor, were merely the execution of projects conceived at a time when his future elevation could have been only a dream of the imagination. He one day said to Berthier, in my presence, during our sojourn at Milan, after the battle of Marengo, "With Alessandria in my possession, I should always be master of Italy. It might be made the strongest fortress in the world; it is capable of containing a garrison of forty thousand men, with provisions for six months.

Should insurrection take place, should Austria send a formidable force here, the French troops might retire to Alessandria, and stand a six months' siege. Six months would be more than sufficient, wherever I might be, to enable me to fall upon Italy, rout the Austrians, and raise the siege of Alessandria."

As he was so near the field of Marengo, the emperor did not fail to visit it, and, to add to this solemnity, he reviewed on the field all the corps of French troops who were in Italy. Rapp told me afterwards, that the emperor had taken with him, from Paris, the dress and the hat which he wore on the day of that memorable battle, with the intention of wearing them on the field where it was fought. He afterwards proceeded by the way of Casal to Milan.

There the most brilliant reception he had yet experienced awaited him. His sojourn at Milan was not distinguished by outward demonstrations of enthusiasm alone. M. Durazzo, the last Doge of Genoa, added another gem to the crown of Italy, by supplicating the emperor, in the name of the republic, of which he was the representative, to permit Genoa to exchange her independence for the honour of becoming a department of France. This offer, as may be guessed, was merely a plan contrived beforehand. It was accepted with an air of protecting kindness, and at the same moment that the country of Andrea Doria was effaced from the list of nations, its last doge was included among the number of French senators. Genoa, which formerly prided herself in her surname, the Superb, became the chief station of the twenty-seventh military division. The emperor went to take possession of the city in person, and slept in the Doria palace, in the bed where Charles V. had lain. He left M. Le Brun at Genoa as governor-general.

At Milan the emperor occupied the palace of Monza. The old iron crown of the kings of Lombardy was brought from the dust in which it had been buried, and the new coronation took place in the cathedral of Milan, the largest in Italy, with the exception of St. Peter's at Rome. Napoleon received the crown from the hands of the Archbishop of Milan, and placed it on his head, exclaiming, *Dieu me l'a donnée, gare à qui la touche.* This became the motto of the order of the iron crown, which the emperor founded, in commemoration of his being crowned King of Italy.

Napoleon was crowned in the month of May, 1805: and here I cannot avoid correcting some gross and inconceivable errors into which Napoleon must have voluntarily fallen at St. Helena. The Memorial states, "That the celebrated singer, Madame Grassini, attracted his attention at the time of the coronation." Napoleon alleges, that Madame Grassini on that occasion said to him, "When I was in the prime of my beauty and talent, all I wished was, that you would bestow a single look upon me.

That wish was not fulfilled, and now you notice me when I am no longer worthy your attention."

I confess I am at a loss to conceive what could induce Napoleon to invent such a story. He might have recollected his acquaintance with Madame Grassini at Milan, before the battle of Marengo. It was in 1800, and not in 1805, that I was first introduced to her, and I know that I several times took tea with her and Bonaparte in the general's apartments. I remember also another circumstance; which is that on the night when I awoke Bonaparte to announce to him the capitulation of Genoa, Madame Grassini also awoke. Napoleon was charmed with Madame Grassini's delicious voice, and if his imperious duties had permitted it, he would have listened with extasy to her singing for hours together.

Whilst Napoleon was at Milan, priding himself on his double sovereignty, some schemes began to be laid at Vienna and St. Petersburg, which I shall hereafter have occasion to notice. The emperor, indeed, gave cause for just complaint, by the fact of annexing Genoa to the empire, within four months after his solemn declaration to the legislative body, in which he pledged himself in the face of France and Europe not to seek any aggrandizement of territory. The pretext of a voluntary offer on the part of Genoa was too absurd to deceive any one. The rapid progress of Napoleon's ambition could not escape the observation of the cabinet of Vienna, which began to show increased symptoms of hostility. The change which was effected in the form of the government of the Cisalpine republic, was likewise an act calculated to excite remonstrances on the part of all the powers who were not entirely subject to the yoke of France. He disguised the taking of Genoa under the name of a gift, and the possession of Italy under the appearance of a mere change of denomination. Notwithstanding these flagrant outrages, the exclusive apologists of Napoleon have always asserted, that he did not wish for war, and he himself maintained that assertion at St. Helena. It is said that he was always attacked, and hence a conclusion is drawn in favour of his love of peace. I acknowledge Bonaparte would never have fired a single musket-shot if all the powers of Europe had submitted to be pillaged by him one after the other without opposition. It was in fact declaring war against them, to place them under the necessity of breaking a peace, during the continuance of which he was augmenting his power, and gratifying his ambition, as if in defiance of Europe. In this way Napoleon commenced all the wars in which he was engaged, with the exception of that which followed the peace of Marengo, and which terminated in Moreau's triumph at Hohenlinden. As there was no liberty of the press in France, he found it easy to deceive the nation. He was in fact attacked, and thus he enjoyed the pleasure of undertaking his great military expeditions without being responsible in the event of failure.

During the emperor's stay in the capital of the new kingdom of Italy, he received the first intelligence of the dissatisfaction of Austria and Russia. That dissatisfaction was not of recent date. When I entered on my functions at Hamburg, I learned some curious details (which I will relate in their proper place), respecting the secret negotiations which had been carried on for a considerable time previously to the commencement of hostilities. Even Prussia was no stranger to the dissatisfaction of Austria and Russia; I do not mean the king, but the cabinet of Berlin, which was then under the control of Chancellor Hardenberg; for the King of Prussia had always personally declared himself in favour of the exact observance of treaties, even when their conditions were not honourable. Be that as it may, the cabinet of Berlin, although dissatisfied in 1805, with the rapid progress of Napoleon's ambition, was nevertheless constrained to conceal its discontent, owing to the presence of the French troops in Hanover.

On returning from Milan, the emperor ordered the erection of a monument on the Great St. Bernard, in commemoration of the victory of Marengo. M. Denon, who accompanied Napoleon, told me that he made a useless search to discover the body of Desaix, which Bonaparte wished to be buried beneath the monument; and that it was at length found by General Savary. It is therefore certain that the ashes of the brave Desaix repose on the summit of the Alps.*

The emperor arrived in Paris about the end of June, and in-

* On his return to Paris, after the battle of Marengo, he resolved to perpetuate the memory of the conquest of Italy, by erecting, in the hospital of the Great St. Bernard, a monument which should attest to future ages that glorious epoch in the history of our arms. He directed M. Denon to go and survey the spot, and to submit to him various plans; out of these he had selected one, and the building was just finished while the emperor was at Milan. He resolved to have it solemnly inaugurated, and the remains of General Desaix, surrounded with the laurels amid which he had fallen, removed thither. A small column was formed of the deputations of different regiments of the army of Italy, and of a civil deputation of Italians, who were to proceed from Milan to the hospital of Mount St. Bernard. Every thing was arranged, when M. Denon came to inform the emperor that the body of General Desaix was not to be found. The emperor recollected the order which he had given to me on the field of battle at Marengo, and desired me to neglect no means for discovering what had been done with it. M. Denon assured me that he had made many inquiries without success. I begged him to come with me just for an hour, and conducted him straightway to the convent where I had caused the body of General Desaix to be deposited. The monastery had been secularized; one of the monks only was left there: at the first question he comprehended what I wanted: he took me into a little sacristy, contiguous to a chapel, and there I found the body of General Desaix, in the same place, and in the same state, in which I had left it some years before, after having had it embalmed, then put into a leaden coffin, then into one of copper, and, lastly, the whole enclosed in a wooden one. M. Denon rejoiced at this discovery, for he was afraid that he should be obliged to perform the ceremony without the remains of the illustrious general who was the object of it.

Since that time General Desaix has reposed in the church of Mount St. Bernard.—*Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo.* (*Editor.*)

stantly set off for the camp at Boulogne. It was now once more believed that the project of invading England would be accomplished. This idea obtained the greater credit, because Bonaparte caused some experiments for embarkation to be made in his presence. These experiments, however, led to no result. About this period, a fatal event but too effectually contributed to strengthen the opinion of the inferiority of our navy. A French squadron, consisting of fifteen ships, fell in with the English fleet commanded by Admiral Calder, who had only nine vessels under his command, and in an engagement, which there was every reason to expect would terminate in our favour, we had the misfortune to lose two ships. The invasion of England was as little the object of this, as of the previous journey to Boulogne: all Napoleon had in view, was to stimulate the enthusiasm of the troops, and to hold out those threats against England which he conceived necessary for diverting attention from the real motive of his hostile preparations, which was to invade Germany, and repulse the Russian troops, who had begun their march towards Austria. Such was the true object of Napoleon's last journey to Boulogne.

I had been some time at Hamburg, when these events took place, and it was curious to observe the effect they produced. But I must not forget one circumstance in which I am personally concerned, and which brings me back to the time when I was in Paris. My new title of minister plenipotentiary obliged me to see a little more of society than during the period when prudence required me to live as it were in retirement. I had received sincere congratulations from Duroc, Rapp, and Lauriston, the three friends who had shown the greatest readiness to serve my interests with the emperor: and I had frequent occasion to see M. Talleyrand, as my functions belonged to his department. The emperor, on my farewell audience, having informed me that I was to correspond directly with the minister of the general police, I called on Fouché, who invited me to spend some days at his estate of Pont-Carré. I accepted the invitation because I wanted to confer with him, and I spent Sunday and Monday, the 28th and 29th of April, at Pont-Carré.

Fouché, like the emperor, frequently revealed what he intended to conceal; but he had such a reputation for cunning, that this sort of indiscretion was attended by no inconvenience to him. He was supposed to be such a constant dissembler, that those who did not know him well, looked upon the truth when he spoke it, merely as an artful snare laid to entrap them. I, however, knew that celebrated person too well to confound his cunning with his indiscretion. The best way to get out of him more than he was aware of, was to let him talk on without interruption. There were very few visiters at Pont-Carré, and during the two days I spent there I had several conversations with Fouché. He told me a great deal about the events of

1804, and he congratulated himself on having advised Napoleon to declare himself emperor. "I have no preference," said Fouché, "for one form of government more than another. Forms signify nothing. The first object of the revolution was not the overthrow of the Bourbons, but merely the reform of abuses, and the destruction of prejudices. However, when it was discovered that Louis XVI. had neither firmness to refuse what he did not wish to grant, nor good faith to grant what his weakness had led him to promise, it was evident that the Bourbons could no longer reign over France; and things were carried to such a length, that we were under the necessity of condemning Louis XVI. and resorting to energetic measures. You know all that passed up to the 18th Brumaire, and after. We all perceived that a republic could not exist in France: the question, therefore, was to ensure the perpetual removal of the Bourbons; and I believe the only means for so doing was to transfer the inheritance of their throne to another family. Some time before the 18th Brumaire, I had a conversation with Siéyès and Barras, in which it was proposed, in case of the Directory being threatened, to recal the Duke of Orleans; and I could see very well that Barras favoured that suggestion, although he alluded to it merely as a report that was circulated about, and recommended me to pay attention to it. Siéyès said nothing, and I settled the question by observing, that if any such thing had been agitated, I must have been informed of it through the reports of my agents. I added, that the restoration of the throne to a collateral branch of the Bourbons would be an impolitic act, and would but temporarily change the position of those who had brought about the revolution. I rendered an account of this interview with Barras to General Bonaparte, the first time I had an opportunity of conversing with him after your return from Egypt. I sounded him, and I was perfectly convinced that in the state of decrepitude into which the Directory had fallen, he was just the man we wanted. I therefore adopted such measures with the police as tended to promote his elevation to the first magistracy. He soon showed himself ungrateful, and instead of giving me all his confidence, he tried to outwit me. He put into the hands of a number of persons various matters of police which were worse than useless. Most of their agents, who were my creatures, obeyed my instructions in their reports; and it often happened that the first consul thought he had discovered, through the medium of others, information that came from me, and of the falsehood of which I easily convinced him. I confess I was at fault on the 3d Nivose; but are there any human means of preventing two men, who have no accomplices, from bringing a plot to execution? You saw the first consul on his return from the opera: you heard all his declamations. I felt assured that the infernal machine was the work of the royalists. I told the emperor this, and he was,

I am sure, convinced of it; but he, nevertheless, proscribed a number of men on the mere pretence of their old opinions. Do you suppose I am ignorant of what he said of me, and of my vote at the National Convention? Most assuredly, it ill becomes him to reproach the conventionists. It was that vote which placed the crown upon his head. But for the situation in which we were placed by that event, which circumstances had rendered inevitable, what should we have cared for the chance of seeing the Bourbons return? You must have remarked, that the republicans, who were not conventionists, were in general more averse than we to the proceedings of the 18th Brumaire, as for example, Bernadotte and Moreau. I know positively that Moreau was averse to the consulate; and that it was only from irresolution that he accepted the custody of the Directory. I know also that he excused himself to his prisoners for the duty which had devolved upon him. They themselves told me this."

Fouché entered further into many details respecting his conduct, and the motives which had urged him to do what he did in favour of the first consul. My memory does not enable me to report all he told me, but I distinctly recollect that the impression made on my mind by what fell from him was, that he had acted merely with a view to his own interests. He did not conceal his satisfaction at having outwitted Regnier, and obliged Bonaparte to recal him. That he set in motion every spring calculated to unite the conspirators, or rather to convert the discontented into conspirators, is evident from the following remarks which fell from him: "With the information I possessed, had I remained in office, it is probable that I might have prevented the conspiracy; but Bonaparte would still have had to fear the rivalry of Moreau. He would not have been emperor, and we should still have had to dread the return of the Bourbons, of which, thank God, there is now no fear."

During my stay at Pont-Carré, I said but little to Fouché about my long audience with the emperor. However, I thought I might inform him that I was authorized to correspond directly with his majesty. I thought it useless to conceal this fact, since he would soon learn it through his agents. I also said a few words about Bonaparte's regret at not having children. My object was to learn Fouché's opinion on this subject, and it was not without a feeling of indignation that I heard him say, "It is to be hoped the empress will soon die. Her death will remove many difficulties. Sooner or later, he must take a wife who will bear him a child; for, as long as he has no direct heir, there is every chance that his death will be the signal for a revolution. His brothers are perfectly incapable of filling his place, and a new party would rise up in favour of the Bourbons; which must be prevented above all things. At present they are not dangerous, though they still have active and devoted

agents. Altona is full of them, and you will be surrounded by them. I beg of you to keep a watchful eye upon them, and render me a strict account of all their movements, and even of their most trivial actions. As they have recourse to all sorts of disguises, you cannot be too vigilant; therefore it will be advisable, in the first place, to establish a good system of espionage; but have a care of the spies who serve both sides, for they swarm in Germany."

This is all I recollect of my conversations with Fouché, at Pont-Carré. I returned to Paris to make preparations for my journey to Hamburg.

## CHAPTER LXXV.

### 1805.

The diplomatic body at Hamburg—Design of kidnapping me—Cruel treatment of a courier—Capitulation of Sublingen—Preparations for war—Utility of commercial information—My instructions—Inspection of the emigrants and the journals—A pamphlet by Kotzebue—Offers from the Emperor of Russia to Moreau—Fête in the camp of the King of Sweden—Portrait of Gustavus Adolphus by one of his ministers—Count de La Roque—Fouché's denunciations—Duels at Hamburg—M. de Gimel—The Hamburg Correspondent—The Emperor of Austria and M. Brockenhausen—The two Irish spies—Correspondence between Berthier and Bernadotte—Important letter from Bernadotte.

I LEFT Paris on the 20th of May, 1805. On the 5th of June following, I delivered my credentials to the senate of Hamburg, which was represented by the syndic Doormann and the senator Schutte. M. Reinhart, my predecessor, left Hamburg on the 12th of June.

On my arrival, the following were the representatives of the different foreign powers in Hamburg:

For Spain, Count de Rechteren, a pleasant man, a lover of good cheer, and fond of enjoying himself. His wife was a Spanish lady of high rank, possessed of the remains of beauty. The secretary to the Spanish embassy was M. Romanillos, a heavy, ill-educated, disagreeable man, who spoke French very badly, though he imagined he expressed himself with great elegance in that language, which made him very ridiculous.

For Prussia, Baron de Grote, a vain man, and an insufferable talker, full of his cordons and titles, destitute of resources, and exceedingly pliant to the wishes of all parties.

For Denmark, Baron Eybe, who was an absolute blank.

For England, Mr. Thornton. The war prevented me from

seeing him; but I was told that he was a very worthy man. Subsequent circumstances confirmed this report, and proved to me that he was both prudent and well-informed.

For Russia, M. Forshmann, an odd little man, quarrelsome, silly, and vain.

M. Gieffer, the Austrian chargé-d'affaires, was a very well-disposed man.

M. Schubach, one of the most respectable merchants in Hamburg, was the Portuguese chargé-d'affaires.

M. Reynoldt, the Dutch chargé-d'affaires, was a clever man, but he was self-sufficient and conceited. He has since then made his way in the world very tolerably.

The war prevented me from seeing M. Perron, the Swedish minister. I was sorry for this; because he was represented to me as a man of a prudent and a conciliatory disposition. He dissuaded Gustavus from his design of kidnapping me, which would have formed a pendant to the case of Sir George Rumbold, the English minister, who was carried off by Napoleon's order, while my predecessor was in Hamburg.

The reigning Dukes of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and Brunswick, to whom I had announced my arrival as accredited minister to them, wrote me letters recognising me in that character.

The following circumstance may be adduced as an additional proof of what I have said respecting the illegal measures resorted to by Napoleon's government. On my arrival in Hamburg, I learned that a courier, who was on his way from Vienna to England, had been arrested in a forest. After his despatches were taken from him, his hands were bound, and he was tied to a tree. The unfortunate man remained in this situation until an old woman, passing accidentally through the forest, untied him, and saved his life. During the six years of my residence in Hamburg, I never received any order of this kind, which was very fortunate, as I should certainly not have executed it.

General Walmoden had just signed the capitulation of Sublingen with Marshal Mortier, who had the command in Hanover. The English government refused to ratify this, because it stipulated that the troops should be prisoners of war. Bonaparte had two motives for relaxing this hard condition. He wished to keep Hanover as a compensation for Malta, and to assure the means of embarrassing and attacking Prussia, which he now began to distrust. By advancing upon Prussia he would secure his left, so that when convenient he might march northward. Mortier, therefore, received orders to reduce the conditions of the capitulation to the surrender of the arms, baggage, artillery, and horses. England, which was making great efforts to resist the invasion with which she thought herself threatened, expended considerable sums for the transport of the troops from Hanover to England. Her precipitation was indescribable, and she paid

the most exorbitant charges for the hire of ships. Several houses in Hamburg made fortunes on this occasion.

The Emperor of Austria had not yet acknowledged Napoleon as King of Italy, though his ambassador still remained in Paris. Now that Piedmont was united to France, and Italy subject to her laws, Austria could not see Napoleon at the head of so great a nation, and possessed of absolute power, without trembling for the consequences of his ambition. She therefore begun to think of war. England, who was not sorry to remove even the threat of invasion, excited the dissatisfaction of the Austrian cabinet. But I cannot admit that Napoleon was intent upon his expedition, when the hostility of Austria was manifested. He was not sorry for that hostility, as I think I have sufficiently shown, and he relinquished without regret his expensive and useless expedition against England.

According to my instructions, I was, on my arrival in Hamburg, to give every assurance that his imperial majesty would guarantee the constitution and tranquillity of Germany, and that he regarded that obligation as a most sacred duty. Yet, scarcely had I entered upon my functions, when Germany was ravaged by war, and the continental system was ruining every commercial town.

Experience has long since proved that it is not at their source that secret transactions are most readily known. The intelligence of an event frequently resounds at a distance, while the event itself is almost entirely unknown in the place of its occurrence. The direct influence of political events on commercial speculations, renders merchants exceedingly attentive to what is going on. All who are engaged in commercial pursuits form a corporation united by the strongest of all bonds, common interest; and commercial correspondence frequently presents a fertile field for observation, and affords much valuable information, which often escapes the inquiries of government agents.

I resolved to form a connexion with some of the mercantile houses which maintained extensive and frequent communications with the northern states. I knew that by obtaining their confidence I might gain a knowledge of all that was going on in Russia, Sweden, England, and Austria. Among the subjects upon which it was desirable to obtain information, I included negotiations, treaties; military measures—such as recruiting troops beyond the amount settled for the peace establishment, movements of troops, the formations of camps and magazines, financial operations, the fitting-out of ships, and many other things, which, though not important in themselves, frequently lead to the knowledge of what is important.

I was not inclined to place reliance on all public reports and gossiping stories circulated on the Exchange, without close investigation; for I wished to avoid transmitting home as truths, what might frequently be mere stock-jobbing inventions. I was

instructed to keep watch on the emigrants, who were exceedingly numerous in Hamburg and its neighbourhood, Mecklenburg, Hanover, Brunswick, and Holstein; but I must observe, my inspection was to extend only to those who were known to be actually engaged in intrigues and plots.

I was also to keep watch on the state of the public mind, and on the journals which frequently give it a wrong direction, and to point out those articles in the journals which I thought censurable. At first I merely made verbal representations and complaints, but I could not always confine myself to this course. I received such distinct and positive orders, that, in spite of myself, inspection was speedily converted into oppression. Complaints against the journals filled one-fourth of my despatches.

Having learned that the desertion of the French troops stationed in Hanover was very considerable, I ordered the arrest of a man named Jocquin, who had deserted from Luneburg, and had been in Hamburg about a year. This example put a stop to desertion.

As the emperor wished to be made acquainted with all that was printed against him, I sent to Paris, in May, 1805, and consequently a very few days after my arrival in Hamburg, a pamphlet of the celebrated Kotzebue, entitled "Recollections of my Journey to Naples and Rome." This publication, which was printed at Berlin, was full of indecorous attacks and odious allusions on the emperor.

I was informed at that time, through a certain channel, that the Emperor Alexander had solicited General Moreau to enter his service, and take the command of the Russian infantry. He offered him twelve thousand rubles to defray his travelling expenses. At a subsequent period, Moreau unfortunately accepted these offers, and died in the enemy's ranks.

Gustavus, King of Sweden, who loved to make himself talked about, gave a grand fête in the camp of Scania. The Swedish minister showed me an autograph letter from the king, directing him to get all the details of the fête inserted in the Correspondent.

On the 27th of June, M. Bouligny arrived at Hamburg. He was appointed to supersede M. d'Ocariz, at Stockholm. The latter minister had left Hamburg on the 11th of June, for Constantinople, where he did not expect to stay three months. I had several long conversations with him before his departure, and he did not appear to be satisfied with his destination. We frequently spoke of the King of Sweden, whose conduct M. d'Ocariz blamed. He was, he said, a young madman, who, without reflecting on the change of time and circumstances, wished to play the part of Gustavus Adolphus, to whom he bore no resemblance but in name. M. d'Ocariz spoke of the King of Sweden's camp in a tone of derision. That prince had returned to the King of Prussia the cordon of the Black Eagle, because the order had

been given to the first consul. I understood that Frederick William was very much offended at this proceeding, which was as indecorous and absurd as the return of the Golden Fleece by Louis XVIII. to the King of Spain was dignified and proper.*

Gustavus Adolphus was brave, enterprising, and chivalrous, but inconsiderate and irascible. He called Bonaparte *Monsieur Napoléon.* His follies and reverses in Hanover were, without doubt, the cause of his abdication. On the 31st of October, 1805, he published a declaration of war against France, in language highly insulting to the emperor. M. Bouligny was with me during a great portion of the ten days he spent at Hamburg. He was convinced that the folly of the King of Sweden would soon bring him to a rupture with Spain. I shall presently have occasion to notice Gustavus's grand expeditions, and their results.

Count de la Roque, an emigrant residing at Hamburg, received fourteen louis per month, as agent to the English government. Being at Hanover on some business, Marshal Bernadotte, who commanded there, gave orders for his arrest. M. de la Roque having received intimation of this, returned in haste to Hamburg. He produced to the questor his certificate of burgher of Hamburg, and, under the protection of that sacred title, he enjoyed full liberty. In the month of July I received orders to demand the removal, from Hamburg, of M. de la Roque, who was alleged to be a very active agent of the Bourbons, and an English spy. M. de la Roque, who had now retired to Altona, asked me to grant him an interview, in which he said he would prove to me his innocence. He told me in his letter, "That he had not feared to capitulate with a rebel and a man of low extraction." This was in allusion to a letter he was charged with having written to M. Chaptal, and which had excited suspicion. I returned him no answer, and there the matter rested; for M. de la Roque kept himself quiet.

Fouché overwhelmed me with letters filled with accusations. If I had attended to all his instructions, I should have left nobody unmolested. He asked me for information respecting a

* Of Gustavus IV. Napoleon spoke in the following terms at St. Helena:

"That prince," he said, "on his appearance in life announced himself as a hero, and terminated his career merely as a madman. He distinguished himself in his early days by some very remarkable traits. While yet under age, he was seen to insult Catherine by the refusal of her granddaughter, at the very moment, too, when that great empress, seated on her throne, and surrounded by her court, only waited for him to celebrate the marriage ceremony. At a later period he insulted Alexander in no less marked a way, by refusing, after Paul's death, to allow one of the new emperor's officers to enter his territory, and by answering to the official complaints addressed to him on the subject, that Alexander ought not to be displeased that he, Gustavus, who still deplored the assassination of his father, should close the entrance of his states against one of those accused by the public voice of having immolated his (Alexander's)."—*Mémorial de Sainte Hélène.* (*Editor.*)

man named Lazoret, of the department of Gard, a girl, named Rosine Zimbenni, having informed the police that he had been killed in a duel at Hamburg. I replied that I knew but of four Frenchmen who had been killed in that way; one, named Clément, was killed by Tarasson; a second, named Duparc, killed by Lezardi; a third, named Sadremont, killed by Revel; and a fourth, whose name I did not know, killed by Lafond. This latter had just arrived at Hamburg when he was killed; but he was not the man sought for.

Lafond was a native of Brabant, and had served in the British army. He insulted the Frenchman because he wore the national cockade. A duel was the consequence, and the offended party fell. M. Reynhard, my predecessor, wished to punish Lafond, but the Austrian minister having claimed him as the subject of his sovereign, he was not molested. Lafond took refuge in Antwerp, where he became a player.

During the first months which succeeded my arrival in Hamburg, I received orders for the arrest of many persons, almost all of whom were designated as dangerous and ill-disposed men. When I was convinced that the accusation was groundless, I postponed the arrest. The matter was then forgotten, and nobody complained.

A title, or a rank in foreign service, was a safeguard against the Paris inquisition. Of this the following is an instance: Count Gimel, of whom I shall hereafter have occasion to speak more at length, set out about this time for Carlsbad. Count Grote, the Prussian minister, frequently spoke to me of him. On my expressing apprehension that M. de Gimel might be arrested, as there was a strong prejudice against him, M. Grote replied, "Oh! there is no fear of that. He will return to Hamburg with the rank of an English colonel."

On the 17th of July, there appeared in the Correspondent an article exceedingly insulting to France. It had been inserted by order of Baron Novozilzow, who was at Berlin, and who had become very hostile to France, though it was said he had been sent from St. Petersburg on a specific mission to Napoleon. The article in question was transmitted from Berlin, by an extraordinary courier, and Novozilzow, in his note to the senate, said it might be stated that the article was inserted at the request of his Britannic majesty. The Russian minister at Berlin, M. Alopœus, despatched also an estafette to the Russian chargé-d'affaires at Hamburg, with orders to apply for the insertion of the article, which accordingly appeared. In obedience to the emperor's instructions, I complained of it, and the senate replied, that it never opposed the insertion of an official note sent by any government; that insults would redound against those from whom they came; that the reply of the French government would be published; and that the senate had never deviated from this mode of proceeding.

I observed to the senate, that I did not understand why the Correspondent should make itself the trumpet of M. Novozilzow; to which the syndic replied, that two great powers which might do them much harm, had required the insertion of the article, and that it could not be refused.*

The hatred of the foreign princes, which the death of the Duke d'Enghien had considerably increased, gave encouragement to the publication of every thing hostile to Napoleon. This truth was candidly avowed to me by the ministers and foreigners of rank whom I saw in Hamburg. The king of Sweden was most violent in manifesting the indignation which was generally excited by the death of the Duke d'Enghien. M. Wetterstadt, who had succeeded M. La Gerbielske in the cabinet of Stockholm, sent to the Swedish minister at Hamburg a long letter, exceedingly insulting to Napoleon. It was in reply to an article inserted in the Moniteur, respecting the return of the Black Eagle to the King of Prussia. M. Peyron, the Swedish minister at Hamburg, who was very far from approving all that his master did, transmitted to Stockholm some very energetic remarks on the ill effect which would be produced by the insertion of the article in the Correspondent. The article was then a little modified, and M. Peyron received formal orders to get it inserted. However, on my representations the senate agreed to suppress it, and it did not appear.

The Emperor of Austria refused to receive at his court as Prussian minister, M. Brockenhausen, who was sent by Frederick William to succeed M. Keller. I was positively informed that Francis II. alleged as the ground of this refusal, that M. Brockenhausen, when sent by Prussia to the Netherlands at the time of the insurrection under Vander Noot, had been an instigator rather than an observer.

Marshal Bernadotte, who had the command of the French troops in Hanover, kept up a friendly correspondence with me, unconnected with the duties of our respective functions.

Previous to my arrival in Hamburg in 1804, Marshal Berthier had recommended to Bernadotte two Irishmen as spies. Bernadotte employed them, but I learned that Mac-Mahon, one of the two, rendered himself more serviceable to England than to us. I communicated this fact to Bernadotte, who ascertained that my information was accurate. Berthier's letter was as follows:

I have the honour to inform you, Marshal, that two Irishmen, residing in Hamburg, MM. Durnin and Mac-Mahon, who had been liberally rewarded by the English government for coming to France to act as spies on the Irish refugees and the views of the French government, have offered their services to assist the designs of France in the cause of the United Irishmen.

* The circulation of the Hamburg Correspondent, at that time, was 27,000. At a later period it amounted to 60,000. It was a well-conducted and cheap journal, and was read in all parts of Germany. It was, at the time here alluded to, the most effective medium of publicity.

His Majesty wishes that you should accept the offer of these two Irishmen; that you should employ them in obtaining all possible information, and even furnish them with whatever money may be necessary.

For the sake of expedition, I have written on this subject to General Dessolle, who commands in Hanover during your absence, and I beg you will transmit to him the orders necessary for following the emperor's instructions.

I have the honour to be, &c.

BERTHIER.

This letter was so positive, that but for the information I had transmitted to him, Bernadotte would have conceived himself bound to employ the two men recommended to him. As it was, however, he rejected their services, in an answer couched in the following terms:

I have received your letter, my dear minister, and thank you for your attention in communicating to me the information it contains.

I never had great confidence in the intelligence or fidelity of Mac-Mahon. He was never intrusted with any business of importance, and if I furnished him with the means of subsistence, it was because he was recommended to me by the war minister, and besides, his unfortunate condition could not but excite pity. I at first allowed him four hundred francs per month; but finding him perfectly useless, I reduced that allowance to two hundred and fifty, which was barely sufficient for him to live on. He has not been at head-quarters for the last three months.

I enclose a copy of the letter which the war minister wrote to me respecting Mac-Mahon.

I expect soon to have the pleasure of seeing you. I leave this to-morrow, and shall be in Hamburg on the 7th or 8th, when I hope to have the happiness of assuring you verbally of my sincere friendship

T. BERNADOTTE.

On the occupation of Hanover, Mr. Taylor, the English minister at Cassel, was obliged to leave that place; but he soon returned in spite of the opposition of France. On this subject, Marshal Bernadotte furnished me with the following particulars:

I have just received, my dear Bourrienne, information which leaves no doubt of what has taken place at Cassel with respect to Mr. Taylor. That minister has been received in spite of the representations of M. Bignon, which, however, had previously been merely verbal. I know that the elector wrote to London to request that Mr. Taylor should not return. In answer to this, the English government sent him back. Our minister has done every thing he could to obtain his dismissal; but the pecuniary interests of the elector have triumphed over every other consideration. He would not risk quarrelling with the court from which he expects to receive more than twelve millions of francs. The British government has been written to a second time, but without effect. The elector himself, in a private letter, has requested the King of England to recal Mr. Taylor, but it is very probabel that the cabinet of London will evade this request.

Under these circumstances, our troops have approached nearer to Cassel. Hitherto, the whole district of Göttingen had been exempt from quartering troops. New arrangements, rendered necessary by the scarcity of forage, have obliged me to send a squadron of horse chasseurs to Minden, a little town four leagues from Cassel. This movement excited some alarm in the elector, who expressed a wish to see things restored to the same footing as before. He has requested M. Bignon to write to me, and to assure me again that he will be delighted to become acquainted with me at the waters of Nemidorff, where he intends to spend some time. But on this subject I shall not alter the determination I have already mentioned to you.

Yours, &c.

BERNADOTTE.

Stade, 10th Thermidor (July 29, 1805).

## CHAPTER LXXVI.

### 1805.

Treaty of alliance between England and Russia—Certainty of an approaching war—M. Forschmann, the Russian minister—Evacuation of Cuxhaven—Duroc's mission to Berlin—New project of the King of Sweden—Secret mission to the Baltic—Animosity against France—Facqs and his intrigues—Fall of the Exchange between Hamburg and Paris—Destruction of the first Austrian army—Taking of Ulm—The emperor's displeasure at the remark of a soldier—Battle of Trafalgar—Duroc's position at the court of Prussia—Armaments in Prussia—Libel upon Napoleon in the Hamburg Correspondent—Embarrassment of the syndic and burgomaster of Hamburg—The conduct of the Russian minister censured by the Swedish and English ministers.

AT the beginning of August, 1805, a treaty of alliance between Russia and England was spoken of. Some persons of consequence, who had the means of knowing all that was going on in the political world, had read this treaty, the principal points of which were communicated to me.

Article 1st stated, that the object of the alliance was to restore the balance of Europe. By art. 2d, the Emperor of Russia was to place 36,000 men at the disposal of England. Art. 3d stipulated that neither of the two powers would consent to treat with France, nor to lay down arms until the King of Sardinia should either be restored to his dominions, or receive an equivalent indemnity in the north-east of Italy. By art. 4th, Malta was to be evacuated by the English, and occupied by the Russians. By art. 5th, the two powers were to guarantee the independence of the republic of the Ionian Isles, and England was to pledge herself to assist Russia in her war against Persia. If this plan of a treaty, of the existence of which I was informed

on unquestionable authority, had been brought to any result, it is impossible to calculate what might have been its consequences.

At that time an immediate continental war was confidently expected by every person in the north of Europe; and it is very certain, that had not Napoleon taken the hint in time, and renounced his absurd schemes at Boulogne, France would have stood in a dangerous situation.

M. Forschmann, the Russian chargé-d'affaires, was intriguing to excite the north of Europe against France. He repeatedly received orders to obtain the insertion of irritating articles in the Correspondent. He was an active, intriguing, and spiteful little man, and a declared enemy of France; but, fortunately, his stupidity and vanity rendered him less dangerous than he wished to be. He was universally detested, and he would have lost all credit, but that the extensive trade carried on between Russia and Hamburg forced the inhabitants and magistrates of that city to bear with a man who might have done them, individually, considerable injury.

The movements of the army of Hanover, which occupied a vast extent of ground, induced Bernadotte to concentrate his forces, in order to bring them nearer to the line of military operations which, it was evident, must soon be commenced. Bernadotte was forced to evacuate the port of Cuxhaven, belonging to Hamburg. He profited by this circumstance to demand assistance from that republic, to whose advantage he represented that the evacuation would turn. On this subject he wrote to me the following letter:

Hanover, 16th Fructidor, year XIII.
(September 3, 1805).

You are right, my dear Bourrienne, to reproach me. I at first intended to inform you of the operations which are taking place in the army. But as four-and-twenty hours passed over, I thought you must be acquainted with all that had happened. I have made the preparatory arrangements for concentrating troops on Verden and Ganove. I have also assembled some regiments at Göttingen. Hitherto, all is mere conjecture; as soon as I ascertain any thing positive, be assured that I will inform you of it. I am aware how important it is that you should be made acquainted with all that is passing here. As the movement I am about to make takes me a little from Cuxhaven, it is possible that I may leave that post unoccupied. Can you not take advantage of this circumstance to be useful to the army?

BERNADOTTE.

Before his departure for the south of Germany, Marshal Bernadotte wrote to me the following:

My dear Bourrienne, I have just received your letter with the

English papers. I am quite of your opinion with respect to the affair which has taken place between our squadron and that of the enemy (the engagement with Admiral Calder is here alluded to).* We must wait for further information before we can determine what course should be adopted.

I knew that the vessel in question had been stopped at Cuxhaven. All the papers and documents have been sent to me. But before I apply for the confiscation of the prize, I wish that you would transmit to me immediately all the information which has come to your knowledge.

Hernenhausen, 22d Fructidor
(September 9, 1805)

The recollection of Duroc's successful mission to Berlin during the consulate, induced Napoleon to believe that that general might appease the King of Prussia, who complained seriously of the violation of the territory of Anspach, which Bernadotte, in consequence of the orders he received, had not been able to respect. Duroc remained about six weeks in Berlin.

The following letter from Duroc will show that the facility of passing through Hesse seemed to excuse the second violation of the Prussian territory; but there was a great difference between a petty Prince of Hesse and the King of Prussia.

I send you, my dear Bourrienne, two despatches, which I have received for you. M. de Talleyrand, who sends them, desires me to request that you will transmit General Victor's by a sure conveyance.

I do not yet know whether I shall stay long in Berlin. By the last accounts I received the emperor is still in Paris, and numerous forces are assembling on the Rhine. The hopes of peace are vanishing every day, and Austria does every thing to promote war.

I have received accounts from Marshal Bernadotte. He has effected his passage through Hesse. Marshal Bernadotte was much pleased with the courtesy he experienced from the elector.

The junction of the corps, commanded by Bernadotte, with the army of the emperor, was very important; and Napoleon, therefore, directed the marshal to come up with him as speedily as possible, and by the shortest road. It was necessary he should arrive in time for the battle of Austerlitz. Gustavus, King of Sweden, who was always engaged in some enterprise,

* This engagement took place off Cape Finisterre, on the 22d of July, 1805. Sir Robert Calder, with 15 sail of the line, and 2 frigates, attacked the combined fleets of France and Spain under Admirals Villeneuve and Gravina, who had 20 sail of the line, 3 fifty-gun ships, and 4 frigates. The French and Spaniards were beaten, but because Calder only took two of their best ships, he was brought to a court-martial, and actually censured for not having done more. The English then expected miracles from their navy. The battle of Trafalgar was fought just three months after.—*Editor.*

wished to raise an army composed of Swedes, Prussians, and English; and certainly a vigorous attack in the north would have prevented Bernadotte from quitting the banks of the Elbe and the Weser, and reinforcing the grand army which was marching on Vienna. But the King of Sweden's coalition produced no other result than the siege of the little fortress of Hameln. Prussia would not come to a rupture with France, the King of Sweden was abandoned, and Bonaparte's resentment against him increased. This abortive project of Gustavus contributed not a little to alienate the affections of his subjects, who feared that they might be the victims of the revenge excited by the extravagant plans of their king, and the insults he had heaped upon Napoleon, particularly since the death of the Duke d'Enghien.

On the 13th of September, 1805, I received a letter from the minister of police, soliciting information about Swedish Pomerania.

Astonished at not obtaining from the commercial consuls at Lubeck and Stettin any accounts of the movements of the Russians, I had sent to those parts, four days before the receipt of the police minister's letter, a confidential agent, to observe the Baltic: though we were only sixty-four leagues from Stralsund, the most uncertain and contradictory accounts came to hand. It was, however, certain that a landing of the Russians was expected at Stralsund, or at Travemunde, the port of Lubeck, at the mouth of the little river Trave. I was positively informed that Russia had freighted a considerable number of vessels for those ports.

The hatred of the French continued to increase in the north of Europe. About the end of September there appeared, at Kiel, in Denmark, a libellous pamphlet, which was bought and read with inconceivable avidity. This pamphlet, which was very ably written, was the production of some fanatic who openly preached a crusade against France. The author regarded the blood of millions of men as a trifling sacrifice for the great object of humiliating France, and bringing her back to the limits of the old monarchy. This pamphlet was circulated extensively in the German departments united to France, in Holland, and in Switzerland. The number of incendiary publications, which every where abounded, indicated but too plainly that if the nations of the north should be driven back towards the Arctic regions, they would in their turn repulse their conquerors towards the south; and no man of common sense could doubt that if the French eagles were planted in foreign capitals, foreign standards would one day wave over Paris.

A man named Facqs, a lieutenant-colonel in the Russian service, who had been arrested in France shortly before the peace of Amiens, arrived at Hamburg on the 29th of August, 1805, and had repeated conferences with M. Forschmann. Facqs had

letters of credit for two thousand louis on Bremen, and others on different towns which he was to visit. He spoke French, Russian, English, and German, with equal fluency. He was a clever man, and consequently dangerous as an intriguer. His mission was to prepare the public mind in Holland for the reception of the English and Russians, who proposed effecting a landing in that country. He left Hamburg in company with a man named Andrews, a secret agent of England, and a Frenchman named Chefneux. However, some days after, these two returned to Hamburg: and Chefneux, whom I had arrested, assured me that he had parted from Facqs, when, one evening, in a fit of intoxication, he avowed that he was going as a spy to Holland; a circumstance which he had concealed before his departure from Hamburg. Facqs left Bremen on the 22d of September, 1805, for the Hague, where he said he should remain two months. I sent in pursuit of him; but he had gone too far to be overtaken.

On the 26th of September, Facqs returned to Hamburg. He had left the Hague on the arrival of M. de Brantzen's courier, who announced the declaration of war against Austria. I repeatedly applied to the senate of Hamburg for the arrest of Facqs, whom I knew to be a man of the worst character; but all my applications were ineffectual. He held his commission of the Emperor of Russia. On the 2d of October he again left Hamburg on his return to Holland, taking with him a box filled with pamphlets and diatribes against the emperor and France.

On the 30th of September, 1805, I received, by an estafette, intelligence of the landing at Stralsund of six thousand Swedes, who had arrived from Stockholm in two ships of war.

About the end of September, the Hamburg exchange on Paris fell alarmingly. The loss was twenty per cent. The fall stopped at seventeen below par. The speculation for this fall of the exchange had been made with equal imprudence and animosity by the house of Osy and Company. The head of that house, a Dutch emigrant, who had been settled at Hamburg about six years, seized every opportunity of manifesting his hatred of France. An agent of that rich house, at Rotterdam, was also very hostile to us, a circumstance which shows that if many persons sacrifice their political opinions to their interests, there are others who endanger their interests for the triumph of their opinions.

On the 23d of October, 1805, I received official intelligence of the total destruction of the first Austrian army. General Barbou, who was in Hanover, also informed me of that event in the following terms: "The first Austrian army has ceased to exist." He alluded to the brilliant affair of Ulm. I immediately despatched twelve estafettes to different parts; among other places to Stralsund and Husum. I thought that these prodigies, which must have been almost incredible to those who

were unacquainted with Napoleon's military genius, might arrest the progress of the Russian troops, and produce some change in the movements of the enemy's forces. A second edition of the Correspondent was published with this intelligence, and six thousand copies were sold at four times the usual price.

I need not detain the reader with the details of the capitulation of Ulm, which have already been published, but I may relate the following anecdote, which is not generally known: A French general passing before the ranks of his men, said to them, "Well, comrades, we have prisoners enough here."—"Yes, indeed," replied one of the soldiers, "we never saw so many .... collected together before." It was stated at the time, and I believe it, that the emperor was much displeased when he heard of this, and remarked that it was "atrocious to insult brave men, to whom the fate of arms had proved unfavourable."

In reading the history of this period, we find that in whatever place Napoleon happened to be, there was the central point of action. The affairs of Europe were arranged at his head-quarters in the same manner as if he had been in Paris. Every thing depended on his good or bad fortune. Espionage, seduction, false promises, exactions, all were put in force to promote the success of his projects; but his despotism, which excited dissatisfaction in France, and his continual aggressions, which threatened the independence of foreign states, rendered him more and more unpopular every where.

The battle of Trafalgar took place while Napoleon was marching on Vienna, and almost on the very day of the capitulation of Ulm.* The southern coast of Spain then witnessed an engagement between thirty-one French, and about an equal number of English ships, and in spite of this equality of force, the French fleet was destroyed.

This great battle afforded another proof of our naval inferiority. Admiral Calder first gave us the lesson which Nelson completed; but which cost the latter his life. According to the reports which Duroc transmitted to me, courage gave momentary hope to the French; but they were at length forced to yield to the superior naval tactics of the enemy. The battle of Trafalgar paralyzed our naval force, and banished all hope of any attempt against England.†

The favour which the King of Prussia had shown to Duroc, was withdrawn when his majesty received intelligence of the

* The battle of Trafalgar was fought on the 21st of October, 1805, the very day after the surrender of Ulm.—*Editor.*

† On receiving the dismal news of the annihilation of his fleet at Trafalgar, Bonaparte is reported to have said, "I cannot be every where." Just as if he could have changed the fate of the day—*he* who knew nothing of naval tactics. It has been well remarked on this point, that the presence of Bonaparte at Trafalgar would have had about as much influence as Nelson mounted on horseback could have produced in the land fights of Marengo and Austerlitz.—*Editor.*

HORATIO VISCOUNT NELSON.

march of Bernadotte's troops through the margravate of Anspach. All accounts concurred respecting the just umbrage which that violation of territory occasioned to the King of Prussia. The agents whom I had in that quarter overwhelmed me with reports of the excesses committed by the French in passing through the margravate. A letter I received from Duroc, contains the following remarks on this subject:

The corps of Marshal Bernadotte has passed through Anspach, and by some misunderstanding, this has been regarded, at Berlin, as an insult to the king, a violence committed upon his neutrality. How can it be supposed, especially under present circumstances, that the emperor could have any intention of insulting or committing violence upon his friend? Besides, the reports have been exaggerated, and have been made by persons who wish to favour our enemies rather than us. However, I am perfectly aware that Marshal Bernadotte's seventy thousand men are not seventy thousand virgins. Be this as it may, the business might have been fatal, and will, at all events, be very injurious to us. Laforest and I are treated very harshly, though we do not deserve it. All the idle stories that have been got up here must have reached you. Probably Prussia will not forget that France was, and still may be, the only power interested in her glory and aggrandizement.

At the end of October, the King of Prussia, far from thinking of war, but, in case of its occurrence, wishing to check its disasters as far as possible, proposed to establish a line of neutrality. This was the first idea of the confederation of the north. Duroc, fearing lest the Russians should enter Hamburg, advised me, as a friend, to adopt precautions. But I was on the spot: I knew all the movements of the little detached corps, and I was under no apprehension.

The editor of the Hamburg Correspondent sent me, every evening, a proof of the number which was to appear next day; *a favour which was granted only to the French minister.* On the 20th of November, I received the proof as usual, and saw nothing objectionable in it. How great, therefore, was my astonishment, when, next morning, I read in the same journal an article personally insulting to the emperor, and in which the legitimate sovereigns of Europe were called upon *to undertake a crusade against the usurper!* &c. &c. I immediately sent for M. Doormann, first syndic of the senate of Hamburg. When he appeared, his mortified look sufficiently informed me that he knew what I had to say to him. I reproached him sharply, and asked him how, after all I had told him of the emperor's susceptibility, he could permit the insertion of such an article. I observed to him, that this indecorous diatribe had no official character, since it had no signature; and that, therefore, he had acted in direct opposition to a decree of the senate, which prohibited the insertion in the journals of any articles which were not signed. I told him plainly, that his imprudence might be attended with serious consequences. M. Doormann did not

attempt to justify himself, but merely explained to me how the thing had happened. On the 20th of November, at ten in the evening, M. Forschmann, the Russian chargé-d'affaires, who had in the course of the day arrived from the Russian head-quarters, presented to the editor of the Correspondent the article in question. The editor, after reading the article, which he thought exceedingly indecorous, observed to M. Forschmann that his paper was already made up, which was the fact, for I had seen a proof. M. Forschmann, however, insisted on the insertion of the article. The editor then told him, that he could not admit it without the approbation of the syndic censor. M. Forschmann immediately waited upon M. Doormann, and when the latter begged that he would not insist on the insertion of the article, M. Forschmann produced a letter written in French, which, among other things, contained the following: "You will get the enclosed article inserted in the Correspondent, without suffering a single word to be altered. Should the censor refuse, you must apply to the directing burgomaster, and, in case of his refusal, to General Tolstoy, who will devise some means of rendering the senate more complying, and forcing it to observe an impartial deference."

M. Doormann, thinking he could not take upon himself to allow the insertion of the article, went, accompanied by M. Forschmann, to wait upon M. Von Graffen, the directing burgomaster. MM. Doormann and Von Graffen earnestly pointed out the impropriety of inserting the article; but M. Forschmann referred to his order, and added, that the compliance of the senate on this point was the only means of avoiding great mischief. The burgomaster and the syndic, finding themselves thus forced to admit the article, entreated that the following passage, at least, might be suppressed: "I know a certain chief, who, in defiance of all laws, divine and human;—in contempt of the hatred he inspires in Europe, as well as among those whom he has reduced to be his subjects, keeps possession of a usurped throne by violence and crime. His insatiable ambition would subject all Europe to his rule. But the time will come for avenging the rights of nations . . . . . ." M. Forschmann again referred to his orders, and with some degree of violence insisted on the insertion of the article in its complete form. The burgomaster then authorized the editor of the Correspondent to print the article that night, and M. Forschmann having obtained that authority, carried the article to the office at half-past eleven o'clock.

Such was the account given me by M. Doormann. I observed that I did not understand how the imaginary apprehension of any violence on the part of Russia should have induced him to admit so insolent an attack upon the most powerful sovereign in Europe, whose arms would soon dictate laws to Germany. The syndic did not dissemble his fear of the emperor's resentment,

while at the same time he expressed a hope that the emperor would take into consideration the extreme difficulty of a small power maintaining neutrality in the extraordinary circumstances in which Hamburg was placed, and that the articles might be said to have been presented almost at the point of the cossacks' spears. M. Doormann added, that a refusal, which would have brought Russian troops upon Hamburg, might have been attended by very unpleasant consequences to me, and might have committed the senate in a very different way. I begged of him, once for all, to set aside in these affairs all consideration of my personal danger: and the syndic, after a conversation of more than two hours, departed, less easy in his mind than when he arrived, and conjuring me to give a faithful report of the facts as they had happened.

M. Doormann was a very worthy man, and I gave a favourable representation of his excuses, and of the readiness which he had always evinced to keep out of the Correspondent articles hostile to France; as for example, the commencement of a proclamation of the Emperor of Germany to his subjects, and a complete proclamation of the King of Sweden. As it happened, the good syndic escaped with nothing worse than a fright: I was myself astonished at the success of my intercession. I learned, from the minister for foreign affairs, that the emperor was furiously indignant on reading the article, in which the French army was outraged as well as he. Indeed, he paid but little attention to insults directed against himself personally. Their eternal repetition had inured him to them;* but at the idea of his army being insulted, he was violently enraged, and uttered the most terrible threats.

It is worthy of remark, that the Swedish and English ministers, as soon as they read the article, waited upon the editor of the Correspondent, and expressed their astonishment that such a libel should have been published. "Victorious armies," said they, "should be answered by cannon-balls, and not by insults as gross as they are ridiculous." This opinion was shared by all the foreigners at that time in Hamburg.

* This is rather in contradiction with what M. Bourrienne has repeatedly said on the same subject in other parts of the work. See even the very next page.—*Editor.*

## CHAPTER LXXVII.

### 1805.

Difficulties of my situation at Hamburg—Toil and responsibility—Supervision of the emigrants—Foreign ministers—Journals—Packet from Strasburg—Bonaparte fond of narrating—Giulio, an extempore recitation.

The brief detail I have given, in the two or three preceding chapters, of the events which occurred previously to, and during the campaign of Austerlitz, with the letters of Duroc and Bernadotte, may afford the reader some idea of my situation during the early part of my residence in Hamburg. Events succeeded each other with such incredible rapidity, as to render my labour excessive. My occupations were different, but not less laborious than those which I formerly performed when near the emperor; and besides, I was now loaded with a responsibility which did not attach to me as the private secretary of General Bonaparte and the first consul. I had, in fact, to maintain a constant watch over the emigrants from Altona, which was no easy matter—to correspond daily with the minister for foreign affairs, and the minister of police—to confer with the foreign ministers, accredited at Hamburg—to maintain active relations with the commanders of the French army—to interrogate my secret agents, and keep a strict surveillance over their proceedings; it was, besides, necessary to be unceasingly *on the watch for scurrilous articles against Napoleon in the Hamburg Correspondent.* I shall frequently have occasion to speak of all these things, and especially of the most marked emigrants, in a manner less irregular, because what I have hitherto said may, in some sort, be considered merely as a summary of all the facts relating to the occurrences which daily passed before my eyes.

In the midst of these multifarious and weighty occupations, I received a packet with the Strasburg post-mark, at the time the empress was in that city. This packet had not the usual form of a diplomatic despatch, and the superscription announced that it came from the residence of Josephine. My readers, I venture to presume, will not experience less gratification than I

did on a perusal of its contents, which will be found at the end of this chapter; but before satisfying the curiosity, to which I have perhaps given birth, I may here relate that one of the peculiarities of Bonaparte was a fondness of extempore narration: and, it appears, he had not discontinued the practice even after he became emperor.

In fact, Bonaparte, during the first year after his elevation to the imperial throne, usually passed those evenings in the apartments of the empress which he could steal from public business. Throwing himself on a sofa, he would remain absorbed in gloomy silence, which no one dared to interrupt. Sometimes, however, on the contrary, he would give the reins to his vivid imagination, and his love of the marvellous, or to speak more correctly, his desire to produce effect, which was perhaps one of his strongest passions, and would relate little romances, which were always of a fearful description, and in unison with the natural turn of his ideas. During those recitals, the ladies in waiting were always present: to one of whom I am indebted for the following story, which she had written nearly in the words of Napoleon: "Never," said this lady in her letter to me, "did the emperor appear more extraordinary. Led away by the subject, he paced the saloon with hasty strides; the intonations of his voice varied according to the characters of the personages he brought on the scene; he seemed to multiply himself, in order to play the different parts, and no person needed to feign the terror, which he really inspired, and which he loved to see depicted in the countenances of those who surrounded him." In this tale I have made no alterations, as can be attested by those who, to my knowledge, have a copy of it. It is curious to compare the impassioned portions of it with the style of Napoleon in some of the letters addressed to Josephine.

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## GIULIO.

In the city of Rome appeared a mysterious being, who pretended to unveil the secrets of futurity, and who was enveloped in so much obscurity, that even its sex was an object of doubt and discussion. Some, in relating the strange predictions which they had heard from the mouth of this being, described the form and the features of a woman, while others justified their terror by depicting a hideous monster.

The abode of this oracle was in one of the suburbs of Rome, in a deserted palace, where the delusions of superstition were a sufficient protection from popular curiosity. No one knew the period of the arrival of this singular being; every thing connected with her existence was shrouded in impenetrable mystery. Nothing was spoken of in Rome but the sibyl, the appellation by which she was generally known: every one was anxious to consult the oracle, but few had

courage to cross the threshold of her dwelling. On approaching it, the greatest number of the curious were seized with a feeling of horror, which they could only attribute to a fatal presentiment, and fled as if forcibly repelled by an invisible hand.

Camillo, a young Roman of a noble family, resolved to explore the retreat of the sibyl, and entreated Giulio, his intimate friend, to be the companion of his adventure. Giulio, being of a timid and irresolute character, at first declined the invitation of his friend. It was not a dread of any unknown peril, which produced this hesitation; but he shuddered at the idea of seeing the salutary veil withdrawn which concealed the future. At length, however, he yielded to the persuasions of his friend. The day was fixed, and together they proceeded to the fatal palace; the gate opened as of its own accord, and the two friends immediately entered. They wandered for some time through the deserted apartments, and at length found themselves in a gallery, divided by a black curtain, with this inscription: *If you wish to know your destiny, pass beyond this curtain; but prepare yourself by prayer.* Giulio experienced the most violent agitation, and sank involuntarily on his knees. Was he already under the influence of a mysterious power? In a few moments the youths, raising the curtain, drew their swords, and penetrated into the sanctuary. A female approached them;—she was young, perhaps even beautiful; but her aspect defied and repelled all examination: the cold immobility of death, strangely combined with the motions of life, formed the expression of her countenance. How find words to define or depict those supernatural beings, who doubtless inhabit regions where human language is unknown? Giulio shuddered, and turned away his eyes; Camillo cast down his, and the sibyl inquired the motive of their visit. Camillo answered her; but she listened not to his words, her whole attention seemed absorbed by Giulio; she was agitated, trembled, extended one hand as if about to seize him, and suddenly stepped back. Camillo reiterated his request to be instructed in the secrets of his destiny: she consented, and Giulio withdrew. After a short conference, Camillo rejoined his friend, whom he found buried in a profound reverie. "Go," said he to him smiling, "take courage, for I myself have learned nothing very awful: the sibyl promised that I should espouse your sister Giuliana (a thing already agreed on), only she added, that 'a trifling accident would for a short time retard our union!'"

Giulio, in his turn, stepped beyond the fatal curtain, and Camillo remained in the gallery: very soon he heard a fearful cry, and recognising the voice of his friend, flew to his aid. Giulio was on his knees before the sibyl, who waving over his head a wand, pronounced these awful words: "Love without bounds! Sacrilege! Murder!" Camillo, seized with horror, approached Giulio, who, pale and motionless, could not support himself. To his interrogation he could obtain no reply from his friend, who vaguely repeated the fatal words, *Love without bounds! Murder! Sacrilege!* (These words were pronounced by Bonaparte in a lugubrious tone.)

Camillo at length succeeded in conducting Giulio to his home, and the moment he could find a pretext for leaving him, he flew to make another visit to the sibyl: he had resolved to question and compel her

to give an explanation of what she had said: but the place was deserted; the curtain, the inscription, all had disappeared; there remained no trace of the magician, who was never seen again.

Several weeks flew away; the marriage of Camillo was fixed, and Giulio seemed to have recovered his tranquillity. His friend avoided speaking to him on the prediction, in the hope that the horrible scene would be gradually effaced from his memory. On the day preceding that fixed for the marriage of Camillo, the Marquis di Cosmo, the father of Giulio, fell from his horse, and though he received no serious injury, this accident delayed the nuptials. Giulio, his sister, and Camillo, surrounded the couch of the marquis, deploring the delay of their happiness. A sudden recollection darted into the mind of Camillo: he exclaimed aloud, "The prediction of the sibyl is accomplished." This exclamation threw Giulio into the greatest agitation: from that moment he shut himself up in his own apartment, and avoided all society. He admitted only a venerable monk who had been his tutor, and with him he held long and mysterious conferences. Camillo no longer sought entrance to the apartment of his friend: he perceived that he especially it was whom Giulio sought to avoid.

The day so anxiously anticipated at length arrived, and Camillo and Giuliana were united. But Giulio did not attend the nuptials: he had left the paternal roof, and every attempt to discover his retreat proved unavailing. His father was in despair, when about the termination of a month he received the following letter:

My Father,

Spare your useless search, my resolution is fixed. Nothing can change it. Dispose of your wealth; Giulio is dead to the world. It grieves me to leave you; but I must fly from a horrible destiny.

Adieu! forget the ill-fated

Giulio.

This letter, which bore no date, was left by a stranger who departed the moment he had delivered it. The marquis interrogated the monk, who alone could enable him to recover his fugitive son; but entreaties and threats proved equally ineffectual, either to persuade or to intimidate the ecclesiastic. He was not ignorant, he replied, of the designs of Giulio, and for a long time opposed them; but he had found him so firmly resolved, that he became at last convinced it was his duty to acquiesce in his project; he knew the place of his retreat, but declared that no power on earth could induce him to betray secrets confided to him under the seal of confession.

Giulio had gone to Naples, and from thence had embarked for Messina; he intended to enter a Dominican monastery, recommended to him by his confessor. The piety of Father Ambrosio, the superior of this monastery, was too sincere, and his mind too enlightened, to take advantage of the disturbed imagination of a youth, and Giulio in vain supplicated him to dispense with his novitiate: he would not consent. Giulio was obliged to submit to this probation, but his resolution remained unshaken: he was under the dominion of a strange delusion, and believed he had only the power to escape from his destiny by embracing a monastic life. The image of the sibyl pursued

him; her words rung continually in his ear, *Love without bounds! Sacrilege! Murder!* The cloister seemed to him to be the only refuge which could shield him from love and from crime. Unhappy youth! as if the walls, the vows, or the rules of a monastery, could counteract the decrees of fate!

The year of his novitiate expired. Giulio pronounced the vows; he believed himself happy, and felt at least an abatement of the torments that he had suffered. The idea of the sacrifice he had consummated, was not for a moment present to his mind, to trouble or sadden his thoughts. But on the evening of the solemn day on which he renounced the world for ever, at the moment when he was about to retire to his cell, he met one of the monks, who took his hand, and pressing it affectionately, said to him, "Brother, it is for ever." The words *for ever*, appalled Giulio. How marvellous the power of a word over a weak and superstitious mind! Giulio now for the first time seemed sensible of the extent of his sacrifice; he regarded himself as a being already dead, for time was no more. He became melancholy, and appeared to support with difficulty the weight of existence.

Father Ambrosio beheld with compassion the situation of the young man; it was sufficient to know that he was unhappy, to create in the bosom of the superior the tenderest interest in his behalf, and he thought that employment would prove best calculated to dispel his melancholy. Giulio was eloquent, and Ambrosio appointed him preacher to the monastery. His reputation rapidly spread, and crowds flocked from all parts to hear him. He was young and handsome, and, doubtless, the mystery which surrounded him imparted an additional charm to his words. The time approached for the celebration of a grand festival, at which the King of Naples and his whole court were to be present. Giulio was appointed to pronounce the panegyric upon St. Thomas, the patron saint of the monastery, and the most splendid preparations were made for the occasion. The day arrived; immense crowds filled the church; Giulio could with difficulty make his way through them, in order to reach the pulpit, when in the midst of his exertions, his cowl fell back, and exposed his countenance to view. At the same moment he heard a voice exclaim, "Good God, how handsome!" Agitated and surprised, he involuntarily turned, and saw a female, whose eyes were fixed on him with the most penetrating expression. That moment sufficed to give a colour to the future existence of those two beings. Giulio delivered his sermon, and as soon as he found himself at liberty, ran and shut himself up in his cell; but it was not to devote himself to his usual meditations. Pursued by the image of the unknown female; experiencing feelings altogether new to him; restless, unhappy, he found no repose. Yet it seemed to him that he only began to exist when he heard that voice, the tones of which thrilled to the inmost recesses of his heart. He durst not glance towards the future. Alas! of what avail could it be? his destiny was fixed. Every morning when he celebrated mass, every morning he beheld on the same spot a veiled female; he knew her, but durst not even indulge in the wish to behold her features, though he eagerly fixed his gaze on the veil. He watched all her motions; he perceived, as it were, the very pulsations of her heart,

and his own responded to them. Without resolution to tear himself from the dangerous indulgence, he trembled to analyze his sensations; he recoiled from the truth. His whole life seemed concentrated in those few moments; the rest of his days were an absolute blank. He wished to fly. "If to-morrow she reappears in the church," he at length said to himself, "I shall return thither no more." Armed by this resolution, he thought himself safe; and he appeared to experience greater tranquillity. Next day he repaired to the church somewhat earlier than usual. She was not there. When the congregation had departed, he approached the seat of the unknown, and saw her prayer-book. He seized it, opened it, and upon the first leaf read the name of Theresa. Now then, he could call her by her name; he could repeat it a thousand and a thousand times. "Theresa! Theresa!" murmured he in a low voice, as if he feared to be heard, though alone. Since she had not reappeared, he need not scruple to return to the church. Days and weeks flew away, and Theresa was still absent.

Theresa, the wife of an old man whom she loved as a father, found her happiness in the fulfilment of her duties; and dreamed not that there existed a different species of existence from that which she had hitherto experienced. She saw Giulio, and her peace fled for ever. In a soul ardent as Theresa's, the first serious passion she felt must decide the fate of her life. She adored Giulio. Until this critical moment, her husband had been the confident of all her thoughts: but she spoke not to him of Giulio. The reserve was painful, and seemed a crime in her own eyes. She perceived that there was a danger to be avoided, and abstained from attending mass. In the hope of calming the agitation of her soul, Theresa determined to have recourse to confession, and for this purpose returned to the church of the Dominicans. Making choice of the hour when she knew Giulio would be occupied, she approached the confessional, and on her knees related all that she had felt, since the day of the festival of St. Thomas; the delight she had in daily beholding Giulio, the remorse consequent on that indulgence, and the courage with which she had relinquished it; but she feared that her resolution would soon fail. "What ought I to do?" exclaimed she; "have pity on a miserable sinner!" Her tears fell in torrents—her agitation was extreme. Scarcely had she ceased speaking, when a threatening voice pronounced these words: "Unhappy woman! what sacrilege!" Giulio, for it was he himself that destiny had conducted to receive this avowal, at these words, darted from the confessional. Theresa, still on her knees, arrested his steps, and seizing his robe, supplicated him to retract his malediction; she implored him in the name of his salvation—she implored him in the name of love. Giulio replied but very feebly. "Theresa, Theresa," cried he at last, "leave this place! very soon my resolution will vanish." At those words, Theresa threw herself on his bosom, and encircled him with her arms: "Tell me," she ejaculated, "oh! tell me that I am beloved before I separate myself from thee!"

Giulio, agitated and taken by surprise, for a moment returned her caresses, and pressed her to his heart; but suddenly struck by a recollection of the prediction, he vowed to fly from her for ever, and without any explanation exacted from her a similar oath. Theresa, wholly abandoned to her passion, scarcely comprehended the import of his

words, and consented to all that he dictated. What, in fact, imported to her his language? it was sufficient that he loved her, she was certain of seeing him again.

Giulio shuddered at the imprudence of which he had been guilty; but it was too late to avoid the danger; he could not escape from his destiny. He was already a prey to *love without bounds*, the *sacrilege* was already committed. Had he not avowed his passion, even within the very walls of that sacred temple, where he had so recently pronounced the vows of sanctity! and yet he had sworn to fly from Theresa for ever. Strange inconsistency of the human heart! what ought to have been his chastisement was his consolation. But in this painful struggle, the unfortunate Giulio saw only misery before him. Theresa was less terrified. She was a woman; Giulio had declared that he loved her, and she could brave whatever else of evil fate had in store. With what delight she dwelt on their brief interview! One such hour teemed with more remembrances than a whole life without love. She forgot her determination to avoid Giulio; she returned to the church—she again saw him, and he too seemed to have forgotten his oath. His whole existence was absorbed by his passion, and when he beheld Theresa, the universe disappeared from before his eyes. They avoided conversing together. Giulio, in the absence of Theresa, experienced the most bitter remorse; but a single glance from her recalled the fatal charm which held captive his soul. At length he resolved to speak to her, and to bid her an eternal adieu.

At the gate of the monastery stood a poor woman and her child, who were supported by Theresa. Little Carlo often followed her to church with her prayer-book, and performed his devotions by her side. Giulio, who dared not approach Theresa, bade Carlo inform her, that father Giulio would attend her in the confessional at seven o'clock in the evening. How wretchedly passed this day with Giulio! he shuddered at the idea of meeting Theresa alone. He feared that he should be wanting in resolution to say adieu! he could never resolve to do so. He determined not to see her, but to write, and Carlo was charged to deliver his letter to her as she entered the church. Theresa, on receiving this first message, was much agitated. Nevertheless, she failed not to repair to the church at the appointed hour. Carlo placed in her hand the letter, which she opened with extreme emotion; but how great was her despair on reading its contents.

"Fly, imprudent woman, and no more sully by thy presence the sanctity of this holy fane! Banish a remembrance, which is the torment of my life. I never loved you! I will never see you more!"

This resolution pierced the heart of Theresa: she could have struggled against her remorse; but Giulio loved her not—he had never loved her!—her remorse was less bitter than those words!—She was attacked by a violent fever, which threatened to deprive her of life; the name of Giulio often rose to her lips, but love protected it even in her delirium. His name was not betrayed: she only murmured from time to time in a low voice, "I never loved thee!"

Had Giulio in the mean time succeeded in recovering his tranquillity, or stifling his remorse? No, his sufferings were extreme; after having declared to Theresa that he never loved her, he wholly abandoned himself to his fatal passion. The sacrifice seemed to him sufficient;

so terrible had been the effort to write that letter! Oh! Theresa, if thou couldst know what it cost the unhappy Giulio, thine own grief would be forgotten in commiseration for his sufferings! Giulio was a prey to the most tormenting inquietude; three months had flown away, and he had heard no news of Theresa; time seemed still further to inflame his passion, and he now wholly avoided society. Having, on the plea of ill health, obtained a dispensation from Father Ambrosio, he relinquished his public functions, shut himself up in his cell, or wandered during the night amongst the tombs of the brethren; thus encouraging the fatal morbidness of his feelings, having neither the strength of mind to subdue his passion, nor yet to yield himself up to it. Distracted, above all, by the agonizing pangs of suspense, which sap the springs of life, he could neither review the past with satisfaction, nor look forward to the future with hope.

The long and tedious malady of Theresa was succeeded by a state of weakness not less alarming: she thought her end approached, and wished to fulfil the last duties of religion. Her husband, who tenderly loved her, was convinced that some hidden sorrow was hurrying her to the tomb; but respecting her silence, he forbore to question her on the subject. He entreated Father Ambrosio, who was held in great veneration, to visit Theresa. Ambrosio promised to comply with his request, but an unforeseen circumstance prevented him from fulfilling this promise; he directed Giulio to go in his stead to the house of Signor Vivaldi, the husband of Theresa, to administer consolation to a dying female. Alas! Giulio, himself the victim of despair, had only tears and sighs, instead of consolation, to offer. He would have excused himself, but Ambrosio refused to exempt him from this duty, and he therefore repaired to the residence of Vivaldi. He was conducted into a dimly-lighted apartment, where a numerous circle of sorrowing friends surrounded the bed of the patient. On his entrance every one withdrew, and Giulio was alone with the invalid. Agitated by an indefinable emotion, he remained immovable and irresolute. "Holy father," said the dying woman, "has Heaven mercy in store for a wretched sinner?" Scarcely were those words uttered, when Giulio fell on his knees before the bed. "Theresa! Theresa!" he ejaculated. Who can depict the feelings of the lovers? Explanation was useless.....they loved. Giulio related all that he had suffered for her, and accused himself as the cause of her sufferings. "Pardon! oh! pardon! Theresa, Giulio is thine for ever." Those words reanimated Theresa; she could not speak, but she beheld Giulio, she heard his voice, she pressed his hand; to die thus, appeared more sweet to her than life. Giulio folded her in his arms; he would have prolonged her life at the expense of his own: "Thou shalt live! thy lover is with thee! My Theresa! speak to me! am I not again to hear thee?" The sound of his voice seemed to reanimate the strength of Theresa: "I love you, Giulio! I love you!" murmured she! Those words were life to him. What need had she to say more? The moments in which they conversed together flew rapidly away; the certainty of seeing each other again gave them courage to separate. Theresa recovered her health. Giulio visited her every day. A delightful intimacy reigned between them, and the lover appeared to forget his scruples and his remorse. Wholly engrossed by Theresa,

he watched with the most tender interest the progress of her recovery; he durst not afflict her; he perceived that her life depended on him, and this pretext for continuing their intercourse he interpreted as a duty.

Two years had elapsed since he left Rome; and on the second anniversary of the fatal predictions of the sibyl, he sank into a gloomy reverie. Theresa longed to know the cause of his sadness: she had never questioned him on the subject; but before she could share his sorrows, it was necessary to know the cause whence they arose. Giulio related to her his interview with the sibyl, and his flight from the paternal roof. In the course of this recital all his horrible feelings were revived, and he exclaimed in an accent of terror: *Love! Sacrilege! Murder!* The emotion of Theresa was extreme, but the word *love* threw a fatal spell over her heart and her imagination; and when Giulio repeated *Sacrilege, murder*, she softly replied *Love*, thinking thus to calm the agitation of his spirit, because with her love was every thing. Sometimes Giulio, led away by the violence of his passion, fixed on her a look which she dared not meet; she felt his heart palpitate, his frame tremble, and a dangerous silence succeeded to those tumultuous emotions.

They were, however, happy, for they were not yet criminal. Giulio was obliged to be absent on an important mission, with which he was intrusted by Father Ambrosio: he had not courage to utter an adieu to Theresa, but he wrote to her, promising a speedy return. However, he was detained by numerous obstacles, and it was more than a month before he returned to Messina. On his arrival, he hastened to Theresa, whom he found alone on a terrace overlooking the shore, absorbed in thoughts of her lover. Never before had she appeared to him so beautiful, so seducing. He gazed on her for a moment in ecstasy, but not long could he resist the temptation of addressing her, of hearing her voice. He spoke, she perceived him, and flew into his arms. In a delirium of passion Giulio at first responded to all her feelings; but suddenly starting back with horror, he fell on his knees, and remained with his hands clasped, his eyes fixed, and in a state of the most dreadful agitation. His deadly paleness, and the wild expression of his countenance, rendered this scene truly dreadful to Theresa. She durst not approach him, and for the first time could not share his emotions. "Theresa," said he, at length, mournfully, "we must separate! you know not all you have to fear!" Theresa scarcely understood his words, but she saw his agitation, and endeavoured to calm it;—but he again repulsed her. "In the name of Heaven," cried he, "approach me not!" She stood trembling and motionless. She knew only the tenderness of love, and was unacquainted with its madness. Giulio, impatient at her silence, abruptly started up: "To-morrow," he said, "my fate shall be decided;" and darted away without giving Theresa time to reply. The next day Theresa received the following billet:

"Theresa, I cannot again see you; I am unhappy in your presence. I know you cannot comprehend what I feel. Theresa, you must be mine, but it must be with your own free will. Never could I have the courage to take advantage of your weakness. Yesterday you saw it. I tore myself from your arms, because you said not I will be

thine. Reflect seriously, we are lost for ever! Oh! Theresa, eternal perdition! how terrible those words! even in thy arms, they will interpose between me and happiness. For us there is no longer peace; death, the only refuge, is not a refuge for us. To-morrow, if you wish to see me—and you know the price—to-morrow send Carlo to church. If he bring your prayer-book, that will indicate that you renounce Giulio; if not, then thou art mine for ever! For ever belongs to eternity; how dare I pronounce the word! Adieu."

Theresa, gentle and timid by nature, was overwhelmed with terror on perusing this letter; the words *eternal perdition*, seemed to her a terrible malediction. "Giulio," she ejaculated, "we were happy! why could not that happiness satisfy you?" She knew not on what to resolve; to see him no more was impossible, and yet she exclaimed, "Remorse will pursue him without ceasing. Oh! Giulio, thou hast confided to me thy destiny, and I ought to sacrifice myself for thee." Carlo was ordered to carry the book to the church, and he placed it on the seat usually occupied by Theresa.

Giulio, notwithstanding the violence of his passion, could not resolve to possess Theresa without her own consent. Cruel from his weakness, he wished to throw upon her the whole responsibility of the crime. The church was empty when Giulio saw the boy enter and deposit the book upon the seat. No longer master of himself, he darted forward, seized it, and giving it to Carlo, ordered him to carry it back to his mistress. Long he stood rooted to the spot where he had awaited the decree of his fate, and that of Theresa. At length, recovering from the tumult of his feelings, "I will see her!" he murmured.

Carlo returned and delivered the book to Theresa, saying Father Giulio had sent it. How great was the emotion of Theresa! she knew that Giulio would return, and she waited for him on the terrace where they had last parted. At length he appeared, but sad and gloomy, and approached with a faltering step. Theresa penetrated what was passing in his mind, and shuddered at the idea of this interview. She had assumed the fortitude to refuse; but on beholding her worshipped lover so miserable she thought only of consoling him; —she no longer hesitated or trembled; but approaching whispered, "Giulio, I am thine!"

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[Here Bonaparte made a long pause.]

Giulio, overwhelmed with remorse, now became gloomy and morose, even in the presence of Theresa: her most tender caresses had no longer the power to soften him. But the love of Theresa was, on the contrary, increased by the sacrifice she had made. She secretly mourned the change that had taken place in Giulio, but she forbore to complain, and flattered herself with the hope that she should yet be able to render him happy, and that he would forget every thing but her. Giulio, far however from returning her affection, accused her as the author of his misery: "Thou hast seduced, thou hast destroyed me; but for thee, my soul had still been pure." His visits became less frequent, and at last wholly ceased. Theresa demanded to see

him: she constantly frequented the church, and wrote to him daily. Her letters were sent back unopened, and Giulio confined himself to his cell. But it behoved Theresa to see him and confide to him a secret; alas! the secret that she would at no distant period become a mother! what would be her fate should he persist in abandoning her? Knowing that on the following Sunday Giulio was to celebrate mass, she resolved not to neglect that opportunity, on which more than life depended; and this idea armed her with strength and courage. Her whole attention, during the two days which preceded her expected interview with Giulio, were employed in making preparations for the flight she contemplated. The situation of the monastery, on the sea-shore, would facilitate her project. She bestowed not a moment's consideration on the place to which they should direct their flight. Giulio would decide that according to his pleasure: for except Giulio, all else was indifferent to Theresa.

She had hired a small bark, and arranged every thing with so much prudence, that no one suspected her design; so that she had no fear of encountering any obstacles. The day so impatiently expected at length arrived, and Theresa, enveloped in a long black veil, approached the altar. Giulio did not recognise her, while she watched all his motions; and when the congregation dispersed, she glided behind a column which Giulio must pass on returning to the cloisters. On his approach, she perceived that he was more than ever a prey to sorrow. His arms were folded across his breast, and his head bent forward. He walked with the gloomy and lagging step of a criminal. Theresa witnessed this with profound grief, she would have sacrificed her own life to secure his repose; but she durst no longer hesitate: the innocent being, to whom she would soon give birth, demanded of her a father. She presented herself before Giulio, "Stop," she exclaimed, "I must speak to you; you must listen to me! Never will I leave you, until you give me the key of the garden of the monastery. I *must* have it. Oh! Giulio, it is not my life alone that depends on you!" At those words Giulio believed that a fearful apparition had arisen before him. "Wretched woman! what meanest thou? Depart! fly from this place!" But Theresa threw herself at his feet, and vowed that she would not stir until he had granted her request. All the efforts of Giulio to escape were ineffectual. Theresa seemed endowed with almost supernatural strength. "Swear," said she, "that you will meet me at midnight." As she spoke, Giulio was startled at hearing a slight noise, and gave her the key. "At midnight," said he, and they separated. Theresa repaired at the appointed time to the garden. The night was dark. She durst not call on Giulio for fear of discovery; but in a short time she heard approaching footsteps—they were those of Giulio. "Speak your purpose," said he, "the moments are precious. Cease to pursue a wretch who can never render you happy. Theresa, I adore you! without you life is an insupportable burden: yet, even in your arms I experience the torments of remorse—torments which impoison our most rapturous moments. Thou hast witnessed my despair. How often have I reproached thee? Pardon me, adored Theresa! it is just I should punish myself. I renounce thee, and this sacrifice will expiate my crime." He ceased speaking almost suffocated by his grief. Theresa endeavoured to console him, by an-

ticipating greater happiness for the future. "Giulio," said she, "had it been only for myself, I would not have sought this interview. Like you, I fear not death; but the pledge of our love demanded that I should see you. Come then, Giulio, let us depart!—every thing is prepared for our flight." Giulio, a prey to the most horrible feelings, suffered himself to be conducted by her; a few moments and they would be united for ever. But suddenly disengaging himself from the arm of Theresa, "No," exclaimed he, "never!" and he plunged a poniard into her bosom.

[In pronouncing these words, the emperor approaching the empress, made the motion of drawing a dagger. The illusion was so great, that the ladies shrieked with horror. Bonaparte, like a consummate actor, continued his recital without appearing to notice the effect he had produced.]

She fell, and Giulio was covered with her blood. Rooted to the spot, and with a wandering eye, he long contemplated his victim. Day began to dawn, and the bell of the monastery rang for matin service. Giulio raised the lifeless form of her who had so devotedly loved him, and threw it into the sea. In a state of frenzy, he rushed into the church. His blood-stained garments, and the dagger in his hand, declared him a murderer! He offered no resistance on being seized, and was never more seen!

[The empress pressed the emperor to tell the fate of Giulio. He replied—]

*The secrets of the cloister are impenetrable.*

The story of Giulio is not fictitious. Previously to the revolution, an adventure of a similar kind occurred in a convent at Lyons, of which the documents fell into the hands of Bonaparte, and furnished him with the basis of this tale. I have frequently heard him relate such stories, which he always did in a dimly-lighted apartment in order to produce greater effect. I experienced more pleasure in reading Giulio, from being able to recal to mind the varied tones of his voice, his action, his look, and the gestures with which he accompanied those improvisations. I can affirm that in no case whatever are the words of Æschines more applicable: "What then would it have been, had yourself heard him?"

## CHAPTER LXXVIII.

### 1805.

Abolition of the republican calendar—Warlike preparations in Austria—Napoleon's complaints against the Emperor of Austria and justification of himself—Plan for reorganizing the National Guard—Napoleon at Strasburg—General Mack—Proclamation—Captain Bernard's reconnoitring mission—The emperor's pretended anger and real satisfaction—Information respecting Ragusa communicated by Bernard—Rapid and deserved promotion—General Bernard's retirement to the United States of America.

I HAD been three months at Hamburg when I learned that the emperor had at last resolved to abolish the only remaining memorial of the republic, namely, the revolutionary calendar. That calendar was indeed an absurd innovation; for the new denominations of the months were not applicable in all places, even in France: the corn of Provence did not wait to be ripened by the sun of the month of Messidor. On the 9th of September a senatus consultum decreed, that on the 1st of January following the months and days should resume their own names. I read, with much interest, Laplace's report to the senate, and must confess I was very glad to see the Gregorian calendar again acknowledged by law as it had already been acknowledged in fact. Frenchmen in foreign countries experienced particular inconvenience from the adoption of a system different from all the rest of the world.

A few days after the revival of the old calendar, the emperor departed for the army. When at Hamburg it may well be supposed that I was anxious to obtain news; and I received plenty from the interior of Germany and from some friends in Paris. This correspondence enables me to present to my readers a comprehensive and accurate picture of the state of public affairs, up to the time when Napoleon took the field. I have already mentioned how artfully he always made it appear that he was anxious for peace, and that he was always the party attacked: his conduct previous to the first conquest of Vienna affords a striking example of this artifice. It was pretty evident that the

transformation of the Cisalpine republic into the kingdom of Italy, and the union of Genoa to France, were infractions of treaties; yet the emperor, nevertheless, pretended that all the infractions were committed by Austria. The truth is, that Austria was raising levies as secretly as possible, and collecting her troops on the frontiers of Bavaria. An Austrian corps even penetrated into some provinces of the electorate; all this afforded Napoleon a pretext for going to the aid of his allies.

At Hamburg I received a copy of a very curious note, in which the emperor enumerated his complaints against Austria. He boasted much of his moderation, particularly in having suffered, without opposition, the taking of Lindau by Austria, subsequently to the treaty of Lunéville. The note in question was destined for the diet then assembled at Ratisbon.

"The emperor," it stated, "had winked at the debt of Venice not only being unpaid, but at its total extinction, in violation of the letter and spirit of the treaties of Campo-Formio and Lunéville. He observed silence respecting the denial of justice which his subjects of Milan and Mantua experienced at Vienna, where, in spite of formal stipulations, none of them had been paid—as well as respecting the partiality with which Austria had actually acknowledged the monstrous right of blockade arrogated by England; and since the neutrality of the Austrian flag, so often violated to the detriment of France, had provoked no complaint on the part of the court of Vienna, he by preserving silence made a sacrifice to his wish for peace."

The statements in the note were true; but Napoleon did not declare that his complaisance in closing his eyes to some of the facts arose solely from his wish to see Austria so far commit herself as to justify an attack on the part of the French government. He insisted that his conduct towards Austria had been marked by confidence and forbearance. He had left no troops in Italy, or on the frontiers, having assembled all his troops on the coast; and yet while things were in this situation, Austria had secretly armed to make a diversion in favour of England. I received the note on the 15th of September. Twelve days after, on the anniversary of the first Vendémiaire, which was to be celebrated for the last time among the festivals of the imperial republic, Napoleon attended the senate, and next day set out to join the army.

In the memorable sitting preceding his departure, the emperor presented a project of a senatus consultum, relative to the reorganization of the national guard. The minister for foreign affairs read an explanation of the reciprocal conduct of France and Austria since the peace of Lunéville, in which the offences of France were concealed with wonderful skill. Before the sitting broke up, the emperor addressed the members, stating that he was about to leave the capital to place himself at the head of the army to afford prompt succour to his allies, and defend the

dearest interests of his people. He boasted of his wish to preserve peace, which Austria and Russia, as he alleged, had, through the influence of England, been induced to disturb.

This address produced a very powerful impression in Hamburg. For my part, I recognised in it Napoleon's usual boasting strain; but on this occasion events seemed bent on justifying it. The emperor may certainly have performed more scientific campaigns than that of Austerlitz; but never any more glorious in results. Every thing seemed to partake of the marvellous, and I have often thought of the secret joy which Bonaparte must have felt, on seeing himself at last on the point of commencing a great war in Germany, for which he had so often expressed an ardent desire. He proceeded first to Strasburg, whither Josephine accompanied him; and it was then I obtained the tale of Giulio, inserted in the preceding chapter.

All the reports that I received agreed with the statements of my private correspondence in describing the incredible enthusiasm which prevailed in the army, on learning that it was to march into Germany. For the first time, Napoleon had recourse to an expeditious mode of transport, and twenty thousand carriages conveyed his army, as if by enchantment, from the shores of the channel to the banks of the Rhine.* The idea of an active campaign fired the ambition of the junior part of the army. All dreamed of glory, and of speedy promotion, and all hoped to distinguish themselves before the eyes of a chief, who was idolized by his troops. Thus during his short stay at Strasburg, the emperor might with reason prophesy the success which crowned his efforts under the walls of Vienna. Rapp, who accompanied him, informed me, that on leaving Strasburg, he observed, in the presence of several persons, "It will be said that I made Mack's plan of campaign for him. The Caudine Forks are at Ulm."† Experience proved that Bonaparte was not deceived; but I ought on this occasion to contradict a calumnious report circulated at that time, and since maliciously repeated. It has been said that there existed an understanding between Mack and Bonaparte, and that the general was bought over to deliver up the gates of Ulm. I have received positive proof that this assertion is a scandalous falsehood; and the only thing that could give it weight, was Napoleon's intercession after the campaign, that Mack might not be put on his trial. In this intercession Napoleon was actuated only by humanity.

On taking the field, Napoleon placed himself at the head of the Bavarians, with whom he opposed the enemy's army before the arrival of his own troops. As soon as they were assembled,

* A great number of these carriages actually travelled *en poste* from Boulogne to Strasburg.—*Editor.*

† This allusion to the Furcæ Caudinæ was always in Napoleon's mouth, when he saw an enemy's army concentrated on a point, and foresaw its defeat.

he published the following proclamation, which still further excited the ardour of the troops.

Soldiers, the war of the third coalition is commenced. The Austrian army has passed the Inn, violated treaties, attacked and driven our ally from his capital. You yourselves have been obliged to hasten, by forced marches, to the defence of our frontiers. But you have now passed the Rhine; and we will not stop till we have secured the independence of the Germanic body, succoured our allies, and humbled the pride of our unjust assailants. We will not again make peace without a sufficient guarantee. Our generosity shall not again wrong our policy. Soldiers, your emperor is among you. You are but the advanced guard of the great people. If it be necessary they will all rise at my call to confound and dissolve this new league, which has been created by the malice and the gold of England. But, soldiers, we shall have forced marches to make, fatigues and privations of every kind to endure. Still, whatever obstacles may be opposed to us, we will conquer them; and we will never rest until we have planted our eagles on the territory of our enemies.

In the confidential notes of his diplomatic agents, in his speeches, and in his proclamations, Napoleon always described himself as the attacked party, and perhaps his very earnestness in so doing, sufficed to develop the truth to all those who had learned to read his thoughts differently from what his words expressed them.

At the commencement of the campaign of Austerlitz, a circumstance occurred, from which is to be dated the fortune of a very meritorious man. While the emperor was at Strasburg, he asked General Marescot, the commander-in-chief of the engineers, whether he could recommend from his corps a brave, prudent, and intelligent young officer, capable of being intrusted with an important reconnoitring mission. The officer selected by General Marescot was a captain in the engineers, named Bernard, who had been educated in the polytechnic school. He set off on his mission, advanced almost to Vienna, and returned to the head-quarters of the emperor at the capitulation of Ulm. Bonaparte interrogated him himself, and was well satisfied with his replies; but not content with answering verbally the questions put by Napoleon, Captain Bernard had drawn up a report of what he observed, and the different routes which might be taken. Among other things he observed, that it would be a great advantage to direct the whole army upon Vienna, without regard to the fortified places; for that once master of the capital of Austria, the emperor might dictate laws to all the Austrian monarchy. "I was present," said Rapp to me, "at this young officer's interview with the emperor. After reading the report, would you believe that the emperor flew into a furious passion? 'How!' cried he, 'you are very bold, very presumptuous! A young officer to take the liberty of tracing out a plan of campaign for me! Begone, and await my orders.'"

This, and some other circumstances which I shall have to add respecting Captain Bernard, completely develop Napoleon's character. Rapp told me, that as soon as the young officer had left, the emperor all at once changed his tone. "That," said he, "is a clever young man; he has taken a proper view of things. I shall not expose him to the chance of being shot. Perhaps I shall some time want his services. Tell Berthier to despatch an order for his departure for Illyria."

This order was despatched, and Captain Bernard, who, like his comrades, was ardently looking forward to the approaching campaign, regarded as a punishment what was, on the emperor's part, a precaution to preserve a young man, whose merit he appreciated. At the close of the campaign, when the emperor promoted those officers who had distinguished themselves, Bernard, who was thought to be in disgrace, was not included in Berthier's list, among the captains of engineers whom he recommended to the rank of chef de bataillon; but Napoleon himself inscribed Bernard's name before all the rest. However, the emperor forgot him for some time; and it was only an accidental circumstance that brought him to his recollection. I never had any personal acquaintance with Bernard; but I learned from Rapp, how he afterwards became his colleague as aide-de-camp to the emperor; a circumstance which I shall now relate, though it refers to a later period.

Before the emperor left Paris for the campaign of 1812, he wished to gain precise information respecting Ragusa and Illyria. He sent for Marmont, but was not satisfied with his answers. He then interrogated several other generals, but the result of his inquiries always was, "This is all very well; but it is not what I want. I do not know Ragusa." He then sent for General Dejean, who had succeeded M. de Marescot as first inspector of the engineers.

"Have you any one among your officers," he asked, "who is well acquainted with Ragusa?" Dejean, after a little reflection, replied, "Sire, there is a chef de bataillon, who has been a long time forgotten, but who knows Illyria perfectly."—"What's his name?"—"Bernard."—"Ah! stop . . . Bernard! I remember that name. Where is he?"—"At Antwerp, Sire, employed on the fortifications."—"Let a telegraphic despatch be immediately transmitted, desiring him to mount his horse, and come with all speed to Paris."

The promptitude with which the emperor's orders were always executed, is well known. A few days after, Bernard was in the emperor's cabinet in Paris. Napoleon received him very graciously. The first thing he said was, "Talk to me about Ragusa." This was a favourite mode of interrogation with him in similar cases, and I have heard him say that it was a sure way of drawing out all that a man had observed in any country that he had visited. Be that as it may, he was perfectly satisfied with M.

Bernard's information respecting Illyria; and when the chef de bataillon had finished speaking, Napoleon said, "Colonel Bernard, I am now acquainted with Ragusa." The emperor afterwards conversed familiarly with him, entered into details respecting the system of fortification adopted at Antwerp, referred to the plan of the works, criticised it, and showed how he would, if he besieged the town, render the means of defence unavailing. The new colonel explained so well how he would defend the town against the emperor's attack, that Bonaparte was delighted, and immediately bestowed upon the young officer a mark of distinction, which, as far as I know, he never granted but upon that single occasion. The emperor was going to preside at the council of state, and desired Colonel Bernard to accompany him, and many times during the sittings he asked him for his opinion upon the points which were under discussion. On leaving the council, Napoleon said, "Bernard, you are my aide-de-camp." After the campaign he was made general of brigade, soon after general of division, and now he is acknowledged to be one of the ablest engineer officers in existence. Clarke's silly conduct deprived France of this distinguished man, who refused the brilliant offers of several sovereigns of Europe for the sake of retiring to the United States of America, where he commands the engineers, and has constructed fortifications on the coast of the Floridas, which are considered by engineers to be masterpieces of military art.

## CHAPTER LXXIX.

### 1805.

Rapidity of Napoleon's victories—Murat at Wertingen—Conquest of Ney's duchy—The French army before Ulm—General de Ségur's mission—His interview with General Mack—Mack's firmness—The Prince of Lichtenstein at the imperial head-quarters—His interview with Napoleon described by Rapp—Capitulation of Ulm signed by Berthier and Mack—Napoleon before and after a victory—His address to the captive generals.

To convey an idea of the brilliant campaign of 1805, from an abstract of the reports and letters I received at Hamburg, I should, like the almanack-makers, be obliged to note down a victory for every day. Was not the rapidity of the emperor's first operations a thing hitherto unprecedented? He departed from Paris on the 24th of September, and hostilities commenced on the 2d of October. On the 6th and 7th, the French passed the Danube, and turned the enemy's army. On the 8th,

Murat, at the battle of Wertingen, on the Danube, took two thousand Austrian prisoners, amongst whom, besides other general officers, was Count Auffemberg. Next day the Austrians fell back upon Gunsburg, retreating before our victorious legions, who, pursuing their triumphal course, entered Augsburg on the 10th, and Munich on the 12th. When I received my despatches, I could have fancied I was reading a fabulous narrative. Two days after the French entered Munich, that is to say, on the 14th, an Austrian corps of six thousand men surrendered to Marshal Soult at Memingen, whilst Ney conquered, sword in hand, his future Duchy of Elchingen. Finally, on the 17th of October, came the famous capitulation of Ulm, and on the same day hostilities commenced in Italy, between the French and Austrians, the former commanded by Massena, and the latter by Prince Charles.

In my correspondence of the end of October, 1805, I find some particulars relating to the capitulation of Ulm, which appear to me sufficiently interesting to be inserted here. Bonaparte stopped for a short time at Augsburg, to consider of the movements likely to be made by the Austrian army, and then advanced upon it with such inconceivable rapidity, that the Archduke Ferdinand considered himself fortunate in being able to recross the Danube. But all the other Austrian forces were driven into Ulm, the garrison of which amounted to nearly thirty thousand men at the surrender of that fortress, which had been considered impregnable.

General de Ségur, who was afterwards in the service of Murat, at Naples, was commissioned to make the first overtures to Mack, to induce him to surrender. The following report, which he drew up with the intention of laying it before the emperor, will, I think, be perused with interest.

Yesterday, 24th Vendémiaire (October 16), the emperor summoned me to his cabinet, and ordered me to proceed to Ulm to prevail on Mack to surrender in five days, and if he positively required six I was to grant them. I received no other instructions. The night was dark —a terrible storm arose—the rain fell in torrents; I was obliged to travel by cross-roads and to avoid sloughs, where messenger, horse, and mission, might have met with an untimely end. I arrived almost at the gates of the town without seeing our advanced posts. The fact is, they were withdrawn: sentinels, vedettes, guards, all had sought shelter: even the parks of artillery were abandoned—there were neither fires nor stars to light me. I wandered about for three hours in search of an officer. I passed through several villages and questioned the inhabitants to no purpose.

At last I found a trumpeter of the artillery lying half buried in mud, and almost frozen to death. We approached the ramparts of Ulm, where we were doubtless expected; for at the first summons, M. de Latour, an officer who spoke French very well, appeared. He blindfolded me, and led me across the fortifications. I remarked that the

darkness of the night rendered the bandage on my eyes unnecessary; but the reply was, that the custom could not be dispensed with. I entered into conversation with M. Latour, with the view of learning what quantity of troops were in Ulm. I inquired whether we were far from the residence of General Mack and the Archduke. My guide replied that it was close by, from which I concluded that the whole remains of the Austrian army was shut up in Ulm. I was confirmed in this conjecture by what I gathered in the course of our further conversation. At length we arrived at the inn where the general-in-chief resided. He was a tall old man: the expression of his pale countenance indicated a lively imagination. He was evidently labouring under an anxiety which he endeavoured to conceal. I informed him who I was, and told him that I had been sent by the emperor to summon him to surrender, and to arrange with him the terms of the capitulation. This appeared to vex him extremely, and at first he did not seem disposed to admit the necessity of entertaining my mission. I, however, observed, that as I had been admitted as an envoy, it was to be supposed that he was aware of his situation. He replied sharply, that his situation would soon be changed—that the Russian army was coming to his assistance—that we should be between two fires, and that, perhaps, it would soon be our turn to capitulate. I remarked that, considering his situation, it was not surprising he should be ignorant of what was passing in Germany; but that I could inform him that Marshal Bernadotte occupied Ingolstadt and Munich, and had his advanced posts on the Inn, where the Russians had not yet shown themselves. "May I be shot," exclaimed General Mack, angrily, "if I do not know by certain reports that the Russians are at Dachau! Do you imagine I am to be thus imposed on? Do you think I am a child? No, M. de Ségur; if I am not relieved in eight days, I consent to surrender the fortress on condition that my soldiers shall be prisoners of war, and their officers prisoners on parole. There will then have been time to afford me relief, and I shall have fulfilled my duty. But I shall be relieved; I am sure of it."—"I have the honour to repeat, general, that we are masters not only of Dachau but of Munich. Besides, supposing what you erroneously imagine were correct, if the Russians were at Dachau, five days will enable them to come and attack us, and that time his majesty grants you."—"No, sir," replied the marshal, "I demand eight days. I cannot listen to any other proposal. I must have eight days. They are indispensable to my responsibility."—"Then," replied I, "all the difficulty consists in the difference between eight and five days. I cannot, however, understand the importance which your excellency attaches to it, when his majesty is before you at the head of more than a hundred thousand men, and when the corps of Marshal Bernadotte and General Marmont are sufficient to retard the march of the Russians for three days, supposing them to be where they are far from being."—"They are at Dachau," repeated General Mack.—"Well, be it so, general; or at Augsburg if you please. We are only the more anxious to make an end of this. Do not compel us to carry Ulm by storm; for then, instead of wanting five days the emperor will be here in one morning."—"Sir," replied the general-in-chief, "do not suppose that fifteen thousand men will suffer themselves to be

forced easily : it will cost you dear."—" It will cost us a few hundred men," replied I, " and it will cost you your army and the destruction of Ulm, for which Germany will reproach you ; in fine, all the horrors of an assault, which his majesty wishes to prevent by the proposal he has authorized me to make to you."—" Say rather that it will cost you ten thousand men ! the strength of Ulm is well known."—" It consists in the heights which surround it, and we are in possession of them."—" In that case, sir, you cannot but know the strength of Ulm."—" Doubtless, marshal; and we know it the better because we can see into it."—" Well, sir," said the unfortunate general, " you see men who are ready to defend themselves to the last extremity, if your emperor does not grant them eight days. I can hold out a long time yet. There are three thousand horses in Ulm, which, rather than surrender, we will eat with as much pleasure as you would were you in our situation."—"Three thousand horses !" replied I. " Ah, marshal, you must have already begun to feel the famine you anticipate, when you can contemplate so miserable a resource."

The marshal eagerly assured me that he had ten days' provision; but I did not believe him. Day began to dawn, and we had come to no understanding. I could have granted six days, but General Mack persisted so obstinately in his demand for eight, that I judged the concession of a day would be useless, and I would not risk it. I accordingly rose, saying that my instructions required me to return before day, and in the event of a refusal of the proposed conditions, to inform Marshal Ney, on my way, that he was to commence the attack. Upon this, General Mack complained of the marshal's violence towards one of his flags of truce, whom he would not listen to. I availed myself of this circumstance to represent that the marshal was of a fiery and impetuous disposition, and difficult to be restrained; that he commanded the corps which was most numerous and nearest the town ; that he was impatiently awaiting the order for commencing the assault, which I was to transmit to him on leaving Ulm ; the old general was not intimidated. He insisted on the eight days, and urged me to carry that proposal to the emperor.

This unfortunate general was about to sign the ruin of Austria and of himself; and yet in this desperate situation, in which he must have suffered cruelly, he did not despair. His mind retained its faculties, and he spoke earnestly and firmly. He contended for the only thing which was left him to contend for—time. He endeavoured to retard the fall of Austria, of which he was the cause. He wished to give her a few days more to prepare for her ruin. His talent, which was rather political than military, led him to oppose art to strength. His mind was bewildered with a multitude of conjectures.

About nine o'clock on the morning of the 25th, I rejoined the emperor at the Abbey of Elchingen, and gave him an account of the negotiation. He appeared satisfied with it. After I had left him, he desired to see me again, and as I did not go to him on the very moment, he sent by Marshal Berthier new proposals in writing, to which he wished me to procure General Mack's signature on the spot. In these overtures, the emperor granted the Austrian general eight days; but to date from the 23d, the first day of the blockade, which, in fact, reduced the time to six days. This I might have proposed at first, but I did not wish to concede.

However, in case of an obstinate refusal, I was authorized to date these eight days from the 25th, and the emperor still gained a day by this concession. He was anxious to enter Ulm speedily, in order to augment the glory of his victory by his rapidity, and to arrive at Vienna before that city had recovered from her stupor, or the Russian army executed any effective operations; and, finally, he was anxious because our provisions began to fail.

General Berthier told me that he would approach the town, and when the conditions were agreed upon, he would be very glad if I could get him in.

I entered Ulm about noon. The same precautions were observed as on the former occasion, but this time I found General Mack at the gates of the town. I presented to him the emperor's ultimatum. He retired to consider of it in company with several generals, amongst whom I thought I perceived the Prince de Lichtenstein and Generals Klenau and Ginlay. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, he returned to me to discuss the subject of the date. By some misunderstanding, he supposed that he obtained eight clear days, commencing from the 25th; and he exclaimed joyfully, "M. Ségur! my dear M. Ségur! I relied on the emperor's generosity, and I am not deceived. Tell Marshal Berthier I respect him . . . . . Tell the emperor that I have only some trifling observations to make—that I will sign all you have brought me . . . . . But tell his majesty that Marshal Ney has treated me very harshly . . . . . Tell the emperor that I relied on his generosity." Then, with increased agitation, he added, "M. Ségur, I value your esteem. I attach much importance to the opinion you may entertain of me. I will allow you the document I had signed; for my mind was made up." He then showed me a sheet of paper, on which was written the words, "*Eight days or death*," signed "Mack."

Prince Maurice Lichtenstein was sent as a flag of truce to the imperial head-quarters. He was, according to custom, led blindfold on horseback. Rapp, who was present, together with several of Napoleon's aides-de-camp, afterwards spoke to me of the prince's interview with the emperor. I think he told me that Berthier was present likewise. "Picture to yourself," said Rapp, "the astonishment, or rather confusion, of the poor prince, when the bandage was removed from his eyes. He knew nothing of what had been going on, and did not even suspect that the emperor had yet joined the army. When he understood that he was in the presence of Napoleon, he could not suppress an exclamation of surprise, which did not escape the emperor, and he ingenuously acknowledged that General Mack had no idea he was before the walls of Ulm." Prince Lichtenstein proposed to capitulate on condition that the garrison of Ulm should be allowed to return into Austria. This proposal, in the situation in which the garrison stood, Rapp said, made the emperor smile. "How can you expect," said Napoleon, "that I can accede to such a proposition? What shall I gain by it? Eight days. In eight days you will be in my power without any condition. Do you suppose I am not acquainted with

every thing?..... You expect the Russians..... At the nearest they are in Bohemia. Were I to allow you to march out, what security can I have that you will not join them, and afterwards fight against me? Your generals have deceived me often enough, and I will no longer be duped. At Marengo I was weak enough to allow the troops of Melas to march out of Alessandria. He promised to treat for peace. What happened? Two months after, Moreau had to fight with the garrison of Alessandria. Besides, this war is not an ordinary war. After the conduct of your government, I am not bound to keep any terms with it. I have no faith in its promises. You have attacked me. If I should agree to what you ask, Mack would pledge his word I know. But even relying on his good faith, would he be able to keep his promise? As far as regards himself—yes; but as regards his army—no. If the Archduke Ferdinand were still with you, I could rely upon his word, because he would be responsible for the conditions, and he would not disgrace himself; but I know he has quitted Ulm, and passed the Danube. I know how to reach him, however."

Rapp said it was impossible to imagine the embarrassment of Prince Lichtenstein whilst the emperor was speaking. He, however, somewhat regained his self-possession, and observed, that unless the conditions which he proposed were granted, the army would not capitulate. "If that be the case," said Napoleon, "you may as well go back to Mack, for I will never grant such conditions. Are you jesting with me? Stay; here is the capitulation of Memingen—show it to your general—let him surrender on the same conditions—I will consent to no others. Your officers may return to Austria, but the soldiers must be prisoners. Tell him to be speedy, for I have no time to lose. The more he delays the worse he will render his own condition and yours. To-morrow I shall have here the corps to which Memingen capitulated, and then we shall see what is to be done. Make Mack clearly understand that he has no alternative but to conform to my will."

The imperious tone which Napoleon employed towards his enemies almost always succeeded, and it produced the accustomed effect upon Mack. On the same day that Prince Lichtenstein had been at our head-quarters, Mack wrote to the emperor, stating that he would not have treated with any other on such terms; but that he yielded to the ascendancy of Napoleon's fortune; and on the following day Berthier was sent into Ulm, from whence he returned with the capitulation signed. Thus Napoleon was not mistaken respecting the Caudine Forks of the Austrian army. The garrison of Ulm marched out with what are called the honours of war, and were led prisoners into France.

Napoleon, who was so violently irritated by any obstacle which opposed him, and who treated with so much hauteur every body

that ventured to resist his inflexible will, was no longer the same man when, as a conqueror, he received the vanquished generals. He condoled with them on their misfortune; and this, I can affirm, was not the result of a feeling of pride, concealed beneath a feigned generosity. Although he profited by their defeat, he pitied them sincerely. How frequently has he observed to me, "How much to be pitied is a general on the day after a lost battle." He had himself experienced this misfortune, when he was obliged to raise the siege of St. Jean d'Acre. At that moment he would, I believe, have strangled Djezzar; but if Djezzar had surrendered, he would have treated him with the same attention which he showed to Mack and the other generals of the garrison of Ulm. These generals were seventeen in number, and among them was Prince Lichtenstein, who, the day before, had been so surprised at seeing the emperor. There was also General Klenau, Baron de Giulay, who had acquired considerable military reputation in the preceding wars, and General Fresnel, who stood in a more critical situation than his companions in misfortune, for he was a Frenchman, and an emigrant.

Rapp told me that it was really painful to see these generals. They bowed respectfully to the emperor, having Mack at their head. They preserved a mournful silence, and Napoleon was the first to speak, which he did in the following terms: "Gentlemen, I feel sorry that such brave men as you are should be the victims of the follies of a cabinet which cherishes insane projects, and which does not hesitate to commit the dignity of the Austrian nation, by trafficking with the services of its generals. Your names are known to me — they are honourably known wherever you have fought. Examine the conduct of those who have committed you. What could be more iniquitous than to attack me without a declaration of war? Is it not criminal to bring foreign invasion upon a country? Is it not betraying Europe to introduce Asiatic barbarities into her disputes. If good policy had been followed, the Aulic council, instead of attacking me, would have sought my alliance, in order to drive back the Russians to the north. The alliance which your cabinet has formed will appear monstrous in history. It is the alliance of dogs, shepherds, and wolves, against sheep —such a scheme could never have been planned in the mind of a statesman. It is fortunate for you that I have not been defeated in the unjust struggle to which I have been provoked: if I had, the cabinet of Vienna would have soon perceived its error. for which, perhaps, it will yet one day pay dearly."

## NOTES ON THE SURRENDER OF ULM.

It was on the 17th of October that Mack signed the articles of capitulation, and on the 20th the Austrian garrison, of 20,000 men, evacuated the fortress, filed off, and laid down their arms before Napoleon and his staff. During the six or seven days that the French troops had passed before Ulm, it had rained incessantly; but at the moment the Austrian army began to file off and lay down their arms, the clouds dispersed, and the sun shone forth most brilliantly. General Rapp says, that as the garrison laid down their arms before Bonaparte, they cried *Vive l'Empereur:* this is true enough; but the emperor they meant was not Napoleon, but their own sovereign, Francis, Emperor of Austria. In spite of all the absurdities committed by the Aulic council and the generals in command, the troops—the common soldiers—were almost invariably faithful and brave. Many of them were seen shedding tears of rage and shame as they went through the hateful ceremonies of surrender. A small body of Hungarian cavalry would not surrender at all: officers, as well as men, mounted their horses, and so sudden and unexpected was their manœuvre, that they galloped through the French posts, and got fairly off. The French army was drawn up in order of battle on the heights which surround Ulm; the dress and accoutrements of the soldiers, which were never very nice, and which had suffered from constant rains, were put into the best state that circumstances would permit. Their drums beat, and their bands played, as the poor Austrians defiled before them. Bonaparte and his followers said they took 33,000 men in Ulm, but, as usual, the bulletin added many thousands. See *ante* for Bourrienne's opinion on the veracity of Napoleon's bulletins in general.

The unlucky Mack was anxious about the opinion the French might entertain of him. "I was at the Abbey of Elchingen," says Rapp, "with Generals Mouton and Bertrand, when he came to *render homage* to Napoleon. 'I flatter myself, gentlemen,' said Mack, as he passed through the hall where we aides-de-camp were assembled, 'that you will not cease to consider me as a brave man, though I have found myself obliged to capitulate with such a considerable force. But it was difficult to cope with the manœuvres of your emperor; his combinations have ruined me.'" According to the same authority, Mack said, on another occasion, "I am not, however, so much to blame in this campaign. I have in my pocket my written opinion against the separating of the columns of my army; but I can hardly be said to have commanded it:—the Archduke John was there!"

His government thought he had acted the part of a traitor, and shut up Mack in an Austrian dungeon, where, for a long time, it was not known what had become of him. In after years he obtained his liberty, and even some degree of favour, from the late Emperor Francis.

Mack, though a good tactician according to the old school, was a bad commander, who had been always unsuccessful against the French. We believe with Bourrienne that the story of his secret understanding with Bonaparte was a mere invention.—*Editor.*

## CHAPTER LXXX.

### 1805.

The emperor's proclamation—Ten thousand prisoners taken by Murat—Battle of Caldiero, in Italy—Letter from Duroc—Attempts to retard the emperor's progress—Fruitless mission of M. de Giulay—The first French eagles taken by the Russians—Bold adventure of Lannes and Murat—The French enter Vienna—Savary's mission to the Emperor Alexander—My functions at Hamburg—The King of Sweden at Stralsund—My bulletin, describing the situation of the Russian armies—Duroc's recal from Berlin—General Dumouriez—Recruiting of the English in Hanover—The daughter of M. de Marbœuf and Napoleon—Treachery of the King of Naples—The Sun of Austerlitz—Prince Dolgorouki—Rapp's account of the battle of Austerlitz—Gerard's picture.

While Napoleon flattered his prisoners at the expense of their government, he wished to express satisfaction at the conduct of his own army, and with this view he published a remarkable proclamation, which, in some measure, presented an abstract of all that had taken place since the opening of the campaign.

This proclamation was as follows:

Soldiers of the Grand Army,

In a fortnight we have finished our campaign. What we proposed to do has been done. We have driven the Austrian troops from Bavaria, and restored our ally to the sovereignty of his dominions.

That army, which, with equal presumption and imprudence, marched upon our frontiers, is annihilated.

But what does this signify to England? She has gained her object. We are no longer at Boulogne, and her subsidy will be neither more nor less.

Of a hundred thousand men who composed that army, sixty thousand are prisoners. They will supply our conscripts in the labours of agriculture.

Two hundred pieces of cannon, ninety flags, and all their generals, are in our power. Fifteen thousand men only have escaped.

Soldiers! I announce to you the result of a great battle; but, thanks to the ill-devised schemes of the enemy, I was enabled to secure the wished-for result without incurring any danger, and, what is

unexampled in the history of nations, that result has been gained at the sacrifice of scarcely fifteen hundred men, killed and wounded.

Soldiers! this success is due to your unlimited confidence in your emperor, to your patience in enduring fatigues and privations of every kind, and to your singular courage and intrepidity.

But we will not stop here. You are impatient to commence another campaign.

The Russian army, which English gold has brought from the extremities of the universe, shall experience the same fate as that which we have just defeated.

In the conflict in which we are about to engage, the honour of the French infantry is especially concerned. We shall now see another decision of the question which has already been determined in Switzerland and Holland; namely, whether the French infantry is the first or the second in Europe.

Among the Russians there are no generals, in contending against whom I can acquire any glory. All I wish is, to obtain the victory with the least possible bloodshed. My soldiers are my children.

This proclamation always appeared to me a masterpiece of military eloquence. While he lavished praises on his troops, he excited their emulation by hinting that the Russians were capable of disputing with them the first rank among the infantry of Europe, and he concluded his address by calling them his children.

The second campaign, to which Napoleon alleged they so eagerly looked forward, speedily ensued, and hostilities were carried on with a degree of vigour which fired the enthusiasm of the army. Heaven knows what accounts were circulated of the Russians, who, as Bonaparte solemnly stated in his proclamation, had come from the *extremity of the world.* They were represented as half-naked savages, pillaging, destroying, and burning wherever they went. It was even asserted that they were cannibals, and had been seen to eat children.* In short, at that period was introduced the denomination of northern barbarians, which has since been so generally applied to the Russians. Two days after the capitulation of Ulm, Murat obtained the capitulation of Trochtelfingen from General Warneck, and made ten thousand prisoners; so that, without counting killed and wounded, the Austrian army had sustained a diminution of fifty thousand men, after a campaign of twenty days. On the 27th of October the French army crossed the Inn, and thus penetrated into the Austrian territory. Saltzburg and Braunau were immediately taken. The army of Italy, under the command of Masséna, was also obtaining great advantages. On the 30th of October, that is to say, the very day on which the grand army took the abovementioned fortresses, the army of

* The French, so incredulous in matters of religion, could readily believe these extravagant fables! They were sadly ignorant, as a nation, of foreign manners, and the state of society in different countries.—*Editor.*

Italy, having crossed the Adige, had a sanguinary battle at Caldiero, and took five thousand Austrian prisoners.

In the extraordinary campaign, which has been distinguished by the name of the campaign of Austerlitz, the exploits of our troops succeeded each other with the rapidity of thought. I confess I was equally astonished and delighted when I received a note from Duroc, sent by an extraordinary courier, and commencing laconically with the words, "We are in Vienna; the emperor is well."

Duroc's letter was dated the 31st of October, and the words, "We are in Vienna," seemed to me the result of a dream. The capital of Austria, which, from time immemorial, had not been occupied by foreigners—the city which Sobiesky had saved from Ottoman violence, had become the prey of the imperial eagle of France, which, after a lapse of three centuries, avenged the humiliations formerly imposed upon Francis I. by the *Aquila Grifagna* of Charles V.* Duroc had left the emperor before the camp of Boulogne was raised: his mission to Berlin being terminated, he rejoined the emperor at Lintz.

Before I notice the singular mission of M. Haugwitz to the Emperor Napoleon, and the result of that mission, which circumstances rendered diametrically the reverse of its object, I will relate what came to my knowledge respecting some other negotiations on the part of Austria, the evident intent of which was to retard Napoleon's progress, and thereby to dupe him. M. de Giulay, one of the generals included in the capitulation of Ulm, had returned home to acquaint his sovereign with the disastrous event. He did not conceal either from the Emperor Francis or

* "Aquila Grifagna, che due becchi porta per meglio divorar."

This line occurs in a satire which Paulus Jovius, a celebrated critic of the sixteenth century, wrote in favour of Francis I., and against Charles V. Having quarreled with the King of France, Paulus Jovius offered his services to the Emperor of Germany, who replied to him by repeating the line above quoted.

As soon as Bonaparte became emperor he constituted himself the avenger of all the insults given to the sovereigns, whom he styled his predecessors. All that related to the honour of France was sacred to him. Thus he joyfully removed the column of Rosbach from the Prussian territory.

[Bourrienne has committed a mistake, in ascribing the passage he has here quoted to Paulus Jovius. It occurs in a poem of Luigi Alamanni, the author of "La Coltivazione." Alamanni being sent by Francis I. on an embassy to Charles V. in Italy, addressed the emperor in a flattering speech, in which he alluded to the Austrian eagle. Charles abruptly interrupted him, by repeating the verse in which the poet had described the imperial bird—"The ravenous eagle which has two beaks, the better to enable it to devour." Alamanni, without being disconcerted, made an apology, in which he observed, that to speak at one time in prose, differently from what had been spoken at another time in verse, was very natural

If we can trust to memory, the precise words used by Alamanni are,

. . . . . Quell' aquila Grifagna
Che, per più mangiar due becchi porta.

The eagle in the Austrian arms has two heads and necks.—*Editor.*

the cabinet of Vienna the destruction of the Austrian army and the impossibility of arresting the rapid advance of the French. M. de Giulay was sent with a flag of truce to the head-quarters of Napoleon, to assure him of the pacific intentions of the Emperor of Austria, and to solicit an armistice. The snare was too clumsy not to be immediately discovered by so crafty a man as Napoleon. He had always pretended a love for peace, though he was overjoyed at the idea of continuing a war so successfully commenced, and he directed General Giulay to assure the Emperor of Austria that he was not less anxious for peace than he, and that he was ready to treat for it, but without suspending the course of his operations. Bonaparte, indeed, could not, without a degree of imprudence of which he was incapable, consent to an armistice; for M. de Giulay, though intrusted with powers from Austria, had received none from Russia. Russia, therefore, might disavow the armistice and arrive in time to defend Vienna, the occupation of which was so important to the French army. The Russians, indeed, were advancing to oppose us, and the corps of our army commanded by Mortier, on the left bank of the Danube, experienced, in the first engagement, a check which not a little vexed the emperor. This was the first reverse of fortune we had sustained throughout the campaign. It was trivial, to be sure; but the capture of the Russians of three French eagles, the first that had fallen into the hands of the enemy, was very mortifying to Napoleon, and caused him to prolong, for some days, his stay at Saint-Polten, where he then was.

The rapid occupation of Vienna was due to the successful temerity of Lannes and Murat, two men alike distinguished for courage and daring spirit. A bold artifice of these generals prevented the destruction of the bridge of the Thabor, at Vienna, without which our army would have experienced considerable difficulty in penetrating into the Austrian capital. This act of courage and presence of mind, which had so great an influence on the events of the campaign, was described to me by Lannes, who told the story with an air of gaiety, unaccompanied by any self-complacency, and seemed rather pleased with the trick played upon the Austrians than proud of the brilliant action which had been performed. Bold enterprises were so natural to Lannes, that he was frequently the only person who saw nothing extraordinary in his own exploits. Alas! what men were sacrificed to Napoleon's ambition!

The following is the story of the bridge of the Thabor, as I received it from Lannes:

I was one day walking with Murat, on the right bank of the Danube, and we observed on the left bank, which was occupied by the Austrians, some works going on, the evident object of which was to blow up the bridge on the approach of our troops. The fools had the impudence to make these preparations under our very noses; but we gave them a good lesson. Having arranged our plan, we returned

to give orders, and I intrusted the command of my column of grenadiers to an officer on whose courage and intelligence I could rely. I then returned to the bridge, accompanied by Murat and two or three other officers. We advanced, unconcernedly, and entered into conversation with the commander of a post in the middle of the bridge. We spoke to him about an armistice which was to be speedily concluded. While conversing with the Austrian officers, we contrived to make them turn their eyes towards the left bank, and then, agreeably to the orders we had given, my column of grenadiers advanced on the bridge. The Austrian cannoneers, on the left bank, seeing their officers in the midst of us, did not dare to fire, and my column advanced at a quick step. Murat and I at the head of it, gained the left bank. All the combustibles, prepared for blowing up the bridge were thrown into the river; and my men took possession of the batteries erected for the defence of the bridge head. The poor devils of Austrian officers were perfectly astounded when I told them they were my prisoners.

Such, as well as I can recollect, was the account given by Lannes, who laughed immoderately in describing the consternation of the Austrian officers when they discovered the trick that had been played upon them. When Lannes performed this exploit, he had little idea of the important consequences which would attend it. He had not only secured to the remainder of the French army a sure and easy entrance to Vienna, but, without being aware of it, he created an insurmountable impediment to the junction of the Russian army with the Austrian corps, commanded by Prince Charles, who, being pressed by Masséna, hastily advanced into the heart of the hereditary states, where he fully expected a great battle would take place.

As soon as the corps of Murat and Lannes had taken possession of Vienna, the emperor ordered all the divisions of the army to march upon that capital. Napoleon established his head-quarters at Schœnbrunn, where he planned his operations for compelling the corps of Prince Charles to retire to Hungary, and also for advancing his own forces to meet the Russians. Murat and Lannes always commanded the advanced guard during the forced marches ordered by Napoleon, which were executed in a way truly miraculous.

To keep up the appearance of wishing to conclude peace as soon as reasonable propositions should be made to him, Napoleon sent for his minister for foreign affairs, who speedily arrived at Vienna, and General Savary was sent on a mission to the Emperor Alexander. The details of this mission I have learned only from the account of it given by the Duke de Rovigo in his apologetic Memoirs. In spite of the duke's eagerness to induce a belief in Napoleon's pacific disposition, the very facts on which he supports his argument lead to the contrary conclusion. Napoleon wished to dictate his conditions before the issue of a battle, the success of which might appear doubtful to the young

Emperor of Russia, and these conditions were such as he might impose when victory should be declared in favour of our eagles. It must be clear to every reflecting person, that by always proposing what he knew could not be honourably acceded to, he kept up the appearance of being a pacificator, while at the same time he ensured to himself the pleasure of carrying on the war.

I will now relate how, in conformity with my instructions, I was employed in Hamburg in aiding the success of the French army. I had sent an agent to observe the Russian troops who were advancing by forced marches on the banks of the Elbe. This agent transmitted to me from Gadbusch an account of the routes taken by the different columns. It was then supposed that they would march upon Holland by the way of Bremen and Oldenburg. On the receipt of this intelligence, the electorate of Hanover was evacuated by the French, and General Barbou, who had commanded there, concentrated his forces in Hameln.

On the 2d of November, 1805, the King of Sweden arrived at Stralsund. I immediately intimated to our government that this circumstance would probably give a new turn to the operations of the combined army; for hitherto the uncertainty of its movements, and the successive counter-orders, afforded no possibility of ascertaining any determined plan. The intention seemed to be, that all the Swedo-Russian troops should cross the Elbe at the same point, viz., Lauenburg, six miles from Hamburg. There was not on the 5th of November a single Russian on the southern bank of the Elbe.

The first column of the grand Russian army passed through Warsaw on the 1st of November, and on the 2d the Grand Duke Constantine was expected with the guards. This column, which amounted to six thousand men, was the first that passed through Prussian Poland.

At this time we momentarily expected to see landed on the banks of the Weser or the Elbe, the Hanoverian army, augmented by some thousands of English. Their design apparently was either to attack Holland, or to attempt some operation on the rear of our grand army.

The French government was very anxious to receive accurate accounts of the march of the Swedo-Russian troops through Hanover, and of the Russian army through Poland. My agents at Warsaw and Stralsund, who were exceedingly active and intelligent, enabled me to send off a bulletin, describing the state of Hanover, the movements of the Russians and Swedes, together with information of the arrival of English troops in the Elbe, and a statement of the force of the combined army in Hanover, which consisted of fifteen thousand Russians, eight thousand Swedes, and twelve thousand English; making in all thirty-five thousand men.

It was probably on account of this bulletin that Napoleon expressed to Duroc his satisfaction of my services. The emperor,

on recalling Duroc from Berlin, did not manifest the least apprehension respecting Prussia. Duroc wrote to me the following letter on the occasion of his recal:

MY DEAR BOURRIENNE,

The emperor having thought my services necessary to the army, has recalled me. I yesterday had a farewell audience of the king and queen, who treated me very graciously. His majesty presented me with his portrait set in diamonds.

The Emperor Alexander will probably depart to-morrow, and the Archduke Anthony very speedily. We cannot but hope that their presence here will facilitate a good understanding.

DUROC.

Whenever foreign armies were opposing France, the hopes of the emigrants revived. They falsely imagined that the powers coalesced against Napoleon were labouring in their cause; and many of them entered the Russian and Austrian armies. Of this number was General Dumouriez. I received information that he had landed at Stade on the 21st of November; but whither he intended to proceed was not known. A man named Saint Martin, whose wife lived with Dumouriez, and who had accompanied the general from England to Stade, came to Hamburg, where he observed great precautions for concealment, and bought two carriages, which were immediately forwarded to Stade. Saint Martin himself immediately proceeded to the latter place. I was blamed for not having arrested this man; but he had a commission attesting that he was in the English service, and, as I have before mentioned, a foreign commission was a safeguard, and the only one, which could not be violated in Hamburg.

In December, 1805, the English recruiting in Hanover was kept up without interruption, and attended with extraordinary success. Sometimes a hundred men were raised in a day. The misery prevailing in Germany, which had been ravaged by the war, the hatred against the French, and the high bounty that was offered, enabled the English to procure as many men as they wished.

The King of Sweden, meditating on the stir he should make in Hanover, took with him a camp printing-press to publish the bulletins of the *grand* Swedish army. The first of these bulletins announced *to Europe* that his Swedish majesty was about to leave Stralsund, and that his army would take up its position partly between Nelsen and Haarburg, and partly between Domitz and the frontiers of Hamburg.

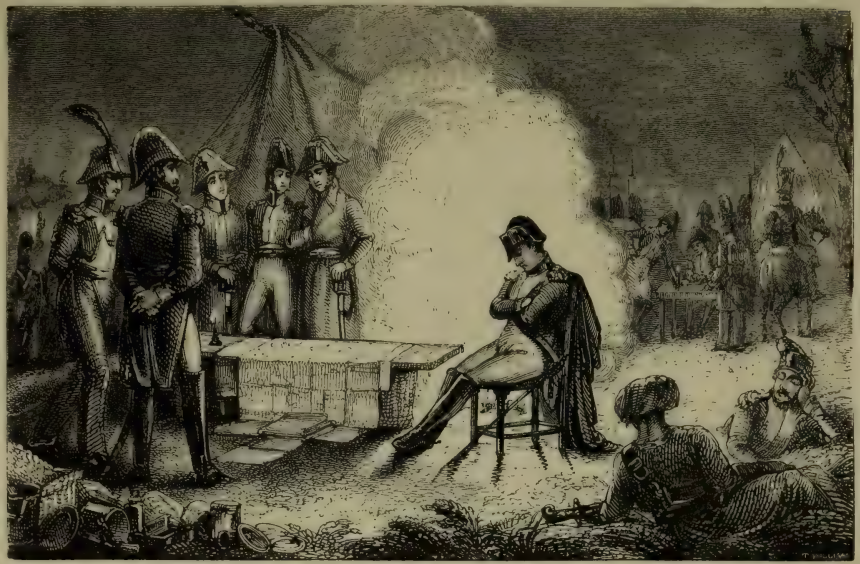
Among the anecdotes of Napoleon connected with this campaign, I find in my notes the following, which was related to me by Rapp: Some days before his entrance into Vienna, Napoleon, who was riding on horseback along the road, dressed in his usual uniform of chasseur of the guards, met an open car-

riage, in which were seated a lady and a priest. The lady was in tears, and Napoleon could not refrain from stopping to ask her what was the cause of her distress:—"Sir," she replied, for she did not know the emperor, "I have been pillaged at my estate, two leagues from hence, by a party of soldiers, who have murdered my gardener; I am going to seek your emperor, who knows my family, to whom he was once under great obligations." "What is your name?" inquired Napoleon—"De Bunny," replied the lady: "I am the daughter of M. de Marbœuf, formerly governor of Corsica."—"Madame," exclaimed Napoleon, "I am delighted to have the opportunity of serving you." "You cannot conceive," continued Rapp, "the attention which the emperor showed Madame de Bunny. He consoled her, pitied her, almost apologized for the misfortune she had sustained." "Will you have the goodness, Madame," said he, "to go and wait for me at my head-quarters. I will join you speedily; every member of M. de Marbœuf's family has a claim on my respect." The emperor immediately gave her a piquet of chasseurs of his guard to escort her. He saw her again during the day, when he loaded her with attentions, and liberally indemnified her for the losses she had sustained.

For some time previous to the battle of Austerlitz, the different corps of the army intersected every part of Germany and Italy, all tending towards Vienna as a central point. At the beginning of November, the corps commanded by Marshal Bernadotte arrived at Saltzburg, at the moment when the emperor had advanced his head-quarters to Braunau, where there were numerous magazines of artillery, and a vast quantity of provisions of every kind. The junction of the corps commanded by Bernadotte in Hanover with the grand army was a point of such high importance, that Bonaparte had directed the marshal to come up with him as speedily as possible, and to take the shortest road. This order obliged Bernadotte to pass through the territory of the two margravates.

At that time we were at peace with Naples. In September the emperor had concluded with Ferdinand IV. a treaty of neutrality. This treaty enabled Carra-Saint-Cyr, who occupied Naples, to evacuate that city and to join Masséna in Upper Italy: both reached the grand army on the 28th of November. But no sooner had the troops commanded by Carra-Saint-Cyr quitted the Neapolitan territory, than the King of Naples, influenced by his ministers, and above all by Queen Caroline, broke the treaty of neutrality, ordered hostile preparations against France, opened his ports to the enemies of the emperor, and received into his states twelve thousand Russians and eight thousand English.* It was on the receipt of this news that

* This has been called treachery on the part of King Ferdinand, but it should be remembered that it was only by a system of treachery and violence that the



The evening before the Battle of Austerlitz.

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Bonaparte, in one of his most violent bulletins, styled the Queen of Naples a second Fredegunda. The victory of Austerlitz having given powerful authority to his threats, the fall of Naples was decided, and shortly after, his brother Joseph was seated on the Neapolitan throne.

At length came the grand day, when, to use Napoleon's expression, the *Sun of Austerlitz rose*. All our forces were concentrated on one point, at about forty leagues beyond Vienna. There remained nothing but the wreck of the Austrian army; the corps of Prince Charles being by scientific manœuvres kept at a distance from the line of operations: but the Russians alone were superior to us in numbers, and their army was almost entirely composed of fresh troops. The most extraordinary illusion prevailed in the enemy's camp. The north of Europe has its Gascons as well as the south of France, and the junior portion of the Russian army at this period assumed an absurd braggadocio tone. On the very eve of the battle, the Emperor Alexander sent one of his aides-de-camp, Prince Dolgorouki, as a flag of truce to Napoleon. The prince could not repress his self-sufficiency even in the presence of the emperor, and Rapp informed me that, on dismissing him, the emperor said, "If you were on the heights of Montmartre,* I would answer such impertinence only by cannon-balls." This observation was very remarkable, inasmuch as subsequent events rendered it a prophecy.

As to the battle itself, I can describe it almost as well as if I had witnessed it; for, some time after, I had the pleasure of seeing my friend Rapp, who was sent on a mission to Prussia. He gave me the following account:

"When we arrived at Austerlitz, the Russians were not aware of the scientific plans which the emperor had laid for drawing them upon the ground he had marked out; and seeing our advanced guards fall back before theirs, they already considered themselves conquerors. They supposed that their guard alone would secure an easy triumph. But the action commenced, and they experienced an energetic resistance on all points. At one o'clock the victory was yet uncertain, for they fought admirably. They wished to make a last effort, by directing close masses against our centre. Their imperial guard deployed; their artillery, cavalry, and infantry, marched upon a bridge which they attacked, and this movement, which was concealed by the rising and falling of the ground, was not observed by Napoleon. I was, at that moment, near the emperor, awaiting his orders. We heard a well-maintained firing of musketry. The Russians were repulsing one of our brigades. The emperor

French had obtained a footing in the kingdom of Naples, and forced Ferdinand into a more disadvantageous treaty.—*Editor.*

* The famous hill in the suburbs of Paris, where, nine years later, the Russians really stood as conquerors.—*Editor.*

ordered me to take some of the Mamelukes, two squadrons of chasseurs, and one of grenadiers of the guard, and to go and reconnoitre the state of things. I set off at full gallop, and soon discovered the disaster. The Russian cavalry had penetrated our squares, and was sabring our men. I perceived in the distance some masses of cavalry and infantry, which formed the reserve of the Russians. At that moment the enemy advanced to meet us, bringing with him four pieces of artillery, and ranged himself in order of battle. I had the brave Morland on my left, and General Dallemagne on my right. 'Forward, my boys!' exclaimed I to my troop. 'See how your brothers and friends are being cut to pieces. Avenge them! avenge our flag! Forward!' These few words roused my men. We advanced as swiftly as our horses could carry us upon the artillery, which was taken. The enemy's cavalry, which awaited us firmly, was repulsed by the same shock, and fled in disorder, galloping, as we did, over the wrecks of our squares. The Russians rallied; but a squadron of horse grenadiers came up to reinforce me, and thus enabled me to hold ground against the reserves of the Russian guard. We charged again, and this charge was terrible. The brave Morland was killed by my side. It was absolute butchery. We were opposed man to man, and were so mingled together, that the infantry of neither one nor the other side could venture to fire for fear of killing their own men. At length the intrepidity of our troops overcame every obstacle, and the Russians fled in disorder, in sight of the two emperors of Russia and Austria, who had stationed themselves on a height, in order to witness the battle. They saw a desperate one," said Rapp, "and I trust they were satisfied. For my part, my dear friend, I never spent so glorious a day. What a reception the emperor gave me when I returned to inform him that we had won the battle! My sword was broken, and a wound which I received on my head was bleeding copiously, so that I was covered with blood! He made me a general of division. The Russians did not return to the charge: we had taken all their cannon and baggage, and Prince Repnin was among the prisoners."

Thus it was that Rapp related to me this famous battle of which he was the hero, as Kellerman had been the hero of Marengo. What now remains of Austerlitz?—The recollection, the glory, and the magnificent picture of Gerard, the idea of which was suggested to the emperor by the sight of Rapp with the blood streaming from his wound.

## BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

It may not be superfluous to subjoin here Savary's account of the battle of Austerlitz, which is as follows:

"Napoleon now thought of nothing but the preparatory dispositions for the battle, which he resolved to delay no longer. Bernadotte joined him with two divisions of infantry; Soult had three; Marshal Lannes two; the united grenadiers formed a strong one; the foot-guards one. Marshal Davoust had one within reach: the emperor had, besides his light cavalry, three divisions of dragoons, two of cuirassiers, and two regiments of carabineers, with the horse-guards. He caused abundance of provisions and ammunition of all kinds, taken from the Austrian magazines of Brunn, to be brought upon the ground.

"It was the last day of November, 1805; the next day, the 1st of December, he himself placed all the divisions of the army: he knew his ground as well as the environs of Paris.

"Marshal Davoust was on the extreme right, *en échelons*, on the communication from Brunn to Vienna, by Nicolsburg. His right division was commanded by General Friant; it was this that acted with us. Davoust was separated from the corps of Marshal Soult by ponds, which presented long narrow defiles, and of difficult communication. Marshal Soult was also on the right of that part of the army which was opposed to the Russian army. His right division was that of General Legrand, who was close to the ponds which separated him from General Friant. On the left of General Legrand was the division of Saint Hilaire, and on the left of the latter that of General Vandamme. In the second line, behind Marshal Soult, was first the division of united grenadiers, and on their left were the two divisions of Marshal Bernadotte. On the left of Marshal Soult, upon a configuration of ground somewhat more advanced, was the corps of Marshal Lannes, having its first division (that of General Caffarelli) on the right of the road from Olmütz to Brunn, and its second division (that of General Suchet) supported on its right upon the same road, and on its left upon the Centon.

"The infantry of the guard was the natural reserve of Marshal Lannes. As the ground on our left seemed to offer an extensive space, it was deemed prudent not to place the cavalry at a distance from it; the light cavalry therefore was first put on the right of Marshal Lannes, where it did not at all incommode the corps of Marshal Soult, which was on a vast *plateau*, a little in the rear, and to the right. Behind the light cavalry were placed the dragoons The cuirassiers also remained that day near the corps of Marshal Soult, with the horse-guards.

"The emperor passed the whole day on horseback, inspecting his army himself, regiment by regiment. He spoke to the troops, viewed all the parks, all the light batteries, and gave instructions to all the officers and gunners. He afterwards went to inspect the *ambulances*, and the means of conveyance for the wounded. He returned to dine at his bivouac, and sent for all his marshals: he enlarged upon all that they ought to do the next day, and all that it was possible for the

enemy to attempt. It would require a volume to detail all that emanated from his mind in those twenty-four hours.

" The Russian army was seen arriving the whole afternoon, and taking positions very near to our right. The emperor was ready either to receive the attack of the enemy, or to attack himself.

" In the evening of the 1st of December there was on our extreme right an irregular firing of small-arms, which was kept up so late as to give the emperor some uneasiness. He had already sent several times to inquire whence it proceeded; he sent for me, and ordered me to go as far as the communication between the division of General Legrand and that of General Friant, and not to return until I had ascertained what the Russians were about, adding that this firing must be designed to cover some movement.

" I had not very far to go; for no sooner had I got to the right of Legrand's division than I saw his advanced guard, which was repulsed from a village situated at the foot of the position of the Russians, who wished to possess themselves of it for the purpose of thence debouching on our right: the nature of the ground favoured their movement, which was already begun when I arrived. The moon shone very bright; nevertheless, they did not continue this movement, because the night soon became overcast: they were content with concentrating on that point, so as to deploy rapidly at daybreak. I returned with all possible expedition to relate what I had seen: I found the emperor lying upon straw, and so fast asleep, in a hut which the soldiers had made for him, that I was obliged to shake him in order to awaken him. I made my report: he desired me to repeat it; sent for Marshal Soult, and mounted his horse, to go himself and inspect his whole line, and to see the movement of the Russians on his right: he approached as near to it as possible. On his return through the lines of bivouac, he was recognised by the soldiers, who spontaneously lighted torches of straw: this spread from one end of the army to the other: in a moment there was a regular illumination, and the air was rent with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!*

" The emperor returned very late; and though he continued to take repose, he was not without uneasiness as to what might be the result of the movement of his right on the following day. He was awake and stirring by daybreak, to get the whole army under arms in silence.

" There was a very thick fog, which enveloped all our bivouacs, so that it was impossible to distinguish objects at the distance of ten paces. It was favourable to us, and gave us time to arrange ourselves. This army had been so well trained in the camp of Boulogne, that one could rely on the good condition in which each soldier kept his arms and accoutrements. As it became light, the fog seemed disposed to clear off. Absolute silence prevailed to the very extremity of the horizon: nobody would ever have thought that there was so many men, and so many noisy engines of destruction, enveloped in so small a space.

" The emperor sent me again to the extreme right to watch the movement of the Russians: they began to debouch on General Legrand, when I had got very near him; but, on account of the fog, I could not well judge of the movement. I returned to make my report. It was scarcely seven in the morning: the fog had already

The Battle of Austerlitz.

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cleared away so much, that I had no reason to follow the line of the troops, lest I should lose my way. (We were about two hundred toises from the Russians.)

"The emperor saw his whole army, infantry and cavalry, formed into columns by divisions. All the marshals were near him, and teased him to begin: he resisted their importunities, till the attack of the Russians on his right became brisker: he had sent word to Marshal Davoust to support General Legrand, who was soon afterwards attacked, and had his whole division engaged. When the emperor judged, by the briskness of the fire, that the attack was serious, he dismissed all the marshals, and ordered them to begin.

"This onset of the whole army at once had something imposing: you might hear the words of command of the individual officers. It marched, as if to exercise, to the very foot of the position of the Russians, halting at times to rectify its distances and its directions. General Saint Hilaire attacked in front the Russian position, which is called in the country the hill of the Pratzer. He there sustained a tremendous fire of musketry, which would have staggered any one but himself. The fire lasted two hours; he had not a battalion that was not deployed and engaged.

"General Vandamme, who had rather more space to traverse to get within fire of the enemy, came upon the head column, overthrew it, and was master of its position and its artillery in an instant. The emperor immediately marched one of the divisions of Marshal Bernadotte behind Vandamme's division, and a portion of the united grenadiers behind that of Saint Hilaire. He sent orders to Marshal Lannes to attack promptly and briskly the right of the enemy, that it might not come to the assistance of their left, which was wholly engaged by the movement of the emperor.

"The portion of the enemy's army, which had begun its movement upon General Legrand, would have fallen back and reascended the Pratzer; but General Legrand, supported by Friant's division (belonging to Marshal Davoust), followed it so closely that it was forced to fight where it stood, without daring either to retire or to advance.

"General Vandamme, directed by Marshal Soult, and supported by a division of Bernadotte's, made a change of direction by the right flank, for the purpose of turning and attacking all the troops that were before Saint Hilaire's division. This movement was completely successful; and the two divisions, united on the Pratzer itself by this movement, had no further need of the assistance of Bernadotte's division: they made a second change of direction by their right flank, and descended from the Pratzer to attack in the rear all the troops who were opposed to General Legrand. These troops quitted, for the purpose of attacking the Russians, the position from which the latter had descended during the preceding night to attack General Legrand; they had thus traversed a complete semicircle. The emperor made the united grenadiers and the division of the foot-guards support the movement: it had complete success, and decided the battle.

"General Vandamme received a check at the commencement of his first change of direction to the right. The fourth regiment of the line lost one of its eagles in a charge of cavalry made upon it by the Russian guard; but the chasseurs of the guard and the grenadiers on

duty about the emperor charged so seasonably, that this accident had no bad consequences.

"It was after the second change of direction to the right of this same division of Vandamme, then in communication with Saint Hilaire's, that the emperor ordered the division of Bernadotte which followed the movement to go straight on, and no longer follow the direction of Vandamme. That division did so; it fought the infantry of the Russian guard, broke it, and drove it, fighting, a full league; but it returned to its position, nobody could tell why. The emperor, who had followed the movements of Vandamme's division, was exceedingly astonished, on returning in the evening, to find the division of Bernadotte on the spot from which he had himself despatched it in the morning. We shall presently see whether he had reason to be displeased at the retrograde movement of that division.

"The left of our army, under Marshal Lannes, and where all our cavalry was under the command of Marshal Murat, had broken and put to flight the whole right of the Russian army, which, at nightfall, took the road to Austerlitz, to join the relics of another portion of that army with which Marshal Soult had been engaged. Had Marshal Bernadotte's division continued marching another half-hour, instead of returning to its first position, it would have been across the road from Austerlitz to Hollitsch, by which the right of the Russian army was retreating. By checking that movement, it prevented our destroying the latter.

"The whole day was a series of manœuvres, none of which failed; and which cut the Russian army, surprised in a flank movement, into as many pieces as there were heads of columns brought up to attack it. All the troops that had descended from the Pratzer to attack Generals Legrand and Friant were taken on the spot, in consequence of the movements of the divisions of Saint Hilaire and Vandamme. In short, there were left to us, with the field of battle, 100 pieces of cannon, and 43,000 prisoners of war, exclusively of the wounded and slain who remained upon the ground. There could scarcely be a more victorious and decisive day.

"The emperor came back in the evening, along the whole line where the different regiments of the army had fought. It was already dark: he had recommended silence to all who accompanied him, that he might hear the cries of the wounded; he immediately went to the spot where they were, alighted himself, and ordered a glass of brandy to be given them from the canteen which always followed him. I was with him the whole of that night, during which he remained very late on the field of battle: the squadron of his escort passed the whole night upon it in taking the cloaks from the Russian dead, for the purpose of covering the wounded with them. He himself ordered large fires to be kindled near them, sent about for a muster-master, and did not retire till he had arrived; and, having left him a picket of his own escort, he enjoined him not to quit the wounded till they were all in the hospital."*

* We scarcely know any two accounts of a great battle that perfectly agree, but with the usual exception as to the French exaggeration of the numbers of prisoners, &c. this sketch of Savary's may be tolerably correct. The results of the battle could scarcely be exaggerated; and on this point we will quote a recent

writer, who has taken extraordinary pains in referring to original documents, and who is evidently well acquainted with the subject.

"The great battle of Austerlitz was fought on the 2d of December, 1805. The two armies were nearly equal in number. The Russians, confident of success, extended their line too much. Bonaparte broke through it and separated their divisions, which, after a stout resistance, especially on the part of the Russian guards, were routed in detail. The loss of the allies was tremendous: thousands were drowned in the frozen lakes in the rear of their position. The emperor of Austria had an interview with Napoleon the day after, and an armistice was concluded, by which the remaining Russian troops were allowed to retire to their own country. Peace between Austria and France was signed at Presburg on the 26th of December. Austria gave up the Venetian provinces and Dalmatia to the kingdom of Italy, Tyrol to the elector of Bavaria, and other districts, besides a contribution of one hundred millions of francs. This war, which was to have checked the preponderance of Napoleon in Italy, left that country entirely at his disposal, and established his influence over a great part of Germany, where, having raised the electors of Bavaria and Würtemberg to the rank of kings, he placed himself at the head of all the smaller states, which he formed into the confederation of the Rhine under his protection. The old German empire was thus dissolved. Soon after, the Emperor Francis formally renounced his title of Emperor of Germany, and assumed the title of Francis I., emperor of Austria and of his other hereditary states.

It must be observed that the position of Napoleon after the battle of Austerlitz in the heart of Moravia, the winter having set in, and he far from the frontiers of France and from his reinforcements and supplies, the Russians, who were expecting reinforcements, in his front, Prussia wavering on his flank, Bohemia untouched, the Archduke Charles and the Hungarian insurrection in his rear, was extremely critical, had he chosen to protract the war. This of course induced him to grant Austria better terms than what she appeared to have a right to, on a mere superficial view of the condition of the two powers. The Austrian empire was not overthrown because Vienna was in the power of the invader. But Napoleon calculated on the habits and the fears of the Emperor Francis, and on his affection for the good citizens of Vienna; and he was not mistaken on this occasion."—*See Article "Bonaparte" in Penny Cyclopædia.* (*Editor.*)

## CHAPTER LXXXI.

### 1805.

Prince Lichtenstein's mission to Napoleon—Interview between the two emperors—Savary's missions to Francis II. and Alexander—Treaty of Presburg—M. Haugwitz at Schœnbrunn—Napoleon's severity—Treaty concluded by M. Haugwitz without authority—Second treaty concluded between Prussia and England—The title of emperor refused to Napoleon by Alexander—Battle of Trafalgar—Napoleon's self-command—Rapp's itinerary after Austerlitz—The emperor at Munich—Eugene's marriage.

On the day after the battle, the emperor, who was at the castle of Austerlitz, received a visit from Prince de Lichtenstein, the same whom Mack had sent with a flag of truce when Napoleon was before the walls of Ulm. On this occasion the prince came on a mission from the Emperor Francis II., who requested

an interview with Napoleon. The request was acceded to, and the ceremonies to be observed on the occasion were immediately arranged. On the 4th of December, Napoleon proceeded on horseback to the appointed place, which was a mill, about three leagues from Austerlitz. Napoleon was first at the rendezvous; but the Emperor Francis soon arrived in a calèche. As soon as Napoleon perceived him he alighted from his horse, and advanced to meet him, attended by his aides-de-camp. Lauriston, from whom I obtained these particulars, accompanied him, having, as he himself said, been lucky enough to join the grand army in time to take part in the battle of Austerlitz. Napoleon embraced Francis II. on meeting him. During their interview, Napoleon had only Berthier beside him, and the emperor of Austria was attended by Prince John of Lichtenstein, so that the other aides-de-camp could not hear the conversation which passed between the two emperors, which, however, may be easily imagined. What a situation for the heir of the throne of Charles V.! The emperors remained together about two hours, and again embraced at parting.

On his return from this interview, Napoleon, who never for a moment lost sight of the interest of his policy, roused himself from the meditation in which Lauriston said he seemed to be absorbed, to despatch an aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Austria. Savary was intrusted with this mission, the object of which was to acquaint the Emperor Francis, that on leaving him he was going, by order of Napoleon, to the head-quarters of the Emperor Alexander, to obtain his adhesion, as far as he was concerned, to the conditions agreed upon in the conference between the Emperors of France and Austria. Alexander consented to all; observing that, since the King of the Romans was satisfied with the promises of Napoleon, he had no conditions to make on his own account, as he had taken the field only to assist his ally.

The diplomatic chanceries of France and Austria met at Presburg. As one of the two parties had the power of demanding all, and the other could scarcely venture to refuse any thing, the negotiations were neither difficult nor tardy; and on the 25th of December, that is to say, three months after Napoleon's departure from Paris, all was arranged. Russia, who had taken part in the war, took no part in the negotiations. Hostilities ceased between her and France; but without any treaty of peace being concluded between them.

After the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon established his head-quarters at Brunn, where he remained some days to superintend the execution of his orders respecting the cantonments of his troops. He afterwards proceeded to Schœnbrunn, without stopping at Vienna, through which he passed during the night. On the day after his arrival at Schœnbrunn, he received, for the first time, M. Haugwitz, an envoy of the King of Prussia, who had been for some time at Vienna negotiating, in concert

with the Prussian minister, with M. de Talleyrand, and who, it must be confessed, was in the most critical situation in which a diplomatist could be placed.

M. Haugwitz was very ill received. He had been at Vienna to wait the issue of events, and those events had not taken a turn favourable to the intentions of Prussia. Napoleon, whom victory had placed in the most triumphant situation, treated the envoy from Berlin with great haughtiness, and even severity:—"Do you think," said Napoleon, "your master has kept good faith with me? It would have been more honourable in him to have declared war against me openly, though he had no motive for doing so. He would then have served his new allies, for I should have looked twice before I gave battle. You wish to be the allies of all parties; but that is impossible. You must choose between them and me. If you wish to go with them, I have no objection; but if you remain with me, I must have sincerity. I would rather have avowed enemies than false friends. What does this mean? You call yourselves my allies, and yet you allow a Russian corps in Hanover to communicate through your states with the grand Russian army. Nothing can justify this conduct: it is an open act of hostility. If your powers do not enable you to treat all these questions, get them extended. As for me, I will march against my enemies, wherever they may be." While the emperor delivered this address, Lauriston told me that he was so animated, and raised his voice so loud, that he was heard distinctly by those who were in the adjoining room.

M. Haugwitz was placed in peculiarly delicate circumstances, especially as Napoleon's complaints against Prussia were not entirely without foundation. The truth is, that M. Haugwitz had come to Vienna merely as an observer, and furnished only with conditional instructions. Had the emperor been beaten by the combined armies of Austria and Russia, M. Haugwitz was openly to declare the alliance of Prussia with Russia and Austria; but the victory gained by the French, and the immense results of that victory, forbade him to avow the object of his mission. M. Haugwitz, seeing no other means of averting the storm which was ready to burst upon Prussia, took upon himself, without being authorized by his sovereign, to sign a treaty, by virtue of which the margravates of Bareuth and Anspach were exchanged for Hanover.

While all this was going on at Vienna, I received from Berlin certain bulletins informing me that M. Von Hardenberg had just signed, *by order of his master,* another treaty with England, which rendered the situation of Prussia, with respect to her two allies, extremely perplexing and complicated. She could not remain in these embarrassing circumstances, from which, however, she saw no certain means of extricating herself:—it was indispensably necessary that she should declare herself decidedly,

for with Napoleon there was no possibility of screening herself under the subterfuge of neutrality. Thus Prussia could not avoid war, and all that remained to her was, the choice of maintaining it either against France or England. By her treaty with England, Prussia received a subsidy of fifteen hundred thousand pounds sterling; and while at the French head-quarters nothing was known of this second negotiation, and no suspicion was entertained of the validity of that which necessity had imposed on M. Haugwitz, the Russian general Buxhoevden, at the head of a corps of thirty thousand men, was crossing the Vistula at Warsaw, and advancing upon Bohemia by Breslaw. This was one of the results of the Emperor Alexander's visit to Berlin That sovereign had induced the King of Prussia to make common cause with him, Austria, and England, supposing that France could not triumph over so powerful a coalition; but the fortune of Napoleon ordained otherwise.

As soon as M. Haugwitz had concluded at Vienna the treaty to which I have alluded, he set out on his return to Berlin. On the road he met M. Pfuhl, who was proceeding to Vienna, and who asked him to return thither with him. At that moment all the diplomatic machinery was in full play: Napoleon, it is true, had wonderfully simplified it; for with him the whole code of diplomacy was reduced to the words, "My will, or war." When M. Haugwitz returned to Berlin, the King of Prussia expressed his decided displeasure at the treaty he had concluded at Vienna.

In the perplexing situation to which the King of Prussia was reduced, he had recourse to one of those political equivocations which retard, but do not avert, danger. He determined to reject that clause of the treaty by which France conceded to Prussia the possession of Hanover, unless the consent of England were obtained—a thing which was well known to be impossible. The two margravates were sacrificed to appease the displeasure of Napoleon, and Hanover was received only as a deposit until the conclusion of a general peace.

Colonel Pfuhl had been sent to Vienna to convey to M. Haugwitz intelligence of the treaty concluded with England; but victory under the banner of France advanced more rapidly than the negotiations of the cabinet of Berlin. The Russians had retired from the field of Austerlitz, but without formally renouncing hostilities; and Alexander would not consent to acknowledge Napoleon either as Emperor of France or King of Italy. I recollect hearing, that Alexander having occasion to write to Napoleon, before the battle of Austerlitz, addressed his letter to the *Head of the French Government.*

It was at Vienna that Napoleon received intelligence of the battle of Trafalgar. In France that event was known only by report, and through the medium of the foreign papers, which were then on the prohibitory index. So completely did Na-

poleon succeed in veiling that disaster in obscurity, that previously to the restoration *it was not mentioned by any public paper throughout the French empire.** The details were, however, known in Hamburg. Mercantile people first gained information of them, and I learned them by the reports of my agents, even before they were officially confirmed, in a despatch from the minister for foreign affairs, then at Vienna. Admiral Villeneuve, who, with Gravina, commanded the combined fleets of France and Spain, left Cadiz with the intention of attacking the English fleet commanded by Admiral Nelson. We had thirty-one ships, and the English thirty-three.† So great a naval battle had never been fought since the defeat of the Armada. The issue of the battle was to us equivalent to the destruction of our fleet, for we lost eighteen ships: the other thirteen returned to Cadiz, dreadfully damaged. The battle of Trafalgar was fatal to the three admirals engaged in it. Nelson was killed, Gravina died in consequence of his wounds, and Villeneuve, who was made prisoner, was taken to England, and finally put a period to his own existence.‡

Napoleon did not at first betray the mortification which this defeat occasioned to him, for he was never engrossed at one and the same time with two subjects of equal interest. This power of confining his mind to one single object, was often the secret which enabled him to accomplish his designs. He evinced similar self-command at Vienna, when he received intelligence

* We beg our readers' attention to facts like these, which at once show the slavery of the press, and account for much that happened in France.—*Editor.*

† This is incorrect. Nelson, whose fleet had been long at sea, had only twenty-seven sail of the line, and three frigates, with their usual crews, and nothing more. Villeneuve and Gravina had, between them, thirty-three sail of the line, and seven frigates; and their ships, besides the usual complement of marines, &c., carried, altogether, 4000 land troops, of whom a considerable portion were riflemen.—*Editor.*

‡ The fact of suicide was not clearly made out, but Napoleon, at St. Helena, is said to have given the following account of Admiral Villeneuve's death:

"Villeneuve, when taken prisoner and brought to England, was so much grieved at his defeat, that he studied anatomy on purpose to destroy himself. For this purpose he bought some anatomical plates of the heart, and compared them with his own body, in order to ascertain the exact situation of that organ. On his arrival in France, I ordered that he should remain at Rennes, and not proceed to Paris. Villeneuve, afraid of being tried by a court-martial for disobedience of orders, and consequently losing the fleet, for I had ordered him not to sail, or to engage the English, determined to destroy himself, and accordingly took his plates of the heart, and compared them with his breast. Exactly in the centre of the plate he made a mark with a large pin, then fixed the pin as near as he could judge in the same spot in his own breast, shoved it in to the head, penetrated his heart, and expired. When the room was opened, he was found dead; the pin in his breast, and a mark in the plate corresponding with the wound in his breast. He need not have done it," continued Napoleon, "as he was a brave man, though possessed of no talent."—*A Voice from St. Helena.* This minute explanation increases our doubts as to the manner in which Villeneuve died. The rumour at the time was, that he had been foully murdered.—*Editor.*

of the financial crisis which took place in Paris during his absence, and of which I shall speak in my next chapter.

I will here relate a few particulars which I learned from Rapp, respecting his mission after the cure of his wound, and the marriage of Prince Eugene to the Princess Augusta of Bavaria. The friendship which Rapp cherished for me was of the most sincere kind; during my disgrace he did not even conceal it from Napoleon; and whoever knows any thing of the emperor's court, will acknowledge that *that* was a greater mark of courage than the carrying of a redoubt or making the most brilliant charge of cavalry. Rapp possessed courage of every kind, an excellent heart, and a downright frankness, which for a time brought him into disgrace with Napoleon. The only thing for which Rapp could be reproached, was his extreme prejudice against the nobility, which I am convinced was the sole reason why he was not created a duke. The emperor made him a count, because he wished that all his aides-de-camp should have titles.

"He had been a fortnight at Schœnbrunn," said Rapp to me, "and I had not yet resumed my duties, when the emperor sent for me. He asked me whether I was able to travel, and on my replying in the affirmative, he said, 'Go then, and give an account of the battle of Austerlitz to Marmont, and vex him for not having been at it.' I set off, and in conformity with the instructions I had received from the emperor, I proceeded to Gratz, where I found Marmont, who was indeed deeply mortified at not having had a share in the great battle. I told him, as the emperor had directed me, that the negotiations were commenced, but that nothing was yet concluded, and that therefore, at all events, he must hold himself in readiness. I ascertained the situation of his army in Styria, and the amount of the enemy's force before him. The emperor wished him to send a number of spies into Hungary, and to transmit to him a detailed report from their communications. I next proceeded to Laybach, where I found Masséna at the head of the eighth corps, and I acquainted him that the emperor wished him to march in all haste upon Vienna, in case he should hear of the rupture of the negotiations. I continued the itinerary marked out for me until I reached Venice, and thence till I met the troops of Carra-Saint-Cyr, who had received orders to march back upon Naples as soon as the emperor heard of the treachery of the King of Naples, and the landing of the English and Russians. Having fulfilled these different missions, I proceeded to Klagenfurth, where I saw Marshal Ney, and I afterwards rejoined the emperor at Munich. There I had the pleasure of finding our friends assembled, and among them Josephine, still as affable and amiable as ever. How delighted I was when, on my arrival, I learned that the emperor had adopted Eugene. I was present at his marriage with the Princess Augusta of Bavaria. As to me,

you know I am not very fond of fêtes, and the emperor might have dispensed with my performing the duties of chamberlain; Eugene had no idea of what was going on when the emperor sent to desire his presence at Munich with all possible speed. He, too, remains unchanged: he is still our old comrade. At first he was not much pleased with the idea of a political marriage: but when he saw his bride, he was quite enchanted; and no wonder, for I assure you she is a very charming woman."

## CHAPTER LXXXII.

### 1805.

Depreciation of the bank paper—Ouvrard—His great discretion—Bonaparte's opinion of the rich—Ouvrard's imprisonment—His partnership with the King of Spain—His connexion with Wanlerberghe and Desprez—Bonaparte's return to Paris after the campaign of Vienna—Hasty dismissal of M. Barbé-Marbois.

At the moment when the emperor had reason to hope that the news of his extraordinary success would animate public spirit, he was informed that considerable disquietude prevailed; and that the bank was assailed by demands for the payment of its paper, which had fallen more than five per cent. I was not ignorant of the cause of this decline. I had been made acquainted, through the commercial correspondence between Hamburg and Paris, with a great financial operation, planned by M. Ouvrard, in consequence of which he was to obtain piastres from Spanish America, at a price much below the real value; and I had learned that he was obliged to support this enterprise by the funds which he and his partners previously employed in victualling the forces. A fresh investment of capital was therefore necessary for this service, which, when on a large scale, requires extensive advances, and the tardy payment of the treasury at that period was well known.

I was well acquainted with M. Ouvrard, and in what I am about to say, I do not think there will be found any thing offensive or disagreeable to him. I observed the greater number of the facts to which I shall refer in their origin, and the rest I learned from M. Ouvrard himself, who, when he visited Hamburg in 1808, communicated to me a variety of details respecting his immense transaction with the King of Spain. Among other things, I recollect he told me, that before the 18th Brumaire, he was possessed of sixty millions, without owing a franc to any person.

This celebrated financier has been the object of great public attention. The prodigious variations of fortune which he has experienced, the activity of his life, the immense commercial operations in which he has been engaged, the extent and the boldness of his enterprises, render it necessary, in forming a judgment of M. Ouvrard, to examine his conduct with due care and deliberation. The son of a stationer, who was able merely through his own resources to play so remarkable a part, could be no ordinary man. It may be said of M. Ouvrard, what Beaumarchais said of himself, that his life was really a combat. I have known him long, and I saw much of him in his relations with Josephine. He always appeared to me to possess great knowledge of the world, accompanied by honourable principles, and a high degree of generosity, which added greatly to the value of his prudence and discretion. No human power, no consideration, not even the ingratitude of those whom he had obliged, could induce him to disclose any sacrifice which he had made at the time when, under the Directory, the public revenue may be said to have been always at the disposal of the highest bidder, and when no business could be brought to a conclusion except by him who set about it with his hands full of money. To this security, with which M. Ouvrard impressed all official persons who rendered him services, I attribute the facility with which he obtained the direction of the numerous enterprises in which he engaged, and which produced so many changes in his fortune. The discretion of M. Ouvrard was not quite agreeable to the first consul, who found it impossible to extract from him the information he wanted. He tried every method to obtain from him the names of persons to whom he had given those kind of subsidies which, in vulgar language, are called sops in the pan, and by ladies, pin-money. Often have I seen Bonaparte resort to every possible contrivance to gain his object. He would sometimes endeavour to alarm M. Ouvrard by menaces, and at other times to flatter him by promises, but he was in no instance successful.

While we were at the Luxembourg, on, as I recollect, the 25th of January, 1800, Bonaparte said to me during breakfast, "Bourrienne, my resolution is taken. I shall have Ouvrard arrested."——"General, have you proofs against him?"—— "Proofs, indeed! He is a money-dealer, a monopolizer, we must make him regorge. All the contractors, all the provision agents, are rogues. How have they got their fortunes? At the expense of the country to be sure. I will not suffer such doings. They possess millions, they roll in an insolent luxury, while my soldiers have neither bread nor shoes! I will have no more of that. I intend to speak on the business to-day in the council, and we shall see what can be done."

I waited with impatience for his return from the council to know what had passed:—"Well, general," said I...."The

order is given." On hearing this I became anxious about the fate of M. Ouvrard, who was thus to be treated more like a subject of the Grand Turk than a citizen of the republic; but I soon learned that the order had not been executed because he could not be found.

Next day I learned that a person, whom I shall not name, who was present at the council, and who probably was under obligations to Ouvrard, wrote him a note in pencil, to inform him of the vote for his arrest carried by the first consul. This individual stepped out for a moment, and despatched his servant with the note to Ouvrard. Having thus escaped the writ of arrest, Ouvrard, after a few days had passed over, reappeared, and surrendered himself prisoner. Bonaparte was at first furious, on learning that he had got out of the way; but on hearing that Ouvrard had surrendered himself, he said to me, "The fool! he does not know what is awaiting him. He wishes to make the public believe that he has nothing to fear; that his hands are clean. But he is playing a bad game: he will gain nothing in that way with me. All talking is nonsense. You may be sure, Bourrienne, that when a man has so much money, he cannot have got it honestly, and then all those fellows are dangerous with their fortunes. In times of revolutions, no man ought to have more than three millions of francs, and that is a great deal too much."

Before going to prison, Ouvrard took care to secure against all the searches of the police, any of his papers which might have committed persons with whom he had dealings; and I believe that there were individuals connected with the police itself, who had good reason for not regretting the opportunity which M. Ouvrard had taken for exercising this precaution. Seals, however, were put upon his papers; but on examining them, none of the information Bonaparte so much desired to obtain was found. Nevertheless, on one point his curiosity was satisfied, for on looking over the documents, he found from some of them *that Madame Bonaparte had been borrowing money from Ouvrard.*

As Ouvrard had a great number of friends, they bestirred themselves to get some person of influence to speak to the first consul in his favour. But this was a commission no one was willing to undertake; because, prejudiced as Bonaparte was, the least hint of the kind would have appeared to him to be dictated by private interest. Berthier was very earnestly urged to interfere, but he replied, "That is impossible. He would say that it was underhand work to get money for Madame Visconti."

I do not recollect to what circumstance he was indebted for his liberty; but it is certain that his captivity did not last long. Sometime after he had left his prison, Bonaparte asked him for twelve millions, which M. Ouvrard refused.

On his accession to the consulate, Bonaparte found M. Ouvrard contractor for supplying the Spanish fleet under the

command of Admiral Massaredo. This business introduced him to a correspondence with the famous Godoy, Prince of the Peace. The contract lasted three years, and M. Ouvrard gained by it a net profit of fifteen millions. The money was payable in piastres, at the rate of three francs and some centimes each, though the piastre was really worth five francs forty centimes. But to recover it at this value, it was necessary for M. Ouvrard to go and get the money in Mexico. This he was much inclined to do, but he apprehended some obstacle on the part of the first consul, and notwithstanding his habitual shrewdness, he became the victim of his over precaution. On his application, M. de Talleyrand undertook to ask the first consul for authority to give him a passport. I was in the cabinet at the time, and I think I still hear the dry and decided *No*, which was all the answer M. de Talleyrand obtained. When we were alone, the first consul said to me, "Do you not see, Bourrienne, this Ouvrard must have made a good thing of his business with the Prince of the Peace? But the fool! Why did he get Talleyrand to ask me for a passport? That is the very thing that raised my suspicion. Why did he not apply for a passport as every one else does? Have I the giving of them? He is an ass; so much the worse for him."

I was sorry for Ouvrard's disappointment, and I own, not the less so, because he had intimated his willingness to give me a share in the business he was to transact in Spain; and which was likely to be very profitable. His brother went to Mexico in his stead.

In 1802 a dreadful scarcity afflicted France. M. Ouvrard took upon himself, in concert with Wanlerberghe, the task of importing foreign grain to prevent the troubles which might otherwise have been expected. In payment of the grain, the foreign houses, who sent it, drew upon Ouvrard and Wanlerberghe for twenty-six millions of francs in treasury-bills, which, according to the agreement with the government, were to be paid. But, when the bills of the foreign houses became due, there was no money in the treasury and payment was refused. After six months had elapsed, payment was offered; but on condition that the government should retain half the profit of the commission! This Ouvrard and Wanlerberghe refused; upon which the treasury thought it most economical to pay nothing, and the debt remained unsettled. Notwithstanding this transaction, Ouvrard and Wanlerberghe engaged to victual the navy, which they supplied for six years and three months. After the completion of these different services, the debt due to them amounted to sixty-eight millions.

In consequence of the long delay of payment by the treasury, the disbursements for supplies of grain amounted at last to more than forty millions; and the difficulties which arose had a serious effect on the credit of the principal dealers with those

persons who supplied them. The discredit spread and gradually reached the treasury, the embarrassments of which augmented with the general alarm. Ouvrard, Wanlerberghe, and Seguin, were the persons whose capital and credit rendered them most capable of relieving the treasury. And they agreed to advance for that purpose one hundred and two millions, in return for which they were allowed bonds of the receivers-general to the amount of one hundred and fifty millions. M. Desprez undertook to be the medium through which the one hundred and two millions were to be paid into the treasury, and the three partners transferred the bonds to him.

Spain had concluded a treaty with France, by which she was bound to pay a subsidy of seventy-two millions of francs.

Thirty-two millions had become due without any payment being made. It was thought advisable that Ouvrard should be sent to Madrid to obtain a settlement; but he was afraid that his business in Paris would suffer during his absence, and especially the transaction in which he was engaged with Desprez. The treasury satisfied him on this point by agreeing to sanction the bargain with Desprez, and Ouvrard proceeded to Madrid. It was on this occasion he entered into the immense speculation for trading with Spanish America.

Spain wished to pay the thirty-two millions which were due to France as soon as possible, but her coffers were empty, and good-will does not ensure ability; besides, in addition to the distress of the government, there was a dreadful famine in Spain. In this state of things, Ouvrard proposed to the Spanish government to pay the debt due to France, to import a supply of corn, and to advance funds for the relief of the Spanish treasury. For this he required two conditions:—1. The exclusive right of trading with America. 2. The right of bringing from America on his own account all the specie belonging to the crown, with the power of making loans guaranteed and payable by the Spanish treasuries.

About the end of July, 1805, the embarrassment which sometime before had begun to be felt in the finances of Europe was alarmingly augmented. Under these circumstances, it was obviously the interest of Ouvrard to procure payment as soon as possible of the thirty-two millions which he had advanced for Spain to the French treasury. He therefore redoubled his efforts to bring his negotiation to a favourable issue, and at last succeeded in getting a deed of partnership between himself and Charles IV. which contained the following stipulation: "Ouvrard and company are authorized to introduce, into the ports of the New World, every kind of merchandise and production necessary for the consumption of those countries, and to export from the Spanish colonies, during the continuance of the war with England all the productions and all specie derivable from them." This treaty was only to be in force during the war with

England, and it was stipulated that the profits arising from the transactions of the company should be equally divided between Charles IV. and the rest of the company; that is to say, one half to the king and the other half to his partners.

The consequences of this extraordinary partnership between a king and a private individual remain to be stated. On the signing of the deed, Ouvrard received draughts from the treasury of Madrid to the extent of 52,500,000 piastres; making 262,500,000 francs; but the piastres were to be brought from America, while the terms of the treaty required that the urgent wants of the Spanish government should be immediately supplied, and above all, the progress of the famine checked. To accomplish this object, fresh advances to an enormous amount were necessary; for M. Ouvrard had to begin by furnishing two millions of quintals of grain at the rate of twenty-six francs the quintal. Besides all this, before he could realize a profit, and be reimbursed for the advances he had made to the treasury of Paris, he had to get the piastres conveyed from America to Europe. After some difficulty, the English government consented to facilitate the execution of the transaction by furnishing four frigates for the conveyance of the piastres.

Ouvrard had scarcely completed the outline of his extraordinary enterprise, when the emperor suddenly broke up his camp at Boulogne, to march to Germany. It will readily be conceived that Ouvrard's interests then imperatively required his presence at Madrid; but he was recalled to Paris by the minister of the treasury, who wished to adjust his accounts. The emperor wanted money for the war on which he was entering; and to procure it for the treasury, Ouvrard was sent to Amsterdam to negotiate with the house of Hope. He succeeded, and Mr. David Parish became the company's agent.

Having concluded this business, Ouvrard returned in all haste to Madrid; but in the midst of the most flattering hopes and most gigantic enterprises, he suddenly found himself threatened with a dreadful crisis. M. Desprez, as has been stated, had, with the concurrence of the treasury, been allowed to take upon himself all the risk of executing the treaty, by which 150 millions were to be advanced for the year 1804, and 400 millions for the year 1805. Under the circumstances which had arisen, the minister of the treasury considered himself entitled to call upon Ouvrard to place at his disposal ten millions of the piastres which he had received from Spain. The minister at the same time informed him, that he had made arrangements on the faith of this advance, which he thought could not be refused at so urgent a moment.

The embarrassment of the treasury, and the well-known integrity of the minister, M. de Barbé-Marbois, induced Ouvrard to remit the ten millions of piastres. But a few days after he had forwarded the money, a commissioner of the treasury arrived

at Madrid with a ministerial despatch, in which Ouvrard was requested to deliver to the commissioner all the assets he could command, and to return immediately to Paris.

The treasury was then in the greatest difficulty, and a general alarm prevailed. This serious financial distress was occasioned by the following circumstances: The treasury had, by a circular, notified to the receivers-general that Desprez was the holder of their bonds. They were also authorized to transmit to him all their disposable funds, to be placed to their credit in an account current. Perhaps the giving of this authority was a great error; but, be that as it may, Desprez, encouraged by the complaisance of the treasury, desired the receivers-general to transmit to him all the sums they could procure for payment of interest under eight per cent., promising to allow them a higher rate of interest. As the credit of the house of Desprez stood high, it may easily be conceived that on such conditions, the receivers-general, who were besides secured by the authority of the treasury, would enter eagerly into the proposed plan. In short, the receivers-general soon transmitted very considerable sums. Chests of money arrived daily from every point of France. Intoxicated by this success, Desprez engaged in speculations, which, in his situation, were extremely imprudent. He lent more than fifty millions to the merchants of Paris, which left him no comamnd of specie. Being obliged to raise money, he deposited with the bank the bonds of the receivers-general which had been consigned to him, but which were already discharged by the sums transmitted to their credit in the account current. The bank wishing to be reimbursed for the money advanced to Desprez, applied to the receivers-general whose bonds were held in security. This proceeding had become necessary on the part of the bank, as Desprez, instead of making his payments in specie, sent in his acceptances. The directors of the bank, who conducted that establishment with great integrity and discretion, began to be alarmed, and required Desprez to explain the state of his affairs. The suspicions of the directors became daily stronger, and were soon shared by the public. At last the bank was obliged to stop payment, and its notes were soon at a discount of twelve per cent.

The minister of the treasury, dismayed, as well may be supposed, at such a state of things, during the emperor's absence, convoked a council, at which Joseph Bonaparte presided, and to which Desprez and Wanlerberghe were summoned. Ouvrard being informed of this financial convulsion, made all possible haste from Madrid, and on his arrival at Paris, sought assistance from Amsterdam. Hope's house offered to take fifteen millions of piastres at the rate of three francs seventy-five centimes each. Ouvrard having engaged to pay the Spanish government only three francs, would very willingly have parted with them at that rate, but his hasty departure from Madrid,

and the financial events at Paris, affected his relations with the Spanish treasury, and rendered it impossible for him to afford any support to the treasury of France; thus the alarm continued, until the news of the battle of Austerlitz, and the consequent hope of peace tranquillized the public mind. The bankruptcy of Desprez was dreadful; it was followed by the failure of many houses, the credit of which was previously undoubted.

To temper the exultation which victory was calculated to excite, the news of the desperate situation of the treasury and the bank, reached the emperor on the day after the battle of Austerlitz. The alarming accounts which he received hastened his return to France; and on the very evening on which he arrived in Paris, he pronounced, while ascending the stairs of the Tuileries, the dismissal of M. de Barbé-Marbois. This minister had made numerous enemies by the strict discharge of his duty, and yet, notwithstanding his rigid probity, he sunk under the accusation of having endangered the safety of the state by weakness of character. At this period even Madame de Staël said, in a party where the firmness of M. Barbé-Marbois was the topic of conversation, "What, he inflexible? he is only a reed bronzed!" But whatever may be the opinion entertained of the character of this minister, it is certain that Napoleon's rage against him was unbounded. Such was the financial catastrophe which occurred during the campaign of Vienna; but all was not over with Ouvrard, and, in so great a confusion of affairs, it was not to be expected that the imperial hand, which was not always the hand of justice, should not make itself be somewhere felt.

In the course of the month of February, 1806, the emperor issued two decrees, in which he declared Ouvrard, Wanlerberghe, and Michel, contractors for the service of 1804, and Desprez, their agent, debtors to the amount of eighty-seven millions, which they had misapplied in private speculations, and in transactions with Spain "for their personal interests." Who would not suppose from this phrase, that Napoleon had taken no part whatever in the great financial operation between Spain and South America? He was, however, intimately acquainted with it, and was himself really and personally interested. But whenever any enterprise was unsuccessful, he always wished to deny all connexion with it. Possessed of title-deeds made up by himself, that is to say, his own decrees, the emperor seized all the piastres, and other property belonging to the company, and derived from the transaction great pecuniary advantage—though such advantage never could be regarded by a sovereign as any compensation for the dreadful state into which public credit had been brought.

## CHAPTER LXXXIII.

### 1805—6.

Declaration of Louis XVIII.—Dumouriez watched—Scurrilous pamphlet—Fauche-Borel the printer—Dranob and Lesimple, two notorious rogues—The accomplice turned informer—Papers curiously concealed—The man with four names sent to Paris—News of a spy—Remarkable trait of courage and presence of mind—Order of Fouché respecting M. de la Ferronays—Order for his arrest—M. de la Ferronays at the Hamburg theatre—Warning in time—Necessity of vigilance at Hamburg—The King of Sweden—His bulletins—Doctor Gall—Prussia covets Hamburg—Projects on Holland—Negotiations for peace—Mr. Fox at the head of the British cabinet—Intended assassination of Napoleon—Propositions made through Lord Yarmouth—Proposed protection of the Hanse Towns—Their state—Aggrandizement of the imperial family—Neither peace nor war—Sebastiani's mission to Constantinople—Lord Lauderdale at Paris and failure of the negotiations—Emigrant pensions—Dumouriez's intrigues—Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin—Count Paoli Chagny—Loizeau—Martelly—Lagurre.

I HAVE been somewhat diffuse respecting the vast enterprises of M. Ouvrard, and on the disastrous state of the finances, during the campaign of Vienna. Now, if I may so express myself, I shall return to the minister plenipotentiary's cabinet where several curious transactions occurred. The facts will not always be given in a connected series, because there was no more relation between the reports, which I received on a great variety of subjects, than there is in the pleading of the barristers who succeed each other in a court of justice.

On the 2d of January, 1806, I learned that many houses in Hamburg had received, by post, packets, each containing four copies of a declaration of Louis XVIII. Dumouriez had his carriage filled with copies of this declaration, when he passed through Brunswick; and, in that small town alone, more than three thousand were distributed. The size of this declaration rendered its transmission by post very easy, even in France.

All my letters from the minister recommended that I should keep a strict watch over the motions of Dumouriez; but his name was now as seldom mentioned as if he had ceased to exist. The part he acted seemed to be limited to disseminating pamphlets, more or less insignificant.

At the end of 1805, Germany, and especially the Hanseatic territories, had been inundated by pamphlets. At that period, and before the declaration of Louis XVIII., a scurrilous libel made its appearance against the emperor, entitled, " Bonaparte, der du bist im Himmel, geheiligt werde dein Nahm.—Rom, in der pabstlichen Buchdruckery."*

On my demand, the senate issued the strictest orders to prevent the circulation of this infamous pamphlet; the expressions of which could not be repeated here with propriety. I did not, however, succeed in discovering the author of this production. Fauche-Borel was the printer of most of the libels which appeared at Berlin against France; and I had positive orders to insist that the senate should cause him to be arrested, if he appeared in Hamburg. Fauche-Borel was described as a restless agitator, continually intriguing against the French government, under the pretence of serving the Bourbons; and his intrigues were so much the more dangerous, because he could not be laid hold of. The description was not incorrect. About this time the minister of police informed me, that a man named Dranob had offered to make important discoveries; and he desired me to obtain some information respecting this individual. It was ten weeks before I could reply; time being required to unravel the intrigue to which Fouché's despatches referred. At length, on the 25th of February, 1806, I was enabled to furnish the following details respecting Lesimple and Dranob, who had entered into a plot for the assassination of the emperor. I recommend the history of these two men to the attention of my readers, because I believe that there are not many examples of such daring and adroit villains.

The name Dranob is the anagram of Bonard, this fellow's real name; he also called himself Randob, and Bardon. Knowing, probably, that I would cause a search to be made after him, he presented himself before me, in order to denounce his accomplice, Lesimple. This Bonard was known in England by the name of Leclerc; at Hamburg, he bore that of Delon. He had escaped from the Conciergerie, in the disguise of a female, in 1797 or 1798, and described himself to me as a retired officer of artillery.

He arrived in Hamburg at the commencement of 1805, in order to fulfil the engagements which, he said, he had contracted with the British government, in concert with Lesimple. Bonard, however, believed that it would be more advantageous and safer to denounce his accomplice, than to share with him the risk of detection. He gave me at first several papers, which he had long concealed. Those papers, beautifully written, and rolled up with great care, were enclosed in a finely-made tin case. He

* Bonaparte, thou who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name.—Papal Printing-press, Rome.

had hid this case about him in a way which rendered its discovery almost impossible. It contained, also, a small file, of finely-tempered steel, which cut iron with the same facility as a knife does paper. Similar contrivances have been discovered by the police of Paris on malefactors. All the papers given me by Bonard were in the handwriting of Lesimple, and they proved the criminality of his projects. They contained extracts from the correspondence between himself and Lesimple. To crown the compact formed by these two villains, they came to blows. Bonard related to me, that having quarrelled with Lesimple, while they were about to embark at Harwich, they fought in the churchyard with the knives they had used at the inn. On relating to me this horrible scene, Bonard suddenly opened his clothes, and showed me a large wound on his right side, not fully healed. I was seized with horror. Let any one imagine a man of uncommon strength, more vigorous, indeed, than any man I ever saw; five feet seven inches in height, French measure, displaying his wound, while confiding to me the diabolical project, which he had renounced, not from repentance, but because he conceived that the discovery of the plot would be more profitable than its accomplishment; and reading to me papers which he had concealed in so incredible a manner—my situation may then be conceived.

At the time when Bonard denounced Lesimple to me, the latter was about to depart for Holland. Assured by Bonard, however, that Lesimple would very soon return to Hamburg, I took every imaginable precaution to have him arrested on his arrival. His absence was so long protracted, that I was becoming very anxious respecting his return, when I learned, that on crossing through the combined British and Russian armies, he had been arrested on suspicion of being a spy. At length, on the evening of the 17th of February, Lesimple arrived at Hamburg; he was arrested on the 19th, under the name of Dresch, which he bore during his journeyings. All his papers, none of which he had time to secrete, were put under seal. I myself examined him, and his answers confirmed the correctness of the details that had been given to me by Bonard. In Lesimple's pocket-book were found, among other papers, three passports which he had made use of during his route, and which he had himself fabricated. There were also found upon him several rouleaus, ticketed fifty louis, carefully sealed, but which were only filled with copper, and a purse, with counters of the same metal; which last were employed by him to defraud the gambling banks. He was at once a sharper, spy, forger, and assassin.

I had promised to Bonard—Dranob—Leclerc—Delon, or whatever he may be called, to send him, but not as a prisoner, to Paris, in order that he might personally reply to the minister of police. But such men seldom can refrain for a single day from the commission of some crime. Bonard, accused of being

an accomplice in several thefts committed in Hamburg, was summoned before the head of the police, and as he had good cause for declining that invitation, he suddenly disappeared, but was retaken some days afterwards at Hameln, and conducted under an efficient escort to Paris.

It is difficult to conceive the great courage and presence of mind sometimes found in men so degraded as are the wretches who fill the office of spies. I had an agent amongst the Swedo-Russians, named Chefneux, whom I had always found extremely clever and correct. Having for a long time received no intelligence from him, I became very anxious; an anxiety which was not without foundation. He had, in fact, been arrested at Lauenburg, and conducted, bound, tied hand and foot, by some Cossacks to Luneburg. There was found on him a bulletin, which he was about to transmit to me, and he only escaped certain death by having in his possession a letter of recommendation from a Hamburg merchant, well known to M. Alopœus, the Russian minister in that city. This precaution, which I had taken before he set out, saved his life. M. Alopœus replied to the merchant, that in consequence of his recommendation, the spy should be sent back safe and sound; but that another time, neither the recommended nor the recommender should escape so easily. Notwithstanding this, Chefneux would certainly have paid with his head for the dangerous business in which he was embarked, but for the inconceivable coolness he displayed under the most trying circumstances. Though the bulletin which was found upon him was addressed to M. Schramm, merchant, they strongly suspected that it was intended for me. They demanded of the prisoner whether he knew me; to which he boldly replied, that he had never seen me. They endeavoured, by every possible means, to extort a confession from him, but without success. His repeated denials, joined to the name of M. Schramm, created doubts in the mind of his interrogators; they hesitated lest they should condemn an innocent man. They, however, resolved to make a last effort to discover the truth, and Chefneux, condemned to be shot, was conducted to the plain of Luneburg. His eyes were bandaged, and he heard the command of preparation given to the platoon, which was to fire upon him; at that moment a man approaching him, whispered in his ear, in a tone of friendship and compassion, "They are going to fire; but I am your friend; only acknowledge that you know M. de Bourrienne, and you are safe." —"No," replied Chefneux, in a firm tone; "if I said so, I should tell a falsehood." Immediately the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he was set at liberty. It would be difficult to cite a more extraordinary instance of presence of mind.

On the 17th of March, 1806, Fouché wrote to me to keep a strict eye on M. de la Ferronays. He was represented to me

as a very dangerous and enterprising man, wholly devoted to the Bourbons. Chefneux, the agent of whom I have just spoken, had gone to Paris, and presented himself to the minister of police, to whom I spoke highly of his address and ability. He was sent from Paris to Brunswick, where M. de la Ferronays resided, with orders to watch all his motions, and to transmit a daily account of them to me. This spy very soon insinuated himself into the company of M. de la Ferronays, and his friends. I transmitted to government all the information I received from him, and paid him a salary of five hundred francs a month. Chefneux wrote directly to the minister of police, informing him that M. de la Ferronays was about to repair to England, and would pass through Hamburg; and I received immediate orders to arrest him on his journey, and cause him to be conducted to France. Had this order been executed, his ruin would have followed. But M. de la Ferronays had taken many precautions; he travelled under an assumed name, and in the character of secretary to Lord Kinnaird, having obtained his lordship's permission to that effect; in short, he passed very rapidly through Hamburg, and repaired without delay to Altona. M. de la Ferronays was spoken of so very highly by several of the emigrants resident in Hamburg, as to create in my mind much interest in his fate, and I rejoiced in learning that he had escaped the police, and found shelter in Altona; but he was guilty of one act of imprudence, which had nearly ruined him, and committed me. One day when I was at the theatre, the police pretor, whom I had furnished with a description of M. de la Ferronays, telling him to inform me, should he make his appearance, approached, and pointed out to my notice a young man in the orchestra, wearing powder, whom I was at no loss to recognise as the individual described by Chefneux. Though extremely anxious to save him, how could I accomplish my purpose after this imprudent step? However, I told the pretor that the better to succeed in securing him, and without alarming the audience, I must employ some precautions, and that he might await my return. I accordingly stepped into the lobby, and sent a person on whom I could rely, to warn M. de la Ferronays to leave the theatre with the utmost speed. On returning to my box, I saw him receive the intimation, and I then told the pretor to do his duty. He went to give the necessary orders, but M. de la Ferronays was on the road to Altona.

Much as I execrate the system of espionage, I am, nevertheless, compelled to admit that the emperor was under the necessity of maintaining the most unremitting vigilance amidst the intrigues which were going forward in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, especially when the English, Swedes, and Russians, were in arms, and there were the strongest grounds for suspecting the sincerity of Prussia.

On the 5th of January, 1806, the King of Sweden arrived be-

fore the gates of Hamburg. The senate of that city, surrounded on all sides by English, Swedish, and Russian troops, determined to send a deputation to congratulate the Swedish monarch, who, however, hesitated so long about receiving this homage, that fears were entertained lest his refusal should be followed by some act of aggression. At length, however, the deputies were admitted, and they returned sufficiently well satisfied with their reception.

The King of Sweden then officially declared, "that all the arrangements entered into with relation to Hanover had no reference to him, as the Swedish army was under the immediate command of its august sovereign."*

The king, with his six thousand men, seemed inclined to play the part of the restorer of Germany, and to make himself the Don Quixote of the treaty of Westphalia. He threatened the senate of Hamburg with the whole weight of his anger, because, on my application, the colours which used to be suspended over the door of the house for receiving Austrian recruits had been removed. The poor senate of Hamburg was kept in constant alarm by so dangerous a neighbour.

The King of Sweden had his head-quarters at Boetzenburg, on the northern bank of the Elbe. In order to amuse himself, he sent for Dr. Gall, who was at Hamburg, where he delivered lectures on his system of phrenology, which was rejected in the beginning by false science and prejudice, and afterwards adopted in consequence of arguments, in my opinion, unanswerable. I had the pleasure of living some time with Dr. Gall, and I owe to the intimacy which subsisted between us, the honour he conferred on me by the dedication of one of his works. I said to him, when he departed for the head-quarters of the King of Sweden, "My dear Doctor, you will certainly discover the bump of vanity." The truth is, that had the doctor at that period been permitted to examine the heads of the sovereigns of Europe, they would have afforded very curious craniological studies.

It was not the King of Sweden alone who gave uneasiness to Hamburg; the King of Prussia threatened to seize upon that city, and his minister publicly declared that it would very soon belong to his master. The Hamburgers were deeply afflicted at this threat; in fact, next to the loss of their independence, their greatest misfortune would have been to fall under the dominion of Prussia, as the niggardly fiscal system of the Prussian government at that time would have proved extremely detrimental to a commercial city. Hanover, being evacuated by the French troops, had become a kind of recruiting mart for the British army, where every man who presented himself was enrolled, to complete the Hanoverian legion which was then about

* The cession of Hanover to the King of Prussia for the two margravates is what he alluded to.—*Editor.*

to be embodied. The English scattered gold by handfuls. One hundred and fifty carriages, each with six horses, were employed in this service, which confirmed me in the belief I had previously entertained, that the English were to join with the Russians in an expedition against Holland. The aim of the Anglo-Russians was to make a diversion which might disconcert the movements of the French armies in Germany; the allies being, at that time, unacquainted with the peace concluded at Presburg. Not a moment was therefore to be lost in uniting the whole of our disposable force for the defence of Holland; but it is not of this expedition that I mean to speak at present. I only mention it to afford some idea of our situation at Hamburg, surrounded, as we then were, by Swedish, English, and Russian troops. At this period the Russian minister at Hamburg, M. Forschmann, became completely insane; his conduct had been more injurious than advantageous to his government. He was replaced by M. Alopœus, the Russian minister at Berlin; and they could not have exchanged a fool for a more judicious and able diplomatist.

I often received, from the minister of marine, letters and packets to transmit to the Isle of France, of which the emperor was extremely anxious to retain possession; and I had much trouble in finding any vessels prepared for that colony, by which I could forward the minister's communications. The death of Pitt, and the appointment of Fox as his successor, had created a hope of peace. It was universally known that Mr. Fox, in succeeding to his office, did not inherit the furious hatred of the deceased minister against France and her emperor. There moreover existed between Napoleon and Mr. Fox a reciprocal esteem, and the latter had shown himself really disposed to treat. The possibility of concluding a peace had always been maintained by that statesman, when he was in opposition to Mr. Pitt; and Bonaparte himself might have been induced, from the high esteem he felt for Mr. Fox, to make concessions, from which he would before have recoiled. But there were two obstacles, I may say almost insurmountable ones. The first was the conviction, on the part of England, that any peace which might be made would only be a truce, and that Bonaparte *would never seriously relinquish his desire of universal dominion.* On the other side, it was believed that Napoleon had formed the design of invading England. Had he been able to do so, it would have been less with the view of striking a blow at her commerce, and destroying her maritime power, than of annihilating the *liberty of the press*, which he had extinguished in his own dominions. The spectacle of a free people, separated only by six leagues of sea, was, according to him, a seductive example to the French, especially to those among them who bent unwillingly under his yoke.

At an early period of Mr. Fox's ministry, a Frenchman made

the proposition to him of assassinating the emperor, of which information was immediately transmitted to M. de Talleyrand. In this despatch the minister said, that though the laws of England did not authorize the permanent detention of any individual not convicted of a crime, he had on this occasion taken it on himself to secure the miscreant, till such time as the French government could be put on its guard against his attempts. Mr. Fox said, in his letter, that he had at first done this individual "the honour to take him for a spy," a phrase which sufficiently indicated the disgust with which the British minister viewed him. This information was the key which opened the door to new negotiations. M. de Talleyrand was ordered to express, in reply to the communication of Mr. Fox, that the emperor was sensibly affected at the index it afforded of the principles by which the British cabinet was actuated. Napoleon did not limit himself to this diplomatic courtesy; he deemed it a favourable occasion to create a belief that he was actuated by a sincere love of peace. He summoned to Paris Lord Yarmouth, one of the most distinguished amongst the English who had been so unjustly detained prisoners at Verdun, on the rupture of the peace of Amiens. He gave his lordship instructions to propose to the British government a new form of negotiations, offering to guarantee to England the Cape of Good Hope and Malta. Some have been inclined, from this concession, to praise the moderation of Bonaparte; others, to blame him for offering to resign those two places, as if the Cape and Malta could be put in competition with the title of emperor, the foundation of the kingdom of Italy, the acquisition of Genoa, and of all the Venetian states, the dethronement of the King of Naples, and the gift of his kingdom to Joseph, and finally, the new division of Germany. These transactions, of which Bonaparte said not a word, and from which he certainly had no intention of departing, were all long after the treaty of Amiens.

Every day brought with it fresh proofs of his insatiable ambition. In fact, Napoleon longed to obtain possession of the Hanse Towns. I was, however, in the first place, merely charged to make overtures to the senates of each of those towns, and to point out the advantages they would derive from the protection of Napoleon, in exchange for the small sacrifice of six millions of francs in his favour. I had on this subject numerous conferences with the magistrates; they thought the sum too great, representing to me that the city was not so rich as formerly, because their commerce had been much curtailed by the war; in short, the senate declared that, with the utmost good will, their circumstances would not permit them to accept the "generous proposal" of the emperor.

I was myself, indeed, at a loss to conceive how the absurdity of employing me to make such a proposition was overlooked, for I had really no advantage to offer, in return, to the Hanse

Towns. Against whom did Bonaparte propose to protect them? The truth is, Napoleon then wished to seize those towns by direct aggression, which, however, he was not able to accomplish until four years afterwards.*

During five years I witnessed the commercial importance of those cities, and especially of Hamburg. Its geographical situation, on a great river, navigable by large vessels to the city, thirty leagues from the mouth of the Elbe; the complete independence it enjoyed; its municipal regulations and paternal government, were a few amongst the many causes which had raised Hamburg to its enviable height of prosperity. What, in fact, was the amount of the population of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck, those remnants of the grand Hanseatic league of the middle ages? The population of Hamburg, when I was there, amounted to ninety thousand, and that of its small surrounding territory to twenty-five thousand. Bremen had thirty-six thousand inhabitants, and nine thousand in its territory; the city of Lubeck, which is smaller, and its territory a little more extensive than that of Bremen, contained a population of twenty-four thousand souls within, and sixteen thousand without the walls. Thus the total population of the Hanse Towns amounted to only two hundred thousand individuals; and yet this handful of men carried on an extensive commerce, and their ships ploughed every sea from the shores of India to the frozen regions of Greenland.

The emperor arrived at Paris towards the end of January 1806. Having created kings in Germany, he deemed the moment favourable for surrounding his throne with new princes. It was at this period that he created Murat Grand Duke of Cleves and Berg; Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte-Corvo; M. de Talleyrand, Duke of Benevento; and his two former colleagues, Cambacérès and Lebrun, Dukes of Parma and Piacenza. He also gave to his sister Pauline, a short time after her second marriage with the Prince Borghese, the title of Duchess of Guastallo. Strange events! who could then have foreseen that the duchy of Cambacérès would become the refuge of a Princess of Austria, the widowed wife of Napoleon Bonaparte?†

* And then the foreign trade, by which they had lived and flourished, was cut up root and branch.—*Editor.*

† Maria Louisa, who has the limited sovereignty of Parma and Piacenza, has, since 1815, principally resided at Parma. Ponte-Corvo and Benevento, which gave titles to Bernadotte and Talleyrand, are two towns in the interior of the kingdom of Naples, which, previously to the revolution, belonged to the pope, and were governed by his cardinal-legate. There is a slip of territory attached to each of them, that of Benevento being not inconsiderable. The city of Benevento contains about 18,000 inhabitants, and is ancient and exceedingly interesting. There are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre and a bridge, a granite obelisk of the time of Domitian, and a magnificent triumphal arch of the Emperor Trajan. This arch, which is one of the finest in existence, is of Parian marble, and very little injured by time or violence. The town is situated in the midst of a beautiful

In the midst of the imperial family, when the eldest of the emperor's brothers had ascended the throne of Naples, when Holland was on the eve of being offered to Louis, and Jerome had exchanged his legitimate wife for the illegitimate throne of Westphalia, the imperial pillow was still far from being free from anxiety. Hostilities did not actually exist with the continental powers; they only observed without acting; but this momentary state of repose resembled in nothing the tranquillity of peace. France was at war with Russia and England, and the aspect of the continent presented great uncertainty. Russia armed in silence, and the treaty of Vienna had only been executed in part. In the mean time, Napoleon turned his eyes towards the east. General Sebastiani was sent to Constantinople. The measures he pursued, and his judicious conduct, justified the choice of the emperor. He was adroit and conciliating, and peace with Turkey was the result of his mission. The negotiations with England did not terminate so happily, although, after the first overtures made to Lord Yarmouth, the Earl of Lauderdale had been sent to Paris by Mr. Fox. In fact, these negotiations wholly failed.

The affairs of the Bourbon princes became more and more unfavourable, and their finances, as well as their chances of success, were so much diminished, that about this period it was notified to the emigrants in Brunswick that the pretender (Louis XVIII.) had no longer the means of continuing their pensions. This produced great consternation amongst those emigrants, many of whom had no other means of existence; and notwithstanding their devotion to the cause of royalty, they found a pension very useful in strengthening their zeal.

Amongst those emigrants was one whose name will occupy a certain place in history, I mean Dumouriez, of whom I have already spoken, and who had for some time employed himself in distributing pamphlets. He was then at Stralsund; and it was believed that the King of Sweden would give him a command. The vagrant life of this general, who ran every where, begging employment from the enemies of his country without

country, and two important rivers, the Calore and the Sabato, sweep by it. It is due to that remarkable personage to state, that M. de Talleyrand was a kind and generous master, and that his *régime* was exceedingly popular at Benevento. His subjects, or vassals, were exempted from the barbarous conscription law. We were there in 1816, a short time after the state had been restored to the Roman See, which still holds it, and we heard all parties speak well of M. de Talleyrand.

By creating this new order of nobility, Bonaparte effaced the last traces of the revolutionary, republican organization. The princedoms and dukedoms he conferred were all accompanied with grants of extensive estates and territories in the countries he had conquered—in Germany, Italy, &c.; and the great feudatories of the new empire, it will be observed, bore foreign, and not French titles. This showed distinctly that Napoleon wanted "to sink the memory of the Bourbon monarchy, and revive the image of Charlemagne, Emperor of the West." —*Editor.*

being able to obtain it, subjected him to general ridicule; in fact, he was every where despised.

To determine the difficulties which had arisen with regard to Holland, which Dumouriez dreamed of conquering with an imaginary army, and being discontented besides with the Dutch, for not rigorously excluding English vessels from their ports, the emperor constituted the Batavian territory a kingdom under his brother Louis. When I notified to the states of the circle of Lower Saxony, the accession of Louis Bonaparte to the throne of Holland, and the nomination of Cardinal Fesch as coadjutor and successor of the arch-chancellor of the Germanic empire, along with their official communications, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin was the only member of the circle who forbore to reply, and I understood he had applied to the court of Russia to know "whether," and "how," he should reply. At the same time he made known to the emperor the marriage of his daughter, the Princess Charlotte Frederica, with Prince Christian Frederick of Denmark.

At this period, it would have been difficult to foresee the way in which this union would terminate. The prince was young and handsome, and of an amiable disposition, which seemed to indicate that he would prove a good husband. As for the princess, she was as beautiful as love; but she was heedless and giddy; in fact, she was a spoiled child. She adored her husband, and during several years their union proved happy. I had the honour of knowing them at the period when the Duke of Mecklenburg, with his family, sought refuge at Altona. Before leaving that town, the Duchess of Mecklenburg, a princess of Saxony, paid a visit to Madame de Bourrienne, and loaded her with civilities. This princess was perfectly amiable, and was therefore generally regretted, when, two years afterwards, death snatched her from her family. Before leaving Altona, the Duke of Mecklenburg gave some parties by way of bidding adieu to Holstein, where he had been so kindly received; and I can never forget the distinguished reception, and many kindnesses, Madame de Bourrienne and myself received from that illustrious family. It consisted of the hereditary prince, so distinguished by his talents and acquirements, (he was at that time the widower of a grand duchess of Russia, a sister of the Emperor Alexander,) of Prince Gustavus, so amiable and graceful, and of Princess Charlotte, and her husband, the Prince Royal of Denmark.

This happy couple were far from foreseeing that in two years they would be separated for ever. The princess was, at this period, in all the splendour of her beauty; several fêtes were given on her account on the banks of the Elbe, at which the prince always opened the ball with Madame de Bourrienne. Notwithstanding her amiability, the Princess Charlotte was no favourite at the Danish court. Intrigues were formed against her. I know not whether any foundation existed for the calum-

nies spread to her disadvantage, but the court dames accused her of great levity of conduct, which, true or false, obliged her husband to separate from her; and at the commencement of 1809, he sent her to Altona, attended by a chamberlain and a maid of honour. On her arrival she was in despair; hers was not a silent grief, for she related her story to every one. This unfortunate woman really attracted pity, as she shed tears for her son, three years of age, whom she was doomed never again to behold. But her natural levity returned; she did not always maintain the reserve suitable to her rank, and some months afterwards was sent into Jutland, where I believe she still lives.

Count de Paoli-Chagny edited in the north a journal, entitled, "Annales Politiques du XIXe Siècle." During the administration of Mr. Pitt, a pension of five hundred pounds sterling a year was granted to the editor of the Annales; but, on Mr. Fox coming into office, Paoli was informed that this pension would not only cease from the first of July, 1806, but, that in future, no connexion whatever would be maintained with this journal. Paoli complained of the British minister, alleging, that by his agreement with Mr. Pitt, he was to receive the sum of five hundred pounds yearly, as long as he chose to conduct his journal. But his complaint was futile, and this intriguer no longer possessing the means of continuing his diatribes, was reduced to silence.

The enemies of the French government did not confine themselves to writing and publishing invectives against it. More than one wretch was ready to employ daggers against the emperor. Among this number was a man named Louis Loizeau, recently arrived from London. He repaired to Altona, there to enjoy the singular privilege which that city afforded, of sheltering all the ruffians, thieves, and bankrupts, who fled from the justice of their own governments. On the 17th of July, Loizeau presented himself to Count de Gimel, who resided at Altona, as the agent of the Count de Lille. He offered to repair to Paris and assassinate the emperor. Count de Gimel rejected the proposal with indignation; and replied, that if he had no other means of serving the Bourbons than cowardly assassination, he might go elsewhere and find confederates. This fact, which was communicated to me by a friend of M. de Gimel, determined me to arrest Loizeau. Not being warranted, however, to take this step in Altona, I employed a trusty agent to keep watch, and draw him into a quarrel the moment he should appear on the Hamburg side of a public walk, which divides that city from Altona, and deliver him up to the nearest Hamburg guard-house. Loizeau fell into the snare; but finding that he was about to be conducted from the guard-house to the prison of Hamburg, and that it was at my request he had been arrested, he hastily unloosed his cravat, and tore with his teeth the papers it contained, part of which he swallowed. He also endeavoured to tear some

other papers which were concealed under his arm, but was prevented by the guard: furious at this disappointment, he violently resisted the five soldiers who had him in custody, and was not secured until he had been slightly wounded. His first exclamation on entering prison was, "I am undone!" Loizeau was removed to Paris, and though I am ignorant of the ultimate fate of this wretch, I am pretty certain that Fouché would take effectual means to prevent him from doing any further mischief.*

About the time I caused Loizeau to be conducted to Paris, I received an order to watch and even to arrest one Martelly, accused of being the author of a libel against the emperor and the French generals. He was also charged with having contributed to the surrender of Toulon to the British navy. I sent for Martelly, and partly informed him of the accusation against him. He affirmed in reply, that he had never been in Toulon, having emigrated to Marseilles, and that his brother then in Portugal, was the author of the libel. After a strict examination, I found that he had long resided in London; he appeared very intelligent, and I made him comprehend how much he might serve France by again visiting England. After having satisfied myself, as far as it is possible in such cases, of his honesty, I sent him to London, instructing him in the part he was to act in that city. Before setting out, Martelly told me not to be astonished at any articles in the English journals, either for or against him, as they would all tend to the object of his mission. He also pointed out the importance of watching at Paris an Abbé Lajarre, employed in the foreign department. This Lajarre, a former lover of the Countess Saint Martin, who afterwards became the mistress of Dumouriez, corresponded with her, and it was through him that every thing which passed in France became known in England. Martelly requested that nothing should be publicly done against Lajarre before his return from London. The person with whom Martelly was connected in the British capital, and from whom he received his information, was the Chevalier Dublin, aide-de-camp to Dumouriez, and who, tired of the life he led, wished ardently to reconcile himself with his country, and to return thither. It was to him that Martelly meant to present himself. At the moment of his departure for Husum, Martelly received a letter from the Chevalier Dublin, which he read to me, and from which it appeared that Dumouriez was on his way to the continent, and that great preparations were making for an expedition either against Holland or Hanover, but most probably against the latter country.

* Fouché, in all probability had the man murdered,—or, *suicided.—Editor.*

## CHAPTER LXXXIV.

### 1806.

Menaces of Prussia—Offer for restoring Hanover to England—Insolent ultimatum—Commencement of hostilities between France and Prussia—Battle of Auerstaedt—Death of the Duke of Brunswick—Bernadotte in Hamburg—Davoust and Bernadotte—The Swedes at Lubeck—Major Amiel—Service rendered to the English minister at Hamburg—My appointment of minister for the King of Naples—New regulation of the German post-offices—The confederation of the north—Devices of the Hanse Towns—Occupation of Hamburg in the name of the emperor—Decree of Berlin—The military governors of Hamburg—Brune, Michaud, Bernadotte, and Ponte-Corvo.

The moment now approached when war was about to be renewed in Germany, and in proportion as the hopes of peace diminished, Prussia redoubled her threats, which were inspired by the recollection of the deeds of the great Frederick. The idea of peace was hateful to Prussia. Her measures, which till now had been sufficiently moderate, suddenly assumed a menacing aspect, on learning that the minister of the King of England had declared in parliament that France had consented to the restitution of Hanover. The French ministry intimated to the Prussian government that this was a preliminary step towards a general peace, and that a large indemnity would be granted in return. But the King of Prussia, who was well informed, and convinced that the house of Hanover clung to this ancient domain, which gave to England a certain preponderance in Germany, considered himself sported with, and determined on war.

Under these circumstances, Lord Lauderdale was recalled from Paris by his government. War continued with England, and was about to commence with Prussia.* The cabinet of

* The court of Berlin had shamefully vacillated, and by their acceptance of Hanover had at once embarrassed and disgraced themselves. They ought to have declared themselves in the preceding year, before the fatal battle of Austerlitz, but they hated the Austrians, and madly thought that Bonaparte would let them profit by the ruin of that power.

The formation of the confederacy of the Rhine, with Napoleon at the head of it, which was published in July, 1806, woke those miserable wavering politi-

Berlin sent an ultimatum which could scarcely be regarded in any other light than a defiance, and from the well-known character of Napoleon, we may judge of his irritation at this ultimatum. The emperor, after a stay of eight months in Paris, passed in abortive negotiations for peace, set out on the 25th of September for the Rhine.

Hostilities commenced on the 10th of October, 1806, between France and Prussia, and I demanded of the senate that a stop should be put to the Prussian recruiting. The news of a great victory gained by the emperor over the Prussians on the 14th of October reached Hamburg on the 19th, brought by some fugitives, who gave such exaggerated accounts of the loss of the French army, that it was not until the arrival of the official despatches on the 28th of October, that we knew whether to mourn or to rejoice at the victory of Jena.*

The Duke of Brunswick, who was dangerously wounded at the battle of Auerstaedt, arrived on the 29th of October at Altona.† His entrance into that city afforded a striking example of the vicissitudes of fortune? That prince entered Altona on a wretched litter, borne by ten men, without officers, without domestics, followed by a troop of vagabonds and children, who were drawn together by curiosity. He was lodged in a wretched inn, and so much worn out by fatigue and the pain of his eyes, that on the day after his arrival, a report of his death very generally prevailed. Doctor Unzer was immediately sent for to

cians from their dream; but it was the unanimous and passionate feeling of the Prussian people that drove them too precipitately into the war. They had the curse of being both too late, and too soon, and dearly did they pay for their folly. At the head of the national and war party were the beautiful and accomplished Queen and Prince Louis of Prussia. Hence arose Bonaparte's deadly hatred and foul abuse of the queen. He, who was so sensitive on that head himself, invented and propagated the most slanderous and obscene stories, and hired writers and caricaturists to traduce an innocent and noble-minded woman. This is one of the blackest and most abominable stains on his scutcheon—an indelible, eternal spot.

It is rather singular that Bourrienne should have omitted to mention the murder of Palm, the German bookseller, which contributed so largely to exasperate the people against the French. This unfortunate man, who was not even a temporary subject by the always questionable right of conquest, had published in the free city of Naumburg, where he resided, a pamphlet reflecting on the insatiable ambition of Bonaparte. The despot no sooner heard of this than he sent a party of French gendarmes across the frontier, and seized the unsuspecting bookseller, exactly as the Duke d'Enghien had been arrested on the neutral territory of Ettingen, and Sir George Rumbold at Hamburg, the year before. Poor Palm, whose blood was terribly avenged by the implacable Prussians eight and nine years later, was tried at Braunau by a French *court-martial*, for *a libel* against Napoleon; found guilty, condemned to death, and shot immediately, in pursuance of his sentence, by French gendarmes.—*Editor.*

* At the conclusion of the present chapter, the reader will find a detailed account of the memorable battle of Jena, and that of Auerstaedt, which preceded it.

† This prince was in the seventy-second year of his age, and extremely infirm.

attend the unfortunate duke, who, during the few days that he survived his wounds, saw no one else except his wife, who arrived on the 1st of November. He declined to see visiters, and expired on the 10th of the same month.

At this juncture Bernadotte returned to Hamburg. I asked him how I was to account for his conduct while he was with Davoust, who had left Naumburg to attack the Prussian army; and whether it were true he had refused to march with that general, and afterwards to aid him when he attacked the Prussians on the Weimar road. "The letters I received," observed I, "state that you took no part in the battle of Auerstaedt; that I did not believe, but I suppose you saw the bulletin which I received a little after the battle, and which stated that Bonaparte said at Naumburg, in the presence of several officers, 'Were I to bring him before a court-martial he would be shot. I shall say nothing to him about it, but I will take care he shall know what I think of his behaviour. He has too keen a sense of honour not to be aware that he acted disgracefully.'"—"I think him very likely," rejoined Bernadotte, "to have made these observations: he hates me, because he knows I do not like him, but let him speak to me, and he shall have his answer. If I am a Gascon, he is a greater one.* I might have felt piqued at receiving something like orders from Davoust, but I did my duty."†

In the beginning of November, the Swedes entered Lubeck; but on the 8th of that month the town was taken by assault, and the Swedes, as well as the rest of the corps which had escaped from Jena, were made prisoners.

A troop of Prussians had advanced within four leagues of Hamburg, and that town had already prepared for a vigorous resistance, in case they should attempt an entrance, when Major Amiel attacked them at Zollenspieker and made some prisoners. Hamburg was, however, threatened with another danger, for Major Amiel expressed his intention of entering with all his prisoners, notwithstanding the acknowledged neutrality of the town. Amiel was a partisan leader in the true sense of the word; he fought rather on his own account than with the intention of contributing to the success of the operations of the army. His troop did not consist of more than forty men, but that was more than sufficient to spread terror and devastation in the surrounding villages. He was a bold fellow, and when, with his handful of men he threw himself upon Hamburg, the worthy inhabitants thought he had twenty thousand troops with him. He had pillaged every place through which he passed, and

* The Gascons are famed as boasters and braggarts,—hence our term Gasconade.—*Editor.*

† M. de Bourrienne's statement relative to Bonaparte's dissatisfaction of Bernadotte's conduct at Auerstaedt is fully confirmed in Rapp's account of the battle. (See extract at the end of the present chapter.)

brought with him three hundred prisoners, and a great many horses he had taken on his road. It was night when he presented himself at the gates of the city, which he entered alone, having left his men and booty at the last village. He proceeded to the French embassy. I was not there at the time, but I was sent for, and about seven o'clock in the evening I had my first interview with the major. He was the very beau ideal of a bandit, and would have been an admirable model for a painter. I was not at all surprised to hear, that on his arrival his wild appearance and huge mustaches had excited some degree of terror among those who were in the saloon. He described his exploits on his march, and did not disguise his intention of bringing his troops into Hamburg next day. He talked of the bank and of pillage. I tried for some time, but fruitlessly, to divert him from this idea, but without effect, and at length said to him, "Sir, you know that this is not the way the emperor wishes to be served. During the seven years that I have been about him, I have invariably heard him express his indignation against those who aggravate the misery which war naturally brings in her train: it is the express wish of the emperor that no damage, no violence whatever, shall be committed on the city or territory of Hamburg." These few words produced a stronger effect than any entreaties I could have used, for the mere name of the emperor made even the boldest tremble, and Major Amiel next thought of selling his booty. The senate were so frightened at the prospect of having Amiel quartered upon them, that to get rid of him they determined to purchase his booty at once, and even furnished him with guards for his prisoners. I did not learn till some time afterwards, that among the horses Major Amiel had seized upon the road, were those of the Countess Walmoden. Had I known this fact at the time, I should certainly have taken care to have had them restored to her. Madame Walmoden was then a refugee at Hamburg, and between her and my family a close intimacy existed. On the very day, I believe, of the major's departure, the senate wrote me a letter of thanks for the protection I afforded the town.

Before the commencement of the Prussian campaign, while anxiety was entertained respecting the designs of the cabinet of Berlin, my task was not an easy one. I exerted all my efforts to acquaint the French government of what was passing on the Spree. I announced the first intelligence of an unexpected movement which had taken place among the Prussian troops cantoned in the neighbourhood of Hamburg. They suddenly evacuated Lauenburg, Platzburg, Haarburg, Stade, Twisenfelth, and Cuxhaven. This extraordinary movement gave rise to a multitude of surmises. I was not wrong when I informed the French government, that according to every probability, Prussia was about to declare hostilities against France, and to enter into an alliance with England. I keenly regretted that my situation

did not allow me more frequent opportunities of meeting Mr. Thornton, the English minister to the circle of Lower Saxony. However, I saw him sometimes, and had on two different occasions the opportunity of rendering him some service.

Mr. Thornton had requested me to execute a little private business for him, the success of which depended on the emperor. I made the necessary communication to the minister for foreign affairs, adding in my letter, that Mr. Thornton's conduct towards the French who had come in any way in contact with him, had ever been just and liberal, and that I should receive great pleasure in being able to announce to him the success of his application. His request was granted.

On another occasion, Mr. Thornton applied to me for my services, and I had once more the pleasure of rendering them. He wished to procure some information respecting an Englishman named Baker, who had gone to Terracina, in the Campagna di Roma, for the benefit of sea-bathing. He was there arrested, without any cause assigned, by order of the commandant of the French troops in Terracina. The family of Mr. Baker not having heard from him for some months, became very uneasy respecting him, for they had not the least idea of his arrest. His relations applied to Mr. Thornton, and that gentleman, notwithstanding the circumstances which, as I have stated, prevented our frequent intercourse, hesitated not a moment in requesting me to furnish him with some information respecting his countryman. I lost no time in writing to M. Alquier, our ambassador at Rome, and soon enabled Mr. Thornton to ease the apprehension of Mr. Baker's friends.

I had every opportunity of knowing what was passing in Italy, for I had just been invested with a new dignity. As the new King of Naples, Joseph, had no minister in Lower Saxony, he wished that I should discharge the function of minister plenipotentiary for Naples. His ministers accordingly received orders to correspond with me upon all business connected with his government, and his subjects. The relations between Hamburg and Naples were nearly null, and my new office made no great addition to my labour.

I experienced, however, a little more difficulty in combining all the post-offices of Hamburg in the office of the Grand Duchy of Berg, thus detaching them from the offices of Latour and Taxis, so named after the German family, who, for a length of time, had had the possession of them, and who were devoted to Austria.

The affair of the post-offices gained for me the approbation of Napoleon. He expressed his satisfaction through the medium of a letter I received from Duroc, who, at the same time, recommended me to continue informing the emperor of all that was doing in Germany, with relation to the plans of the Confederation of the North. I therefore despatched to the minister for

foreign affairs a detailed letter, announcing that Baron Grote, the Prussian minister at Hamburg, had set off on a visit to Bremen and Lubeck. Among those who accompanied him on this excursion, was a person wholly devoted to me; and I knew that Baron Grote's object was to offer to those towns verbal propositions for their union with the Confederation of the North, which the King of Prussia wished to form as a counterpoise to the Confederation of the Rhine, just created by Napoleon. Baron Grote observed the strictest secrecy in all his movements. He showed, in confidence, to those to whom he addressed himself, a letter from M. Haugwitz, the minister from the King of Prussia, who endeavoured to point out to the Hanse Towns how much the Confederation of the North would turn to their advantage, it being the only means of preserving their liberty, by establishing a formidable power. However, to the first communication only an evasive answer was returned. M. Van Sienen, the syndic of Hamburg, was commissioned by the senate to inform the Prussian minister that the affair required the concurrence of the burghers, and that before he could submit it to them, it would be necessary to know its basis and conditions. Meanwhile, the syndic Doormann proceeded to Lubeck, where there was also a deputy from Bremen. The project of the confederation, however, never came to any thing.

I scrupulously discharged the duties of my functions, but I confess I often found it difficult to execute the orders I received, and more than once I took it upon myself to modify their severity. I loved the frank and generous character of the Hamburghers, and I could not help pitying the fate of the Hanse Towns, heretofore so happy, and from which Bonaparte had exacted such immense sacrifices.

On the principal gate of the Hanse Towns is inscribed the following motto, well expressing the pacific spirit of the people: *Da nobis pacem, Domine, in diebus nostris.* The paternal and elective government, which did every thing to secure the happiness of these towns, was led to believe that the sacrifices imposed on them would be recompensed by the preservation of their neutrality. No distrust was entertained, and hope was kept alive by the assurances given by Napoleon. He published in the Moniteur that the Hanse Towns could not be included in any particular confederation. He thus strangled, in its birth, the Confederation of the North, to which those feeble states would otherwise have been obliged to consent. When, in 1806, Napoleon marched against Prussia, he detached Marshal Mortier from the grand army, when it had passed the Rhine, and directed him to invade the electorate of Hesse, and march on Hamburg. On the 19th of November, the latter town was occupied by the French army, in the name of the emperor, amidst the utmost order and tranquillity.

I must acknowledge that I was under much apprehension as

to this event. At the intelligence of the approach of the French army, consternation was great and universal in Hamburg, which was anxious to maintain its neutrality unimpaired. At the urgent request of the magistrates of the city, I assumed functions more than diplomatic; and became, in some respects, the first magistrate of the town. I went to meet Marshal Mortier, to endeavour to dissuade him from entering. I thought I should, by this means, better serve the interests of France, than by favouring the occupation of a neutral town by our troops. But all my remonstrances were useless. Marshal Mortier had received formal orders from the emperor.

No preparations having been made at Hamburg for the reception of Marshal Mortier, he quartered himself and his whole staff upon me. The few troops he had with him were disposed of in my courtyard, so that the residence of a minister of peace was all at once converted into head-quarters. This state of things continued until a house was got ready for the marshal.

Marshal Mortier had to make *very rigorous exactions*, but my representations suspended, for a while, Napoleon's orders for taking possession of the bank of Hamburg. I am here bound to bear testimony to the marshal's honourable principles and dignity of character. The representations which I had sent to Marshal Mortier were transmitted by the latter to the emperor at Berlin; and Mortier stated, that he had suspended the execution of the orders, until he should receive others. The emperor approved of this. It was, indeed, a happy event for France and for Europe, even more so than for Hamburg. Those who suggested to the emperor the idea of pillaging that fine establishment, must have been profoundly ignorant of its importance. They thought only of the ninety millions of marks banco deposited in its cellars.

By the famous decree of Berlin, dated 21st of November, 1806, Mortier was compelled to order the seizure of all English merchandise in the Hanse Towns, but he enforced the decree only so far as to preserve the appearance of having obeyed his orders.

Mortier, on leaving Hamburg for Mecklenburg, was succeeded by General Michaud, who, in his turn, was succeeded by Marshal Brune, in the beginning of 1807. I am very glad to take the present opportunity of correcting the misconceptions which arose through the execution of certain acts of imperial tyranny. The truth is, Marshal Brune, during his government, constantly endeavoured to moderate, as far as he could, the severity of the orders he received. Bernadotte became governor of Hamburg when the battle of Jena rendered Napoleon master of Prussia and the north of Germany.

The Prince of Ponte-Corvo lightened, as far as possible, the unjust burdens and vexations to which that unfortunate town was subject. He never refused his assistance to any measures

which I adopted to oppose a system of ruin and persecution. He often protected Hamburg against exorbitant exactions. The Hanse Towns revived a little under his government, which continued longer than that of Mortier, Michaud, and Brune. The memory of Bernadotte will always be dear to the Hamburghers; and his name will never be pronounced without gratitude. His attention was especially directed to moderate the rigour of the custom-houses; and, perhaps, the effect which his conduct produced on public opinion may be considered as having, in some measure, led to the decision which, four years after, made him Hereditary Prince of Sweden.

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## THE BATTLES OF AUERSTAEDT AND JENA,

DESCRIBED BY GENERAL RAPP.

"We were in possession of the whole course of the Saale, and in a fair way to turn the enemy's army. The calculations of the Duke of Brunswick were completely frustrated. He had formed the idea of coming up with us on the Maine, of occupying our wings by detached corps, and penetrating our centre before we could concentrate our forces. He still possessed all the threads of that vast spy system which had harassed France since the emigrations.* He knew the force and the route marked out for several corps which were marching from Meudon, and he did not doubt of anticipating us. Napoleon took a pleasure in cherishing this illusion; he made preparations, and caused reconnaissances to be taken through the whole of that line. The duke had no longer any doubt of having penetrated our intentions; we were to debouch by Kœnigshaften; he made certain of that; he felt perfectly convinced of it. Our movements on his centre were only a snare, a *ruse de guerre;* we wished to deceive him, in order to prevent him from debouching by the forest of Thuringen, whilst we proceeded towards Coburg and Memmingen, in woody and mountainous countries, where his cavalry would have no opportunity of acting, or at least would be deprived of its advantage. It was of the utmost importance to anticipate us, and he hurried to Kœnigshaften.

"The enemy were engaged in the woods; Napoleon marched on Schleitz, sixty leagues from the presumed point of attack. The third corps quietly reposed on the 10th at Naumburg, in the rear of the Duke of Brunswick. Hostilities were of only two days' date, and that prince, who was already uncovered on his left, was on the eve of being entirely cut to pieces. His communications with the Elbe were in danger; and he was nearly reduced to the same extremities as Mack, whom he had so violently censured. His advance-guard, on arriving on the Maine, found the field unoccupied. This circum-

* This passage is impudently amusing if we reflect on the vast spy system of Bonaparte.—*Editor.*

stance seemed incomprehensible; but still it never led him to suspect the danger to which he was exposed. The rout of Saalfield alone shook the confidence which he had placed in his own safety. He hastily retraced his course. Weimar and Hohenlohe were directed to come up speedily, and the army of reserve was ordered to make a forced march. But some parties mistook their route, and others did not use sufficient despatch, so that a portion of the troops were not engaged in the battle. The duke, who was disconcerted at a system of movements so novel to him, knew not what determination to adopt. All these marches and arrangements, so rapidly succeeding each other, formed a mass of confusion, in which he could discern neither plan nor object. The occupation of Naumburg relieved him from this perplexity: he saw his left wing about to be turned, or at least exposed; he would not wait longer; he hastily rallied his army of reserve, which was advancing upon Halle, and left Hohenlohe at the camp of Capellendorf to mask the retrogade movement. His troops, who had not shared the disasters of Saalfield and Schleitz, ridiculed the beaten corps; they shouted 'The king for ever! the queen for ever!' &c. They resolved to avenge the affront offered to the Prussian arms: there were not enough Frenchmen for them. The duke himself had resumed his confidence. On the Auerstaedt road he found not more than thirty chasseurs. His communications were free; it was impossible they could be intercepted; it was not easy to surprise a skilful manœuvrer like the duke. Hohenlohe's Prussians were encamped behind the heights of Jena; their masses extended as far as the eye could reach; they were prolonged beyond Weimar. Napoleon reconnoitred them on the evening of the 13th, and fixed the attack for the following day. In the night he distributed orders for the movements of the different corps. 'As to Davoust, he must march on Apolda, so as to fall on the rear of the enemy's army. He may take whatever route he may deem most expedient; I leave that to himself, provided he take part in the battle; if Bernadotte be at hand he may support him. Berthier, issue instructions accordingly.' It was ten o'clock at night; all the arrangements were made, and yet the general commanding the enemy's force flattered himself with the hope that we could not debouch. But the axes of the pioneers removed every obstacle; the rock was cut, and trenches were opened; the action commenced on the right and the left; the conflict was terrible. Davoust, in particular, was placed in a situation in which a man of less firmness might have found his courage fail him. Bernadotte refused to support him; he even forbade two divisions of the reserve cavalry, which, however, were not under his command, from taking part in the action. He paraded round Apolda, while 26,000 French troops were engaged with 70,000 picked men, commanded by the Duke of Brunswick and the King of Prussia.* But this circum-

* According to German military writers, who have, for the least, as good a claim to our belief as the French, this statement is very incorrect—the French, they say, had 36,000 men on this point, and the Prussians not more than 40,000. The reader will remember Bourrienne's adage—*Menteur comme un bulletin!* Rapp was a bulletin-maker, but these men could not, or positively *would* not see the truth in these matters. See *ante*, the account of the forces engaged at Trafalgar.—*Editor.*

stance only added to the glory of the commander, whom it might have ruined. Davoust's plans were so well laid, his generals and his troops deployed with such skill and courage, that Blucher, with his 12,000 cavalry, had not the satisfaction to cut off a single company. The king, the guards, and the whole army, attacked our troops without obtaining better success. Amidst the deluge of fire that surrounded them on all sides, the French preserved their national gaiety. A soldier, whom his comrades had nicknamed *the emperor*, impatient at the obstinacy of the Prussians, exclaimed, 'On with me, grenadiers!—Come, follow the emperor!'—He rushed into the thickest of the battle, the troop followed him, and the Prussian guards were penetrated. He was made a corporal: his friends remarked that he only wanted the protectorate.

"At Jena the victory had been no less brilliant; the rout was complete and general; the enemy fled in the utmost confusion.

"In the evening I was directed, together with the grand duke, to pursue the wrecks of the Prussian army. We took some Saxon battalions, and we entered *pêle-mêle* with them into Weimar. We stationed our posts before the town, despatched some parties of cavalry on the Erfurt road, and presented ourselves at the castle. M. de Pappenheim, whom I recollected having seen in Paris, came out to meet us. He was quite alarmed; but we assured him he had no cause for apprehension. All the court, with the exception of the grand duke and his family, were at Weimar. The duchess received us with perfect politeness. I was acquainted with several ladies of her suite, one of whom has since become my sister-in-law. I endeavoured to calm their fears. They took courage. Some few disorders took place; but they were of little importance.

"Murat took up his quarters at the castle. I set out to join Napoleon at Jena, in order to render him an account of the events of the evening. He did not think that they would go beyond Weimar. He was highly satisfied. The courage of the duchess astonished him. He did not imagine that the court would have waited for him. He did not like the family; this he often repeated. The night was far advanced, and Napoleon had just received despatches from the second corps. 'Davoust,' said he to me, 'has had a terrible engagement; he had King William and the Duke of Brunswick opposed to him. The Prussians fought desperately; they suffered dreadful slaughter. The duke has been dangerously wounded; and the whole army seems to be in terrible disorder. Bernadotte did not behave well. He would have been pleased had Davoust been defeated; but the affair reflects the highest honour on the conqueror, and the more so as Bernadotte rendered his situation a difficult one. That Gascon will never do better.'*

"The battle was lost. The Prussians were no longer eager to carry on the war; they wished for and invoked peace. They were anxious to terminate a contest in which they had such ill success. By dint of wishing for an armistice, they at length persuaded themselves that one had been granted. Kalkreuth announced it; Blucher

* This Gascon, however, still keeps his throne in 1836—twenty-two years after Bonaparte and his satellite Kings of Spain, Naples, Holland, and Westphalia have disappeared from theirs.—*Editor.*

swore that it was concluded: how could it be discredited. Soult, however, was not to be caught in the snare. The imprudent generosity evinced at Austerlitz had rendered him distrustful. He refused to afford a passage to the troops whom he had cut off. 'The convention you speak of is impossible!' said he to the field-marshal. 'Lay down your arms. I must receive the emperor's orders. You shall retire if he permit it.' Kalkreuth was unwilling to resort to this kind of expedient. It always has somewhat the appearance of a defeat; and he would rather have experienced one in good earnest. Some other columns were more fortunate. But it was only deferring the evil moment; they were obliged to surrender some leagues further on. It was not worth while to resort to the deception.

"The king himself was disheartened by his misfortunes. Our hussars gave him neither truce nor respite. He recollected all that Napoleon had done to avoid hostilities; and he addressed a letter to him. It was rather late to reply to overtures which had been so ill received. 'It would have been better,' said Napoleon, 'had he explained himself two days sooner; but no matter, I am willing to accede to any thing that is compatible with the dignity and interests of France. I will send Duroc to the King of Prussia. But there is something still more urgent yet. Duroc, set out immediately. Proceed to Naumburg, to Dessau, wherever we have wounded troops. See that they want for nothing; visit them for me, each man individually. Give them all the consolation their situation requires. Tell them—tell the marshal, that he, his generals, and his troops, have acquired everlasting claims on my gratitude.'

"He was not satisfied with this message. He wrote to assure Davoust how much he was pleased with his conduct. His letter was inserted in the order of the day. The troops were transported with it: even the wounded men could not refrain from expressing their delight.

"The emperor established his head-quarters at Weimar. He showed every possible mark of respect to the duchess, whom he found to be an amiable and sensible woman, and of very dignified manners.

"Meanwhile the enemy was rallying on Magdeburg. The wrecks of the army that had been engaged at Jena, the army of reserve, and the troops of Old and New Prussia, hastily repaired to that place. The Duke of Wirtemberg had already taken a position at Halle; and Bernadotte proceeded thither. His corps had not been engaged at Auerstaedt; and he was eager for an opportunity to compensate the portion of glory he had lost. He attacked the Prussians with the bayonet; killing and routing all that opposed him. The carnage was dreadful. On the following day, Napoleon visited the field of battle. He was struck with the sight of the heaps of dead which surrounded the bodies of some of our soldiers. He approached; and, observing on their uniform the numbers of the 32d, 'so many of that regiment,' said he, 'have been killed in Italy, in Egypt, and elsewhere, that I should think none can now remain.' "—*Memoirs of General Rapp.*

The Battle of Jena.

Vol. i., page 775.

# THE BATTLE OF JENA,

## DESCRIBED BY GENERAL SAVARY.

"On entering Jena, we obtained certain news of the Prussian army. It had left Weimar in two great corps: the largest, under the immediate command of the King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick, had taken the road from Weimar to Naumburg; the other, which was under the orders of the Prince of Hohenlohe, had directed its march on Jena.

"In fact, the first companies of chasseurs, which debouched on the summit of the mountain which commands Jena, discovered the enemy's line; the left of which had just taken an *appui* in the front of the point by which we debouched. The emperor reconnoitred it himself, alone and within pistol-shot. The sun had not set; he alighted from his horse, and advanced until some muskets were fired at him. He returned, to hasten the march of his columns: he himself conducted the generals to the positions which he wished them to occupy during the night, and recommended to them not to take their positions until it was so dark that they could not be seen from the enemy's line.

"He slept in the bivouac amidst his troops, having first made all the generals who were there sup with him. Before he lay down he descended the hill of Jena on foot, to be certain that no ammunition-waggon had been left at the bottom. He there found the whole of Marshal Lannes's artillery sticking in a ravine, which in the obscurity of the night had been mistaken for a road, and which was so narrow that the linchpins of the wheels rubbed against the rocks on both sides. There was thus no getting forward or backward; and there were a hundred waggons, one behind the other, in the defile. This artillery was intended to be the first in service; the artillery of the other corps being left behind it.

"The emperor was excessively angry, but showed his displeasure only by a cold silence. He inquired frequently for the general who had the command of the artillery, and appeared greatly astonished at his absence; but without wasting time in reproaches, he set to work himself to do the duty of an artillery-officer. He collected the men, made them get their park-tools, and light the lanterns, one of which he held for the convenience of those whose labours he directed. In this way the ravine was sufficiently widened, and the extremities of the axletrees cleared of the rocks. I shall never forget the expression in the countenances of the men on seeing the emperor lighting them with a lantern, nor the heavy blows with which they struck the rocks. They were exhausted with fatigue, but no one uttered a complaint; all felt the importance of the service in which they were engaged; and they did not refrain from expressing surprise at finding that it should be necessary for the emperor himself to set this example to his officers. The emperor did not leave the spot until the first waggon had passed through, which was not until late in the night. He afterwards returned to his bivouac, and issued some orders before he reposed

"This happened on the night of the 13th and 14th of October. On that night there was a hoar frost, accompanied by a thick fog, similar

to that which we experienced at Austerlitz; but it was favourable to us, for we were upon a level height of a limited extent, which obliged us to form the troops in large masses, almost touching each other, in order to facilitate their deploying in the morning. This level was not more than two hundred toises from the position occupied by the left or the Prussians. Had it not been for this fog, our fires would have served as a direction for the enemy; and their artillery would have done us considerable mischief, for every shot would have told. However, fortune favoured us wonderfully; for the fog lasted until eight o'clock next morning.

"We were under arms at daybreak; but the fog was still so thick that we could not see our way in advancing on the enemy's line. Beside the wood on which his left rested, there was a tract of ground by which we could pass, as had been ascertained on the day before, but in seeking it during the fog we came upon the wood which the enemy occupied. A skirmish then began, which afforded the Prussians a point of direction. We now got into the road by turning a little to the left, and the artillery was conducted in that direction in close columns. The Prussian line finding itself attacked, and fearing a grand movement in front, proceeded to manœuvre to gain a position nearer its main body. It was now nine in the morning; we had fired only a few guns, and, with the exception of the 17th light infantry which attacked the wood, none of our troops had been engaged. The atmosphere cleared up, the sun shone bright, and we were in presence of the Prussians. The cannonade commenced in the centre, and was more brisk on the side of the enemy than on ours.

"Marshal Ney, who was on the right of Marshal Lannes, attacked the extreme left of the Prussians. He carried a village which formed its *appui*, was repulsed, retook the village, and was again driven from it. He would in all probability have lost a great many men, had not one of Marshal Soult's divisions, which arrived by our extreme right, and which, notwithstanding its excessive fatigue, was marched forward, completely out-flanked the point which Marshal Ney was so obstinately set upon holding, though it was quite out of our natural position.

"The movement of Marshal Soult's division caused the evacuation of the village; and had only half an hour's patience been exercised before it was attacked, the lives of many brave men would have been spared.

"The emperor was very much displeased at Marshal Ney's obstinacy. He said a few words to him on the subject, but with delicacy. This movement, for occupying the point on which the extreme left of the Prussians rested, was seconded by a vigorous attack operated on their centre by Marshal Lannes, who wished to give them a close discharge of musketry. The boldness of his advance made the Prussian army change front on its right wing, the left wing in the rear. This obliged us to perform the opposite movement; namely, to change front on our left wing, with our right wing in advance. The action recommenced along the whole front, and a fortunate incident gave us the victory. The emperor had left Marshal Augereau at Mentz, to form a corps with the regiments which after the peace of Austerlitz had been sent to France, and which were ordered to repair to Mentz

by forced marches. Augereau made so rapid a march from Mentz, that he arrived at Jena while the action was going on. He did not pause a moment, and appeared in the field of battle at the moment when the Prussian line was attacked in the position I have described. Marshal Augereau's column advanced through a fir-wood, in such a manner that it debouched in the rear of the Prussian right; the 14th regiment of the line was at the head of the column. It commenced an attack of musketry before the Prussians had time to reconnoitre it. This attack being vigorously maintained, caused a retrograde movement on the right of the Prussians, which made their whole line waver.

"The emperor had but few cavalry with him. The parties which were in the direction of Naumburg had not yet arrived, so that we had on the field of battle only one brigade of light cavalry, commanded by General Durosnel, another commanded by General Auguste de Colbert, and the 1st, 9th, and 11th regiments of hussars.

"The above corps of cavalry were all assembled in our centre; and the moment the oscillation in the Prussian line was observed, they were sent forward, and ordered to charge with desperation. The charge succeeded; and disorder and rout began to appear among the Prussians. They tried the effect of bringing forward their own cavalry, by which ours, being weaker, was for an instant checked; but this did not enable their army to rally, and it was completely broken. The head of the Grand Duke of Berg's cavalry arrived at this moment on the ground, and uniting with the rest, proceeded on the route to Weimar, along which the Prussians were flying.

"The emperor, at the point where he stood, saw the flight of the Prussians, and our cavalry taking them by thousands. Night was approaching; and here, as at Austerlitz, the emperor rode round the field of battle. He often alighted from his horse to give a little brandy to the wounded; and several times I observed him putting his hand to the breast of a soldier to ascertain whether his heart beat, because, in consequence of having seen some slight appearance of colour in his cheeks, he supposed he might not be dead. If he found a greater number of dead on one part of the field than another, he looked at the buttons to ascertain the number of the regiment; and it was his custom, at the first review in which he saw that regiment, to ask questions as to the manner in which it attacked, or had been attacked, in order to discover the cause of the loss he had observed.

"While thus making the tour of the field of battle, I saw him two or three times discover, in the manner I have mentioned, men who were still alive. On these occasions he gave way to a joy which it is impossible to describe, but which was quickly followed by a melancholy expression, occasioned by the reflection that there were many others in the like situation whom he could not hope to find.

"This evening he was upon the whole pretty well satisfied with what he saw done. The commissariat had performed its duty. The wounded were collected without delay, and every where attended with the greatest care.

"He returned to pass the night at Jena, where he received the professors of the university. He made a present to the vicar of that town, who had distinguished himself by his humane attention to the

comfort of the wounded and the prisoners."—*Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo.*

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Having given two French accounts of this fatal campaign, it will be only fair and proper to give an English statement. For the following general and comprehensive view, we are indebted to the article "Bonaparte," in the *Penny Cyclopædia:*

"Bonaparte, after having settled his affairs with Austria, altered his tone towards Prussia. The *Moniteur* began to talk of Prussia as a secondary power, which assumed a tone that its extent and position did not warrant. In his negotiations with Lord Lauderdale, Napoleon had offered to restore Hanover to the King of England. The confederation of the Rhine extended round a great part of the Prussian frontiers. The Prussian minister at Paris, Von Knobelsdorf, in a note which he delivered to Talleyrand on the 1st of October, 1806, said truly, 'that the king his master saw around his territories none but French soldiers or vassals of France, ready to march at her beck.' The note demanded that the French troops should evacuate the territory of Germany. Napoleon answered in a tone of sneer and defiance, saying, that 'to provoke the enmity of France was as senseless a course as to pretend to withstand the waves of the ocean.' The King of Prussia issued a long manifesto from his head-quarters at Erfurt on the 9th of October, 1806, in which he recapitulated the long series of Napoleon's encroachments, which all the world was acquainted with, but which the King of Prussia seemed now to discover for the first time. Napoleon was speedily in the field; he attacked the Prussians first, and this time he had on his side a large superiority of numbers, added to his superiority of tactics. The double battle of Auerstadt and Jena (16th of October) decided the campaign. The Prussian troops fought bravely, but their generals committed the same error as the Austrian generals had committed before, of extending too much their line of operations. The consequences of the Prussian defeat were most disastrous. Most of their divisions were surrounded and obliged to lay down their arms. Almost all their strong fortresses, Magdeburg, Spandau, Kustrin, Stettin, Hameln, surrendered without firing a shot. The work of the great Frederick's whole life crumbled to pieces in a few weeks. Blücher and Lestocq were the only officers who kept some regiments together, with which they made a gallant stand in the northern provinces.

"Bonaparte entered Berlin on the 21st of October. He despatched Mortier to occupy Hamburg, and seize all English property there. On the 21st of November, 1806, Napoleon issued his well-known Berlin decree against British commerce. 'The British islands were to be considered as in a state of blockade by all the continent. All correspondence or trade with England was forbidden under most severe penalties. All articles of English manufacture or produce of the British colonies were considered as contraband. Property of every kind belonging to British subjects, wherever found, was declared lawful prize. All letters to and from England were to be detained and opened at the post-offices.' The English government retaliated by its orders in council, 11th of November, 1807.

"Meantime the King of Prussia had fled to Königsberg, and the Russian armies advanced to the Vistula: the French occupied Warsaw."—*P. C.*

In this campaign the French army advanced in three great columns: the corps of Soult and Ney marched upon Hof; Murat, Bernadotte, and Davoust, towards Saalburg and Schleitz; and Lannes and Augereau upon Coburg and Saalfeld. At Saalfeld, Lannes and Augereau were gallantly opposed by the corps of Prince Louis of Prussia. Unfortunately, however, this brave but inexperienced young man left in his rear the bridge over the Saal, which he might have defended, and marched out into the open plain, where his troops were overpowered. He paid for his imprudence with his life, and a more gallant spirit did not fall in that campaign. He fell, fighting hand to hand with a French subaltern, who, knowing his rank, called upon him to surrender: the prince replied by a sabre cut, on which he was run through the body, and fell dead. The Prussians fled, the bridge was abandoned, and the French poured into the country behind the Saal. They had thus turned the *right* flank of the king's position, and the Prussians had most imprudently placed their principal stores and magazines at Naumburg, on their *extreme right*, instead of keeping them in the rear of their centre. Napoleon seized Naumburg by a *coup de main*, and the first intimation the unfortunate king received of the enemy's being beyond the Saal was given by the awful roar of the powder-magazines, which the French blew up.

The Prussians were now as much isolated and cut off from their resources, and altogether in as bad a condition as the Austrians at Ulm had been the year before. Bonaparte availed himself of his advantages in writing a most insulting and humiliating letter to the king. Some days later, when the brave Duke of Brunswick, who had retired wounded from the fight at Jena, addressed him in a pacificatory tone, Bonaparte answered both with insolence and barbarity. He told him he had determined to destroy his city, and displace his family for ever. This maker of kings, princes, and dukes, indulged in the mean spite of styling the duke "General Brunswick." On this, the unfortunate duke retired into Denmark, where he intended to embark for England; but his wound was inflamed by travelling and vexation of spirit, and he died at Altona before a ship could be got ready for him. His son and successor, not without reason, considering him as foully murdered, vowed eternal revenge against the French, and if ever vow was kept, it was that of the young duke. Surely Bonaparte must have thought of all these things after the battle of Waterloo, when he was himself a fugitive not knowing where to lay his head!

In our French texts, sufficient justice is not rendered to the valour and admirable military skill of Blücher. After the surrender of the Prince of Hohenlohe with 20,000 men, Blücher, who commanded that prince's rear-guard, consisting of only 10,000, made a gallant dash, and effected his escape. This heroic leader, keeping his little corps unbroken, traversed the country for some time, sustaining many attacks from far superior numbers. When hemmed in at once by Soult, Murat, and Bernadotte, he threw himself into Lubeck, and fought a severe action in the streets of that town, on the 6th of

November. He retreated from Lubeck to Schwertz, and there, pressed upon the Danish frontier, which the laws of nations prevented him from violating, he at last laid down his glorious arms on the 7th of November.

The advantages obtained in the campaign of Jena were immense, but Bonaparte paid dearly for them both in blood and money. These very successes began to disgust the French people, who saw their brethren and their children led to the slaughter; and, indeed, they paved the way for the conqueror's irremediable ruin.

The forced conscription for 1807 was anticipated before the campaign began, and, at the end of it, Napoleon was obliged to demand 80,000 more recruits, who were to be considered as forming *part* of the conscription for the year 1808. Thus the supplies of two years were anticipated!—*Editor.*

## CHAPTER LXXXV.

### 1806.

General Perron and M. Bourguien—Their large fortunes and mutual animosity—Ukase of the Emperor of Russia—Duroc's mission to Weimar—Napoleon's views defeated—Triumphs of the French armies—Letters from Murat—False report respecting Murat — Resemblance between Moureau and M. Billaud—Generous conduct of Napoleon—His interview with Madame Hatzfeld at Berlin—Letter from Bonaparte to Josephine—Blucher my prisoner—His character—His confidence in the future fate of Germany—Prince Paul of Wirtemberg taken prisoner—His wish to enter the French service—Distinguished emigrants at Altona—Deputation of the senate to the emperor at Berlin—The German princes at Altona—Fauche-Borel and the Count de Gimel.

THERE are few that have not heard of the famous General Perron, who acted so conspicuous a part with Schindia among the Mahrattas. I had been at Hamburg something more than a year, when he arrived there: he came to me for a passport, and he gave me an amusing account of his adventures, which were truly extraordinary. He told me that he once possessed more than fifty millions of francs, but that he had been obliged to give such considerable sums to the English for the liberty of embarking at one of their East India ports, as amounted to three-fourths of his whole fortune.* Many of his trunks were packed with magnificent cashmires, some of which he presented to me.

General Perron had lost one hand. He was the father of two

* Perron, a thorough and unprincipled adventurer, was accustomed to tell lies, and this is one of them.—*Editor.*

children, a boy and a girl: their mother was an Indian female, and the copper-coloured complexion of the children denoted their maternal origin. Their costume was so singular as to attract attention wherever they went: their necks and arms were bound by large rings of pure gold, but the necklace and bracelets were not like those worn by the ladies of Europe, which can be put on and off at pleasure, but were soldered together so skilfully, that the juncture could scarcely be discovered. The children did not understand a word of French: their father appeared fondly attached to them.

Some days after General Perron's arrival, M. Bourguien came also from Bengal, and took a passport for France. He was at open war with M. Perron, who spoke of him in equally hostile terms. Each professed contempt for the other, and they vented mutual reproaches about the ruin of the Mahrattas. Both had realized immense fortunes. I know not what has become of M. Bourguien, but General Perron purchased a splendid estate in the neighbourhood of Vendome, where he lives retired. He has married again, and has several children by his second wife. One of his daughters, a beautiful girl, married some years ago a M. de la Rochefoucauld, but she died shortly after their union.

In September, 1806, it became very manifest that as soon as war should break out between France and Prussia, Russia would not be slow in forming an alliance with the latter power. Peace had, however, been re-established between Napoleon and Alexander, by virtue of a treaty just signed at Paris. By that treaty Russia was to evacuate the Bocche di Cataro,* a condition with which she was in no hurry to comply. I received a number of the Court Gazette of St. Petersburg, containing a ukase of the Emperor of Russia, in which Alexander pointed out the danger which again menaced Europe, showed the necessity of adopting precautions for general tranquillity and the security of his own empire, and declared his determination of not only completing but augmenting his army. He therefore ordered a levy of four men out of every five hundred inhabitants.

Before the commencement of hostilities, Duroc was sent to the King of Prussia with the view of discovering whether there was any possibility of renewing negotiations; but affairs were already too much embarrassed. All Duroc's endeavours were in vain, and perhaps it was no longer in the power of the King of Prussia to avoid war with France. Besides, he had just grounds of offence against the emperor. Although the latter had given him Hanover in exchange for the two margravates, he had, nevertheless, offered to England the restoration of that province as one of the terms of the negotiations commenced with Mr. Fox. This underhand work was not unknown to the Berlin cabinet, and Napoleon's duplicity rendered Duroc's mission useless. At this time the King of Prussia was at Weimar.

* A part of the Sclavonian country on the Adriatic sea.—*Editor.*

Victory every where favoured the French arms. Prince Hohenlohe, who commanded a corps of the Prussian army, was forced to capitulate at Prentzlau. After this capitulation, General Blucher took the command of the remains of the corps, to which he joined the troops whose absence from Prentzlau exempted them from the capitulation. These corps, added to those which Blucher had at Auerstaedt, were then almost the only ramparts of the Prussian monarchy. Soult and Bernadotte received orders from Murat to pursue Blucher, who was using all his efforts to draw from Berlin the forces of those two generals. Blucher marched in the direction of Lubeck.

General Murat pursued the wreck of the Prussian army, which had escaped from Saxony by Magdeburg. Blucher was driven upon Lubeck. It was very important to the army at Berlin, that this numerous corps should be destroyed, commanded as it was by a skilful and brave general, who drew from the centre of the military operations numerous troops, with which he might throw himself into Hanover, or Hesse, or even Holland, and by joining the English troops, harass the rear of the grand army. The Grand Duke of Berg explained to me his plans and expectations, and soon after announced their fulfilment in several letters which contained among other things the particulars of the taking of Lubeck.

In two of these letters, Murat, who was probably deceived by his agents, or by some intriguer, informed me, that General Moreau had arrived in Hamburg on the 28th of October. The proof which Murat possessed of this circumstance was a letter of Fauche-Borel, which he had intercepted. I recollect a curious circumstance which serves to show the necessity of mistrusting the vague intelligence furnished to persons in authority. A fortnight before I received Murat's first letter, a person informed me that General Moreau was in Hamburg. I gave no credit to the intelligence: yet I endeavoured to ascertain whether it had any foundation, but without effect. Two days after, I was assured that an individual had met General Moreau—that he had spoken to him—that he knew him well from having served under him; together with various other circumstances, the truth of which there appeared no reason to doubt. I immediately sent for the individual in question, who told me that he knew Moreau—that he had met him—that the general had inquired of him the way to the Jungfersteige (a promenade at Hamburg)—that he had pointed it out to him, and then said, "Have I not the honour to speak to General Moreau?" upon which the general answered, "Yes, but say nothing about having seen me: I am here incognito." All this appeared to me so absurd, that, pretending not to know Moreau, I asked the person to describe him to me. He described a person bearing little resemblance to Moreau, and added, that he wore a braided French coat, and the national cockade in his hat. I instantly perceived

the whole was a mere scheme for getting a little money. I sent the fellow about his business. In a quarter of an hour after I had got rid of him, M. Chevardiere called on me, and introduced M. Billaud, the French consul at Stettin. This gentleman wore a braided coat and the national cockade in his hat. He was the hero of the story I had heard from the informer. A slight personal resemblance between the consul and the general had caused several persons to mistake them for each other.

During the Prussian campaign nothing was talked of throughout Germany but Napoleon's generous conduct with respect to Prince Hatzfeld. I was fortunate enough to obtain a copy of a letter which the emperor wrote to Josephine on the subject, and which I shall presently lay before the reader. In conformity with the inquisitorial system which too frequently characterized the emperor's government, and which he extended to every country of which he had military possession, the first thing done on entering a town was *to take possession of the post-office, and then, Heaven knows how little respect was shown to the privacy of correspondence.* Among the letters thus seized at Berlin, and delivered to Napoleon, was one addressed to the King of Prussia by Prince Hatzfeld, who had imprudently remained in the Prussian capital. In this letter the prince gave his sovereign an account of all that had occurred in Berlin since he had been compelled to quit it; and at the same time he informed him of the force and situation of the corps of the French army. The emperor, after reading this letter, ordered that the prince should be arrested, and tried by a court-martial, on the charge of being a spy.

The court was summoned, and little doubt could be entertained as to its decision, when Madame Hatzfeld repaired to Duroc, who, on such occasions, was always happy when he could facilitate communication with the emperor. On that day Napoleon had been at a review. Duroc knew Madame Hatzfeld, whom he had several times seen on his visits to Berlin. When Napoleon returned from the review, he was astonished to see Duroc at the palace at that hour, and inquired whether he had brought any news. Duroc answered in the affirmative, and followed the emperor into his cabinet, where he soon introduced Madame Hatzfeld. The remainder of the scene is described in Napoleon's letter. It may easily be perceived that this letter is an answer to one from Josephine, reproaching him for the manner in which he spoke of women, and very probably of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Prussia, respecting whom he had expressed himself with too little respect in one of his bulletins. The following is Napoleon's letter:

I have received your letter, in which you seem to reproach me for speaking ill of women. It is true that I dislike female intriguers above all things. I am used to kind, gentle, and conciliatory women.

I love them, and if they have spoiled me, it is not my fault, but yours. However, you will see that I have done an act of kindness to one deserving woman. I allude to Madame de Hatzfeld. When I showed her her husband's letter, she stood weeping, and in a tone of mingled grief and ingenuousness, said, "It is indeed his writing!" This went to my heart, and I said, "Well, Madame, throw the letter into the fire, and then I shall have no proof against your husband." She burned the letter, and was restored to happiness. Her husband now is safe: two hours later, and he would have been lost. You see, therefore, that I like women who are simple, gentle, and amiable; because they alone resemble you.*

November 6, 1806, 9 o'clock, P.M.

* As attempts have been made to throw doubt on the authenticity of the story here described, it may not be deemed superfluous to present to the reader Rapp's version of it. Rapp, it will be seen, sustained a prominent part in the affair; and though his account of it, and that given by Bourrienne, be not precisely similar, they nevertheless correspond in all important particulars.

"Prince Hatzfeld had come to Potsdam as a deputy from the city of Berlin, and had been well received. He rendered an account of his mission, as well as I can recollect, to Count Hohenlohe, and reported to him the state of the troops, artillery, and ammunition, that were in the capital, or which he had met on the road: his letter was intercepted. Napoleon delivered it to me, with orders immediately to arrest the prince and send him to the head-quarters of Marshal Davoust, which were two leagues distant. Berthier, Duroc, Caulaincort, and I, vainly endeavoured to appease the anger of Napoleon. He refused to listen to our representations. Prince Hatzfeld had transmitted reports relative to military affairs which were quite unconnected with his mission: he had evidently been acting the part of a spy. Savary, who, in his quality of commander of the military gendarmerie, usually took cognizance of affairs of this kind, was then on a mission. I was obliged to assume his functions during his absence. I gave orders for the arrest of the prince; but instead of having him conducted to the head-quarters of Davoust, I placed him in the chamber of the officer commanding the palace-guard, whom I directed to treat him with every mark of respect.

"Caulaincourt and Duroc withdrew from the emperor's apartment. Napoleon was left alone with Berthier, and he directed him to sit down and write the order by which M. de Hatzfeld was to be arraigned before a military commission. The major-general made some representations in his favour. 'Your majesty will not, for so trivial an offence, shoot a man who is connected with the first families in Berlin. The thing is impossible, you will not think of it.' The emperor grew more angry. Neufchatel persisted in his intercession; Napoleon lost all patience, and Berthier quitted the room. I was called in. I had overheard the scene that had just taken place. I was afraid to hazard the least reflection: I was in a state of agony. Besides the repugnance I felt in being instrumental to so harsh a measure, it was necessary to write as rapidly as the emperor spoke; and I must confess I never possessed that talent. He dictated to me the following order:

"'Our cousin Marshal Davoust will appoint a military commission, consisting of seven colonels of his staff, of which he will be the president, to try Prince Hatzfeld on a charge of treason and espionage. The sentence must be pronounced and executed before six o'clock in the evening.'*—*Rapp's Memoirs.*

"It was about noon. Napoleon directed me to despatch the order immediately, and to send with it Prince Hatzfeld's letter. The latter part of the instruction I did not, however, obey. My mind was racked by the most painful emotions. I trembled for the prince, and I trembled for myself; since, instead of sending him to Davoust's head-quarters, I had lodged him in the palace.

* The man capable of contemplating such a measure must have been fully equal to the ordering of the Duke d'Enghien's execution.—*Editor.*

When Marshal Bernadotte had forced Blucher into Lubeck, and made him prisoner, he sent to inform me of the circumstance; but I was far from expecting that the prisoner would be confided to my charge. Such, however, was the case. After his capitulation he was sent to Hamburg, where he had the whole city for his prison.

I was curious to become acquainted with this celebrated man, and I saw him very frequently. I found that he was an enthusiastic Prussian patriot—a brave man, enterprising even to rashness, of limited education, and almost to an incredible degree devoted to pleasure, of which he took an ample share while he remained in Hamburg. He sat an enormous time at table, and notwithstanding his exclusive patriotism, he rendered full justice to the wines of France. His passion for women was unbounded, and one of his most favourite sources of amusement was the gaming-table, at which he spent a considerable portion of his time. Blucher was of an extremely gay disposition; and considered merely as a companion, he was very agreeable. The original style of his conversation pleased me much. His confidence in the deliverance of Germany remained unshaken in spite of the disasters of the Prussian army. He often said to me, "I place great reliance on the public spirit of Germany: on the enthusiasm which prevails in our universities. The events of war are daily changing, and even defeats contribute to nourish

"Napoleon wished to have his horse saddled, as he intended to visit Prince and Princess Ferdinand. As I was going out to give the necessary orders, I was informed that the Princess of Hatzfeld had fainted in the antechamber, and that she had previously expressed a wish to speak to me. I went to her. I did not conceal from her the displeasure of Napoleon. I told her that we were going to ride out on horseback, and I directed her to repair to Prince Ferdinand, and to interest him in favour of her husband. I know not whether she did so; but on our arrival at the palace we found her in one of the corridors, and she threw herself, in tears, at the feet of the emperor, to whom I announced her name.

"The princess was in a state of pregnancy. Napoleon was moved by her situation, and directed her to proceed to the castle. He, at the same time, desired me to write to Davoust, to order the trial to be suspended:—he thought Prince Hatzfeld had departed.

"Napoleon returned to the palace, where Madame Hatzfeld was waiting for him. He desired her to enter the saloon: I was present. 'Your husband, madame,' said he, 'has brought himself into an unfortunate scrape. According to our laws he deserves to be sentenced to death. General Rapp, give me his letter. Here, madam, read this.' The lady trembled exceedingly. Napoleon immediately took the letter from her hand, tore it, and threw the fragments into the fire. 'I have no other proof against Prince Hatzfeld, madame, therefore he is at liberty.' He ordered me immediately to release him from his confinement at head-quarters. I acknowledged that I had not sent him there; but he did not reproach me; he even seemed pleased at what I had done.

"In this affair, Berthier, Duroc, and Caulaincourt, behaved as they did on all occasions, that is to say, like gallant men: Berthier's conduct was particularly praiseworthy.

"No sooner had Prince Hatzfeld returned to his family, than he was made acquainted with all that had passed. He wrote me a letter expressive of his gratitude, and the emotions by which he was agitated."—*Memoirs of General Rapp.* (*Editor.*)

in a people sentiments of honour and national glory. You may depend upon it, that when a whole nation is determined to shake off a humiliating yoke, it will succeed. There is no doubt but we shall end by having a landwehre very different from any militia to which the subdued spirit of the French people could give birth. England will always lend us the support of her navy and her subsidies, and we will renew alliances with Russia and Austria. I can pledge myself to the truth of a fact of which I have certain knowledge, and you may rely upon it; namely, that none of the allied powers engaged in the present war entertain views of territorial aggrandizement. All they unanimously desire is to put an end to the system of aggrandizement which your emperor has established, and acts upon with such alarming rapidity. In our first war against France, at the commencement of your revolution, we fought for questions respecting the rights of sovereigns, for which, I assure you, I care very little: but now the case is altered, the whole population of Prussia makes common cause with its government. The people fight in defence of their homes, and reverses destroy our armies without changing the spirit of the nation. I rely confidently on the future, because I foresee that fortune will not always favour your emperor. It is impossible: but the time will come when all Europe, humbled by his exactions, and impatient of his depredations, will rise up against him. The more he enslaves nations, the more terrible will be the reaction when they break their chains. It cannot be denied, that he is tormented with an insatiable desire of acquiring new territories. To the war of 1805 against Austria and Russia, the present war has almost immediately succeeded. We have fallen. Prussia is occupied; but Russia still remains undefeated. I cannot foresee what will be the termination of the war; but admitting that the issue should be favourable to you, it will end only to break out again speedily. If we continue firm, France, exhausted by her conquests, must in the end fall. You may be certain of it. You wish for peace. Recommend it. By so doing you will give strong proofs of love for your country."

In this strain Blucher constantly spoke to me; and, as I never thought it right to play the part of the public functionary in the drawing-room, I replied to him with the reserve necessary in my situation. I could not tell him how much my anticipations frequently coincided with his; but I never hesitated to express to him how much I wished to see a reasonable peace concluded.*

* Rapp mentions the following particulars relative to Blucher after his capture. At that time Rapp had been appointed governor of Thorn, and he says—

"I was now the providence of the Prussian generals. They wrote to me, entreating my intercession in their behalf. Blucher himself did not disdain to solicit the *grace* of his Majesty, the Emperor and King of Italy. He was at first to have been conducted to Dijon; but he had laid down arms, and therefore

Blucher's arrival at Hamburg was preceded by that of Prince Paul of Wirtemberg, the second son of one of the two kings created by Napoleon, whose crowns were not yet a year old. This young prince, who was imbued with the ideas of liberty and independence which then prevailed in Germany, had taken a headlong step. He had quitted Stuttgard to serve in the Prussian campaign without having asked his father's permission; which inconsiderate proceeding might have drawn Napoleon's anger upon the King of Wirtemberg. The King of Prussia advanced Prince Paul to the rank of general, but he was taken prisoner at the very commencement of hostilities. Prince Paul was not, as has been erroneously stated, conducted to Stuttgard by a captain of gendarmerie. He came to Hamburg, where I received many visits from him. He did not yet possess very definite ideas as to what he wished; for, after he was made prisoner he expressed to me his strong desire to enter the French service, and often asked me to solicit for him an interview with the emperor. He obtained this interview, and remained for a long time in Paris, where I know he has frequently resided since the restoration.

The individuals whom I had to observe in Hamburg gave me much less trouble than our neighbours at Altona. The number of the latter had considerably augmented, since the events of the war had compelled a great number of emigrants, who had taken refuge at Munster, to leave that town. They all proceeded to Altona. Conquered countries became as dangerous to them as the land which they had forsaken. The most distinguished amongst the individuals assembled at Altona were Viscount de Sesmaisons, the Bailly d'Hautfeuille, the Duchess of Luxembourg, the Marquis de Bonnard, the Duke d'Aumont, the Duke de Villeguier, the wife of Marshal de Broglie and her daughter, Cardinal de Montmorency, Madame de Cossé, her two daughters, and her son (a priest), and the Bishop of Boulogne.

Bonaparte staid long enough at Berlin to permit of the arrival of a deputation from the French senate to congratulate him on his first triumphs. I learned, that in this instance the senatorial deputation, departing from its accustomed complaisance, ventured not to confine itself to compliments and felicitations, but went so far as to interfere with the emperor's plan of the campaign—to speak of the danger that might be incurred in passing the Oder, and finally to express a desire to see peace concluded. Napoleon received this communication with a very bad grace. He thought the senators very bold to meddle with his affairs—treated the conscript fathers of France as if they had been inconsiderate youths—protested, according to custom, his sincere love

it signified little whether he was at Dijon or elsewhere. He was permitted to retire to Hamburg; but he soon grew tired of that city, and begged to be allowed to go to the neighbourhood of Berlin. However, the emperor did not grant his request."—*Rapp's Memoirs.* (*Editor.*)

of peace—and told the deputation that it was Prussia, backed by Russia, and not he, who wished for war. How could the emperor declare to a deputation from the senate that Prussia wished for war? She had, indeed, desired it at the approach of the campaign. When nursed by illusion she had abandoned herself to dreams of hope; but since the events of October, all was changed. A sort of electric shock had dissipated all these dreams of independence, and all the German princes who had taken part against Napoleon fled to Altona after the battle of Jena, with as much precipitation as the emigrants themselves. The hereditary Prince of Weimar, the Duchess of Holstein, Prince Belmonte-Pignatelli, and a multitude of other persons, distinguished for rank and fortune, arrived there almost simultaneously. Among the persons who took refuge in Altona were some intriguers, of whom Fauche-Borel was one. I remember receiving a report respecting a violent altercation which Fauche had the audacity to enter into with Count de Gimel, because he could not extort money from the count in payment of his intrigues. Count de Gimel had only funds for the payment of pensions, and, besides, he had too much sense to suppose there was any utility in the stupid pamphlets of Fauche-Borel, and therefore he dismissed him with a refusal. Fauche was insolent, which compelled Count de Gimel to send him about his business as he deserved. This circumstance, which was first communicated to me in a report, has since been confirmed by a person who witnessed the scene. Fauche-Borel merely passed through Hamburg, and embarked for London on board the same ship which took Lord Morpeth back to England.

## CHAPTER LXXXVI.

### 1806.

Alarm of the city of Hamburg—The French at Bergdorff—Favourable orders issued by Bernadotte—Extortions in Prussia—False endorsements—Exactions of the Dutch—Napoleon's concern for his wounded troops—Duroc's mission to the King of Prussia—Rejection of the emperor's demands—My negotiations at Hamburg—Displeasure of the King of Sweden—M. Netzel and M. Wetherstedt.

At this critical moment Hamburg was menaced on all sides: the French even occupied a portion of its territory. The French troops, fortunately for the country, were attached to the corps commanded by the Prince de Ponte-Corvo.* This military occupation alarmed the town of Hamburg, to which, indeed, it proved very injurious. I wrote to Marshal Bernadotte on the subject. The grounds on which the senate appealed for the evacuation of their territory were such, that Bernadotte could not but acknowledge their justice. The prolonged stay of the French troops in the bailiwick of Bergdorff, which had all the appearance of an occupation, might have led to the confiscation of all Hamburg property in England—to the laying an embargo on the vessels of the republic, and consequently to the ruin of a great part of the trade of France and Holland, which was carried on under the flag of Hamburg. There was no longer any motive for occupying the bailiwick of Bergdorff, when there were no Prussians in that quarter. It would have been an absurd misfortune that eighty men stationed in that bailiwick should, for the sake of a few louis and a few ells of English cloth, have occasioned the confiscation of Hamburg, French, and Dutch property, to the amount of eighty millions.

Marshal Bernadotte replied to me on the 16th of November, and said, "I hasten to inform you that I have given orders for the evacuation of the bailiwick of Bergdorff, and all the Hamburg territory. If you could obtain from the senate of Hamburg, by the 19th of this month, two or three thousand pairs of shoes, you would oblige me greatly. They shall be paid for in goods or in money."

I obtained what Bernadotte required from the senate, who

* Bernadotte.

knew his integrity, while they were aware that that quality was not the characteristic *of all who commanded the French armies!* What extortions took place during the occupation of Prussia! I will mention one of the means which, amongst others, was employed at Berlin to procure money: bills of exchange were drawn, on which endorsements were forged, and these bills were presented to the bankers on whom they were purported to be drawn. One day some of these forged bills to a large amount were presented to Messrs. Mathiesen and Silleine of Hamburg, who, knowing the endorsement to be forged, refused to cash them. The persons who presented the bills carried their impudence so far as to send for the gendarmes, but the bankers persisted in their refusal. I was informed of this almost incredible scene, which had drawn together a great number of people. Indignant at such audacious robbery, I instantly proceeded to the spot and sent away the gendarmes, telling them it was not their duty to protect robbers, and that it was my business to listen to any just claims which might be advanced. Under Clarke's government at Berlin, the inhabitants were subjected to all kinds of oppression and exaction. Amidst these exactions and infamous proceedings, which are not the indispensable consequences of war, the Dutch generals distinguished themselves by a degree of rapacity which brought to mind the period of the French republican peculations in Italy. It certainly was not their new king who set the example of this conduct. His moderation was well known, and it was as much the result of his disposition as of his honest principles. Louis Bonaparte, who was a king in spite of himself, afforded an example of all that a good man could suffer upon a usurped throne.

When the King of Prussia found himself defeated at every point, he bitterly repented having undertaken a war which had delivered his states into Napoleon's power in less time than that in which Austria had fallen the preceding year. He wrote to the emperor, soliciting a suspension of hostilities. Rapp was present when Napoleon received the King of Prussia's letter. "It is too late," said he; "but, no matter, I wish to stop the effusion of blood; I am ready to agree to any thing which is not prejudicial to the honour or interests of the nation." Then calling Duroc, he gave him orders to visit the wounded, and see that they wanted for nothing. He added, "Visit every man on my behalf; give them all the consolation of which they stand in need; afterwards find the King of Prussia, and if he offers reasonable proposals, let me know them."

Negotiations were commenced, but Napoleon's conditions were of a nature which was considered inadmissible. Prussia still hoped for assistance from the Russian forces. Besides, the emperor's demands extended to England, who, at that moment, had no reason to accede to the pretensions of France. The emperor wished England to restore to France the colonies which

she had captured since the commencement of the war—that Russia should restore to the Porte Moldavia and Wallachia, which she then occupied; in short, he acted upon the advice which some tragedy-king gives to his ambassador: "Demand every thing, that you may obtain nothing." The emperor's demands were, in fact, so extravagant, that it was scarcely possible he himself could entertain the hope of their being accepted. Negotiations, alternately resumed and abandoned, were carried on with coldness on both sides until the moment when England prevailed on Russia to join Prussia against France: they then altogether ceased; and it was for the sake of appearing to wish for their renewal, on bases still more favourable to France, that Napoleon sent Duroc to the King of Prussia. Duroc found the king at Osterode, on the other side of the Vistula. The only answer he received from his majesty was, "The time is passed;" which was very much like Napoleon's observation, "It is too late."

Whilst Duroc was on his mission to the King of Prussia, I was myself negotiating at Hamburg. Bonaparte was very anxious to detach Sweden from the coalition, and to terminate the war with her by a separate treaty. Sweden, indeed, was likely to be very useful to him, if Prussia, Russia, and England, should collect a considerable mass of troops in the north. Denmark was already with us, and by gaining over Sweden also, the union of those two powers might create a diversion, and give serious alarm to the coalition, which would be obliged to concentrate its principal force to oppose the attack of the grand army in Poland. The opinions of M. Peyron, the Swedish minister at Hamburg, were decidedly opposed to the war in which his sovereign was engaged with France. I was sorry that this gentleman left Hamburg upon leave of absence for a year, just at the moment I received my instructions from the emperor upon this subject. M. Peyron was succeeded by M. Netzel, and I soon had the pleasure of perceiving that his opinions corresponded in every respect with those of his predecessor.

As soon as he arrived, M. Netzel sought an interview to speak to me on the subject of the Swedes, who had been taken prisoners on the Drave. He entreated me to allow the officers to return to Sweden on their parole. I was anxious to get M. Netzel's demand acceded to, and availed myself of that opportunity to lead him gradually to the subject of my instructions. I had good reason to be satisfied with the manner in which he received my first overtures. I said nothing to him of the justice, of which he was not previously convinced. I saw he understood that his sovereign would have every thing to gain by a reconciliation with France, and he told me that all Sweden demanded peace. Thus encouraged, I told him frankly that I was instructed to treat with him. M. Netzel assured me that M. de

Wetterstedt, the King of Sweden's private secretary, with whom he was intimate, and from whom he showed me several letters, was of the same opinion on the subject as himself. He added, that he had permission to correspond with the king, and that he would write the same evening to his sovereign and M. de Wetterstedt, to acquaint them with our conversation.

It will be perceived from what I have stated, that no negotiation was ever commenced under more favourable auspices; but who could foresee what turn the King of Sweden would take? That unlucky prince took M. Netzel's letter in very ill part, and M. de Wetterstedt himself received peremptory orders to acquaint M. Netzel with his sovereign's displeasure at his having presumed to visit a French minister, and, above all, to enter into a political conversation with him, although it was nothing more than *conversation.* The king did not confine himself to reproaches: M. Netzel came in great distress to inform me he had received orders to quit Hamburg immediately, without even awaiting the arrival of his successor. He regarded his disgrace as complete. I had the pleasure of seeing M. Netzel again in 1809 at Hamburg, where he was on a mission from King Charles XIII.

## CHAPTER LXXXVII.

### 1806.

The continental system—General indignation excited by it—Sale of licences by the French government—Custom-house system at Hamburg—My letter to the emperor—Cause of the rupture with Russia—Bernadotte's visit to me—Trial by a court-martial for the purchase of a sugar-loaf—Davoust and the captain reporter—Influence of the continental system on Napoleon's fall.

I HAVE a few remarks to make on the famous continental system, which was a subject of such engrossing interest. I had, perhaps, better opportunities than any other person of observing the fraud, and estimating the fatal consequences of this system. It took its rise during the war in 1806, and was brought into existence by a decree, dated Berlin.* The project was conceived

* Sir Walter Scott quotes another decree, dated Hamburg, 1807. Napoleon never was at Hamburg. The well-known Berlin decree, which declared the British isles in a state of blockade was soon published in all the journals of Europe.—*Bourrienne.* This trifling mistake of Scott arose from the fact that the decrees came direct from Hamburg to London.—*Editor.*

by weak counsellors, who, perceiving the emperor's just indignation at the duplicity of England—her repugnance to enter into serious negotiations with him—and her constant endeavours to raise enemies against France, prevailed upon him to issue the decree, which I could only regard as an act of madness and tyranny. It was not a decree, but fleets, that were wanting. Without a navy it was ridiculous to declare the British isles in a state of blockade, whilst *the English fleets were in fact blockading all the French ports.* This declaration was, however, made in the Berlin decree. This is what was called the continental system! which, in plain terms, was nothing but a system of fraud and pillage.

One can now scarcely conceive how Europe could for a single day endure that fiscal tyranny, which extorted exorbitant prices for articles, which the habits of three centuries had rendered indispensable to the poor as well as to the rich. So little of truth is there in the pretence that this system had for its sole and exclusive object to prevent the sale of English goods, that licences for their disposal were procured at a high price by whoever was rich enough to pay for them. The number and quality of the articles exported from France were extravagantly exaggerated. It was, indeed, necessary to take out some of those articles in compliance with the emperor's wishes, but they were only thrown into the sea. And yet no one had the honesty to tell the emperor that England sold on the continent, but bought scarcely any thing. The speculation in licences was carried to a scandalous extent only to enrich a few, and to satisfy the short-sighted views of the contrivers of the system.

This system proves what is written in the annals of the human heart and mind, that the cupidity of the one is insatiable, and the errors of the other incorrigible. Of this I will cite an example, though it refers to a period posterior to the origin of the continental system. At Hamburg, in 1811, under Davoust's government, a poor man had wellnigh been shot for having introduced into the department of the Elbe a small loaf of sugar for the use of his family, while at the same moment Napoleon was perhaps signing a licence for the importation of a million of sugar-loaves.*

* In this same year (1811) Murat, as King of Naples, not only winked at the infringement of the continental system, but almost openly broke the law himself. His troops in Calabria, and all round his immense line of sea-coast, carried on an active trade with Sicilian and English smugglers. This was so much the case that an officer never set out from Naples to join, without being requested by his wife, his relations or friends, to bring them some English muslins, some sugar and coffee, together with a few needles, penknives, and razors Some of the Neapolitan officers embarked in really large commercial operations, going shares with the custom-house people who were there to enforce the law, and making their soldiers load and unload the contraband vessels.

The Count de ——, a French officer on Murat's staff, was very noble, but very poor, and excessively extravagant. After making several vain efforts to set him

Smuggling on a small scale was punished with death, whilst the government carried it on extensively. The same cause filled the treasury with money, and the prisons with victims.

The custom-house laws of this period, which waged open war against rhubarb, and armed the coasts of the continent against the introduction of senna, did not save the continental system from destruction. Ridicule attended the installation of the odious prevotal courts. The president of the prevotal court at Hamburg, who was a Frenchman, delivered an address, in which he endeavoured to prove, that in the time of the Ptolomies, there had existed extraordinary fiscal tribunals, and that it was to those Egypt owed her prosperity. Terror was thus introduced by the most absurd folly. The ordinary custom-house officers, formerly so much abhorred in Hamburg, declared with reason, that they would soon be regretted, and that the difference between them and the prevotal courts would soon be felt. Bonaparte's counsellors led him to commit the folly of requiring that a ship which had obtained a licence should export merchandise equivalent to that of the colonial produce to be imported under the authority of the licence.* What was the consequence? The speculators bought at a low price old stores of silks, which change of fashion had made completely unsaleable, and as those articles were prohibited in England, they were thrown into the sea without their loss being felt. The profits of the speculation made ample amends for the sacrifice. The continental system was worthy only of the ages of ignorance and barbarism, and had it been admissible in theory, was impracticable in application. It cannot be sufficiently stigmatized. They were not the friends of the emperor who recommended a system calculated to rouse the indignation of Europe, and which could not fail to create reaction. To tyrannize over the human species, and to exact uniform admiration and submission, is to require an impossibility. It would seem that fate, which had still some splendid triumphs in store for Bonaparte, intended to prepare beforehand the causes which were to deprive him of all his triumphs at once, and plunge him into reverses even greater than the good fortune which had favoured his elevation.

The prohibition of trade, the habitual severity in the execution of this odious system, made it operate like a continental impost. I will give a proof of this, and I state nothing but what came under my own observation. The fiscal regulations were very rigidly enforced at Hamburg, and along the two lines of Cuxhaven and Travemunde. M. Eudel, the director of that depart-

up in the world, the king told him one day he would give him the command of all the troops round the gulf of Salerno; adding that the devil was in it if he could not make a fortune in such a capital smuggling district, in a couple of years. The count took the hint and did make a fortune.—*Editor.*

* We do not question the high intellect of Napoleon, but on many matters he was grossly ignorant and even stupid—*ut supra.*—*Editor.*

ment, performed his duty with zeal and disinterestedness. I feel gratified in rendering him this tribute. Enormous quantities of English merchandise and colonial produce were accumulated at Holstein, where they almost all arrived by way of Kiel and Hudsum, and were smuggled over the line at the expense of a premium of thirty-three and forty per cent. Convinced of this fact by a thousand proofs, and weary of the vexations of the preventive system, I took upon myself to lay my opinions on the subject before the emperor. He had given me permission to write to him personally, without any intermediate agency, upon every thing that I might consider essential to his service. I sent an extraordinary courier to Fontainebleau, where he then was, and in my despatch I informed him, that notwithstanding his preventive guard, every prohibited article was smuggled in, because the profits on the sale in Germany, Poland, Italy, and even France, into which the contraband goods found their way, were too considerable not to induce persons to incur all risks to obtain them. I advised him, at the very time he was about to unite the Hanse Towns to the French empire, to permit merchandise to be imported subject to a duty of thirty-three per cent., which was about equal to the amount of the premium for insurance. The emperor adopted my advice without hesitation, and in 1811 the regulation produced a revenue of upwards of sixty millions of francs in Hamburg alone.

This system embroiled us with Sweden and Russia, who could not endure that Napoleon should exact a strict blockade from them, *whilst he was himself distributing licences in abundance.* Bernadotte, on his way to Sweden, passed through Hamburg, in October 1810. He staid with me three days, during which time he scarcely saw any person but myself. He asked my opinion as to what he should do in regard to the continental system. I did not hesitate to declare to him, not as a French minister, but as a private individual to his friend, that in his place, at the head of a poor nation, which could only subsist by the exchange of its territorial productions with England, I would open my ports, and give the Swedes gratuitously that general licence which Bonaparte sold in detail to intrigue and cupidity.

The Berlin decree could not fail to cause a reaction against the emperor's fortune, by raising up whole nations against him. The hurling of twenty kings from their thrones would have excited less hatred than this contempt for the wants of nations. This profound ignorance of the maxims of political economy caused general privation and misery, which in their turn occasioned general hostility. The system could only succeed in the impossible event of all the powers of Europe honestly endeavouring to carry it into effect. A single free port would have destroyed it. In order to ensure its complete success, it was necessary to conquer and occupy all countries, and never to

evacuate them. As a means of ruining England it was contemptible. It was necessary that all Europe should be compelled by force of arms to join this absurd coalition, and that the same force should be constantly employed to maintain it. Was this possible? The captain reporter of a court-martial allowed a poor peasant to escape the punishment due to the offence of having bought a loaf of sugar beyond the custom-house barrier. This officer was some time afterwards at a dinner given by Marshal Davoust; the latter said to him, "You have a scrupulous conscience, sir; go to head-quarters and you will find an order there for you." This order sent him eighty leagues from Hamburg. It is necessary to have witnessed, as I have, the numberless vexations and miseries occasioned by the unfortunate continental system, to understand the mischief its authors did in Europe, and how much that mischief contributed to Napoleon's fall.

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